

INFORMATION TO USERS

This manuscript has been reproduced from the microfilm master. UMI films the text directly from the original or copy submitted. Thus, some thesis and dissertation copies are in typewriter face, while others may be from any type of computer printer.

The quality of this reproduction is dependent upon the quality of the copy submitted. Broken or indistinct print, colored or poor quality illustrations and photographs, print bleedthrough, substandard margins, and improper alignment can adversely affect reproduction.

In the unlikely event that the author did not send UMI a complete manuscript and there are missing pages, these will be noted. Also, if unauthorized copyright material had to be removed, a note will indicate the deletion.

Oversize materials (e.g., maps, drawings, charts) are reproduced by sectioning the original, beginning at the upper left-hand corner and continuing from left to right in equal sections with small overlaps. Each original is also photographed in one exposure and is included in reduced form at the back of the book.

Photographs included in the original manuscript have been reproduced xerographically in this copy. Higher quality 6" x 9" black and white photographic prints are available for any photographs or illustrations appearing in this copy for an additional charge. Contact UMI directly to order.



University Microfilms International
A Bell & Howell Information Company
300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106-1346 USA
313/761-4700 800/521-0600

Order Number 9413819

**Glimpses of Livermore: Life and lore of an abandoned White
Mountains woods community**

Crane, Peter Joseph, Ph.D.

University of Pennsylvania, 1993

Copyright ©1993 by Crane, Peter oseph. All rights reserved.

U·M·I

300 N. Zeeb Rd.
Ann Arbor, MI 48106

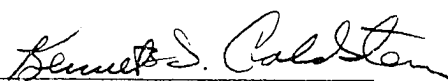
GLIMPSES OF LIVERMORE:
LIFE AND LORE OF AN ABANDONED WHITE MOUNTAINS WOODS
COMMUNITY

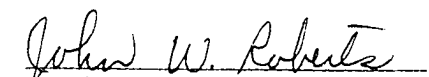
Peter Joseph Crane

A DISSERTATION
in
Folklore and Folklife

Presented to the Faculties of the University of Pennsylvania in Partial
Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy

1993


Supervisor of Dissertation


Graduate Group Chairperson

COPYRIGHT

PETER JOSEPH CRANE

1993

For my father,
and in memory of my mother.

Acknowledgments

A dissertation, of course, is intended as a test of a budding scholar to work independently. While there is much about the task that is solitary indeed, the wonderful fact is that a researcher cannot perform his or her work without the assistance and generosity of countless others. One of the best parts of the project is to reflect on the kindness of friends and strangers that allowed progress on the task at hand, and to offer them thanks for their assistance. In some instances, the help was directly relevant, even critical to the dissertation, in others it may have eventually been judged as tangential, but was not for that reason less important in the research process. Other help may be deemed as "moral support," having provided useful examples or refreshing diversions when needed. In all instances the help was gratefully appreciated.

And so then, in no particular order, I offer thanks to my family -- father, brother, sisters, their spouses and children. I thank the members of my dissertation committee for their comments, guidance, and patience -- Linda Morley, David Hufford, Robert St. George, and especially the committee chair, Kenneth S. Goldstein. I thank my teachers at Penn and Harvard, especially Henry Glassie, Dave Orr, the late Richard Dorson, the late Albert Lord, and Larry Benson. Fortunate indeed the student whose teachers combine knowledge and keen enthusiasm. (I am thankful too to those teachers whom I know primarily from their fine works, such as Sandy Ives.) And I am thankful for the

companionship of my fellow students, boon companions during my years in Philadelphia. I thank Guy Gosselin and my colleagues at the Mount Washington Observatory for their support and their patience with my uncertain schedule. And I thank Laura and Guy Waterman, Rebecca and E.D. Oreskes, Allen Koop, and Joe Bousquet, who all share my interest in the story of the human experience of the White Mountains, for their encouragement of and companionship in archival and field research.

A number of institutions and their representatives were important to my research. Among these were the Baker Library of the Harvard Business School, Widener Library of Harvard College, the Special Collections of the Baker Library at Dartmouth College, the Dimond Library of the University of New Hampshire, the New Hampshire State Library, the New Hampshire Historical Society, especially Betsy Hamlin-Morin, New Hampshire Records and Archives, especially Andrew Taylor, the U.S. Forest Service -- White Mountain National Forest, especially Karl Roenke, the Boston Public Library, the Northeast Archives of Folklore and Oral History, the Conway Public Library, especially Ann Cullinan and the Henney History Room, Jean Garland and the Bartlett Public Library, Kathryn Taylor of the Littleton Public Library, Ned Beecher of the Tin Mountain Conservation Center, Rev. Conrad LaForest of Our Lady of the Mountains Parish, North Conway, Bill Taylor of Plymouth State College, as well as his colleague Duncan Wilkie, the Museum of American Textile History, the Grafton County Courthouse, the Carroll County Courthouse, the Massachusetts Office of Vital Statistics, the Middlesex County Courthouse, the office of the New Hampshire Secretary of State, the New Hampshire Bureau of Railroads,

Bud Nelson of the New Hampshire Division of Forests and Lands, the New Hampshire Department of Revenue Administration, the National Archives (Aloha South) and Office of the Postmaster General (Megaera Harris), and the 470 Railroad Club.

Others who have rendered appreciated assistance include Dr. Charles Cogbill, Dr. David Draves, Dick Burwell, Victor Rolando, Glenn Merrow, Cort Hansen, Lorraine Jones, Ray and Connie Evans, George Cook, Doug Philbrook, Marion Varney, Iris Baird, Sid Potter, Scott Philbrook, Mike Waddell, John and Mary Gagnon, and Keith Kidder.

Especially important were the contributions of those individuals who took time out of their important lives to share their knowledge and memories of Livermore and its region. Among these are the late Bob Shackford, Tom Monahan, Pauline (Mrs. Robert) Gardner, Doris (Mrs. Ralph) Clemons, Marguerite (Mrs. Raymond) Jefferson, Irving and Fay Ward, Lawrence Ramsdell, Bill Belcher, Homer Emery, Bob Monahan, Ben and Judy English, Al Henn, Henry Waldo, Norm Boisvert, Harry Dodge, Jim Clemons, John Murphy, and Fran Belcher, whose trail-breaking and timely research on the Sawyer River Railroad led the way for my humble efforts.

Other research and scholarly debts will be obvious from the works cited.

I doubtless have omitted some people or institutions from this listing, and hope that those whose kindness is not acknowledged here will understand that the omission is due not to my lack of gratefulness, but to my human forgetfulness.

As is often the case in such an enterprise, most of the good that might be found in these pages is due to the contribution that these many fine people and institutions have made to my efforts, while any errors or shortcomings should be ascribed to the author.

ABSTRACT

GLIMPSES OF LIVERMORE:

LIFE AND LORE OF AN ABANDONED WHITE MOUNTAINS WOODS COMMUNITY

PETER JOSEPH CRANE

KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

Livermore was a village in the White Mountains of New Hampshire that was founded in the mid-1870's and abandoned in the mid-1930's. It was established by the Saunders family of Lawrence, Massachusetts, and was a center of logging and sawmilling activity, at times providing a home for nearly two hundred souls. Livermore and its ways of life are poorly documented, and the first part of this study reviews existing archival sources, such as census records, the few surviving town record books, and other governmental records, as well as travel literature and the like, to sketch a portrait of the village as it evolved from the wilderness, through a period of intense activity, to its return to the forest. Special attention is paid, insofar as sources allow, to the life and work of the people of Livermore. The second part of the study focuses on interviews with thirteen individuals who have had some contact with Livermore, primarily through residence, visitation, or as a result of a personal interest in the town, sometimes not developed until after Livermore's demise. In the interviews a better understanding of some of the details of the life of the people of Livermore is gained through legendary and other material. Perhaps even more, the topic of Livermore serves as a catalyst to elicit comments and narratives from the informants which hint at their concepts of and sentiments toward such significant matters as family, work, and community.

Table of Contents

Acknowledgments	iv
Table of Contents	ix
List of Illustrations	xi
Introduction	1
Part I An Overview of Livermore	19
Chapter 1	19
The Natural Setting	19
Aspects of Human History	21
Chapter 2	30
The Saunders of Lawrence and Livermore	30
Exploration of the Sawyer River Country	35
The Founding of Livermore	37
The Earliest Years	41
Livermore in the 1880's	45
The Town and its Residents in the 'Nineties	62
Chapter 3	76
Into the Twentieth Century	76
The Conservation Movement -- Villains and Heroes	82
Livermore in the 'Teens	85
Changes in the Forest	88
More Glimpses of the 'Teens	92
The 1920's -- A Pivotal Decade	97
The End of the Line	107
The Selling of Livermore	111
The 1940's	117
From the 'Fifties until Today	120
Part II Recollections of Livermore	131
Chapter 4	133
Harry Dodge	133
Robert Shackford	158
Al Henn	181
Norman Boisvert	209
Homer Emery	229
Chapter 5	253
Ben English	253
C. Francis Belcher	266
Chapter 6	281
Doris Clemons	281
Pauline Gardner	308
Marguerite Jefferson	331

Chapter 7	360
Fay Ward	360
Chapter 8	392
Tom Monahan	392
Section 1. The First Interview	395
Section 2. More Glimpses of Tom Monahan's Livermore	424
Chapter 9	448
Lawrence Ramsdell	448
Chapter 10	479
Conclusion	479
Epilogue:	
Jim Clemons and John Murphy	488
Appendix:	
Legends and Legendary Material	503
Bibliography	510
Illustrations	523
Index	548

List of Illustrations

Title	523
Map of Livermore, New Hampshire, and Environs	524
Sketch map of Livermore circa 1949 by Al Henn	525
Sawyer River Railroad Timetable, 1880's	526
Harry Dodge Norman Boisvert	527
Norman Boisvert's father and friends	528
Saunders' Mansion Shackford Camp	529
The Store Safe in Store cellar	530
Millpond, Sawmill, and Powerhouse Portion of Sawmill Foundation	531
Portion of Foundations for Powerhouse and Smokestack	532
J.C. Donahue House Foundation of J.C. Donahue House	533
L.D. Golding House Sawyer River and Dam	534
Homer Emery Doris Clemons	535
Pauline Gardner Platform Rocker	536
Fay Ward Marguerite Jefferson	537
C. Francis Belcher Sawmill	538
Saunders' Mansion, front Saunders' Mansion, rear	539

Sawyer River Railroad The C.W. Saunders	540
Winter view of Livermore Sawmill and mill crew	541
Tom Monahan Tom Monahan and his two-wheel gig	542
The Monahan Family, circa 1913 The Monahan Family, circa 1921	543
The Old Schoolhouse The New Schoolhouse	544
New Schoolhouse Foundation U.S. Forest Service Survey Crew	545
Lawrence Ramsdell Class Photo	546
Camp Seven Looking up Main Street	547

Introduction

To the traveler driving on Route 302 in Hart's Location, New Hampshire, there is usually little reason to turn west on the unmarked dirt road locally known as the Sawyer River Road. Most traffic on Route 302 is headed north -- to Crawford Notch, Twin Mountain, and St. Johnsbury, Vermont -- or south, to Bartlett, North Conway, and Portland, Maine. Yet a few visitors do take that westerly turn, most of them hikers heading toward the trail to Mount Carrigain, or anglers looking forward to fishing in the deep, remote waters of Sawyer Pond.

The Sawyer River Road begins with a short, moderate uphill, and then has only a gradual ascent as it heads southwesterly, paralleling the course of the Sawyer River. The road is cut along a shelf, uphill and downhill from which are steep slopes clad with northern hardwoods such as beech, birch, ash, and maple. The road is a narrow one, and the driver does well to pay attention to the many curves along the hillside.

About a mile in from Route 302, the observant visitor might just make out, downhill to the left, a small structure, apparently a cabin or, in northern woods' parlance, a "camp." A stone wall, a clearing, a crumbling pile of bricks might also catch the attention of the passer-by, and then on the right, as the road's ascent becomes more notable, sits a low concrete foundation. If the driver continues on the road, expecting further glimpses of the signs of human effort, no more such sights will be seen -- only trees, and shrubs, and brooks that might suggest "pure wilderness" to the outdoors enthusiast.

But the camp, the wall, the bricks, the foundation, are among the few physical reminders that here, in what may seem almost untouched wildness, once flourished a town. Its name was Livermore. It was a logging and mill town, founded about 1875 by the Saunders family of Lawrence, Massachusetts. It included many structures -- a steam-powered sawmill, a company store, two boarding houses, about a dozen residences for mill workers, foremen, and the family of the town's owners, as well as sundry other buildings. It was home to its own railroad -- the Sawyer River Railroad -- whose tracks in part lay on that steep, narrow, curving road where today's autos travel. More important, it provided a livelihood for almost two hundred people at times: choppers and woodsmen who felled the tall spruce in the Sawyer River country, mill hands who transformed long logs into lumber, railroad men who brought the logs to the mill, and the lumber to the main railroad line in Crawford Notch. Not only these working men, but their working families also made their homes in Livermore. Homes which, in the main, were empty or destroyed by the time the town was abandoned in the mid 1930's, and which today are marked by no more than a few obscure stone foundations.

It is the purpose of this study to take a longer, deeper look at Livermore and its people than a casual passing on the Sawyer River Road can allow. Yet the reader who hopes for detailed description, a firm chronology, and voluminous information will be as disappointed as the author was to find that only glimpses of Livermore remain. Such disappointment is not unique to the student of Livermore; John

Armstrong, in his study of another small New Hampshire mill town, testified that

Research for the history of Harrisville had its difficulties. There is no earlier history of the town, nor had any preliminary work been done on one. Mention of Harrisville is rare in secondary works, the records of the Harris mills are scant, and the town records are in poor shape. The few old residents with any great fund of knowledge about the town all seem to have died just before this writer commenced his work. There exists very little in the way of letters, diaries, or other personal accounts of life in Harrisville. Of course, these deficiencies reflect the nature of the town in the past -- a busy mill town without a great deal of time or inclination for such refinements.¹

Livermore was also a busy mill town, but it was smaller than Harrisville, and was much more poorly documented. Most important, it no longer exists as a living community. Armstrong had *some* records of the Cheshire and other mills in Harrisville; no records of the Livermore mill have been located. Rarely was Livermore mentioned in the newspapers of the nearby towns. There are no substantial state records referring to the town, and town records and federal documents relating to Livermore are few and lean. The information contained in them is helpful and instructive, but is only skeletal, giving us just the dry bones of what was once a thriving community. Of greater help in understanding the life of the town's people are the recollections, reminiscences, and stories shared by people who had some knowledge of the town, from their first-hand experience or other close sources. But the town, especially in its waning years, was not well populated, and since almost six decades have passed since the end of Livermore, our living witnesses are few in number. Still those bright-eyed few add an incomparable richness to the dim figures of dusty record-

books. I have been privileged to see their smiles, and I am honored to present a small part of their stories in this paper.

The first portion of this study is rooted in orthodox "historical" sources such as federal census schedules, government agency files, town inventory books, vital statistics records, and various state reports, as well as in other printed or written sources such as tourist guidebooks, descriptive travel books and the like. The first part of the paper deals primarily with sketching a picture of Livermore over time as revealed in those sources. I have not dwelt on some of the aspects of Livermore which may be of particular interest to conventional historians. I have not lingered long on the business history of the Saunders family and their Livermore enterprise, nor have I tried to track the convoluted history of land titles in the region; the legal labyrinth that awaits the researcher in this realm must be a tangled one indeed. I have tried to steer clear of most local, state, and federal political matters. As for those who wish to explore those topics, I wish them well.

While I have passed over several of the common concerns of orthodox historiography, I have gone into some detail in presenting census information, and facts and figures from the town inventory and other such sources, for two reasons. For one, this material, attenuated as it may be, is almost all we have that sheds some light, however dim, on the lives of the earliest Livermore woodworkers, millworkers, and their families. They are no longer here to tell their stories, and, save for their faint remains on the land², the statistical and archival record

must be mined so that we might even start to know those people, whose hands and backs built the Saunders' empire. Existing data, even in such desiccated forms as columns of numbers, can at times stir the imagination and begin to help us develop an impression of the lives and livelihoods of the early Livermore residents, and of some of the influences on them. Furthermore, their lives form the prelude to the Livermore that has only more recently passed. The community which they shaped in the 1870's and '80's and '90's led to the life in that village which can still be related by a few surviving dwellers in the North Country. Our appreciation of what was experienced in Livermore in the 'teens, and 'twenties, and 'thirties of this century is enhanced by a knowledge of what came before in the mountain hamlet.

Indeed, the central aim of the research project was to seek information related to Livermore as contained in oral sources, primarily from those existing in neighboring, still living communities, so as to learn more about the town and its people -- their attitudes, their backgrounds, their ways of work and occupational lore, their ways of leisure and their folklore. These testimonies are the focus of the second part of the paper.

While a study of this sort has as its apparent subject a community of the past, we must acknowledge that our access to the folklore and folklife of the past in this project is through the present. We must then ask not only what Livermore was but what Livermore is, to try to discover what role the town, and its people and their ways, may continue to play for those who maintain the presence of the town and its inhabitants in their recollections, and how this historical entity,

rooted in place, may reverberate into present experience through contemporary reminiscence and narrative.

As such, one might consider this an exercise in "salvage folklore." Bruce Jackson notes that there may be limitations associated with such an enterprise, but even though one can only gain partial knowledge about the past, such knowledge may help us understand processes of cultural persistence, adaptation, and change. He states that "Salvage folklore materials give a collector bits and pieces about a world of another time or a life in another place; those same materials give a collector a great deal of information about the attitudes of people living in this time and this place."³

The traditional materials sought varied. They included place-name legends, historical legends, personal experience narratives, and various types of family folklore, including those that centered about such non-verbal items as photographs and other artifacts. The materials were elicited primarily in personal interviews often of a conversational character. There are those who might contend that such a process results in items "taken out of context," yet Edward Ives confesses that he has "often wondered if such eliciting doesn't create a context that is more normal than it might seem at first glance." He suggests that with some stories related to historical persons and events, "while the *knowing* of these stories is central to the group,... the *telling* of them (as complete stories) takes place largely on its periphery." Thus, a request for the information embedded in such stories represents a natural context for eliciting the narratives. Furthermore, Ives raises the possibility that "in their normal context these stories are thought

of more as information than performance -- a conversational rather than presentational genre...However much they may entertain, they represent knowledge, and the telling of them is less art than enlightenment."⁴ While the purpose of the interviews was clearly to provide an opportunity to share information about Livermore, its residents, their lives and livelihoods, many other topics were brought up by the narrators, which was not discouraged by the interviewer. On the contrary, such seemingly ancillary information is considered an important part of their testimonies.

The project is not considered an "oral history" of Livermore, in the strictest sense, for there are those who would apply that term only to those studies restricted to the use of first-hand oral accounts. As Ronald Grele asserts, "As oral historians...we try to speak to eye witnesses, not those who have had the tradition passed on to them."⁵ Jan Vansina amplifies this statement when remarking that

the sources of oral historians are reminiscences, hearsay, or eyewitness accounts about events and situations which are contemporary, that is, which occurred during the lifetime of the informants. This differs from oral traditions in that oral traditions are no longer contemporary. They have passed from mouth to mouth, for a period beyond the lifetime of the informant.⁶

For the purposes of this project, we sought, by Vansina's definition, both oral historical and oral traditional materials. To eliminate one or the other would have been to overlook a potentially fruitful source of information about the people of Livermore.

This open approach may be unsatisfactory to a conventional historian, who may claim to seek only "hard facts," but it is recognized as valid by a number of folklorists. Richard Dorson enlarges upon

....the conception of a fact. A fact, in orthodox historiography, is the objective statement of the *res gesta*,...there is, however, another class of facts, in a way more solid because they are not hypostatized, and these are the traditional beliefs of a group of people as to what happened. This shared belief is a fact which can be established by a folklorist.⁷

Dorson elsewhere contends that the opposition of fact (conventional or academic history) and fiction (folklore or vernacular perceptions of the past) is unnecessary and unproductive: "Tradition is not cut from one cloth. The question has been incorrectly poised. It is not a matter of fact versus fiction so much as the social acceptance of traditional history." Referring to Paul Bohannan's study of the Tiv of Nigeria, Dorson claims that "events and incidents in myths and legends explain the social process not the historical past." ⁸ That social process, however, is not a static one, and reflections on it, and its significance, often assume a diachronic dimension.

Ives endorses a double-barreled approach to the study of human experience in time. He considers as significant -- equally significant -- "what really happened" and "what people *think* happened." While attempting to "reconstruct" the past may be useful and necessary, it is as important to

accept the reality of the *concepts* of the past as they exist in the present, turning away from an interest in the past for its own sake toward an interest in how that past is a living reality in our minds, to *narration* of events rather than the events themselves.⁹

Roger Abrahams also recognizes an inherent value in exploring the shaping of the past in its transformation from experience to narrative. He notes that while the oral historian

has been concerned with constructing and reconstructing the story of what happened and when, we [folklorists] are more interested in how the telling demonstrates the power of certain patterns in the process of storymaking and how such matters might be mapped onto community structures of sentiments and values.... Folklorists are not so much concerned, then, with what actually happened as we are with the framed and stylized perceptions of what transpired.¹⁰

In a more recent statement, directed towards those whose overriding concern is the "reliability" of orally collected material, Elaine Lawless urges that

in our interpretation of the materials that we collect from real human beings, we listen more carefully to what people are actually saying and avoid trying so hard to pin down facts and truth and authenticity. We should try instead to determine what the collected materials say about the people from whom we collected them.¹¹

Henry Glassie goes perhaps farther, asserting what might be termed a "culturally relative" viewpoint, arguing that, just as the scholar is open -- indeed compelled -- to accept with respect the concept of art or of social structure as it exists on different bases for different cultures, so should the scholar accept the concept of history as potentially being different, but no less valid, for different cultures. To have an interest in dating specific events or in honing a degree of "accuracy" may be understandable, but to be fixated upon such endeavors as the ultimate goals may be an ethnocentric and empty pastime.¹²

In similar vein, Larry Danielson attacks those who would ignore folklore as being a valid focus for historical study; he contends that

to dismiss oral traditional narrative because it cannot be used in the reconstruction of objective history is to ignore the community's perception of its past and to disregard the complex interaction between human psychology, narrative function, and historicity in oral history research.¹³

We might leave the last word on this issue to Charles Joyner, who states plainly that "the familiar complaint of orthodox historians that oral history is unreliable is irrelevant," and that interviews -- and we could add here traditional or personal narratives -- are complex communicative events which, like written artifacts, yield data that must be interpreted as such.¹⁴

Indeed, some (formerly) orthodox historians are acknowledging that their ultimate aims may best be served by the creative imagination. Recognizing the power of story, Simon Schama has turned from the writing of histories to the writing of historical novels. He contends that

so far from the intellectual integrity of history being policed by the protocols of objectivity, distance, and scientific dispassion, its best prospects lie in the forthright admission of subjectivity, immediacy, and literary imagination. History's mission, if there be such, is to illuminate the human condition through the witness of memory. And so the truths likely to be yielded by such histories are, in effect, closer to the truths of the great novels and the great poets than the general laws offered by ambitious social scientists.¹⁵

In short, the accuracy and reliability we seek is not that related to dates or discrete events, but to an understanding of human experience.

Another matter might be considered briefly. If this study does not represent an "oral history," should it be considered a "folk history"? Dorson defines folk history as "the episodes of the past which the community remembers collectively. Folk history will be composed of a number of local traditions."¹⁶ William Lynwood Montell uses the term to mean a body of oral traditional narratives that are told by a people about themselves, and therefore the narratives

articulate the feelings of a group toward the events and persons described.¹⁷

For two reasons I hesitate to consider this study a search for a "folk history" of Livermore. First, the survivors of Livermore are very few; many of the narratives I found were told by others (members of neighboring communities) about the town and its people. Because I gathered narratives and related materials from a larger community than Livermore itself, the term "folk history" could be misleading and inaccurate.

Second, Dorson's definition seems to stipulate a sort of "collective memory" and to require broad knowledge of tales throughout a community. I differed in my approach, for while I did wish to know if some tales were in general circulation, I was also interested in more idiosyncratic material, which may be peculiar to given individuals, focusing on Livermore-related experiences. This interest reflects Sandra Stahl's observation regarding personal narratives:

...it would seem that local history would be far removed from the personal narrative as a genre of folklore. But the richest historical accounts, whether written or spoken by the various self-appointed local historians of a town or county, always contain anecdotal material representative of countless personal narratives gathered from long-term residents. In fact, it is the local historian, inclined toward abstracting and ordering events, who gives personal narratives, family stories, gossip, and rumor a chance to develop into full-fledged legendry.¹⁸

So since personal narratives are indeed germane to this study, their inclusion may, in deference to Dorson's and Montell's comments, suggest shunning the term "folk history."

Returning from the general to the particular, in this project I followed Ives' lead since I approached the exploration of Livermore in dual fashion. I confess that I was interested in finding out about the Livermore of the past, what happened, when, where, and why. *Part* of the purpose of the study was to "flesh out" the scant existing information about the long defunct town. Thus the framework of the research was built upon meetings (which might most readily be called interviews but which seldom suffered the formality suggested by that title) with people whom I had reason to believe -- mostly from word-of-mouth recommendations -- would be able to share some knowledge of the town, either from their own intimate experience or from other sources. I had no previous acquaintance with most of these people. In my initial contacts (generally by letter with a follow-up telephone call) I told them that I wanted to learn more about Livermore, its people, and their lives in the village and in the woods; that there was little written about the town, and few official records; and that what they could offer from their own personal knowledge was important. I usually also mentioned some of the other people I had contacted, primarily to provide implicit personal references to aid the process of building rapport.

I intended somewhat open-ended get-togethers to talk about the town. Though one ideal would have been to start with a completely blank slate -- a simple "Tell me what you know about Livermore" -- I had reason to believe that such a shapeless approach could prove unsatisfactory. Barbara Allen, in her study of "talking about the past" in Silver Lake, Oregon, adopted a "nondirected" approach wishing, as I

did, to find out what about the community's past its residents wished to discuss. However, she found this wholly open method led to some confusion and hesitation among her informants, and realized that they could be "somewhat puzzled" as to the nature of her enterprise and to their role in it.¹⁹ To avoid this potential pitfall, I did ask more "directed" questions about life in Livermore, and about such topics as lumbercamps, millwork, the railroad, and such. I hoped, for one, to learn more about these topics through people's memories of them. I also believed that by offering a variety of topics for discussion I might be better able to stir recollections and elicit stories from my informants; by covering a lot of ground, I hoped I might find a few fertile areas in which people's recollections would flourish. I wanted, not to crack a whip, but to allow a free rein to peoples' memories and expression.

I would be less than candid if I did not admit that any interviewer has a significant effect on a narrator's actions and reactions. While recognizing this fact, I tried to encourage narrators to speak about the matters they wanted to, matters which sometimes seemed tangential at best to Livermore.

Another factor suggested some focus at least to the initial stages of my meetings with people. Sharing their knowledge of the history of Livermore served as the reason for our meeting, and, since they, and I, live in a society which, on such matters, emphasizes (and sometimes over-emphasizes) literate qualities, several informants started our meetings by producing such items as books or newspaper clippings which mentioned Livermore. They had "done their homework," and I believe they presumed that I would do mine. The fact that I was

researching the town, that I had found records insufficient, and that I had spoken with other people, indicated to them that I already knew something about Livermore. To approach these people pretending I had no prior knowledge about the town would have been dishonest, inappropriate, and to some extent incredible. In a few instances informants looked to me as an "expert," which I found very awkward, but more awkward still were those few times when I hedged on how much I had learned about a certain aspect of Livermore. I wanted to learn from them, but some of them also wanted to learn from me, and understandably saw our meeting as a chance to share information in two directions. The middle ground, when it could be held, was the most favorable, as a little knowledge was a helpful thing in opening up various topics which could evoke previously unrevealed information and associations.

In the event I must confess I met some disappointments. In my search for stories about Livermore, I can echo Barbara Allen's words; one thing that "became increasingly (and distressingly) apparent to me...was that, while people talked to me readily enough about the past, they did not do so primarily or even predominantly in structured narrative form." Allen observed that her informants discussed local history in what she considered three basic genres -- statements (which present aspects of the past which are perceived as "fixed or given elements of the natural or cultural environment, presented in declarative sentences"), reminiscences (portraying "events or actions in the past (which) occurred more than once on a regular basis"), and

narratives (which highlight "unique, one-time occurrences" which are "perceived as cognitively separable from the continuum of experience as discrete episodes").²⁰ Allen also suggests that the "closer" the narrator is to past events (in a personal, emotional sense), the more likely that the communication will range from statement to reminiscence to narrative.

Unlike Allen's work in Silver Lake, a still living community, my work on Livermore concerned a town which was abandoned more than fifty years ago. Many of my informants thus had a half-century or more of subsequent experiences leaving most of their Livermore experiences far in the background. So, for the most part, statements and reminiscences were more common in my findings than were actual narratives.

This situation may, in part, reflect what Patrick Mullen has called the "disintegration" of full narrative legends into statements of hearsay or rumors. Mullen adopts a functionalist perspective in his survey of legends and rumors, contending that they deal with socially or naturally ambiguous matters, and that the emotional anxieties or cognitive tensions that arise in such unclear situations are relieved in the individual and social creation and sharing of rumor and legend.²¹ Regardless of the ultimate validity of Mullen's thesis, it follows that when the precipitating phenomena fade in importance, the legends will "disintegrate" into rumors, the narratives into less vital forms such as statements and reminiscences, until they vanish from the scene, replaced, perhaps, by others of more immediate significance. And so it

seems that most (though not all) of the legends (or rumors) of Livermore have vanished.

While specific information about Livermore is thus hard to come by, people with whom I spoke were not lacking in words. They knew that the basic focus of our meeting was purportedly Livermore, but most seized the opportunity to discourse upon many other matters, especially of the past, but also relating to the present. They didn't stop at Livermore -- they readily broached many other seemingly unrelated topics. The more I spoke with people about Livermore, and considered the other subjects they introduced, the more I thought that the concatenations were no mere coincidence, but that the topics which they brought up and dwelt upon were indeed related to an affective whole of which Livermore was a part and a catalyst for reflection.

Barbara Allen noticed a related phenomenon in her recognition that narrators can seek a "verbal *re-creation* of the past as it was experienced" which can reveal "a view of the past not as a single time line but as a web of associations."²² A kernel of emotive memory, such as the recollection of experiences in, or related to, Livermore, can lead a person to spin a web woven from such associations, distant though they may seem from the original topic. In attempting to identify some of these connections I have tried to heed Ives' warnings about "cheap psychologizing," but I also take his advice that "associations, avoidances, and substitutions can give...valuable information."²³

¹John Borden Armstrong, Factory Under the Elms: A History of Harrisville, New Hampshire, 1774-1969. (Cambridge: M.I.T. Press, 1969), p. 302.

²The exploration and interpretation of the archaeological remains of Livermore is beyond the scope of this project, but would be a worthy endeavor. Indeed, William L. Taylor singled out the town as a possible site for such study. In "Archaeo-History in New Hampshire: What Can a Working Synthesis Achieve?" (Historical New Hampshire, 40, Numbers 1 and 2 (Spring-Summer 1985), pp. 9-17), he states (p. 15):

the entire town of Livermore in the National Forest is abandoned. Its whole existence depended upon logging. Who worked and lived there could be better understood by a joint archaeological-historical research effort. It would embellish greatly our understanding of the "underside" of New Hampshire history. The scores of logging camp sites and logging railroad yards -- now all abandoned -- should yield much about that arduous life...

While no in-depth excavation of a logging village or of woods camps in the White Mountains has been undertaken, sample studies from other regions include Janet G. Brashler, "When Daddy Was a Shanty Boy: The Role of Gender in the Organization of the Logging Industry in Highland West Virginia," Historical Archaeology, 25, Number 4 (1991), pp. 54-68, and John G. Franzen, "Northern Michigan Logging Camps: Material Culture and Worker Adaptation on the Industrial Frontier," Historical Archaeology, 26, Number 2 (1992), pp. 74-98.

³Bruce Jackson, Fieldwork (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1987), p. 39.

⁴Edward D. Ives, George Magoon and the Downeast Game War: History, Folklore, and the Law (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1988), pp. 14-15. Italics in original.

⁵Ronald Grele, Envelopes of Sound: The Art of Oral History Second edition (New York: Praeger, 1991), p. 265.

⁶Jan Vansina, Oral Tradition as History (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1985), pp. 12-13.

⁷Richard M. Dorson, "Local History and Folklore," in American Folklore and the Historian (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1971), pp. 145-156, (p. 147).

⁸Richard M. Dorson, "The Debate over the Trustworthiness of Oral Traditional History," 1968, reprinted in Folklore: Selected Essays (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1972), pp. 199-224, (pp. 219-220).

⁹Edward D. Ives, George Magoon and the Downeast Game War: History, Folklore, and the Law, pp. 4-5.

¹⁰Roger D. Abrahams, "Story and History: A Folklorist's View," Oral History Review, 9 (1981), pp. 1-11, (pp. 2, 5).

¹¹Elaine J. Lawless, "Comment: Truth and Deep Roots," in J. Sanford Rikoon and Judith Austin, editors, Interpreting Local Culture and History (Boise: Idaho State Historical Society, 1991), pp. 119-122, (p. 122).

¹²Henry Glassie, Passing the Time In Ballymenone: Culture and History of an Ulster Community (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press,

-
- 1982), pp. 793-794. Dorson, in The Debate..., attributes similar sentiments to several Africanist ethnohistorians. (p. 219).
- ¹³Larry Danielson, "The Folklorist, the Oral Historian, and Oral History," Oral History Review, 8 (1980), pp. 62-72, (pp. 70-71).
- ¹⁴Charles W. Joyner, "Oral History as Communicative Event: A Folkloristic Perspective," Oral History Review, 7(1981), pp. 47-52, (p. 51).
- ¹⁵Simon Schama quoted in Glenn Frye, "A Certain Simon Schama," Harvard Magazine, 94, Number 2 (November-December 1991), pp. 46-53, (pp. 46-47).
- ¹⁶Dorson, "Local History and Folklore," p. 150.
- ¹⁷William Lynwood Montell, The Saga of Coe Ridge: A Study in Oral History (New York: Harper & Row, 1972), p. xxiii.
- ¹⁸Sandra K.D. Stahl, "The Oral Personal Narrative in its Generic Context," Fabula 18 (1977), pp. 18-39, (pp. 34-35).
- ¹⁹Barbara Allen, Talking About the Past: A Folkloristic Study of Orally Communicated History, Unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, UCLA, 1980, pp. 32-33, 114-115.
- ²⁰Barbara Allen, Talking About the Past..., p. 25, p. 77.
- ²¹Patrick B. Mullen, "Modern Legend and Rumor Theory," Journal of the Folklore Institute, 9 (1972), pp. 95-109, (pp. 98, 104-109).
- ²²Barbara Allen, "Re-creating the Past: The Narrator's Perspective in Oral History," Oral History Review, 12 (1984), pp. 1-12, (pp. 6, 11).
- ²³Edward D. Ives, The Tape Recorded Interview. A Manual for Field Workers in Folklore and Oral History, Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1980, p. 62.

Part I -- An Overview of Livermore

Chapter 1

This story of human endeavor in the Sawyer River valley must begin with a review of the natural setting of the area which enabled, limited, and to some extent shaped human activity there, as well as the local historical context into which Livermore was born.

The Natural Setting

It would be possible to start a consideration of the geological structure of northern New England with the formation of the rocks of the Grenville Province, 1.4 billion years ago. While of real interest to geologists, there's no need for students of the human scene to go so unimaginably far back in time. In terms of known substance, we need go no further back than the Devonian period, 410 to 360 million years ago, when the rocks of the Gander Terrane were metamorphosed. Those millions of years must be beyond humankind to understand, yet the rocks formed then are the ones which today lead us to call New Hampshire "The Granite State."

Even as these rocks were being formed, the clash of tectonic plates on Earth's surface caused great mountain-building events known as *orogenies*. The Acadian orogeny occurred about 380 million years ago, creating lofty peaks in what someday would be called northern New Hampshire. Chet and Maureen Raymo note, "It requires a great stretch of imagination to visualize the splendid mountain range that must then have stood all across the Northeast. The present mountains

in our region are only the eroded rocks from those earlier ranges, pale intimations of their former grandeur."¹

In the Triassic and Jurassic Periods, 245 to 145 million years ago, volcanism also affected the northeast, giving the region mountains similar to today's Mounts Kenya and Kilimanjaro. But the Cretaceous Period followed, from 145 to 65 million years ago, whose hallmark was erosion, as water, wind, and chemical weathering diminished the once mighty peaks of the region.

The most recent 65 million years, the Cenozoic Era to geologists, has been a relatively quiet time in the northeast. No great orogenies or periods of volcanism have occurred, yet this is the Era which has shaped the appearance of the land as we know it. Some of the forces at play have been ones which, in shorter time spans, we are familiar with -- wind, rain, frost. We know the destructive force of a spring freshet, but we have difficulty comprehending the effect of hundreds of centuries of such events.

We have even more difficulty visualizing the action of the glaciers, the great shapers of the land we know now. The continental ice sheets began their rhythmic work as the Earth's climate cooled about three million years ago, growing southward from central Canada, scraping and tearing the land underneath, rounding out any weakness in the existing rocks with thousands of tons of irresistible pressure. The most recent ice age waned as the continental ice sheet began to recede from the northeast about thirteen thousand years ago. The landforms which it left behind are the ones we recognize today. The features we know today -- the Saco River trending southward through

the steep defile of Crawford Notch, the Sawyer River which flows through its narrow valley between Mounts Tremont and Saunders, its headwaters in the shadow of Mount Carrigain, to meet the Saco above the open interval of Bartlett -- all these were on the land, though as yet unnamed, 13,000 years ago.

Yet even with its recognizable features, the landscape left by the glaciers was not one that we would find welcoming. It was a harsh, rocky, rubble-strewn landscape -- slabs and ledges of bedrock decorated only with pockets or plains of glacial till. Every living thing and all the life-giving soil had long since been scraped away or crushed by centuries of relentless ice.

The lands to the south that had not been visited by the continental ice sheet served as a refuge and reservoir for flora and fauna from the northeast. Winds brought seeds, and feet, fins, and wings brought animal life back to the region. As plants slowly grew and died, soil gradually accumulated. Eventually a cover of thriving forest was established. Raymo and Raymo tell us

Pollen, extracted from sediments in bogs in the Northeast and Canada, tells the story of the repopulation of the region. The first plants to reestablish themselves at the melting glacier's margin were tundra grasses and sedges and small plants such as wormwood, plantain, and fireweed. As the soil improved and the climate moderated further, the forest reappeared. First came fir and spruce, then white pine, hemlock, maple, beech, and birch. At last the landscape took on the mature forest appearance that greeted the Pilgrims when they stepped ashore at Plymouth.²

Aspects of Human History

Raymo and Raymo acknowledge, though, that "the Northeast had a human presence before the Europeans arrived." There is evidence to

suggest that Native Americans were present in the White Mountains region at about the time of the recession of the ice sheet. Richard Boisvert notes that "the earliest identifiable occupation in the region, as documented by the recovery of a Paleo-Indian period projectile point, occurred in Intervale. This artifact dates to approximately 10,000 to 11,000 years ago." Boisvert also refers to Late Woodland period occupations near Conway Lake with artifacts dating from circa 1100 to 1500 A.D. He adds, "The available archaeological data is consistent with ethnohistorical accounts of resident populations, which supports the argument of continuity of occupation from the late prehistoric era through the early historic."³ While there has been comparatively little research done on the native Western Abenaki of the White Mountains area, study of the related peoples in Vermont and elsewhere in New England suggest the area may have been inhabited by small, family-oriented bands who traveled seasonally to take advantage of site-specific produce, fish, and game.⁴

Identified archaeological remains are rare in the White Mountains, so we cannot state with certainty that Abenaki bands lived in or roved through the Sawyer River country. But neighboring Crawford Notch has been identified as a route taken by traveling natives from the middle reaches of the Saco River to the upper reaches of the Connecticut. Darby Field, considered the first European to ascend the peak we now call Mount Washington, passed by "two branches of the Saco River, which meet at the foot of the hill, where was an Indian town of some 200 people" on his journey in 1642. Other early accounts refer to "Pigwackett" and "Pegwagget, an Indian town." While the exact

identity of this settlement is uncertain, and possible locations range from the current towns of Glen, New Hampshire to Fryeburg, Maine, the existence of this village suggests that considerable numbers of Abenaki were in the area early in the Colonial period.⁵

Those numbers were to diminish markedly in the subsequent hundred or so years. A series of wars involving the Abenaki and other native peoples, French colonists, and English colonists, led to the extirpation of most of the original inhabitants of the White Mountains region. By the time Montreal fell in 1760, most Abenakis had been killed, fled to refuges in or near today's Quebec Province, or assumed a very low profile in the lands that once had been their home, clearing the way for land-hungry colonists.⁶

It is thus in the late eighteenth century that we see the beginnings of Euro-American settlement in the vicinity of the White Mountains. Lancaster was settled in 1763, Jefferson in 1773, Jackson (originally New Madbury) in 1778, Conway in 1765, Bartlett at about the same time, Carroll (then Bretton Woods) by 1790. The pass we now call Crawford Notch -- used earlier by the Abenaki -- was "discovered" by the new settlers in 1771, and, known as "The Western Notch" or "The Notch of the White Mountains," became an important trading route.⁷

Much of the northern New Hampshire hill country was ill-suited for farming, with thin and stony soils and long, harsh winters leaving a short growing season. Not all that long after the commencement of settlement in the area, the Old Northwest beckoned, luring away dissatisfied New England farmers with its rich, easily tilled soils. The

rise of industrialism in southern New England also led to internal migration away from the less promising northland.⁸

Not all the news was bad, however, for the residents of northern New Hampshire. Even in the late 1700's, scientists and curious gentlemen had sought out the wild nooks of the White Mountains, reveling in their natural features and intriguing landscape. By the early 1800's, tourists, as well as local traders and teamsters, provided business for many a tavern and boarding house. Throughout the nineteenth century the number of tourists -- and facilities and services for them -- grew prolifically. This trade skyrocketed when rail service reached the White Mountains, entering Gorham in 1851, and piercing Crawford Notch in 1875. Individual entrepreneurs or groups of investors, often working in concert with the railroad companies, bet accurately that easier access to the area would result in more visitors, and opened a number of grand resort hotels in the White Mountains.⁹

The coming of the railroads also accelerated another industry of long standing in the White Mountains. Local residents had since their arrival taken advantage of the abundant timber for their own purposes including shelter and fuel, and as a "cash crop" to augment their often meager agricultural produce. With growing cities in southern New England, there was an increasing need for lumber and other forest products. Some rivers in or near the White Mountain region, such as the Connecticut, the Androscoggin, and the Pemigewasset/Merrimack, were suitable for river-driving. For the interior portions of the region, only the advent of the main-line railroads, quickly followed by purpose-built spur lines, allowed rapid and relatively cheap transport

of logs and lumber from the hills to the cities to the south. Later in the century, the introduction of the sulphite process, which allowed the manufacture of paper from wood pulp, opened up a vast new market for the region's wood.¹⁰

And so, in 1875, the transit of Crawford Notch by the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad laid main-line rails at the doorstep of the Sawyer River country. The thick cloak of tall spruce in that valley could now be brought to mill and market at reasonable cost. It is at this stage that the human story of Livermore really begins.

¹Chet Raymo and Maureen E. Raymo, Written in Stone, A Geological and Natural History of the Northeastern United States (Chester, Connecticut: The Globe Pequot Press, 1989), p. 73.

²Raymo and Raymo, Written in Stone, p. 149. Other helpful sources for the understanding of the natural history of the area include Neil Jorgensen, A Guide to New England's Landscape (Chester, Connecticut: The Globe Pequot Press, 1977), and Betty Flanders Thomson, The Changing Face of New England (1958: reprint Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1977). More specialized documents include an unpublished typescript by Steve Smith, Bretton Woods Natural History. A Brief Introduction. (N.D., circa 1982) and Earl H. Hoover, editor, Biological Survey of the Androscoggin, Saco, and Coastal Watersheds (Survey Report Number 2) (Concord: New Hampshire Fish and Game Department, December 1937). The basic source for the geological history of the Sawyer River country is Donald M. Henderson, Marland P. Billings, John Creasy, and Sally Anne Wood, Geology of the Crawford Notch Quadrangle (Concord: N.H. Department of Resources and Economic Development, 1977). A good general survey of local geological history is contained within Marland P. Billings et. al., The Geology of the Mount Washington Quadrangle, New Hampshire (Concord: New Hampshire Department of Resources and Economic Development, 1979). Also helpful is Bradford B. Van Diver, Roadside Geology of Vermont and New Hampshire (Missoula: Mountain Press, 1987), especially pp. 145-147 and 205-209.

³Richard A. Boisvert, "Prehistory in the White Mountains," unpublished paper presented at North Conway, NH, June 19, 1992, pp. 6-7.

⁴Studies of the Abenaki include William A. Haviland and Marjory W. Power, The Original Vermonters, Native Inhabitants Past and Present (Hanover: University Press of New England, 1981), and Colin G. Calloway, The Western Abenakis of Vermont, 1600-1800, War, Migration, and the Survival of an Indian People (Norman: University of Oklahoma

Press, 1990). A brief, but important source is Gordon M. Day, "Western Abenaki," in Bruce G. Trigger, editor, Handbook of North American Indians, Volume 15, Northeast (Washington: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1978) pp. 148-159. Focusing on the material culture of New England Natives, though with an antiquarian bent, is Howard S. Russell, Indian New England before the Mayflower (Hanover: University Press of New England, 1980). William Cronon provides an illuminating discussion of the different effects the ways of life of natives and Euro-Americans had on the regional landscape in his Changes in the Land, Indians, Colonists, and the Ecology of New England (New York: Hill and Wang, 1983).

⁵Among the sources for early European exploration of the area are Frederick W. Kilbourne, Chronicles of the White Mountains (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1916) and F. Allen Burt, The Story of Mount Washington (Hanover: Dartmouth Publications, 1960). A more recent addition to this literature, with a detailed consideration of Field's trek, is Laura and Guy Waterman, Forest and Crag. A History of Hiking, Trail Blazing, and Adventure in the Northeast Mountains (Boston: Appalachian Mountain Club, 1989), pp. 7-14.

⁶The cited works by Calloway and Haviland and Power review the decline of the Abenaki. Also of interest in depicting the meeting of Native American and European cultures -- though with more of a Maine focus -- is Kenneth M. Morrison, The Embattled Northeast. The Elusive Ideal of Alliance in Abenaki-Euramerican Relations (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1984).

⁷Sources for the early settlement of the White Mountains include Kilbourne, Chronicles, and John D. Bardwell and Ronald P. Bergeron, The White Mountains of New Hampshire (Norfolk: The Donning Company, 1989).

⁸For consideration of these issues in New England at the time, see Stewart Holbrook, Yankee Exodus: An Account of Migration from New England (New York: Macmillan, 1950), Howard S. Russell, A Long Deep Furrow: Three Centuries of Farming in New England (Hanover: University Press of New England, 1976), Harold Fisher Wilson, The Hill Country of Northern New England: Its Social and Economic History, 1790-1930 (New York: Columbia University Press, 1936), and George A. Lewis, "Population Change in Northern New England," Annals of the American Association of Geographers 62 (1972) 307-322. William F. Robinson, in Mountain New England: Life Past and Present (Boston: Little, Brown, 1988) discusses the rise and fall of hill towns and many other related issues. William L. Taylor considers demographic change in two central New Hampshire towns in "The Nineteenth Century Hill Town: Images and Reality," Historical New Hampshire XXXVII, Number 4 (Winter 1982), pp. 283-309, with a summation on pp. 298-302. A classic study of rural change is J. W. Goldthwait, "A Town That Has Gone Downhill," Geographical Review, XVII, 4, October 1927, pp. 527-552.

⁹See Peter B. Bulkley, A History of the White Mountain Tourist Industry, 1818-1899 (unpublished M.A. thesis, University of New Hampshire, 1958), also by the same author "Identifying the White Mountain Tourist, 1853-1854: Origin, Occupation, and Wealth as a

Definition of the Early Hotel Trade," Historical New Hampshire, XXXV, 2, (Summer 1980), pp. 107-162, and "Horace Fabyan, Founder of the White Mountain Grand Hotel," Historical New Hampshire, XXX, 2 (Summer 1975), pp. 53-78. An overall view of travel and tourism in the Granite State is Donna-Belle Garvin and James L. Garvin, On the Road North of Boston: New Hampshire Taverns and Turnpikes, 1700-1900 (Concord: New Hampshire Historical Society, 1988). Also of interest in this regard are Derwent Whittlesey, "Coast Land and Mountain Valley: A Geographical Study of Two Typical Localities in Northern New England," which includes a consideration of the various forces, including tourism, which have shaped the landscape of Lancaster, New Hampshire, in John K. Wright, editor, New England's Prospect: 1933 (New York: American Geographical Society, 1933) pp. 446-458, and the essays in The Enterprise of the North Country of New Hampshire (Lancaster, New Hampshire: White Mountains Region Association, 1982). William L. Taylor discusses the importance of the railroads in New Hampshire in "Getting There," in Richard Ober, editor, Shaping the Land We Call New Hampshire. A Land Use History (Concord: New Hampshire Historical Society/Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, 1992), pp. 25-35. A good general survey is that of R. Stuart Wallace, "A Social History of the White Mountains," in (Donald D. Keyes, editor) The White Mountains. Place and Perceptions (Hanover: University Press of New England, 1980), pp. 17-38. Kilbourne, Chronicles, especially pp. 154-174, also discusses tourism in the area. For idiosyncratic contemporary views of tourism and other related issues in the area near Livermore, see Lucy Crawford's History of the White Mountains (1846: reprint edited by Stearns Morse, Boston: Appalachian Mountain Club, 1978), and Benjamin G. Willey, Incidents in White Mountain History (Boston: Nathaniel Noyes, 1856). Waterman and Waterman, Forest and Crag, discuss the impact of the more adventurous tourist in the White Mountain backcountry.

Tourist guidebooks provide detailed descriptions of parts of the White Mountains, though they focus on scenery and facilities for the traveler, and usually neglect other aspects of the life of mountain-dwellers. Among the most helpful are the several editions of The White Mountain Guide Book (also known as Eastman's White Mountain Guide) (Concord: Edson C. Eastman & Company, in fifteen editions from 1858 to 1880) and The White Mountains. A Handbook for Travellers (variously known as "Osgood's," "Ticknor's," and "Sweetser's," depending on the publisher). Edited by Moses F. Sweetser, this guide appeared in 15 editions from 1876 to 1896.

One in-depth study of a major White Mountain rail line is Ron Johnson, editor, Maine Central R.R. Mountain Division (South Portland: 470 Railroad Club, n.d. [circa 1986]). While a "railfan" publication, it is packed with information about the Mountain Division, the section of the Maine Central network that went through Crawford Notch, and was important for hauling freight (including logs and lumber) and passengers (especially tourists).

Another heavily illustrated publication produced primarily for railroad enthusiasts is Edwin B. Robertson and Benjamin W. English,

Jr., A Century of Railroading in Crawford Notch (Updated Edition) (Westbrook, Maine: Edwin B. Robertson, 1987).

¹⁰The importance of forest resources to the earliest Euro-Americans is evident in Cronon, Changes in the Land, and in Charles F. Carroll, The Timber Economy of Puritan New England (Providence: Brown University Press, 1973). Perhaps the best single source for early logging in the White Mountains is C. Francis Belcher, Logging Railroads of the White Mountains (Boston: Appalachian Mountain Club, 1980). (Most of this volume was previously published over several issues of Appalachia.) For Livermore, I am especially indebted to Belcher's treatment of the Sawyer River Railroad (pp. 53-78) and to the references included therein. Kilbourne, Chronicles, discusses logging and related issues, pp. 377-404. For a study of an area on the New Hampshire-Maine border which has long relied on the logging industry, see Page Helm Jones, Evolution of a Valley: The Androscoggin Story (Canann, New Hampshire: Phoenix, 1975). A work which focuses on forestry and the conservation movement, primarily after the turn of the century, is Paul E. Bruns, A New Hampshire Everlasting and Unfallen (Concord: Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, 1969). Lloyd C. Irland, in Wildlands and Woodlots: The Story of New England's Forests (Hanover: University Press of New England, 1982), considers primarily contemporary forest issues, but does give some historical depth to his discussion. Also of interest for later years is Nicholas Bahros, History of the White Mountain National Forest (unpublished M.A. thesis, University of New Hampshire, 1959).

Unfortunately, New Hampshire has no Richard G. Wood, whose A History of Lumbering in Maine, 1820-1861 (Orono: University of Maine, 1935), provides a suitable model of a regional study of the logging industry. Later years in the Pine Tree State are covered by David C. Smith, A History of Lumbering in Maine, 1861-1960 (Orono: University of Maine, 1972), who lamented, "Historians of Maine have not written much of the Maine woods. The story of conservation movements, the practice of forestry, lumbering in general, the passing of the old sawmills, and overall the utilization of the greatest resource of the state was nowhere presented." (p. vii). This comment is even more applicable to New Hampshire. A colorful picture of the Maine woods industry is John S. Springer, Forest Life and Forest Trees (1851; reprint Somersworth, New Hampshire: New Hampshire Publishing Company, 1971). Another interesting contemporary account is Lawrence T. Smyth, "The Lumber Industry in Maine," New England Magazine XXV, Number 5, (January 1902), pp. 629-648. An account of one actively-logged area of the White Mountains on the Maine-New Hampshire border is D.B. Wight, The Wild River Wilderness (Camden, Maine: Down East Books, 1971). An autobiographical account of one Maine woodsman (turned Dartmouth College Woodcraft Advisor) is C. Ross McKenney's Language of the Forest (Portsmouth: Peter E. Randall, 1991), for Maine logging see esp. pp. 63-67, 83-100, and 111-114. Edward D. Ives considers the loggers of Maine and the Maritimes and their leisure-time activities -- foremost among them singing -- in several of his works, including Joe Scott, The Woodsman Songmaker (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1978);

he reviews such aspects of the loggers' life especially in Chapter 20, "Lumbercamp Singing: Up from the Valley of the Dry Bones," (pp. 371-402).

The hey-day of logging in northern New England is covered colorfully, though not always accurately, in such works as Stewart H. Holbrook, Holy Old Mackinaw. A Natural History of the American Lumberjack (1938; reprint New York: Macmillan, 1951), pp. 1-71, and the same author's Yankee Loggers. A Recollection of Woodsmen, Cooks, and River Drivers (New York: International Paper Company, 1961), and in Robert E. Pike, Spiked Boots (1959; reprint Dublin, NH: Yankee Books, 1987), and in Pike's Tall Trees, Tough Men (New York: W.W. Norton, 1967). Of this later work, C. Francis Belcher noted that it was "a thoroughly readable, delightful chronicle," but that "the author's treatment of logging history in the New England forests, in the White Mountains in particular and on the river drives, has been incomplete and sloppy." (Book Review in Appalachia, XXXVI, 4, (December 1967), p. 775.) In spite of their faults, these works provide valuable background to any investigation of the woods industries in the region. Another home-grown look at logging in New Hampshire north of the White Mountains is William R. Brown, Our Forest Heritage: A History of Forestry and Recreation in New Hampshire (Concord: New Hampshire Historical Society, 1958). Robert E. Pike also took a look at traditional woods songs of northern New Hampshire in "Folk Songs from Pittsburg, New Hampshire," Journal of American Folklore, 48 (1935), pp. 337-352. Scott E. Hastings Jr. includes a consideration of "The North Country Log Drive Bateau," a fixture of river drives, but foreign to those areas where the lack of large streams led to the use of rails to haul timber, in The Last Yankees. Foikways in Eastern Vermont and the Border Country (Hanover: University Press of New England, 1990), pp. 40-47. (He also takes a look at sawmills and sleds in the same volume.)

Later works on the American logging industry, which include historical depth and a great deal of contemporary detail, are James Elliott Defebaugh, History of the Lumber Industry in America (Chicago: The American Lumberman, 1906-1907), and Ralph Clement Bryant, Logging: The Principles and General Methods of Operation in the United States (New York: John Wiley & Sons, 1913). Bryant's description of recommended camp construction and operation (pp. 56-71) are especially interesting.

Chapter 2

The Saunders of Lawrence and Livermore

There were to be many families associated with Livermore -- Monahans, Ramsdells, Lanes, and countless more. Most of these have remained in obscurity, but the one which is best known is the family which developed, owned, and operated the town of Livermore and its logging and lumber operation, from the birth of the town until its death, the Saunders family of Lawrence, Massachusetts.

The patriarch of the Saunders clan was Daniel Saunders, Sr., born in 1796 in Salem, New Hampshire. He was initiated into the textile business as a youth, and moved to Andover, Massachusetts, in 1817, where he first worked on a farm, and then worked at and later leased and managed a mill. After returning to Salem and starting a woolen-mill there, in 1825 he returned to North Andover, leasing and later building a mill. About 1840 he purchased and operated a mill in Concord, New Hampshire. In 1842 he relinquished his North Andover mill, and moved to South Lawrence.

These various mill interests pale compared to Daniel Saunders' most noted accomplishment. He is credited with recognizing the water-power potential of the Merrimack River between Lowell and Haverhill which would lead to the founding and growth of Lawrence. In the 1830's he came to the conclusion that the falls on the Merrimack below Lowell could be exploited for manufacturing purposes, and began

securing title to the riverfront property there. Possessing only limited capital, he sought out other investors (including Samuel Lawrence, after whom the town would be named) and formed the Merrimack River Water Power Association in 1843. Daniel Saunders served as president and manager. In 1845 this association became the Essex Company, which would become the leading developer of the city of Lawrence and its textile mills.

Daniel Saunders was also one of the leaders of the local anti-slavery movement; his house was said to be one of the "stations" of the underground railroad, according to Maurice B. Dorgan.

Daniel Saunders, Sr., died in Lawrence in 1872, shortly before the founding of Livermore. He and his wife, born Phoebe Foxcroft Abbott, had five children. Two daughters, both named Martha, died in early childhood. Their three sons were Caleb, Daniel, and Charles W..

Caleb Saunders, born in 1838, was an 1859 graduate of Bowdoin College, and served the Union cause during the Civil War. He later became active in municipal affairs in Lawrence, serving in many capacities including that of mayor of the city in 1877. He worked as a lawyer in a practice with his brother Daniel and Daniel's son, Charles Gurley Saunders. In 1865 he married Mrs. Carrie F. Stickney; they had two children.

Daniel Saunders, Jr. was born in 1822 in Andover, Massachusetts. He was educated at Phillips Andover Academy, and then worked with his father in assessing and securing the rights to the development of the Merrimack. He later read law at Harvard Law School, graduating in

1844. He was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar the next year. Biographers Henderson and Bacon claimed, "He was a formidable antagonist in a trial, and prepared his cases with much care, and then tried them with great ability and skill, and was regarded by his contemporaries as one of the ablest advocates in the county." He served as a state senator in 1851, and as a state representative in 1859. He served as mayor of Lawrence in 1860. His tenure was marked by a local tragedy, the collapse and fire of the Pemberton Mill, "one of the worst catastrophes in the history of the city," in which 88 people were killed. He was later honored for his "distinguished services, in the care of those wounded at that time and the relief of the families of those killed." He was a stockholder in the Essex Company, and for many years was one of its directors. He also served as president of the Lawrence Savings Bank. He maintained a law practice with offices in Lawrence and Boston.

In 1846 Daniel Saunders Jr. married Mary Jane Livermore, daughter of Edward St. Loe Livermore and Sarah Stackpole Livermore of Lowell. Edward St. Loe Livermore, an attorney, had served as a judge and Massachusetts congressman. He was son of Samuel Livermore, also a lawyer, who had served in the Continental Congress in 1780-82, was chief justice of the New Hampshire Supreme Court in 1782-1789, and United States Senator in 1793-1801.

Daniel Saunders Jr. and Mary Jane Livermore Saunders had four children: Charles Gurley, born in 1847; Mary L., born in 1849; Annie Grace, born in 1858, and Edith St. Loe, born in 1865. (Henderson and

Bacon refer to another son, Frederick A., about whom further information is not available.) Of these offspring, the best known came to be Charles G. Saunders. He attended Phillips Andover Academy, and was graduated from Harvard College with an M.A. degree in 1867; he then attended Harvard Law School. In 1870 he entered the law practice of his father and uncle. He was very active as a layman in the Episcopal Church, and became an expert on ecclesiastical law.

The third son of Daniel and Phoebe Saunders was Charles W. Saunders, born in 1824. According to William Richard Cutter, C. W. Saunders graduated from Phillips Academy and then was "engaged in manufacturing and selling woolen goods, hardware and lumber. He became an extensive dealer in lumber, and had saw mills at various parts in the lumber districts of New Hampshire and at Lowell, Massachusetts, in which city he had other large business interests and became prominently identified with the manufacturing and banking business of the place."¹

In 1850 C.W. Saunders married, and later had six children by, Caroline O.D. Norcross, daughter of Nicholas G. and Sophronia Pratt Norcross. C.W. Saunders' activities in the lumber business were certainly affected by this union, as Nicholas G. Norcross was known as "The New England Timber King." Though he originally hailed from the Penobscot and made his name in the lumber industry in Maine, he emigrated to Lowell in 1844, and oversaw major logging operations on the Pemigewasset and Merrimack in New Hampshire driving logs down that river system from 1846 to 1860, according to Robert Pike. Of

Norcross, an 1846 New York Tribune piece noted, "There's been a dragoon of a Down-Easter here, these two winters, with a company of red-shirted fellows from the banks of the Penobscot, making terrible havoc among the woods. His name is Norcross. They call him the Timber King. He's a perfect Bonaparte among the pines -- he's fell a hundred thousand of 'em."²

With Lowell as his base of operations, Norcross set about improving the channel of the Merrimack to facilitate log-driving. According to J.W. Meader, "He blasted rocks and removed obstructions, bought land and provided for the stringing of booms for timber harbors, bought rights on some of the important falls, built two dams on the Pemigewasset at Woodstock, and purchased the Elkins Grant of eighty thousand acres of heavy timber adjoining the above named town, Lincoln, and several others. He also bought a tract of forty thousand acres in the ungranted lands of New Hampshire and several other tracts."³

On Norcross' enterprise and its fate, Meader wrote:

In 1845, Norcross built a large lumber-mill at Lowell, where, with "gangs" of saws, upright and circular, he wrought out much of the lumber for the mills and the dwellings of the city. This mill was twice destroyed by fire, but was soon rebuilt. He also built a large mill at Lawrence, which was managed by his brother, J.W. Norcross. Mr. Norcross died in 1860, since which time the business has been conducted by I.W. Norcross, Charles W. Saunders, and N.W. Norcross. While engaged in the lumber business a financial crisis, such as business men often experience, overtook Mr. Norcross, and, with a view to the continued prosecution of the trade, a company was formed, consisting of N.G. and I.W. Norcross, John Nesmith, Abner Buttrick, H. Pillsbury, William Fiske, and others, called the Merrimack River Lumber Company; but the management of the lumber trade seems to have again reverted to the original hands, and is now [1869] conducted by Norcross & Saunders.⁴

It is not clear if C.W. Saunders was involved in the Norcross operations on the Merrimack before the death of his father-in-law Nicholas Norcross in 1860, but after the passing of the "Timber King" he evidently was active on this river until 1882, when the Norcross company heirs sold their land in the upper Pemigewasset drainage.⁵ But by that time C.W. Saunders was occupied with other business in the parcel purchased by Nicholas Norcross called Elkins Grant. According to C.F. Belcher, it was in 1864 that C.W. Saunders "helped his brother Daniel secure the rights to the Elkins Grant and joined him in the Sawyer River enterprise."⁶ It would be another decade before the occupation of the Sawyer River country would begin.

Exploration of the Sawyer River Country

One of the earliest recorded visits to the heart of the Sawyer River area dates from 1857. In that year a party led by Princeton's Professor Arnold Guyot made the first known ascent of Mount Carrigain, the 4,680 foot peak that forms the northern bulwark of the Sawyer River valley, the high point on the boundary line between the watersheds of the Merrimack and the Saco. The mountain was named in honor of Philip Carrigain, who had served as Secretary of State of New Hampshire from 1805 to 1810, and had produced a map of the state in 1816. The Guyot expedition visited Carrigain as part of a geological and geographical survey of the entire Appalachian chain.

According to the principal chronicler of the Guyot party trek, S. Hastings Grant, the ascent group camped at the base of the

"untraversed and unexplored mountain" (at 2560 feet) on August 26, after about a six hour trek from "Lawrence's," on the stage road through Crawford Notch. Grant wrote that that day included "the hardest tramping in the woods that I was ever connected with." Their guide, William Hatch, made "a kind of shanty, covered with bark," while Guyot cut brush for sleeping on, and Grant built the fire.

The next day, after a rough, four-hour ascent "over fallen trees, through thick undergrowth," the small band reached the summit of Carrigain. Grant exclaimed, "I never went through more, in two days, of toil and exertion...but so far as I can learn, ours were the first footsteps that ever reached the summit of Mt. Carrigain," a claim which he confirmed by local inquiry. The party returned to the stage road that evening.⁷

In September of 1869, George L. Vose, assisting in C.H. Hitchcock's geological survey of New Hampshire, attempted Carrigain with artist George F. Morse, guided by John C. Cobb of Bartlett. However, low clouds obscured the mountain on that occasion, and the trio failed to reach the actual summit. An ascent of the mountain, believed the second, was accomplished by Warren Upham, also working for Hitchcock's survey, in 1871. Further exploration and ascents of the mountain were made in 1873, 1874, and 1875 by members of the White Mountain Club of Portland, Maine.⁸

The earliest visitors to Mount Carrigain stressed the rigors of the adventure. When Moses Sweetser published his guidebook, The White Mountains. A Handbook for Travellers in 1876, those rigors were

beginning to abate. With the area already explored, the route was by then well known; Sweetser noted that "the favorite route of ascent has hitherto been up the course of Sawyer's River, leaving the Saco road at Lawrence's farm," and that "A line of blazed trees" and "an old camp" could be found along the way. Sweetser admitted that to achieve the true summit, "the ascent is long and arduous." But the arduousness could now be avoided lower on the mountain, as "a railroad has been built 2-3 M. up the valley of Sawyer's River, to bring out lumber from the forest; and much of the labor of the approach may be obviated by walking up the track to the Carrigain Brook."⁹

The Saunders family and their crews had been at work.

The Founding of Livermore

The Saunders activity in the Sawyer River country began on paper in 1874. On July 7 of that year, the New Hampshire legislature gave its assent to "An Act to Incorporate the Grafton County Lumber Company." The Act read, in part:

Daniel Saunders, Nathan H. Weeks, William A. Russell, Charles W. Saunders, and Caleb Saunders, are hereby made a corporation by the name of the Grafton County Lumber Company, for the purpose of cutting, manufacturing, carrying to market and selling lumber; and for these purposes said corporation may purchase and hold real estate, timber lands, erect, own and maintain mills, and do any and all legitimate acts necessary to carry on said business.¹⁰

It is not known when activity "on the ground" began, though a trip taken by White Mountain Club members in early June 1875 mentions "a road and a path, for a mile or two" leading toward Mount Carrigain

from the Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad at Sawyer's River; the railroad through Crawford Notch would be completed in another two months' time.¹¹

The impending completion of this segment signaled not only the opening of the Notch but of the Sawyer River country. On July 2, 1875, the New Hampshire state legislature approved "An Act to Incorporate the Sawyer River Railroad." Members of the corporation were listed as Daniel Saunders, Nathan H. Weeks, Charles W. Saunders, John W. Sanborn, Caleb Saunders, and William A. Russell. The corporation was:

authorized and empowered to locate, construct, and maintain a railroad, not exceeding six rods in width, with the necessary additions for excavations and embankments, from some convenient point in Hart's Location so called, westerly up the valley of Sawyer river to some convenient point at the height of land dividing the waters which flow into the Sawyer river, with the right to connect the same with any other railroad in this state within the termini aforesaid.¹²

Even before the railroad was built, though, work was under way along the banks of the Sawyer. A surveyor, G.W. Pitman, gave testimony in a court case (Bartlett Land and Lumber Co. vs. Daniel Saunders). He was asked what he had seen along Sawyer's River:

Q. Did you see a new mill up there, or a mill in process of erection when you first went up there in 1875?

A. I did.

Q. Was it then in process of erection?

A. They were at work there; I don't know at what stage the mill was; they were at work cutting out some timber for the mill.

Q. Is that the mill reputed to be Saunders mill?

A. I so understood it.¹³

The extent of activity cannot be ascertained, but Pitman's testimony indicates that work on the mill had begun before the end of 1875.

Child's Gazetteer of Grafton County (published in 1886) suggests the

bulk of construction was done in the following year, but its results were to be short-lived, stating, "The first mill was built by the Saunders in 1876, and was destroyed by fire the same year. In 1877 they put up the present structure."¹⁴

The year 1876 saw other developments. One of the rare documents of the Saunders operations which survives is a "Plan of Location of the First Division of SAWYER'S RIVER RAILROAD in the towns of Hart's Location in Carroll County, and Livermore in Grafton County, NEW HAMPSHIRE." The plan was prepared by "E. Appleton, Engineer," and was dated "Dec. 20th. 1876."¹⁵

The plan shows the layout -- apparently the proposed layout -- of the new railroad. It starts on the Portland and Ogdensburg line south of Bemis, and heads southwesterly to a point not too far from the Sawyer's River. It then parallels the River to a point a bit more than one and one-half miles from the P. & O., where it terminates. The length of the rails is given as 9,750 feet.

The plan also shows a number of other cultural features. There is a road leading westerly from the Notch road, paralleling the Sawyer River. There are a few small buildings along the road -- one on a small tributary to the Sawyer, and three at a point further west. Near the terminus of the Sawyer River Railroad the road forks, one branch heading slightly northwesterly, the other slightly southwesterly. Also near the rail terminus are designated no fewer than a dozen buildings, including one, by far the largest, marked "Mill. G.C.L. Co." West of the

mill are drawn one large and three small dams forming four ponds on a small side-branch of the main river.

The plan refers not to Elkins Grant, but to "Livermore," for it was on July 11, 1876 that the town was officially incorporated by the state of New Hampshire. Its boundaries were established as:

beginning on the southerly line of the town of Bethlehem at the north-easterly corner of the town of Franconia, thence running easterly following the southerly line of said Bethlehem to the easterly line of the county of Grafton, thence southerly following the easterly line of the county of Grafton to the north-easterly corner of the town of Waterville, thence westerly following the course of the northerly line of said Waterville to the easterly line of the town of Thornton, thence northerly following the easterly line of the towns of Thornton, Lincoln, and Franconia, to the bound begun at.

The inhabitants of the town were instructed to hold their first town meeting, with "Benjamin Akers, John Tewksbury, and Charles N. Saunders, or any two of them...authorized to call said meeting."¹⁶ And so the tract that had once been called after Jasper Elkins now bore the name of the pedigreed New Hampshire family into which Daniel Saunders, Jr. had married.

According to Belcher, actual construction of the new railroad began in the following year:

In 1877 the Saunders started laying rails for their line up Sawyer River, and by agreement with the Eastern Railroad (later part of the Boston and Maine) they leased three miles of relay rail and other track equipment. This was enough for connections and yards at Sawyer River Station and Livermore and the two miles in between. The agreement was supplemented in October, 1880, by the further leasing of five miles of rail, switches, frogs, and other items from the Eastern Railroad -- enough to reach as much as they needed of the wooded assets within their domain....

The old faithful iron horse of the railroad, named C.W. Saunders, was an 0-4-0 wood-burning switcher bought new in 1876 from the Portland Company.¹⁷

Eventually the railroad would tally about eight miles of track, most of it running the winding way through the Sawyer River watershed, crossing south toward Meadow Brook, and then along the Swift River toward Lily Pond. A spur track, heading west about a mile, was installed about mid-way between Sawyer's River and the end of the line.

The Earliest Years

Descriptions of Livermore in the late 1870's are exceedingly rare, but we do have a brief account written by Charles E. Fay, who visited the village in August of 1878 as a participant in an Appalachian Mountain Club excursion, in company with nineteen others. Instead of a walk along the river, "By the courtesy of Messrs. Saunders a locomotive and platform car were put at the services of the party," wrote Fay, "and soon we were advancing in front of our engine up the steep grades and around the sharp curves of this remarkable bit of railroad. In perhaps twenty minutes we were at the mill." Of the scene at Livermore, Fay remarked:

In what four years ago was one of the most inviolate sanctuaries of Nature, the axe of the lumberman has cut the first clearing. He has erected his rude village of unpainted cottages and his restless steam-mill, and up the rapidly ascending gorge where the Sawyer's River rushes as a foaming torrent, he even spurs the iron monster of the lowlands. I am informed by Mr. C.G. Saunders that the first mill of the Grafton County Lumber Company was built here in 1876, and the railroad, completed in the following autumn. In the mean time a second mill has been built, ten to twelve million [board] feet of lumber cut, and the greater part of the Pemigewasset forest incorporated as the township of Livermore, the only settlement of which is the rude hamlet at the mills. The mills themselves are situated on Sawyer's River, about two miles and a half from the Saco, and more than

four hundred feet higher than the confluence of the two streams, and here is the present terminus of the railroad. A common road also leads hither, a wild, rough way through the forest, apparently little travelled by carriages -- even more primitive in its kind than the railroad. About the mills the forest has been entirely cleared for the area of perhaps half a square mile, and part of this is already under cultivation. From this clearing logging-roads run in various directions, following especially the streams.

Fay and his troupe, bent on ascending Mount Carrigain, followed one of these roads for a spell, passing "a dilapidated logging-camp," and then, "at about three miles from the mills, the road ends in the litter and tangle of a wood-cutters' clearing," from which point a new path left towards the summit, which had recently been cleared of low growth to provide a viewpoint. Following the climb, the band returned to the tiny mill-town, where Fay lauded a "hearty repast served us on our descent by our fellow-member, Mr. G.T. Crawford, of Livermore, in the hotel of this hospitable infant village."¹⁸

Information about the 1870's in Livermore is scarce. There was a legal battle involving the Saunders and the Bartlett Land and Lumber Company, regarding land boundaries in the east and southeast of Livermore, which lasted for the last half of the decade, but there is no evidence that the courtroom contest affected life in the village.¹⁹ We know that there must have been a fair amount of logging done in the area, even in that early period, as Webster Wells encountered an "intricate maze of logging roads" near Carrigain Notch during an 1879 descent from Mount Carrigain.²⁰ To cut these roads and harvest that timber must have taken many workers. Unofficial accounts of Livermore's population, printed in The New Hampshire Register and Farmer's Almanac, claim 45 individuals in 1878, and an astonishing 200

in 1879. This latter figure is curiously high, and it must be assumed it represents a liberal estimate of village residents and woods-workers in the associated camps. The Register for 1878 lists two businesses in the town: "Manufacturers: Lumber: C.W. Saunders & Co.; Merchants: C.W. Saunders & Co." The next year the listings were expanded somewhat: "Manufacturers: Lumber: Grafton County Lumber Co., C.W. Saunders & Co., selling agent; Geo. H. Fairfield, resident agent. Hardwood Lumber, Charcoal, &c., Geo. T. Crawford & Co."²¹

But Livermore in the 1870's was not only a place to work, it was a place to live, and the regular passages of life occurred to its residents, too. On September 27, 1878, Elden Boynton, 21, a carpenter, married Julia Lucy, 19. Though the wedding took place in Jackson, Julia Lucy's parents lived in Livermore (her father was a woodsman there), and so the marriage was officially registered in the tiny mill village. Children were born to Livermore parents; on June 20, 1877, Daniel Huntley was born -- his father was a blacksmith. On January 18, 1878, George Smart was born -- his father was a teamster. Another blacksmith's son, Thomas McKenna, came into Livermore on August 7, 1879. Ader Meehan, the son of a common laborer, was born November 28, 1879.

Less happy events occurred in the village, too. Albert Smart, a 22 year-old carpenter, died of consumption on April 16, 1878. Infants were vulnerable, as well; little George Smart, the teamster's son, not even six months old, succumbed to a bowel complaint on July 5, 1878,

and Beatrice Wyman, only two months of age, died of "white swelling" on April 14, 1879.²²

These dates perhaps mean nothing to us today. But to the two Smart families, and to the Wyman family, they were very significant. The persons involved were not mere mill operatives and their progeny; they were people much like ourselves.

The exact date of another tragic event in Livermore history is lost, though dim records of it remain. The attorney George Morris once worked for the Maine Central Railroad in Crawford Notch. He wrote:

I assisted in laying out a sidetrack to a yard cleared for the storage and loading of logs to be used by a Berlin firm. In some thick bushes in the woods not far from the Maine Central track, I discovered a single headstone with proper inscriptions marking a grave. In searching, I found only the one headstone and my curiosity was very much aroused to know why apparently only one person had been buried in that out-of-the-way place. To satisfy this curiosity I later mentioned my discovery to Mr. Daniel Saunders, owner of the Livermore Mills, and asked him if he knew anything about the matter. I was told that many years before smallpox had broken out in his camp and that there had been about forty deaths and that all the bodies had been buried near where this marker was found and that the family of only one of the deceased persons had erected a gravestone.²³

Morris does not give a date for his discovery, nor does he hint when the smallpox epidemic occurred. However, the official New Hampshire reports of deaths were published from the year beginning April 1, 1879. None of these reports mention any smallpox in Livermore, let alone an epidemic that caused the deaths of two score people. While one might suggest that reporting procedures for such a small community might be lax, smallpox, or other such diseases, appear only infrequently in those early records of deaths throughout the state.

This would hint that such an epidemic could only have occurred before records were published.

There is some supplemental information that suggests just that. Dr. Leonard Eudy was a physician who resided in Bartlett. "In 1877 he was engaged in the care of the small-pox cases at the camp established near his circuit of practice, and died in the midst of the epidemic on the 28th of November at Bartlett." We cannot ascertain whether "the camp" was Livermore, but Eudy's death from this disease indicates that smallpox was present in the area in 1877 -- after the founding of Livermore, but before official records were maintained.²⁴

Livermore in the 1880's

Perhaps our earliest major source of information on the people of Livermore appears just after the 1870's in the federal census record of 1880. As with any such abstract document, most of the fabric of the lives of the townspeople is missed in the wash of statistics, yet a few illuminating threads can be perceived.

One schedule in the census of that year gives detailed information about the Livermore sawmill. It was headed by a James Payne -- evidently an official *in absentia*, as he was not enumerated in the list of inhabitants of the town. It is presumed that Payne was either working for the Saunders family or had contracted to mill the lumber. The mill business represented a capital investment of \$150,000, and normally employed 20 workers -- all adult males above 16 years of age -- and had employed as many as 25 persons. The millhands worked

11 hours a day. Skilled laborers earned \$1.75 per day, the average laborer \$1.25. The total payroll for the preceding twelve months was \$8,000, even though one month the mill had remained idle.

The month, and the reason for the idleness, are not specified. Traditionally in northern New England, logging had been a winter occupation for a number of reasons. Spring, summer, and fall were devoted to planting, tending, and harvesting crops. Only the "slack" months of winter were available for spending large amounts of time in the woods. In that season, too, the ground was frozen firmly and covered with snow, allowing easier transport of heavy logs on runnered sleds. Major logging operations near large rivers depended on the spring thaw and resulting highwater to float logs downstream to mills and markets. However as logging became more of a specialized industry, and especially in those areas which depended on railroads, not rivers, to transport logs, woods-work became a year-round enterprise. It may have been that 1880 was in a transitional period for Livermore, with that one month of idleness due to natural or social necessity.

The record gives other numbers: the mill had 1 gang of 18 saws, 2 circular saws, 5 muley saws, and 1 band saw. It was powered by a steam plant with five boilers and 1 engine, producing 150 horsepower. The mill used \$23,000 worth of logs and \$700 worth of mill supplies. It produced 2000 thousand (board) feet of lumber, 1700 thousand laths, and 800 thousand shingles, the total value of which was \$44,100.

According to this record, the mill did not do its own logging, and did not ship its product in its own vessels. This suggests that the mill operation was in some respects separate from the woods and railroad operation. Some, or all of these facets of the production process could have been contracted out by the Saunders.²⁵

What does the 1880 census tell us about the people of Livermore? First, a caveat of what it does not tell. We know that Livermore was a sawmill and logging village, but the census does not give a significant indication of woods-workers. Perhaps this was an omission on the part of the enumerator, who could have neglected to visit the camps deeper into the forest, or perhaps the lack of woodsmen indicates that when the census was taken -- June 16, 1880 -- the loggers were not active in the area, still following a seasonal cycle of winter wood-cutting and farming the rest of the year.

As for the village, though, 103 inhabitants are listed, living in 18 separate dwellings. Of these 103, 59 were born in the United States, all in New England -- 39 in New Hampshire, 15 in Maine, 4 in Massachusetts, and 1 in Vermont. 44 were "of foreign birth" -- 38 from Canada, 5 from Ireland, and 1 from Scotland.

Regarding the ancestry of the inhabitants, a great number of their parents -- 85 of a total of 206 -- hailed from Canada. 40 came from Maine, 37 from New Hampshire, and 28 from Ireland. (The others: 8 from Massachusetts, 4 from Scotland, 1 from England, and 3 not given.)

We know that Livermore was a young town, but how young or old were its inhabitants? To us today, the faces would most likely seem

relatively youthful. About half of the people were in their twenties and thirties. About 10% were older; there were three residents 70 or older, the eldest being 72. There were eight teen-agers, and fully three dozen children ranging from new-born to 11 years in age. One would think that the voices and cries of children at play must have been common at Livermore, perhaps at times threatening to drown out the shriek of the sawmill. Of the children, 22 had attended school within the census year.²⁶

Indeed, 14 of the 18 households in the village included children. Seven of the households were composed of a husband, wife, and a child (3) or children (4). Three households were composed of a husband, wife, child or children, and another family relative. The Duell family, which included 6 children ranging in age from one month to eleven years, was aided by a domestic servant, 26-year old Eliza Aldrich, sister of Mrs. Clara Duell. The Ferman Brooks household included his wife, their three children, and his 16-year old sister Eliza, listed with no occupation. John Huntley's household comprised himself, his wife, their two young children, five months and three years of age, an older son, 28 years of age, and his sister, Marerra, 17, listed as a domestic servant.

There were three households consisting only of husbands and wives.

In addition to nuclear families and extended families, some households included non-family members as boarders. The remaining five households were of this type. One was made of a husband, wife,

and three boarders. Two consisted of a husband, wife, children, and boarders (one had 2 boarders, one 3, the other 9 -- this was the largest household, with 13 residents). Two consisted of a husband, wife, children, boarder or boarders, and relative. The Beaton residence consisted of husband, wife, four children, one boarder, and Mrs. Beaton's parents. Her father, John Dooley, 70, worked in the sawmill; her mother, Mary Dooley, 72, made gloves. Onslow Gilman's household was made up of himself, his wife, and three children, a boarder, and Gilman's widowed mother, Mary Gilman, 72, who did housework.

We would have to conclude that the village of Livermore was fairly "family oriented." All households included married couples. Three-quarters of the households had children; children made up over a third of the village's population. Over a quarter of the households included distant family members. The 22 boarders in the village were spread out over one-third of the dwellings. (Those six houses had 1, 2, 3, 3, 4, and 9 non-family residents.)

We do not know what went on in the woods. The image of the rough, tough, masculine logging life could be valid for the forest workers. But it is clearly off-base for this small sawmill village of 1880. A mill settlement it was, but one in which the family had an obvious presence.

What did the people in Livermore do for a living? Of the 42 males with occupations listed, 25 were described as "works in mill" or "works in saw mill." Two additional workers was given more specific jobs as "filler in mill" (presumably a saw-filer) and "watchman in saw

mill." There were also two laborers, two teamsters, two men who worked in the woods (both of these boarders, from Canada), three engineers (Frank Lewis, Henry Lewis, each a head of a household, and Niles Bean, a boarder with Henry Lewis), and three blacksmiths (Hugh McKenna, John Huntley, and his son Abner Huntley). There were also two "coal dealers," Frank Willoughby and Alonzo Willoughby, each the head of a household. (Photographic and other evidence indicates that there was an area where charcoal was prepared just east of the village.)²⁷ Finally, there was one "lumberman," John Duell, 41 years old. Duell was presumably the on-site supervisor of the entire milling operation, the one with the administrative responsibility for seeing the logs made into lumber. Only eight of the adult men -- one from Ireland, the rest from Canada -- could not read or write.

So much for the men-folk. What of the other adults in the village, the women? For the majority, their "profession, occupation, or trade" was "keeping house" -- 18 out of 22 were thus listed. An additional one (the elderly Mrs. Gilman) did housework. There were two -- both sisters of a household's husband or wife -- who were domestic servants. One, the mother of a male head of household, made gloves. Four of the adult women -- all of whom had been born in Canada -- could not read and write.

One child was listed as "at school"; the rest were either "at home" or had no listing for occupation.

The descriptions of the occupations reinforce our view of Livermore as being a traditionally-oriented community of its day. The

men worked. Though a few had specific trades -- the blacksmiths, the teamsters, the coal dealers, the engineers, the filer -- more than half the men were unspecified mill-workers. One suspects a fairly egalitarian community of male workers, as only one person, the lumberman, seems to have a position of greater influence by reason of occupation. This equality stopped at the borderline between the sexes, as women's work was in the home, and with the children.²⁸

What other information do we have about the town of Livermore from the 1880's? Travel literature can give us an outsider's perspective of life in the village, and one such view was shared by Samuel Adams Drake, who passed through Livermore on his ascent of Mount Carrigain. The town made an impression on him, though not a particularly favorable one. He told the story of his visit in The Heart of the White Mountains: Their Legend and Scenery, a large-format, well-illustrated volume first published in 1881. As a tramper, he had mixed feelings about the role of the loggers; while he cared not for their destruction of scenery in the Sawyer River valley, there was a potential benefit for those who would attempt Mount Carrigain: "The lumbermen have now penetrated this valley to the foot of the mountain, with their rude logging roads, offering a way soon, it is hoped, to be made plainer for future climbers than it was our lot to find it." Though he appreciated this one small aspect of the loggers' labors, he certainly was not taken with their way of life. Drake went on:

Leaving Bartlett at an early hour, we turned aside from the highway a little beyond the bridge which spans Sawyer's

River, and were soon following a rough and stony cart-way ascending the banks of this stream, which thundered along its rocky bed, making the woods echo with its roar. The road grew rapidly worse, the river wilder, the forest gloomier, until, at the end of two miles, coming suddenly out into the sun, we entered a rude street of unpainted cabins, terminating at some saw-mills. This hamlet, which to the artistic eye so disadvantageously replaces the original forest, is the only settlement in the large township of Livermore. Its mission is to ravage and lay waste the adjacent mountains. Notwithstanding the occupation is legitimate, one instinctively rebels at the waste around him, where the splendid natural forest, literally hewed and hacked in pieces, exposes rudely all the deformities of the mountains.

But it is not only the natural scene which affected Drake; the human scene was also moving:

But this lost hamlet is the first in which a genuine emotion of any kind awaits the traveller. Ten to one it is like nothing he ever dreamed of; his surprise is, therefore, extreme. The men were rough, hardy-looking fellows; the women appeared contented, but as if hard work had destroyed their good looks prematurely. Both announced, by their looks and their manner, that the life they led was no child's play; the men spoke only when addressed; the women stole furtive glances at us; the half-dressed children stopped their play to stare at the strangers. Here was neither spire nor bell. One cow furnished all the milk for the commonalty. The mills being shut, there was no sound except the river plashing over the rocks far down in the gorge below; and had I encountered such a place on the sea-coast or the frontier, I should at once have said I had stumbled upon the secret hold of outlaws and smugglers, into which signs, grips, and passwords were necessary to procure admission. To me, therefore, the hamlet of Livermore was a wholly new experience.

From this hamlet to the foot of the mountain is a long and uninteresting tramp of five miles through the woods. We found the walking good, and strode rapidly on, coming first to a wood-cutter's camp pitched on the banks of Carrigain Brook, and next to the clearing they had made at the mountain's foot. Here the actual work of the ascent began in earnest.²⁹

In spite of Drake's acknowledgment that the logger's occupation is "legitimate," any occupation whose "mission is to ravage and lay waste" cannot be deemed an honorable one. Though Drake sees benefits from the efforts of the logging community, the residents of it are seen as outlaws. Livermore presented a "wholly new experience" to the

cultured visitor, with its "furtive glances" and "half-dressed children," an experience that was foreign and uncomfortable. Doubtless Drake felt relieved when he stepped away from "the rude street of unpainted cabins" and returned to the forest, which earlier New Englanders had looked upon with some dread but which, to this late nineteenth century writer, was seen as more welcoming than this hamlet of rough men, contented women, and half-dressed children.

But in that hamlet, life continued in the 1880's just as it must have in Drake's own home town. There were a dozen marriages in that decade; though the records indicate no occupations for the women involved in those unions, the men had such livelihoods as teamster, laborer, sawyer, clerk, lumberman, millman, engineer, and machinist. Thirty-three children were born to Livermore parents in the 1880's, sons and daughters of laborers and lumberman, a teamster, a watchman, a blacksmith, a charcoal burner, an engineer. One child was stillborn, daughter of Cora Willoughby and her husband Alonzo, a brakeman.

In that first full decade at Livermore, death could come at any age. Rose Moran died at only three months, of bronchitis; John Cavanaugh died aged 76, from pneumonia. Most of the 10 recorded deaths were due to illness -- such as fever, bronchitis, and nephritis, in addition to the causes already noted. There were also two accidental deaths which underscored the occupational hazards which the men encountered in their daily lives. On June 13, 1882 (indeed an unlucky day) Richard Whitty, whose age was unknown, serving as a brakeman

on the Sawyer River Railroad, was "run over by cars." On February 16, 1886, Michael Guinan, a single man from Ireland who was about thirty years of age and working as a lumberman, was "killed by a falling tree."³⁰

The scant information in the 1880's editions of The New Hampshire Register suggests a relatively stable village. There were listed a town clerk, selectmen, justices, and, in most years, a treasurer and collector, much the same as in other small towns in the Granite State. The charcoal business evidently changed hands; in 1882, it was accorded to Willoughby and Rogers, though in 1885 it was run only by J.B. Rogers. By decade's end, a new listing was added to the manufacturers of lumber, the New Hampshire Land Company, with George B. James as president. According to Belcher, "the best and least-disputed titles" to that part of the township of Livermore which lay in the drainage of the East Branch of the Pemigewasset -- on the other side of Mount Carrigain from the Sawyer River and Livermore village -- were sold by the Saunders in 1886 to James and his Company. The Saunders, however, continued to hold heavy mortgages against James on the tracts.³¹

The New Hampshire Registers for the period also suggest growth in the town's population. Though 240 individuals are claimed in 1880, that figure is adjusted downward to 103 in later years, reflecting the actual federal census count. That figure rises, though, to 150 in 1884, and stays there through the decade. It is not known if this number is for the village alone or if it includes woodsmen in outlying camps.

The small village was granted a post office in 1881, with William G. Hull appointed postmaster on March 10th of that year. Hull, from Plymouth, New Hampshire, had worked as a school teacher, store clerk, merchant, glove manufacturer, and boarding house keeper. He was widowed in 1880, the year before he began his work in Livermore. His statement to the First Assistant Postmaster General applying for a new post office in Livermore stated that the town counted 350 persons -- a figure well in excess of the existing population, perhaps a crude falsehood to justify the creation of a new post office, but perhaps an exaggeration based on hope of the town's future growth.³²

An engaging item which survives from this era is a timetable for the Sawyer River Railroad. Its reference to "W.G. Hull, Resident Supt." suggests that it was printed between 1880 and 1895, and its comment that the line "connects with all trains on the PENO ROAD" (i.e., the P. & O. Railroad) hints that it was created before the Portland and Ogdensburg was leased to the Maine Central in the summer of 1888. Since the Sawyer River Railroad was a short-haul line, which had no regular passenger service, and which had as its only mission to move logs, lumber, and supplies for Livermore, one might find the formality of a timetable something of a joke. Indeed, that is evidently what someone at Livermore thought, too, as it is evident that, even if the schedule bears some semblance to reality, the accompanying text was intended to be humorous.

The front page of the small, single-fold flyer advertises the Sawyer River Railroad as "Shortest! Cheapest! Best!" Tantalizingly, not all the inside jokes in the flyer can be comprehended today. In the timetable itself, we can perhaps assume the "Belmont Springs" referred to a small spring along the railroad that was fancifully likened to the better-known spring west of Boston, Massachusetts. The name of "Carbondale" was applied to a "stop" just east of the village, the site of charcoal kilns. While the timetable promises a "Sawyer's Pond Sta.," we can feel fairly confident in assuming that no formal rail station was ever built in that location. But what can we make of "Palisades," "Ausblick," "Milton," and "John's Bridge"? The meanings of these locales -- and the humor in their references -- may be irretrievably lost.

The mock dignity in the footnotes to the schedule can still be understood, however. From Livermore, "Passengers can be conveyed ...by a pair of Trotters to Castle McDuff, Grafton Hall, Whiteface Pool, Huey's, and other fashionable resorts." If a traveler is looking for a bargain, note that "Passengers can be conveyed from (Sawyer's Pond Station) to the Pond free of charge by Shank's mare." And from "Log Landing" (the end of the line), "Passengers will find Mr. Foot's Horse in readiness to convey them from this point to Waterville, Trout Point, The Gulch, etc."

While it would be difficult to plan a trip with exactness, as the timetable advises, "N.B. The Company reserves the right to change this time when more convenient," at least a rider can feel secure after

reading "COLLISION IMPOSSIBLE on this line." (Of course, that is what would be expected with only one locomotive on the tracks.) The back cover of the flyer has a bold notice, notifying the public that "This company has recently, at great expense, put the NELSON PHOTOGRAPHIC CRANK on all its engines." Again the line had only one engine, and the remark is obscure until one knows that several photographs of Livermore were produced by a George A. Nelson, so that the crank is not a mechanical device, but a person.

While much of the significance of the details in the piece has been lost over the last century, at least we can be assured that back in the 1880's, people in Livermore could have a sense of humor.³³

Child's 1886 Gazetteer of Grafton County tells us a little bit more about the town near mid-decade:

Livermore is a large wilderness township located in the northeastern part of the county....The surface of the township is rough, wild and picturesque, many of its solitudes even approaching the sublime....Upon [the Sawyer River] is located the lumber mills of the Saunders Brothers, of Massachusetts, the only industry carried on in the township....At present Livermore's only value is derived from its forests, the land being uncleared, and even if it was (sic) it would doubtless prove too rough for purposes of cultivation.

Child also provides a few more facts and figures from Livermore:

In 1885 the town had one school district, and one common school. Its school-house was valued, including furniture, etc., at \$151.00. There were twenty-eight children attending school, taught during the year by two female teachers, at an average monthly salary of \$26.00. The entire amount raised for school purposes during the year was \$145.12, while the expenditures were \$130.00, with W.G. Hull and O.P. Gilman, committee....

The village has about twenty dwellings....[The Grafton County Lumber Company] cuts from 3,000,000 to 11,000,000 [board] feet per annum.³⁴

What did it take to cut the three to eleven million board feet of lumber that Child mentioned? Many busy men and a busy mill. We have a description of that mill in Willis Boyd Allen's Cloud and Cliff, or Summer Days in the White Mountains, published in 1889. It may be the only extensive printed description of the Livermore mill available. What is of note is that Cloud and Cliff is not intended as a treatise on New Hampshire industry or logging activity per se; rather, it is an instance of juvenile travel literature in which the principle characters visit the working sawmill.

Dean MacCannell has noted that "perhaps because they have a man inside, *occupations* (his emphasis) are popular tourist attractions." Baedeker's guidebooks to Paris at the turn of the century singled out many industrial sites for the tourist to visit, to add to the "authenticity" of the touristic experience by taking in what MacCannell calls, after Erving Goffman, certain "back regions" of a society.³⁵ While most White Mountains travel literature focuses on natural scenery, Allen includes views of cultural matters as well, bringing his characters, and his readers, to the "back regions" of the mountains, off the beaten tourist track. In the best tradition of children's literature, it even includes a didactic message for the well-meaning, yet naive young Randolph. Thus I quote Allen at length, from his chapter, "Among the Lumbermen":

Some friends of Mr. Percival were in authority at Livermore, and had given the young people an invitation to visit the settlement, some ten or a dozen miles below Crawford's. A party was accordingly formed, and, taking the morning train down through the Notch, left it at Livermore station, where they

found a wheezy little locomotive and one platform car waiting for them on a side track.

There was a great deal of laughing and screaming among the girls as they clambered up a rough pair of steps, to the bark-littered surface of the car....

For two miles the locomotive wriggled up the track, puffing and wheezing vigorously, through the deep forest. Mr. Waldron, Mr. Percival's friend, who had come down from the mills to meet the party, announced that the rise was two hundred and fifty feet to the mile.

As the car rounded a curve, a few minutes later, a sudden jerk was felt and then a tremendous jolting.

Bump, bump went the car-wheels over the sleepers.

"Hold on!" shouted Mr. Waldron to the engineer, who reversed his engine and quickly brought it to a standstill, amid shrieks of laughter and terror from the girls.

It was found that the car had jumped the track, and that it was broken in such a way that it could not be speedily repaired. Beyond this, no harm had been done. The party had been rather frightened and shaken up, but no one was really hurt.

"We must walk the rest of the way," said Mr. Waldron. "It isn't far to the mills."

So near were they, indeed, that a walk of five minutes brought them to Livermore. Mr. Waldron's family received the visitors cordially, treating them to an unexpected and refreshing lunch of berries and cream.

The party then started out to explore the settlement.

"How many people have you here?" asked Mr. Percival, as they strolled along the narrow roadway, in groups of twos and threes.

"The settlement is composed entirely of lumbermen and their families," replied Mr. Waldron. "There are regularly about two hundred men in the employ of the company."

"Do they all live here?"

"Those are their houses, you see. They are just rough log cabins, most of them. These settlements rarely last over five years. There's that new mill at Avalanche Brook, a few miles up the railroad; I'll warrant it'll be mostly deserted after a few seasons. Just as soon as the timber has been cut off, all around, the company will move to a more profitable ground."

"What is that building on the little knoll, just beyond the railroad track?" inquired Randolph, joining the two gentlemen. "A church?"

"No; there's no church here. The men are nearly all French-Canadian Catholics, and are occasionally visited by a priest. The building you see is our schoolhouse, and a bright little company we often gather there. I'm sorry it's vacation-time just now."

Mr. Waldron pointed out the Sawyer River, foaming down its steep course over the rocks, far below them. The settlement

was completely surrounded by mountains, high among which towered Tremont and the Bartlett Haystacks.

The chief interest, however, centered in the great steam-mill, where the timber is prepared for market.

"The small pond just above," explained the obliging manager, "serves as a basin, to hold the logs conveniently for use. They are floated to that smooth, broad 'way' -- there goes one now -- look!"

A chain was hooked around the log, the machinery set in motion, and the heavy timber swiftly drawn up into the mill.

Entering by a side-door the boys found the monster stick lying upon the main floor.

"What are they doing now?" asked Bert Martin, deeply interested.

"Measuring it, in order to cut boards to fill a certain order. Look, there goes the saw!"

Swiftly the shining-toothed blade flew back and forth across the log, until, twenty seconds after the first scratch, it lay in two sections.

The two pieces were instantly grappled by men with "dogs" -- a sort of swinging hook of heavy iron fixed to a five-foot oak handle -- and rolled to the other side of the loft. The boys followed, unwilling to lose any detail in the process.

"They are now adjusting the log on that long platform, which is movable," continued Mr. Waldron, pointing it out. "The position is carefully arranged by those wooden pins which, fitting into various sockets, indicate the thickness of the lumber into which the stuff is to be sawed. Pulling that lever, you see, has started the platform log and all. There goes the end of the log against a circular saw, which first slices off the outside piece, called a 'slab', and then divides the rest up evenly into planks of the right thickness, but with tough, barky edges. These edges are afterward trimmed off in the same way."

"And then is the plank ready for market, sir?"

"Unless it is ordered 'smooth'. In that case it is run through a powerful planing machine in the room below."

"What becomes of the long edge-pieces?"

"Oh! they are carefully gathered up, and the broader portion sawn into laths, cut to a uniform length, and bundled up by a boy who stands ready with a coarse twine. The remnants are thrown away."

"Thrown away!" exclaimed Randolph. "When so many poor people will be shivering in Boston for want of a fire!"

"It does seem too bad," said Mr. Waldron, "but the stuff is so light that it would hardly pay to transport it even for charity. You saw those huge heaps of trimmings beside the railroad, as you came up? I'll sell 'em for twenty-five cents a cord, and glad to get rid of 'em. But they'd be pretty expensive fuel by the time they'd been loaded on to a platform car, run down to the P. & O. R.R., unloaded and reloaded there, carried as freight to Boston, loaded on to teams there, and carted to the

poor folks -- supposing you knew right where to take the stuff, and didn't have to take it to a yard and pay storage, besides another cartage!"

Randolph's face fell, as a vision of forty cords of wood, distributed among the poor at an expense of ten dollars, faded away.

"No," concluded his older friend, seriously. "If you want to give fuel to the poor either given them coal, or buy good, solid, seasoned fire-wood for them -- oak, maple, birch and the like. Don't try to save by dealing out scraps."

Mr. Percival laughed and turned the conversation in a different course by pointing to a sheet of white paper tacked up on the beams of the mill, and inquiring its import.

"That is the order-sheet," said the other. "The amount and kind of timber to be sawed up each day is written out on that paper, showing the orders to be filled."

After taking the party through the basement and pointing out the huge fires, "which," he remarked jocosely, "were compelled to work for their living, their fuel being the sawdust made upstairs," Mr. Waldron led the way once more into the open air.

There was a picnic lunch, of course, on the smooth rocks beside the river just above the settlement. The boys distinguished themselves in regard to coffee, and great was the fun over impromptu plates (of bark) and napkins (of green leaves).

Late in the afternoon the return trip was taken down the shaky road, the broken car having been replaced by a spare one which carried them safely to the Livermore station. Here Mr. Waldron was obliged to say good-bye to the party, as he was needed at the mill. The last the saw of him he was waving his hat among the deepening shadows of the firs, as the engine puffed away again toward home.³⁶

Allen's description focuses on the mechanics of the mill. Mr. Waldron, "the obliging manager," is the only person from the village who is mentioned by name. The others -- the millmen, the boy who bundles laths, even Mr. Waldron's cordial family -- remain in anonymous obscurity. Allen has informed his young readers about how the lumber they see in their cities and homes is transformed from tree to board, but has chosen not to dwell on the lives of the mill-workers and villagers who effect that transformation. Concern is expressed for

the poor people shivering in Boston, but the status of the people in Livermore is not discussed.

The Town and its Residents in the 'Nineties

Another visitor "from away" came to the back regions of Livermore shortly after Allen. Mary F. Butts, like Allen, was a tourist, and focused on her own experience, but she also was able to glimpse a portion of life in the township that had escaped Allen. She wrote of "The White Mountains in Winter" in 1890. By this time the area was well known to summer tourists, but few braved the cold and snow in the off-season. In addition to the beauties of the snow-shrouded landscape, winter occupations of the local residents -- such as ice-cutting and wood-cutting -- were observed. Butts, visiting from the city, acknowledged a dependence on these workers, as she remarked

In outward seeming there is little affinity between the rough wood-chopper or ice-cutter and the fastidious citizen or the cultivated lady. Yet from the mountain sawmill, fed by the logger's toil, comes the fine-grained ceiling of their drawing-room; thence are brought panel and bracket and scroll, post, and rail for their grand staircases, and the firm, elastic floors of their brilliant assembly rooms. Before the soft fall of beauty's foot comes the heavy tread of the logger.

Butts visited a logging village which remained unnamed, but which, from its location near Upper Bartlett and its description, can only be Livermore. Traveling by railroad, she stopped at a sawmill:

Once our feet are upon the earth, we see a boarding-house, a store, offices, and a row of little dwellings bordering a steep street. Near by is the schoolhouse, where small French-Canadians, Englishmen, and so-called Americans are taking their first toddling steps towards citizenship. Some starry miles farther on and up are the camps proper, where near four hundred men carry on their winter work.

She and her party then proceeded on a four-horse sled, speeding along deeper into the woods:

On the icy-tracks of a break-neck descent we perceive that hay has been strewn. "This is to hold back the heavily loaded sleds," some one explains. Whereupon one of the party tells of a contractor who, visiting the camp, asked what that hay was for. "To help hold us back," answered the driver. "I didn't bring you up here to hold back," was the caustic reply of the master.

The Butts party views "Mt. Carrigan (sic), among whose glittering garment-folds the camps are nestled," and soon arrives at "the first of the long, low erections where the wood-cutters eat and sleep." Butts described her visit:

The largest of the camps reached, we make a demand upon its hospitality. The cook is the only man at home. He, white-aproned and smiling, welcomes us to his picturesque interior. Around his huge cook-stove hang various relays of dish-towels; and as we stand enjoying the welcome warmth, he peeps into the oven, takes a load of bread therefrom, "tries" it deftly, and thrusts it back to get itself done. He bustles about, no whit disturbed by our observation, and, finding an enormous pot of water to be at fit heat, empties into it a half-bushel of potatoes. Then he puts the finishing touches to his dish washing, rinsing his dish-cloth, and wringing it with true feminine skill.

We next watch the mixing and cutting-out of some scores of fat soda biscuits, and are told by the cheerful cook that he provides these dainties hot every morning for the five-o'clock breakfast.

"And what time do you get up?" we inquire.

"Oh, about three o'clock."

The biscuits safely in the oven, we are led to the bean hole. This simple and unworldly method of baking beans is not to my knowledge practised except in loggers' camps. The hole in the ground, lined with stones, is protected by a roof, and, when heated by a rousing fire, receives the pot of pork and beans, and cooks the contents to sweet and juicy perfection. "Nothing keeps the logger in good trim, in his exposed situation, like pork and beans," is the testimony of all the camps. "They get tired of fresh meat," says the cook, "though we have all the beef we want in this camp." It is possible that the preparation of the "fresh meat" is not attended with the success that a more skillful *chef* might bring thereto.

Butts and her party continued their inspection, and took advantage of the culinary offerings of the camp:

While we glance at the sleeping-end of the building, with its rough bunks, the cook gives one of the long tables with which the main room is furnished a comprehensive wipe, and proceeds to set out a lunch for us. No words can do justice to the strength of the bowls of tea, which we a little later sip by means of an iron spoon. After seven or eight dilutions it becomes quite palatable, however. Doughnuts piled in milk-pans flank plates of pork and beans and biscuits left from the morning's baking.

A hearty meal we have, seasoned with heart-felt appreciation of the genuine kindness of our entertainer.

Finally, Butts meets a few of the men for whom the woods are their work-place, and this rough camp their home:

As we rise from the table, several loggers appear, precursors of the tribe of hungry men emerging from the woods. They are thinly clad, heavy clothing being an impediment to their work. Contrary to one's idea of woodsmen, they do not appear robust; many of them are pale, hollow-cheeked, and with sunken chests. Cases of consumption, we are told, often develop among them. The spicy mountain air cannot negative hot soda bread, greasy doughnuts, and the perennial bean thrust hungrily and hurriedly into exhausted stomachs. Not seldom a poor fellow is brought in from the woods with a gash in his foot, and is condemned to "set round" till it heals. No sign of book or newspaper is seen, by which an uneasy wretch in such plight might be amused and comforted.³⁷

Butts offers a sympathetic, if not complimentary, presentation of these loggers. Elsewhere in her article we are given a standard tourist's view of the unknown beauty of the winter landscape in the White Mountains. Her logging-camp visit begins with warmth and humor -- an endorsement of the culinary worth of pork and beans, an aside about the strength of the tea, a nod to the "genuine kindness" of the camp cook. Yet her visit ends with a foray into investigative journalism, casting the cold light of a winter's day on the alleged

romance of the loggers' life, beset with illness, an unhealthful diet, injury, and intellectual poverty. She then departs the camp and returns to her winter tour of the area, leaving this one lingering, haunting view of the harshness of earning one's bread in the back regions of Livermore.

As we enter the last decade of the nineteenth century, the researcher keen on gleaning information about the people of Livermore from the standard statistical sources is deeply disappointed by the lack of census data, due to the destruction by fire of most of the 1890 census records for the entire United States. The one jot that remains for Livermore is the census count of 155 persons. Without detailed schedules of inhabitants, though, we cannot know if that represents an increase in the village population of about 50% over the preceding ten years, with loggers in local camps not included, or if that is a figure that represents the total number of persons in the village and the outlying camps.

The New Hampshire Registers for the 1890's also tell us little about village life. Evidently whatever business arrangement was worked out between C.W. Saunders and George B. James is reflected in the 1890 disappearance from the Register of Saunders' name as a lumber manufacturer. In its place, for 1890, is simply George B. James, though the next year we read "Livermore Mills," an entry which persists through the decade. This alteration in the village's principal business enterprise assuredly had an impact on town government, for although

the exact ramifications are unknown, Hurd's Town and City Atlas of the State of New Hampshire bears the intriguing comment, "There was no election held in this town in 1890, owing to change in ownership of the lumber mills. George Payne, town clerk, will attend to town business."³⁸

By the 1898 edition of the Register we do see a new entry; in addition to the Town Clerk, Selectmen, and other town posts, George Staples is listed as a "Stat(ion) and Tel(egraph -- or Telephone?) Ag(en)t," a hint that innovations in technology were reaching back to the isolated hamlet. William G. Hull, postmaster, left Livermore to serve as postmaster in his native Plymouth in 1895, and was replaced by G.S. Payne.

The town record book gives us a few threads of the life in the village during that decade. There were a dozen marriages (just as many as had occurred in the 1880's), five of which occurred in the one year 1894. Grooms included millmen, laborers, and a lath sawyer. Nine children -- offspring of laborers, a millman, a mill manager, a lumber surveyor, and a filer -- were born from 1890 through 1899, compared to 33 in the previous decade. This hints at a possible change in the make-up of the community, away from a family-oriented village. Of the four deaths recorded in those years, (compared to ten in the 1880's), two were of children -- a one-year old who died of polio disease and whooping cough in September 1893, and a 21-day old infant who died of congestion on Christmas Day, 1896. Lucy Payne, 49, died of gastrointestinal catarrh in January 1894. Woods-work claimed another

victim in February 1895, when 24-year-old Alphonse Thereault, a woodsman born in New Brunswick, was fatally "crushed by logs."

Another death occurred in that decade which, though not happening in Livermore, must have had an impact there. On May 22, 1891, Charles W. Saunders died in Lowell, a few days before what would have been his sixty-seventh birthday. His brother Daniel and Daniel's son, Charles G. Saunders, continued to oversee the family's interests in the Sawyer River country.

One aspect of those interests included persisting legal skirmishes over tract boundaries and deed claims. Some of these battles regarding the bounds of Livermore were waged between the interim owner of some of Livermore's lands, George B. James and his New Hampshire Land Company, and the Winnipiseogee Paper Company, though in 1895 James sold or sold back his claims here to C.G. Saunders. (Further litigation would occur in the next decade.) One questionable boundary was clarified by an act of the New Hampshire legislature in 1897, which established the line between the towns of Livermore and Bartlett.³⁹

A land dispute of greater significance involved the border between lands owned by the Saunders and those owned by J.E. Henry, another "timber baron" of neighboring Lincoln. This was territory that George James had earlier purchased from the Saunders; James later sold these lands, with Henry eventually becoming the owner in 1892 and 1893. At this time the township of Livermore comprised about 75,000 acres, but of that the Saunders held title to only about 30,000 acres, and Henry had the remainder. The boundary between these two

tracts was supposed to follow the ridge line between the watersheds of the Sawyer and the Pemigewasset, but the owners, and their choppers, did not always respect this line. At one point Henry brought suit against the Saunders for timber trespass, and a crew of the Saunders' choppers was arrested and jailed. It was found, however, that Henry's men had been involved in far grosser instances of timber trespass against the Saunders, and ultimately Henry reimbursed Saunders for the timber.⁴⁰

C. Francis Belcher, researching the Henry/Saunders disputes in the 1940's and 1950's, noted that the battles were not only limited to court action. He wrote:

One legend of this battle I picked up in my investigations of these operations had the Henrys, sometime in the period from 1898 to 1901, setting up a sufficient number of their voting adult males within the town bounds of Livermore on the Henry side of the watershed to be able to take over a Livermore town meeting and thereby try to assume control of Livermore politically. As I have not been able to substantiate this tale by any existing records, it will have to continue as another of the yarns about the many border disputes between these two parties and the towns they controlled. However, it certainly does convey the atmosphere that was maintained between the two camps.⁴¹

Thomas Conway, writing in 1936, evidently had heard similar tales, as he related:

Stories of high taxes assessed against Henry's horses, camps, and equipment were numerous and Mr. Edward Cobb told a story of one town meeting, the eighteen voters of Livermore, all being men employed by Saunders, were in session at the "store" - town hall pro-tem and general meeting house, when a boy fishing on Sawyer River saw Henry and a group of lumbermen, his employees, going up the road ahead to the "store" and the boy running ahead informed his people what was transpiring. The town meeting was immediately adjourned to a future date and when Henry and his crew arrived, town meeting was temporarily over.⁴²

That charged atmosphere evidently further complicated the running of the town of Livermore, but would soon be dealt with definitively. George Morris noted that "The existing feud between the owners of the town of Livermore and the difficulties arising over the assessment and collection of taxes became a matter of consideration before the state legislature, resulting in the passage of an act by that body dividing the township." That act, "An Act to Sever Certain Territory from the Town of Livermore and Annex the Same to the Town of Lincoln," included provisions regarding adjustment of town indebtedness, pauper liability, and public taxes, and was approved by the legislature on February 20, 1901. The legislation resulted in a Livermore which was less than half the size it had previously been, but which was more firmly controlled by one family, the Saunders.⁴³

¹ Though a prominent family, there is no single work on the Saunders. Information on members of this family is gathered from local histories and standard reference texts. Among these: Maurice B. Dorgan, History of Lawrence Mass. (N.P.: By the Author, 1924); H(orace) A(ndrew) Wadsworth, Quarter-Centennial History of Lawrence, Massachusetts (Lawrence: Hammon Read, 1878); J.F.C. Hayes, History of the City of Lawrence (Lawrence: E.D. Green, 1868); Sarah Loring Bailey, Historical Sketches of Andover (Boston, Houghton, Mifflin, 1880); D. Hamilton Hurd, History of Essex County Massachusetts, with Biographical Sketches of Many of its Pioneers and Prominent Men (Philadelphia, J.W. Lewis & Company, 1888); William Richard Cutter, Historic Homes and Places and Genealogical and Personal Memoirs Relating to the Families of Middlesex County, Massachusetts (New York: Lewis Historical Publishing Co., 1908); William T. Davis, Bench and Bar of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts Volume II (Boston: The Boston History Co., 1895), pp. 268-269, plate opp. 408, s.v. Daniel Saunders; Richard Henderson and Edwin M. Bacon, Men of Progress. One Thousand Biographical Sketches and Portraits of Leaders in Business and Professional Life in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts (Boston: New England Magazine, 1896), pp. 435-436, s.v. Daniel Saunders; Biographical Review Volume XXVIII, Containing Life Sketches of Leading Citizens of Essex County, Massachusetts (Boston: Biographical Review Publishing

Co., 1898), pp. 341, 342, 345, (s.v. Daniel Saunders), pp. 354-355 (s.v. Caleb Saunders); various volumes of The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography (New York: James T. White & Co.): Volume XI (1901) pp. 526-527, s.v. Daniel Saunders; Volume XVII (1920) pp. 321-322, plus plate opp. 322, s.v. Daniel Saunders; Volume XVIII (1922) p. 128 plus plate opp. 128, s.v. Charles Gurley Saunders. On the Livermore family, see Charles Cowley, A History of Lowell (Second Edition) (Boston: Lee and Shepard, 1868), p. 78; "C.L.A.," "Sketch of the Life of Edward St. Loe Livermore," in Contributions of the Old Residents' Association (Lowell, Massachusetts) 11, Number 1, (November 1, 1880), pp. 74-82; Fred Myron Colby, "Holderness and the Livermores," Granite Monthly Number 5, (February 1881), pp. 175-181; also The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography Volume II (1892), p. 8 (s.v. Samuel Livermore) and Volume XXIV (1935), pp. 19-20 (s.v. Edward St. Loe Livermore).

The Museum of American Textile History in North Andover, Massachusetts, has a small collection of Saunders papers, most of the elder Daniel Saunders, all dating from before 1870.

² Quoted in Richard G. Wood, A History of Lumbering in Maine, 1820-1861, (Orono: University of Maine Press, 1935), p. 228. Robert E. Pike refers to Norcross in his Tall Trees, Tough Men, (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 1967), pp. 56, 227.

³ J. W. Meader, The Merrimack River. Its Sources and Tributaries (Boston: B.B. Russell, 1869), p. 285. Meader also noted that for Norcross, "the mode of proceeding was to repair to the timber forests with a force of choppers, some one hundred and fifty or two hundred men, cut and haul the logs for the coming "drive," which usually commenced about the middle of April." Once on the Merrimack, "eight to fourteen millions of (board) feet" of logs would dot the river "for a distance of from thirty to fifty miles." (pp. 285-286).

Elkins Grant had previously been conveyed by Abner Kelly, Treasurer of the State of New Hampshire, to Jasper Elkins and others August 31, 1830, following a resolution passed by the New Hampshire legislature July 3, 1830. In 1770, this tract (more or less) had been granted to Stephen Holland. See Albert Stillman Batchellor, Editor, "Town Charters Granted Within the Present Limits of New Hampshire," Volume II, pp. 268-271 (Volume XXV of Provincial and State Papers (Concord: Edward N. Pearson, 1895). The complicated ownership history of this area is reviewed in Thomas W. Conway's Livermore, New Hampshire, a 1936 typescript in the New Hampshire State Library, Concord. The New Hampshire Records and Archives contains two abstract books for the area in question. Some abstracted title information is also available in the land acquisition files of the U.S. Forest Service, White Mountain National Forest in Laconia, New Hampshire. Original data is in the Registry of Deeds of Grafton County in Woodsville, New Hampshire.

⁴ J.W. Meader, The Merrimack River, p. 287. Norcross' operations are also noted upon in Charles V. Cogbill, Hubbard Brook Revisited: Land Use History of the Hubbard Brook Valley, New Hampshire (Unpublished typescript, June 1989), pp. 21-22, 29-31.

⁵ Charles V. Cogbill, Hubbard Brook Revisited, p. 31.

⁶C. Francis Belcher, Logging Railroads of the White Mountains, (Boston: Appalachian Mountain Club, 1980), p. 55. Though Belcher cites 1864, in 1867 the state granted to Daniel Saunders Jr. fifty dollars for his overpayment of tax for Elkins and Sargent and Elkins Grants for the years 1863 and 1864. (Laws of the State of New Hampshire (Concord: B.W. Sanborn, 1867) Chapter CXXXIX, p. 101.)

⁷S. Hastings Grant, "With Professor Guyot on Mounts Washington and Carrigain in 1857," Appalachia, XI, Number III (July 1907), pp. 229-239. This ascent is also discussed in Guy and Laura Waterman, Forest and Crag: A History of Hiking, Trailblazing, and Adventure in the Northeast Mountains (Boston: Appalachian Mountain Club, 1989), pp. 127-128, who, given its early date, consider it "an isolated and exceptional event in White Mountain climbing."

⁸On the Hitchcock survey, the Vose attempt, and the Upham ascent, see C.H. Hitchcock, The Geology of New Hampshire, Volume I (Concord: Edward A. Jenks, 1874), pp. 628-629; Waterman and Waterman, Forest and Crag, pp. 167-174; Warren Upham, "The East Branch of the Pemigewasset," Appalachia, I, Number 1 (June 1876), pp. 29-35, esp. pp. 34-35. On the White Mountain Club of Portland and their visits see Charles F. Fobes, "The White Mountain Club of Portland, Maine, 1873-1884," Appalachia, XXX, Number 3 (15 June 1955), pp. 380-395, and Waterman and Waterman, Forest and Crag, pp. 187-189. On these early ascents see also Charles E. Fay, "Mount Carrigain," Appalachia, II, Number 2 (July 1880), pp. 108-117, esp. pp. 111-113.

⁹Moses F. Sweetser, The White Mountains, A Handbook for Travellers (Boston: James R. Osgood and Company, 1876), pp. 134-135.

¹⁰Laws of the State of New Hampshire Passed June Session 1824 (Concord: Charles C. Pearson, 1874), Chapter CLXXXVII, p. 402.

¹¹Notes from the White Mountain Club trip are quoted in Charles E. Fay, "Mount Carrigain," p. 113. Fay adds, "This is the first record of any road." However, Edward Everett Hale, in Poems and Fancies (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1901), describes a September, 1872 trip to that region, and claims "a lumber-road that follows Sawyer's River west," (p. 288). Neither Hale's piece, nor the White Mountain Club notes quoted, refer to more extensive human presence (e.g. structures).

¹²Laws of the State of New Hampshire Passed June Session 1875 (Concord: Edward A. Jenks, 1875), Chapter CXI, pp. 510-511. Though the Sawyer River Railroad was duly incorporated, the New Hampshire Bureau of Railroads has no records relating to it or to its operations.

¹³Bartlett Land and Lumber Company, Plaintiff in Error, vs. Daniel Saunders. In Error to the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of New Hampshire, 1878 Supreme Court of the United States No. 251, p. 23.

¹⁴Hamilton Child, Gazetteer of Grafton County, N.H. 1709-1886 (Syracuse: The Syracuse Journal Company, 1886), p. 512.

¹⁵The plan is in the historical map files of the U.S. Forest Service, White Mountain National Forest, Laconia, New Hampshire.

¹⁶Laws of the State of New Hampshire Passed June Session 1876 (Concord: Edward A. Jenks, 1876), Chapter V, pp. 559-560.

¹⁷C.F. Belcher, Logging Railroads of the White Mountains, pp. 60, 62. The railroad and its rolling stock are also reviewed by Harold S. Walker, "Sawyer River Railroad," Bulletin No. 46, Railway and Locomotive Historical Society, (Boston, Massachusetts) (April, 1938), pp. 30-31, plus plates opp. pp. 30 and 31.

The 0-4-0 refers to the wheel configuration of the locomotive: no lead trucks, 4 driving wheels, and no following wheels.

In H.F. Walling, and Charles H. Hitchcock, Walling's Atlas of the State of New Hampshire, (New York: Comstock and Cline, 1877), the Sawyer River Railroad is depicted as running from the P. & O. to a point about a half-mile or more west of Livermore village. It is not clear if the map reflected an actual survey, or if it represented the editors' opinion of how far the railroad would extend by the time the atlas was in print.

¹⁸Charles E. Fay, "Mount Carrigain," pp. 114-117. Charles G. Saunders was a charter member of the Appalachian Mountain Club, which was founded in 1875, though he was not particularly active in Club affairs. His obituary was printed in the Club journal Appalachia, XIV, Number 3 (June 1918), pp. 287-288.

There are other instances of lumber railroads being used by hikers to speed and ease their transportation. Charles P. Bancroft, in "The Pemigewasset Wilderness in 1889," Appalachia, XX, Numbers 3 and 4 (November 1935), pp. 299-317, hitched a ride on the Sawyer River railroad from Livermore to the Maine Central line (p. 317). The East Branch and Lincoln Railroad, west of Livermore, ran special excursion trains, sometimes called "Blueberry Specials." See Karl Pomeroy Harrington, Walks and Climbs in the White Mountains (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1926), pp. 8-10; C. Francis Belcher, Logging Railroads of the White Mountains, pp. 116-117.

The "new path" which Fay mentions evidently became well-trodden. Two years later, Moses Sweetser noted that, thanks to the ease of access which the railroad and the Appalachian path afforded, "Carrigain is no longer the Ultima Thule of our alpine clubs, and sharp eyes may find on the path hair-pins, as well as beer bottles." (Moses F. Sweetser, Chisholm's White Mountain Guidebook (Portland: Chisholm Brothers, 1880), p. 38).

¹⁹Belcher mentions this battle in Logging Railroads of the White Mountains, p. 70. The case was settled in the Saunders' favor by the U.S. Supreme Court in April, 1880.

²⁰Webster Wells, "A Three Day's Trip Over the Hancock-Carrigain Range," Appalachia, II, Number 2 (July 1880), pp. 164-166, (p. 165).

²¹The New Hampshire Register and Farmer's Almanac for 1878 (Claremont: Claremont Manufacturing Company, 1878). 1879 edition also quoted.

²²Information from vital statistics (Births, Marriages, and Deaths) record book for Livermore in New Hampshire State Records and Archives, Concord, New Hampshire. The first birth record is dated June 20, 1877; the first marriage record, September 27, 1878; and the first death record, January 16, 1878. Please note that it cannot be claimed that the information in this book is necessarily complete. However, it

appears to be the best single documentary source available for this information.

²³George F. Morris, Reminiscences of A Yankee Jurist. An Autobiography (Littleton: Courier Publishing Co., 1953), p. 90.

²⁴Eudy's end is related by Albert Stillman Batchellor, "The Profession of Medicine," pp. 88-137 in James R. Jackson, History of Littleton, New Hampshire Volume II (Littleton: Town of Littleton, 1905), pp. 113-114. Eudy is also discussed by Aileen M. Carroll, Bartlett, New Hampshire. In the Valley of the Saco (West Kennebunk, Maine: Phoenix Publishing, 1990), pp. 81-83. The 1877 date would put the epidemic both before the official state reports were published and before the first recorded death in the town vital statistics book.

Another account of epidemics is related by Robert Pike in Tall Trees, Tough Men, p. 85:

In 1880 an epidemic of smallpox swept through the New England logging camps. Thirty-six men died of it in one camp in Conway, New Hampshire. At another, near Crawford Notch, there remains to this day a melancholy monument: far out in the woods -- the camp has long since vanished -- stands a solitary gravestone, and five mounds nearby mark the graves of five others who died of the dread disease. Of the six only one had any friends or relatives interested or caring enough to come out and put up a marker.

Statistical and related information is available from Annual Report relating to the registration of births, marriages, divorces and deaths in New Hampshire (Concord: State of New Hampshire, Year ending March 31, 1880 and subsequent years).

²⁵U.S. Census, 1880. Grafton County, New Hampshire. Special Schedules of Manufactures -- Nos. 5 and 6. (Products of Industry) Lumber Mills and Saw-Mills. Bethlehem & Livermore.

Using the raw numbers of this report, the mill operation garnered a net profit of \$12,400, or 28% of gross receipts, a significant margin. This represented about 8% of the total capital invested.

²⁶Complete numbers are: 0-12 years, 36 individuals; 13-19, 8; 20-29, 34; 30-39, 16; 40-49, 4; 50-59, 1; 60-69, 1; 70+, 3. Since the total number of individuals is 103, percentages are about equal to raw numbers.

²⁷According to Victor Rolando of Manchester Center, Vermont, who has written on the charcoal industry of the Green Mountain State, the charcoal industry in New Hampshire has been little studied (personal communication, November 29, 1992). There is very faint evidence on the ground at Livermore that kilns were once situated there. Photographs of Livermore donated by C. Francis Belcher to the Special Collections of the Dartmouth College Library show kiln-like structures above the railroad just to the east of the village. These are similar in appearance to the kilns depicted at Lincoln, New Hampshire, visible in a photograph illustrating George H. Moses' "Pullman, New Hampshire: A Lumber Camp," Granite Monthly, XVIII, Number 5 (May 1895), pp. 320-327; photo on page 322. These are rectangular kilns, unlike the conical

kilns that later became more common. See Thomas Egleston, "The Manufacture of Charcoal in Kilns," Transactions of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, 6 (May 1879), pp. 373-397, for a contemporary review of kiln technology; pp. 378-386 reviews rectangular kiln technology.

For a general consideration of the charcoal industry in New Hampshire's western neighbor, see Victor Rolando, 200 Years of Soot and Sweat. The History and Archaeology of Vermont's Iron, Charcoal, and Lime Industries (Burlington: Vermont Archaeological Society, 1992).

²⁸Information from U.S. Census for 1880, New Hampshire. Livermore, Grafton County.

Helpful examples of the analysis of census data for small 19th century northern New England towns include William L. Taylor, "The Nineteenth Century Hill Town: Images and Reality," Historical New Hampshire, XXXVII, Number 4 (Winter 1982) pp. 283-309 (on Wentworth and Dorchester, New Hampshire), and Richard P. Horwitz, Anthropology Toward History. Culture and Work in a 19th Century Maine Town (Middletown: Wesleyan University Press, 1978) (on Winthrop, Maine).

²⁹Samuel Adams Drake, The Heart of the White Mountains. Their Legend and Scenery (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1882) pp. 62-63.

³⁰Information from vital statistics (Births, Marriages, and Deaths) record book for Livermore in New Hampshire State Records and Archives, Concord, New Hampshire.

³¹C. Francis Belcher, Logging Railroads of the White Mountains, pp. 64, 104. In the land acquisition files of the U.S. Forest Service in Laconia are references to agreements and deeds of Saunders and James in June and October, 1887.

³²Information on Hull is from Biographical Sketches of Leading Citizens of Grafton County, N.H. (Buffalo: Biographical Publishing Company, 1897), pp. 19-20, s.v. Hon. William G. Hull. Further information on the Livermore post office is from the files of the Office of the Postmaster General, U.S. Postal Service, and the Civil Reference Branch, National Archives. In 1881 Mr. Hull received \$19.82, though his compensation increased to \$253.33 by 1889.

³³The only known copy of the timetable is in the extensive White Mountains collection of Douglas Philbrook of Gorham, New Hampshire, whom I thank for a xerographic copy. Photographs by Nelson are among those deposited by C. Francis Belcher in the Special Collections of Dartmouth College Library, Hanover, New Hampshire.

³⁴Hamilton Child, Gazetteer of Grafton County N.H., pp. 511-512. Child also notes (p. 367) that there is a daily stage running from Livermore to Livermore Station (on the main rail line) and back, with a one-way running time of 30 minutes.

³⁵Dean MacCannell, The Tourist, A New Theory of the Leisure Class (New York: Schocken Books, 1976), especially pp. 53 ff.

³⁶Willis Boyd Allen, Cloud and Cliff, or Summer Days at the White Mountains (Boston: D. Lothrop Company, 1889), pp. 161-168. Allen's text refers to the P. & O. R.R. (Portland and Ogdensburg) which was leased to the Maine Central on August 31, 1888. Allen also refers to the Livermore station on the main line; this was re-named Sawyer's River

just after the lease to the Maine Central, on September 3, 1888. It would thus appear that his visit to the "lumber settlement" occurred before or during the summer of 1888.

³⁷Mary F. Butts, "The White Mountains in Winter," The New England Magazine, N.S. I, Number 6 (February 1890), pp. 595-609, esp. pp. 599-602. Another view, and a cheerier one, of a northern New Hampshire logging camp in this era is given by Rev. Orrin Robbins Hunt, "A Winter in a Logging Camp," Granite Monthly, XX, Number 2 (February 1896), pp. 99-106. The Rev. Hunt spent some time at a camp in Pittsburg, near the Connecticut Lakes. The minister noted, "logging is hard work, and the men, cut off from any society save that of each other, present a rough exterior; nevertheless, they have their recreation and pleasure." (p. 104).

³⁸Town and City Atlas of the State of New Hampshire, (Boston: D.H. Hurd & Company, 1892), p. 309.

³⁹C.F. Belcher, Logging Railroads of the White Mountains, p. 71; also see pp. 203-207 for more on James and his activities; Laws of the State of New Hampshire. Passed January Session, 1897 (Manchester: Arthur E. Clarke, 1897), p. 128, Chapter 135, Approved February 16, 1897.

The later litigation (circa 1908-1913) pitted the Saunders versus the Publishers Paper Company and the Conway Company.

⁴⁰George F. Morris discusses this case in Reminiscences of A Yankee Jurist, An Autobiography, pp. 56-58.

⁴¹C. Francis Belcher, Logging Railroads of the White Mountains, pp. 72-73.

⁴²Thomas W. Conway, Livermore, New Hampshire. Unpublished typescript in New Hampshire State Library, Concord, 1936, pp. 20-21.

⁴³George F. Morris, Reminiscences of A Yankee Jurist, An Autobiography, p. 58; Morris also gives an account of surveying and marking the boundary between the two towns, which was quite a woods adventure, pp. 58-66; Laws of the State of New Hampshire. Passed January Session 1901 (Manchester: Arthur E. Clarke, 1901), pp. 521-523, Chapter 28.

According to Conway, Livermore, New Hampshire, pp. 21-24, Henry was a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives when the Act was approved. It was amended slightly in 1909 (Laws of the State of New Hampshire Passed January Session 1909, pp. 720-721, Chapter 314).

Chapter 3

Into the Twentieth Century

Our glimpses of Livermore in the twentieth century can proceed with the federal census of 1900. In it we see reflected a Livermore significantly different from the one portrayed in the 1880 census.

The 1900 census indicates a marked increase in population of the township, with 191 individuals counted on June 19, 20, and 27 of that year, compared to 103 for the 1880 census. But 90 of these appear to be in two logging camps, with the remaining 101 apparently in the village. Thus it appears that the total population of the village itself did not change significantly.

Of all the residents of the township, only 50 were native born. 18 were from New Hampshire, 16 from Maine, the others from Massachusetts, Vermont, and one each from New York and Pennsylvania. 33 of those 50 people lived in the village. Of the 141 foreign born, 135 hailed from Canada, with French, English, Irish, or unidentified ancestry. Three of the 141 came from Ireland, and one each from Scotland, Sweden, and Africa. (The sole African-born was John Donovan, a white man born of parents who had been born in India). 73 of the 90 camp residents were foreign-born.¹

Taking a look at the ancestry of all the township's population, 267 out of 382, or about 70%, came from Canada. (The figures for parents of camp residents and villagers are 75% and 65% respectively.)

Only 51 out of 382, or about 13%, had been born in the United States. (In 1880, about 41% of residents' parents had been born in the U.S., and about 38% had been born in Canada.)

How old were Livermore residents in 1900? The vast majority of men -- and they were all men -- in the camps were in their 20's and 30's. More than half the woods workers (49, or 54%) were in their 20's. Only 4 were younger (one aged 17, two 18, one 19), and only three men as old as the fifties. Such an age breakdown is one we might expect for work sites characterized by rugged physical labor.

In the village in 1880, we had seen a strong family influence, as the population included three dozen children, in 14 of the village's 18 households. Did this influence persist into 1900? Plainly not. Only 13 of the villagers were pre-teens in 1900. They lived in only five of Livermore's eleven households. Though the number of teen-agers in the village had grown from eight to eleven, all but two of these were working young men (and all but two were 18 or 19 years of age). The majority of villagers remained in their 20's and 30's (a total of 57, or 57%). In 1880, 4 villagers had been 60 or older, with three in their seventies; in 1900, only one was (he was aged 62).

How were the eleven Livermore households arranged? None of the households consisted of only husband, wife, and child or children, with or without other relatives. Of the five households that included husband, wife, and child or children, all also included non-related boarders. One, the household of Loren D. Golden, (elsewhere called Golding), the manager of the lumber company, comprised Golden, his wife, their infant son, and a boarder, Mary Trevors, who did

housework. The Provenchier household consisted of Dominic Provenchier, a locomotive engineer, his wife Rosa, listed as a cook, their six children, and three male boarders -- evidently the cooking duties of Mrs. Provenchier included providing for these men. Annie Scott was also listed as a cook, with the head of her household being her husband, Ephraim Scott, listed as a cookee, or cook's assistant. Their home included two young children and four boarders. Matthew Donohue, a railroad section foreman, was not the only worker in his family, as his wife, Mary, was a cook, their 18 year-old daughter a cookee, and their 16 year-old son listed as "store keeper." Their home was also shared by four other children, all "at school," as well as twenty boarders. In the final household with children, headed by George Donahue, a yard foreman, Donahue's wife, Mary, was not listed with an occupation, trade, or profession, though her mother, Bridget Daley, was listed as a cook. In addition to two children and Mary Donahue's sister Rosa, the Donahue house included eight boarders.

Of the six households without children, one, that of George Payne, bookkeeper, consisted solely of husband and wife. One was made up of James Chaney, a saw filer, his wife Ida, listed as a cook, and thirteen boarders. One dwelling housed two unrelated men. One man lived alone. One household consisted of nine unrelated men, one considered the head (Edward Stewart, a saw mill hand), the rest roomers. James Daley, also a saw mill hand, shared his household with his mother, a cook, and six boarders.

In 1880, only six of the eighteen households in Livermore had boarders, and only one had more than four. In 1900, eight of eleven

households had boarders, and five of these had more than four. What had been a family-oriented community with many children where non-related persons were spread out in small numbers among the households, and where women's principal work was "keeping house," became a sawmill town where non-related, single men predominated, and where most of the adult women served as cooks.

We have just mentioned women's work in Livermore in 1900, and our description of the village households mentioned some of the men's occupations -- manager of the lumber company, locomotive engineer, cookee, railroad section foreman, storekeeper, yard foreman, bookkeeper, saw filer, and saw mill hand. A total of 23 men were listed as hands in the sawmill, ten as laborers, and four as yard hands. Five men worked on the railroad section, two as engineers, and one each as machinist, railroad brakeman, locomotive fireman, fireman (not specifically on the railroad), blacksmith, painter, board sawyer, lath sawyer, watchman, and farm laborer.²

Out at the two camps (one with 27 residents, the other 63), we see a different variety of occupations. 62 out of 90 men were woodsmen, and five were choppers. Eight -- all at the larger camp -- were non-specified laborers. There were two cooks -- one at each camp -- and three cookees -- one at the smaller and two at the larger camp (the three cookees were young men 17 or 18 years of age). There was a railroad fireman at each camp. The larger camp also claimed a blacksmith, a teamster, a storekeeper, three carpenters, and a coal burner, William Mitchell, originally from Scotland.³

Of the 31 adult residents of the township who could not read and write, most were woodsmen from Canada.

Of the 191 residents of Livermore township in 1900, none had lived there in 1880. The sawmill had remained, as had the ownership by the Saunders, but the residents, their backgrounds, and their home and community lives had changed significantly.⁴

The changes in the community of Livermore are also reflected somewhat in the entries in the town record book. The 1880's and 1890's each saw a dozen marriages; the first decade of the 1900's saw only seven, in spite of a slightly greater number of marriageable adults. These ten years saw seven children born in Livermore, compared to 33 and 9 in the previous two decades. Of the seven, two each were born to two families -- that of John Monahan, in 1905 employed as a section man, and in 1906 as a section foreman, and that of Joseph Griffin, listed in 1906 as a painter, and in 1909 as a lumberman. The other three children born during these years were to a brakeman, an engineer, and the mill manager.

Five deaths were recorded in the first decade of this century in Livermore, compared to 10 in the 1880's and 4 in the 1890's. With fewer children, there were fewer victims of childhood diseases; only one child died, Robert F. Donahue, seven months old, who succumbed to pneumonia on February 2, 1905. There were two accidental deaths: Michael Gibeau, a laborer, about 16 years old, was drowned in June, 1902, and Peter Mace, about 50 years of age and also a laborer, was killed by a log team in mid-March, 1907. Two men died of disease --

Matthew Donohue, a 55 year-old laborer, of cancer in 1905, and Andrew Sherman, a laborer of unknown age, of heart failure in 1908.

Little additional information can be gleaned from the New Hampshire Registers for the decade. A town board of health was in place by 1902, but no information on its activities is available.

Starting from 1906, the town record of "Inventory of the polls and ratable property of the inhabitants of Livermore" survives. Entries become slightly more detailed in the mid-teens. The information for the period 1906 - 1913, though, does give us a few more pieces of information about the town's make-up and economy.

In 1906, for instance, the total value of taxable property in the town was assessed at \$147,265. Four large landowners, with tracts in the outlying districts of the township, were responsible for almost half of this sum -- Publishers Paper Company (\$36,000), International Paper Company (\$20,000), the estate of George H. Morey (\$8,000), and "Estella L. Lancaster or owner unknown" (\$5,000). The largest single owner, however, was Livermore Mills. Its total property was considered as follows:

Real Estate and Lands	\$45,000
Buildings	\$20,000
Personal Property	\$ 3,500
60 Horses	\$ 2,400
2 Asses/Mules	\$ 50
1 Cow	\$ 30
25 Hogs	\$ 125
Stock	\$ 2,500

for a total assessment of \$73, 605.

In addition to these owners of substantial property, several others had property assessed. The estate of Mrs. D(aniel) Saunders owned real estate, land, and buildings valued at \$1,500; that of Mrs. C.W. Saunders was valued at \$500. George S. Payne and L.D. Golding shared a cow, splitting the \$30 valuation between them, while James F. Donahue had a cow all to himself. Each of the 26 polls -- all male at this time -- were assessed at a valuation of \$100. The total 1906 tax bill for the town, raised to cover state tax, county tax, schools, the town library, and town expenses, was \$951.99.

Entries for the remaining years of the decade were quite similar in most categories. The valuation of the Livermore Mills went up somewhat in 1907, but back down in 1908. The state tax was increased in 1909, adding about \$300 to the total tax burden. Starting in 1908, the record indicates funds were raised for the *state* library -- either a change from, or a correction of, the 1906 reference to the *town* library. The number of polls was 20 in 1907, 21 in 1908, but slipped down to 15 in 1909; valuation per poll remained the same at \$100 each. There was only slight fluctuation in the number of cows and horses. The consistent number of horses maintained by the company suggests a steady level of logging activity during these years.⁵

The Conservation Movement -- Villains and Heroes

Other events were occurring in the White Mountains at this time outside of Livermore that would ultimately be of real significance to the milltown and its residents. In the late 19th and early 20th century, the standard logging technique employed to harvest timber by major

operators throughout the White Mountains was clear-cutting -- removing all merchantable timber to bring it to the mill, and cutting down all other small or worthless trees to get them out of the way to facilitate removal of the valuable trees. In the short term, this was an economical procedure. In the longer term, it was disastrous. The unused tops, limbs, boughs, and other material left behind -- the "slash" -- dried out, and became perfect tinder for large forest fires. Without a healthy forest cover, thousands of acres of land failed to absorb precipitation and thus could not help regulate rain and snow run-off, resulting in several damaging floods down-stream, affecting the mill city of Manchester, among others.

The deleterious effects of clear cutting in the White Mountains were not hidden in a remote location, for tourists regularly flocked to the area, and, in the case of floods, the impact was felt directly in the southern part of New Hampshire. A growing number of citizens became convinced that action had to be taken to respond to the abuses of ill-conceived logging in the region. A state Forestry Commission was established. Another result of heightened public concern was the founding, in 1901, of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests. Other existing organizations, such as the Appalachian Mountain Club, also worked toward a solution of the problems of the White Mountain forests.⁶

Among the "timber barons" most criticized was J.E. Henry of Lincoln. His was a classic clear-cutting operation, which first had sought out saw-logs in the valley of the East Branch of the Pemigewasset, but had added a pulp mill to its operations in 1902, to

make better use of Henry's existing stumpage; the sawmill was closed in 1908. Thanks in part to his method of cutting, great wildfires swept parts of his lands in 1886, 1903, and 1907. The White Mountain Echo, a tourist-oriented regional newspaper, called Henry, "not a lumberman, but a wood-butcher, a mutilator of nature, a destroyer of the property of a thousand for the benefit of himself." Ernest Russell referred to Henry's Lincoln as "an abattoir, a slaughter-house of the spruce forests of the White Mountains."⁷

In sharp contrast to the likes of Henry, the Saunders had an operation that some observers considered admirable. In his official report on Forest Conditions of Northern New Hampshire, U.S. government forester Alfred K. Chittenden commented on one unnamed, clear-cutting company (perhaps Henry's) whose operations left "a veritable fire trap that lasts for years." In contrast,

The most conservative cutting in the White Mountains has been done by an operator in Livermore, who cuts simply to supply his own mill. This has an output of only 4,000,000 board feet per year. This operator cuts to a rough diameter limit of 10 inches on the stump, and has been over the same ground twice, having cut the first time to a limit of 14 inches. It must be remembered, however, that no pulpwood is cut on this land.⁸

The selective cutting of the Saunders was an early example of the embryonic practice of "scientific forestry," where the forest was managed for long-term productivity, rather than short-term profit. Conservative harvesting of only mature timber allowed younger trees to continue to grow, producing future crops for a patient landowner.

The Saunders' approach to forestry was praised even more by Thomas Elmer Will, writing in an editorial in Forestry and Irrigation,

the publication of the American Forestry Association, in 1908. After criticizing some wasteful clear-cutters in Maine, Will commented:

The value of conservative logging has been repeatedly illustrated. Even before forestry was much talked of in this country a few far-sighted lumbermen were logging conservatively. Notable among them is Mr. Daniel W. Saunders, in Livermore, New Hampshire. Mr. Saunders has cut the same land over twice for spruce saw-logs, and it is still in good condition, with a large amount of small spruce which will soon be merchantable. Only trees over about 16 inches in diameter were cut the first time. The second time he cut down to about 14 inches in diameter, and, as he was also able to cut trees that were considered as cull or of no value the first time, he obtained a larger cut the second time. There is still a great deal of valuable timber on this cut-over land, and in a comparatively short time it will be ready for a third cut. And the value of stumpage is still increasing. This is a striking example of what careful, conservative logging and protection from fire can accomplish.⁹

So while other operators were chastised and their activities became rallying-points for the increasingly influential conservation movement, the Saunders' record of productive forestry in Livermore became a lauded example of the enduring value of scientific forest management in the first decade of this century.

Livermore in the 'Teens

We noted a significant change in the character of the Livermore community in 1900 compared to that of the town in 1880. What is striking is that the town as portrayed in the 1910 census seems to have reverted to a likeness of its earlier self.

The 1910 federal census of Livermore was taken on May 14 of that year. It enumerated 64 individuals in eleven separate households, a marked decline in population from previous census years. It appears to be taken only of village residents, though whether that is because

lumber camps were missed in error, or there were no lumber camps occupied at that time, is not known.

37 residents, more than half, had been born in the United States -- 24 in New Hampshire, 10 in Maine, 2 in Massachusetts, and 1 in Vermont. 23 residents were from Canada, and one each had been born in Ireland, Sweden, Denmark, and England. Of the parents of all the 1910 residents, only 14 were born in the U.S., 93 (about 73%) were born in Canada.

We noted a marked diminishment in the number of children in the town in 1900. In 1910, that trend was reversed, with 22 pre-teens (34% of the total). None of the seven teenagers were working. In spite of this trend toward youth, the proportion of people in their 20's was down to only about 9% (6 individuals), with most adults being in their 30's and 40's (10 of each). There were five persons in their fifties, three in their sixties, and one in his nineties.

Seven out of the eleven households had a child or children. Three consisted solely of a husband, a wife, and a child or children. One was made up of an extended family; the household of James Donahue, the foreman of a lumber camp, counted Donahue (a widower), his two sons and one daughter, his mother-in-law, sister-in-law, and brother-in-law (who was a stone mason), and two teen-aged nephews. The home of Pat Adams, a mill laborer, included him, his wife, three sons, two step-daughters, and his father-in-law. Two households held a husband, wife, child or children, and one boarder. One was that of Joseph Griffin, a painter, which consisted of Griffin, his wife, two sons and two daughters, and John Cody, a 42 year-old widower who was

employed as a chopper at a lumber camp. The other was Clarence Langill's house, made up of Langill, a woods teamster, his wife, their daughter, and James F. Daley, a 30 year-old, single fellow teamster.

Of the four homes without children, one consisted of a widower, George Paine, and his niece, Kate Forness. Another consisted of scaler Henry Boyce and his wife Margaret, both in their forties. James L. Daley worked as a salesman in the general store and lived with his mother, Mary. Finally, Arthur Bourne, listed as a cook, and his wife, Maria, shared their residence with eight boarders.

None of the dozen adult women in Livermore were considered to have an occupation. Of the 23 adult males, some occupations of these residents have been mentioned -- lumber camp foreman, stone mason, mill laborer, painter, chopper, teamster, scaler, salesman, and cook. There were three other teamsters, two other choppers, a blacksmith, a hostler, a bookkeeper, and a (railroad) section foreman, as well as a board sawyer, an engineer, and a laborer. Two men had no occupation given -- George Paine, 63, identified in the 1900 census as a bookkeeper (entered as George Payne), and Thomas White, the 92 year-old father-in-law of Pat Adams.

All of the town's adult residents could reportedly read and write.

From a mill village in 1900 that had apparently lost its family orientation, Livermore seemingly evolved back to a small community where children were strongly in evidence, and where non-related boarders were few in number. What is also notable is that of those enumerated in 1900, ten individuals stayed in Livermore so as to be included in the 1910 census. With the lack of data for 1890, we can

only speculate about the transience of Livermore residents at that time. But we know that of the 101 village residents in 1900, only 10% still lived in the town ten years later.¹⁰

The passages of life, as registered in the town record book, continued in the 'teens as they had in the previous decades. Though there seems to have been a renewed focus on families in Livermore, there was only one marriage recorded during this period. However, there was a small baby boom, with 14 children born, twice as many as had been born in the preceding ten years. Two of these children were stillborn, sons of a lumberman and the company superintendent. Others were children of a teamster, lumbermen, laborers, and woodsmen. Of the dozen living children, two were born to the Monahan family, two to the LaPointes, and two to the Platts. Most of these children were born early in the decade; the latest, Francis Platt, arrived in October, 1916.

There were three deaths recorded in the Livermore record book for the 'teens. 1911 took both young and old. George Payne, who was in the "lumber business," and who had served as the town's postmaster and as town clerk, selectman, tax collector, and who had filled several other town posts, died of chronic nephritis in July of that year at the age of 64. In November, Lester John Griffin died of diphtheria two months after his fifth birthday. In September 1913, Grace Donohue Hamilton, 27, succumbed to tuberculosis.¹¹

Changes in the Forest

The growing movement for forest conservation had two noted

impacts for Livermore in the 'teens, one local and fairly modest, the other regional and far-reaching in its consequences.

The New Hampshire Forestry Commission, in its First Annual Report of 1893, emphasized the real hazard of fire to the woodlands of the Granite State. Disaster could occur in untouched and in cut-over forests alike:

The original forests are filled with the debris of windfalls and with underbrush, and the scene of a lumberman's operations is always littered with the refuse of his cuttings; chips, branches, and tree-tops, excellent fuel for a forest-fire, lie ready for a stray spark...¹²

Not only was it necessary to use great caution to prevent woodland fires, but it was also critical to be on the look-out for fires that had started, to be able to suppress them as quickly as possible. To facilitate early detection of fires a system of fire towers was established throughout New Hampshire. The system was a combined effort of the state of New Hampshire and private landowners, often acting through the New Hampshire Timberland Owners Association. Eventually the federal government also became involved in the program.

Livermore's Mount Carrigain was an obvious location for a fire tower. Carrigain's 4,680 foot summit made it one of the loftiest peaks in the White Mountains, and it offered an expansive view befitting such stature. It was strategically located on the high divide between the well-managed, but not necessarily fire-immune lands of the Saunders of Livermore, and the clear-cut, slash-covered, prone-for-burning territory of Lincoln's J.E. Henry.

Town fire wardens are recorded for Livermore as early as the 1903-1904 Report of the State Forestry Commission, but it was not until 1910 that a tower was built on neighboring Carrigain; still, it was one of the earliest in the state. According to Iris Baird, this tower was not much more than a wooden platform, and was funded by the New Hampshire Timberland Owners Association. A cabin for the watchman and a telephone from the tower down to the village of Livermore were paid for by the Forestry Commission. The next year the Commission acquired the tower, and it was operated that year by the federal government.¹³

The duties of the fire watchmen were varied. According to the Biennial Report of the Forestry Commission for the years 1915-1916,

their primary duties...in addition and supplementary to the discovery and reporting of fires, are to keep the telephone lines in proper working order, to repair and improve their towers and camps when necessary, to keep the trails to and from their stations in good condition, and to study carefully the maps furnished them and improve these when possible by adding local landscape features that will enable them to locate fires more accurately.¹⁴

During prolonged wet weather with low fire danger, other duties could be assigned. Mount Carrigain watchman David Murray was one of several watchmen who "cut inflammable material along the highway through the Crawford Notch Reservation and opened up a number of vistas along the highways to improve the views of the mountains" during the rainy summer of 1916.¹⁵ A new log cabin was built for the watchman in 1919.

It was mentioned that the federal government became involved in the operation of the Mount Carrigain fire tower in 1911. This was just one small aspect of what would become all-encompassing government activity in the White Mountains as a result of the passage of the Weeks Act in 1911.

As discussed above, there was growing interest in and even alarm about the status of the forests in the White Mountain region at the turn of the century. The abuses of the "timber barons" led to a diverse coalition of concerned citizens -- including hotel-owners, textile mill magnates, and mountain recreationists -- which sought a solution to the problems of woodland waste, fires, and floods. They realized that the problems were not only New Hampshire ones, as the effects of poor forest management affected the waters flowing to Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut as well as those in the Granite State. Furthermore, the market, and need, for forest products and tourist recreation was also a regional one. Thus they sought a wider solution to the problems than state action alone could provide, and found it in the Weeks Act of 1911, which authorized the federal government to purchase lands for national forest reserves in the eastern part of the country.

One of the first fruits of the Act was the federal funding of fire lookouts. Land purchases began in 1912, leading to the establishment of the White Mountain National Forest, which would have a critical impact on Livermore and its populace.

More Glimpses of the 'Teens

Unlike the federal census, which gives us glimpses of Livermore no more than once in a ten year span, the records of the town inventory book -- as well as those contained in a town record book which begins in 1914 -- allow us to take an annual peek at certain aspects of the town's activities. Throughout the teens, we see the same pattern of a few large landowners in the township. Total valuation increased markedly during the decade. The total value of all property in the township was assessed at \$104,890 in 1910, with the Livermore Mills property representing \$25,430 (markedly less than the 1909 valuation of \$76,610). The Livermore Mills property's value was inflated to nearly \$106,000 in 1912, and to nearly \$165,000 in 1913. In 1914 the valuation of Livermore Mills property was \$472,755. It fluctuated only slightly later in the decade. The valuation of other properties varied similarly over time.

The inventory record intrigues us with the entry that a Gideon M. Sutherland was assessed \$4000 (varying to \$5000) for a mill from 1911 through 1918. The town record book suggests that Sutherland obtained a mortgage for the mill from C.G. Saunders in 1912, and the mortgage was paid in full by May 1918, at which time the three Saunders sisters bought back the mill from Sutherland.¹⁶

No mill is listed -- for Sutherland or for any other owner -- for 1919. The reason for this omission is not clear from the official records, but is given in a small news item in the nearest local newspaper, North Conway's The Reporter. The November 7, 1918 issue carried the following note in its column of Bartlett local news and chit-

chat: "The sawmill at Livermore was burned one night last week. It is thought unlikely that it will be rebuilt." It is perhaps indicative of how remote Livermore was from the consciousness of the nearby communities that no further print notice was given of the destruction of the mill, which provided a livelihood for essentially everyone in Livermore.

While Belcher states that the Livermore sawmill burned in 1920, this information seems to alter that figure, but another comment about the tragic event is of interest regardless of the date. Belcher wrote:

Florence Morey of the Inn Unique in Notchland recounts that for a time the rest of the small hamlet was threatened, enough so that she and her family went up by horse and team and helped the Saunders women evacuate their personal things and valuables from their mansion in Livermore to safer quarters at Notchland. Fortunately, wind and manpower saved the day, with the loss of only the mill.¹⁷

It would seem, with hindsight, that the buy-back of the mill by the Saunders sisters was somewhat ill-timed.

The number of horses belonging to the company -- which might give a relative indication of woods activity -- varied somewhat through the 'teens. 35 horses were counted in 1910, but that number climbed to 52 in 1913. It bottomed out at 20 in 1917, ending the decade at 25.¹⁸ These figures hint at a peak in logging activity early in the decade, with a decline toward the end of the 'teens.

While the horse was still a key part of the transportation system, another factor evidently entered into the network by the 'teens. In 1914, the inventory reveals that J.C. Donahue was assessed for an automobile. Starting in 1918, copies of conditional sales agreements and the like for automobiles appear in the town record book.

Another matter revealed in the town inventory is that the number of polls varied drastically throughout the decade. The first few years saw some slight swings, with 14 in 1910, 25 the next year, 24 the next, and a dip to 18 in 1913. In 1914, however, the number of polls soared to 47, then dropped suddenly in 1915 to 20 individuals. The next three years saw some variation, from 21 to 16 to 26, but then in 1919 the count skyrocketed to 72! There is no ready rationale to explain these fluctuations.

Starting with the 1914 inventory, we have a listing, building by building, of the structures owned by Livermore Mills. In that year, the following property is listed:

24,000 acres Wild land in Livermore	\$420,000
Ice House	\$ 75
Donohue House	\$ 700
Blacksmith shop	\$ 150
Store house	\$ 300
Golding "	\$ 500
Payne "	\$ 500
Store Building & Store House	\$ 1200
Engine House	\$ 100
Six Houses East of Road	\$ 1500
Boyce House	\$ 450
McDonald "	\$ 250
Winter Boarding House	\$ 300
Mill " "	\$ 750
Large Horse Barn	\$ 300
Carriages, 20	\$ 250
Goods in Store	\$ 2,000
Sawed Lumber & Logs	\$ 38,650
Locomotive Engine & Cars	\$ 1,500
Horses, 48	\$ 3,120
Cows, 3	\$ 120
Hogs, 2	\$ 40

By and large, the listing of buildings remained the same through the decade, with a few exceptions. From 1915 there was no listing for the

first store house mentioned on the 1914 roster, and what was the McDonald House evidently became the McCluskey House. The "Large Horse Barn" was later referred to as a "Large Horse Stable" and then simply "Stable."

In September of 1912, Maurice M. Osborne took a week's walking trip in the Livermore area. His sojourn included a side-trip to Waterville, and a climb of Mount Carrigain. At this time it appeared that some of the logging operations in the area had been scaled-back or displaced, as Osborne reported that the cabin at Camp 6 was "in a ruinous and dirty condition," and observed that, at "The Switch," where a spur of the Sawyer River Railroad had been built toward Hancock Notch, "there were still remains of the ancient yards and sheds which had occupied that once important junction on the way to the great eastern slopes of Huntington, Hancock, and Carrigain"; some of the lumber roads were "choked with 'pucker brush'." Returning to his camp, he and a companion stopped at Livermore to purchase some supplies at the store:

Livermore was still an active place at that time. The mills were buzzing, trains were bringing in logs and were taking sawn boards and lumber to the Maine Central siding in the Notch. Old Mr. Saunders, the owner and patriarch of Livermore, appeared, standing straight and erect for all his ninety-one years, with his white beard, keen blue eyes and pink cheeks. He wore a spotless black broadcloth suit with a long coat, a white shirt and collar with a black necktie almost like a stock, and his trousers were tucked into high black cowhide boots. He was indeed a figure from another era.¹⁹

It would seem that that other era would soon end. In addition to the deaths registered in Livermore during the 'teens, there were also two deaths that occurred in Massachusetts that had a significant impact in the New Hampshire milltown. On April 19, 1917, Daniel Saunders, Jr. died in Lowell at the age of 94. According to Belcher, he was "right up until his death...the brains and energy of the Sawyer River Railroad and the extensive lumber mills at Livermore." Less than a year later, on February 19, 1918, his son Charles Gurley Saunders was suddenly stricken by a fatal heart attack in Boston. He was seventy years of age.²⁰

Charles G. Saunders willed all but a small portion of his estate -- which included Livermore Mills, its real estate, and buildings -- to his three sisters, Annie, Mary, and Edith Saunders. According to Belcher, "the active management" of the operation "passed to other persons serving the family estate but not to members of the family itself." Apparently, the three sisters, while retaining ownership, did not participate to any great extent in the affairs of the company. From correspondence in the files of the U.S. Forest Service, it would appear that that responsibility passed to Clinton I. Nash. There is relatively little information available from the documentary record about Nash, though it is known he was born in Lawrence in 1878, and Belcher states that he "was an officer for the Saunders interests from 1902 until 1936." He does not appear on the list of Livermore voters until 1920.²¹

It seems that one of the first actions of Nash may have been in opposition to the wishes of the late Charles G. Saunders. A letter sent

to the U.S. Forest Service from C.G. Saunders, dated May 15, 1917 -- a month after his father's death -- raised the possibility of the sale of some Livermore lands to the government. When J.J. Fritz, Forest Supervisor, expressed an interest in this land in October 1918 -- after C.G. Saunders' death -- he was promptly rebuffed by Nash. "It is our intention," wrote Nash, "to cut the spruce timber in this section in the next few years. After the timber has been removed, we will consider selling it to the Government." For the time being Livermore would remain in private hands, owned by the Saunders sisters and managed by Nash.²²

The 1920's -- A Pivotal Decade

What sort of town was Livermore at the start of the third decade of the 20th century? The census figures for 1920 -- the most recent year for which a detailed account is currently available -- suggest that in many statistical respects it was not greatly different from the town in 1910.

Livermore township counted 98 souls on January 3, 1920. 65 of these were in a dozen households in the village, and the remaining 33 were in a lumber camp. Of the village residents, 54 had been born in the United States; 42 of those had been born in New Hampshire. Ten hailed from Canada, and one from England. Only 13 of the residents of the lumber camp were U.S. natives; an equal number had come from Canada, three from Ireland, three from Russia, and one, a 30 year-old black laborer, Acland Outerbridge, had migrated from Bermuda.

Of the parents of all the township residents, 73 out of 196 were Canadian by birth, 41 were from New Hampshire, and 26 from Vermont. Besides the U.S. and Canada, other countries of origin included Ireland, England, Scotland, Russia, Bermuda, Germany, and Australia.

As in 1910, there was a large contingent of children in the village in 1920. There were an even two dozen children under the age of 13, and eight teenagers, four of whom had attended school within the last four months. The three oldest teens -- two 19, one 17 -- were working. There were ten villagers in their 20's, and nine in their 30's. Seven residents were in their 40's, only 5 in their fifties. The oldest two residents were a 63 year-old carpenter, Charles Pierce, and George Gratto, a 66 year-old blacksmith.

In the camp, most men (and they were all men) were in their 20's and 30's (eleven and eight respectively). There was one teen, a wood chopper. There were five men each in their 40's and 50's, and three laborers in their 60's.

What sort of households made up Livermore in 1920? Eight out of the 12 dwellings had children. Seven of those were nuclear families, having only husband, wife, and child or children -- the number of children in a household varied from one in the Donahue home to six in the Platt and Ramsdell residences. John Jordan, a bookkeeper, his wife Ethera, and their two young daughters shared their home with 19 year-old Belle Adams, a divorced woman who worked as a servant, and a "boarder," 3 year old Isebel Adams (perhaps Belle's daughter).

Two households, those of Burt Grant, a laborer, and his wife Ethel, and of Charles Tibbetts, also a laborer, and his wife Elsie,

consisted solely of a married couple. One household was made up of eight boarders and one "head," Joseph Platt, listed as a gardener for a private estate (presumably that of the Saunders). The final household consisted of three brothers and three boarders.

Villagers had a variety of occupations though, with the exception of the servant Belle Adams, none of the women was listed as having any trade. Many men were laborers in the lumber mill; nine were listed under this heading, with one more similarly listed as a laborer for the lumber company. Six were listed as house carpenters. There was one man in each of the following positions: railroad foreman, bookkeeper, gardener, boarding house cook, boarding house servant, blacksmith, grocery store manager, locomotive engineer, and superintendent.

In the lumber camp, 14 of the 33 residents were laborers. There were eight wood choppers and five teamsters, two servants, and one cook. Completing the enumeration were a log surveyor, a saw filer, and a camp foreman.

According to the census, all the residents of the township, with the exception of the youngest children, could read and write. In the lumber camp, however, two of the three Russians, and one of the Canadians (a speaker of French), could not speak English.

Of all the 98 residents of Livermore in 1920, only eight had lived in the town in 1910 -- six of the seven Monahans (one had been born in the meantime) and James Donahue, the superintendent, and his son Austin.²³

While the census figures might suggest, at first blush, a continuation of the rhythms of life in Livermore as established in the 'teens, vital statistics information for this period gives a different picture. There were three marriages registered in the town, an increase of two over the previous decade. But there was only one child born, Burton Edward Jordan, son of the bookkeeper, born the second day of 1920. It is not known if the lack of births for the rest of the decade represents a lack of children born of Livermore parents, of if expectant mothers of Livermore traveled elsewhere -- for instance, to the Memorial Hospital in North Conway, which had been founded in 1911 -- to give birth, since they would be more able to take advantage of automobile transportation during this decade. Similarly, only one death was officially recorded in the town in the 1920's, that of Leda Aubertine, a 53 year-old housewife, who died of cancer in October 1925. We know from other sources that at least one other town resident died during the decade, so one might suspect that ailing or injured residents were taken out of the township for care, and those who died either had their deaths registered in other towns or "slipped through the cracks" of the registration system. The other death of a town resident of which we do know was noted not in the town vital statistics book, but in a town meeting report. James C. Donahue, company superintendent, died in North Conway on June 22, 1928, at the age of 60. According to the obituary which appeared in a local newspaper, Donahue "was manager of the Saunders mill and became interested in everything that pertained in this lumbering community. He was postmaster, express agent, railroad agent, and other offices,

such as selectman, town clerk, and, in fact, he was the general manager of the town as well of the big mills which made the town."²⁴

The 1920 Livermore inventory record starts with an entry that answers the question as to whether or not the mill burned in 1918 would be rebuilt: "Mill under construction, \$30,000." The mill was still under construction the next year, though its valuation was \$10,000 greater. Evidently it was completed by the 1922 assessment, when its value was given as \$50,000.

A curious phenomenon occurs with some of the inventory of Livermore Mills during this period. The stock in trade of the company store, \$6,000 in 1920, is cut in half in 1923, and drops down to \$1,000 in 1926. It falls again to \$500 the next year, and stays there for the rest of the decade. So in less than ten years, the inventory kept at the company store would seem to have dropped to one-twelfth of its earlier value.

Similarly, the value of stored logs and sawed lumber drops throughout the twenties. In 1920, Livermore Mills had on hand \$35,000 in logs and lumber. This peaked at \$47,500 in 1922, and then dipped back to \$36,000 in 1926. The next year the value of logs and lumber plummeted: there was no stock of logs, and only \$3,000 in lumber. The figure for wood and lumber held the same in 1928, then dropped again to \$2,000 in 1929. So the value of logs and lumber diminished to less than 10% of its earlier assessment.

This sharp drop is matched by a drop in the number of horses maintained by the company. Between 1920 and 1926, the number of

horses varies from a low of 20 in 1920 to a high of 31 in 1924. In 1927 -- the year in which the value of inventory is suddenly so low -- the number of horses is only 4. (The figure remains at 4 in 1928, and only reaches 5 in 1929).

What caused such a significant drop in these figures, which seem to indicate a drastic cut-back in woods operations between 1926 and 1927? The answer is not immediately apparent. We can speculate that the combined loss of Daniel Saunders Jr. and Charles G. Saunders created a vacuum in experienced leadership that the Saunders sisters, and their agent, Clinton Nash, were unable to fill adequately. We might also conjecture that the loss of the existing mill, and its replacement at an estimated cost of \$50,000, represented a serious drain on the financial resources of the company. But why these events took several years to show their effects remains a mystery.

Belcher reflects on other critical events of the late 'twenties; after the mill fire, he says,

All hands and the financial brains of the company put a new mill back to keep Livermore running a few more years, until the heavy fall rains and floods of November, 1927, proved to be the disaster that was finally bigger than Livermore. With the rushing waters that spelled ruin throughout northern New England went a good part of the railroad bed and some bridges of the Sawyer River Railroad.

The mill closed for good in 1928. Representatives of the Saunders estate, however, did sell some pulp off their lands...²⁵

While there is no question that the 1927 flood was a damaging one throughout northern New England, the inventory figures suggest that the die was cast at Livermore before the April 1, 1927 inventory was recorded, several months before the floodwaters of that fateful November. But other than the cryptic entries in the town inventory

book, there are no records explaining exactly what happened, when, or why. The demise of the town's only industry -- conjoining the mill, the railroad, and the woods operations -- on which the existence of the town, and the livelihood of its entire community depended, went essentially unrecorded.²⁶

Most of the structures in the village appear to have suffered no major changes until about 1928. By that year's listing, two buildings are suddenly off the books -- the winter boarding house (which had been valued at \$300, compared to the \$750 valuation for the mill boarding house, called the summer boarding house in 1924), and the stable. Several of the other buildings were assessed for considerably less than in previous years. The value of the McCluskey house dropped from \$250 to \$100, that of the Boyce house from \$450 to \$50, that of the Payne house from \$500 to \$250, and that of the Donohue house from \$700 to \$500. The six houses east of the road, formerly assessed at \$1500, decreased in value to \$600. It is not known if this deflation in value is due to simple revaluation, or if the buildings themselves had changed in any fashion -- say, if the buildings had fallen into disuse, and some materials salvaged from them.

The number of polls varied through the decade. Starting at 19 in 1920, it climbed to 26 the next year, thanks to women's suffrage. It held at 27 for the next two years, and then soared to 74 in 1924! In spite of this increase, only eight votes were cast at the March town meeting, and only 14 in the presidential election the following November. While one might speculate that the increase in polls might reflect an effort among some townspeople to maximize the number of

poll taxes collected, why were the increases so sporadic? The number of polls dropped back down to 20 in 1925, and slipped to 14 in 1929.

A few other events of the '20's were mentioned in the town record book or in the town reports. At least two forest fires occurred in the township, one in October of 1920, which involved 150 acres, and which was fought by 64 men from the company, and another in October 1923, to which 48 men from the company responded. In June of 1921, the voters moved to expend \$1000 to purchase the existing school building and the land on which it stood, which up to that time had been rented, apparently from the Saunders. This building served a maximum of 20 pupils at about this time. Alterations costing \$143.86 were made to the old building. Only two years later, a special committee was appointed for the building of a new schoolhouse, which was "built and equipped at an expense of \$3,323.12" by February of 1924.²⁷

Another expense, incurred not by the town, but by the company, in the early 1920's was the replacement of its original locomotive.

According to Harold S. Walker, the *C.W. Saunders*

served faithfully for 34 years. Frequently it was wrecked. Periodically it jumped the track on some sharp curve and plowed its way into the forest -- usually taking the whole train with it. Three different tenders and three different cabs were used during its period of usefulness and at the time of its last trip it was equipped with a converted logging truck to carry its supply of wood fuel.

It came to an inglorious end in 1920 when it jumped the track into the river bed at Sawyer station.

The *C.W. Saunders* was replaced by a Baldwin 2-4-2T locomotive, called "Peggy" by some, built in 1886 and employed on a number of logging operations before it found a home on the Sawyer River Railroad.²⁸

How did the mill village appear to outsiders in this era? In 1925, J. Brooks Atkinson described a visit to Livermore, which he passed through during a lengthy walking holiday in the White Mountains:

By eleven o'clock we were fairly out of the woods in Livermore, a lumber village supporting a railroad, a steam sawmill and a hundred men who live with their families in frame houses with sharp-peaked roofs -- all as plain and as similar as the people who live inside them. Sheltered by rugged hills, sung to by a broad mountain torrent, the people of Livermore might live in a spot of rare beauty. But as mechanically as they saw trees and load the boards on railroad cars, they have built their unlovely houses in plain rows, after the fashion of city tenement districts; and they have cut down all the trees which might shelter them from the baking sun of August. The dreariness and wretchedness of their village are undisguised. With the sawmill screaming for more logs, the people have no time for beauty or living. And how can children learn to distinguish beauty from ugliness in such surroundings? As if to prove the point of our reflections, the lad of thirteen or fourteen who tended the camp-store spoke as foully as the grown men outside. We made our purchases of bacon, beans, crackers and matches and set out down the road for Sawyer's River, glad to shake Livermore dust from our boots.²⁹

The Bostonian Atkinson had come to the White Mountains to enjoy some physically stressful, but psychically relaxing backwoods recreation. A premature return to the workaday world -- especially in the midst of the northern woods -- was not his cup of tea. And so, just like Samuel Adams Drake in 1881, Atkinson criticized the plain and simple houses and, as he saw them, plain and simple people. He saw the inhabitants of Livermore as mechanical, oblivious to the beauty of the hills, woods, and streams around them, trapped in a "dreariness and wretchedness" of their own making, their work -- or their disposition -- leaving them "no time for beauty or living." Like the other observers of the Livermore scene whom we have quoted, we must

believe that Atkinson's description of his fleeting visit to the town, as compelling as it may seem, tells us much more about his own mind-set and his own personal reaction to a familiar, yet alien experience than it does about the true sentiments of the residents of this White Mountain logging village.

While Livermore was in the descendant in the 1920's, other stewards of the forest were coming into their prime. On at least one occasion, the lonely watcher at the fringe of Livermore, the Mount Carrigain fire lookout, would prove his worth. The Report of the Forestry Commission lauded his work:

Several disastrous fires were averted by timely reports from lookouts and prompt response from wardens and men. One of these was in a remote section of Lincoln with no help nearer than ten miles. The watchman on Mount Carrigain saw the fire almost at the start and crews of men from the mills at Lincoln arrived in time to prevent the fire from sweeping over a vast territory.³⁰

The fire tower received a new telephone line, direct from Sawyer's River, in 1922. Another line was installed to lumber camps in the Lincoln valley by mid-1924. Though the Commission noted in 1926 that the open-platformed tower was inefficient and would need replacing, it was the lookout's cabin that was replaced in 1928. The lookout counted 113 visitors that summer.³¹

An inspection of the tower in the summer of 1926 by representatives of the U.S. Forest Service observed that the summit of Mount Carrigain provided an excellent lookout, but that it was not near government land. This situation would soon be altered. The government

was actively purchasing parcels throughout the region for inclusion in the White Mountain National Forest.

A "Memorandum for Files" written by U.S. Forest Service District Forester Ira T. Yarnall indicates that Clinton Nash, as attorney for the Saunders sisters, visited with him on May 29, 1929, "to discuss the possibilities of the Saunders estate selling their holdings in the town of Livermore." According to Yarnall's memo, Nash felt that primarily pulpwood was left on the drainages of the Sawyer and Swift, but that some virgin spruce was still available near Nancy Brook, but Nash also opined that "due to the high cost of logging and low market prices of spruce dimension lumber, it is impossible to operate their sawmill at a profit." The Saunders were also finding that the annual tax burden on their now less productive property was increasingly an onerous one. Nash wanted to know what the government might offer for the property, but Yarnall countered that he could not say without detailed knowledge of the tract. Nash left to review the possibility of making a more concrete proposal to the Forest Service.³²

Livermore bade farewell to the 1920's as a moribund town. Its mill was closed, its railroad flood-damaged, its population declining in numbers, and its principal land-owner making preparations to sell its holdings to the government. The end was near for the once bustling little mill village.

The End of the Line

Regrettably for our understanding of the fate of the people of Livermore, the detailed reports of the 1930 census will not be released

until the year 2000. We do, however, know the number of residents of the town in that year, 23, less than a quarter of the population of ten years before.

The record of vital statistics for the 'thirties is a concise one. One marriage was registered in the town in that decade, in September of 1934, of Thomas McHugh, resident in Lowell, Massachusetts, a railroad ticket agent, and Doris Walker, a bookkeeper, resident in South Berwick Maine. The marriage of these two non-residents took place in North Conway, and it is not evident why it was registered in Livermore.

One birth was registered in Livermore, that of Pauline Louise Gardner in February 1930. Her parents were residents in Hart's Location at the time, and she was born in North Conway. Again, why the birth was recorded in Livermore is not certain.

Two deaths of long-term residents were registered in the 1930's. On February 19, 1934, John Monahan died. He had been born in Leeds, Quebec, 68 years earlier, and had lived in two other White Mountain logging villages, Zealand and Lincoln, before moving to Livermore, where he had resided for 45 years. His obituary stated that "His first year or two in Livermore he was employed as camp foreman, as this town is known for its lumber industry. He was then appointed section manager for the railroad." His death certificate listed him as a "woods foreman," and cited the cause of his death as "Peritonitis. Shock," with the contributing cause of a "Strangulated Femoral (sic) Hernia." About one year later, Alexander MacDonald died. He was 80 years old at the time of his death from pneumonia. He had been born in Grants Corner,

Nova Scotia, and had lived in Livermore for 14 years. A widower, he was identified as a "laborer."³³

The town inventory presents a village in physical decline. The structures listed remain without change into 1931. (It was on August 15 of this year that the Livermore post office was closed -- "Insp. reports P.O. not necessary"-- with Clinton Nash, postmaster, ending more than eight years of service.³⁴) By April 1932 several of the structures had been devaluated or had disappeared. Two of the six houses on the east side of the road, as well as the engine house, the Boyce house, the McCluskey house, the ice house, and the blacksmith shop are gone. Either they suddenly deteriorated to the point that they were valueless, were destroyed accidentally, or were deliberately demolished. Most of the other structures are assessed at much lower values than in the previous year -- the mill at \$10,000, rather than \$30,000; the Goulding House and the Donahue house each at half their earlier values of \$500; the store building and store house complex also dropped to one-half of its previous \$1200 value. The boarding house dropped in value from \$750 to \$250, and the remaining 4 houses east of the road were valued at a total of \$300. (This same year saw the valuation of the Livermore Mills land plummet from \$490,000 to \$228,000.)

1933 saw the loss of another of the houses east of the road, and by 1934 the remaining three were also gone. So in this year, and through the final inventory of April 1, 1936, the listed buildings in the village comprised the Donahue house, the Goulding house, the Payne house, the store and storehouse, the boarding house, and the mill, as

well as the two houses accorded respectively to Mary L. Saunders and to her cousin, Alice Saunders.

With the disappearance of several houses in the village, there were fewer places to live, but there were also fewer people to live in them. Though the 1930 census counted 23 individuals, there were only 13 polls. That number crested at 17 in 1933, the year in which all 14 residents who went to the polls voted to repeal the eighteenth amendment. It slipped back down to its final number of 9 in 1936. The voter lists, as written in the town record book, tell us that for most of these last years a few families remained in the town -- Codys, Donahues, Monahans, Platts -- plus a few individuals such as David Murray, William McDonald, Clinton Nash, and Sidney White. The last voter check list, dated October 19, 1936, had only eight names: Edward J. Cody, Katherine and Austin G. Donahue, Clinton I. Nash, William McDonald, and Joseph, Mary, and Gertrude Platt. (Of the eight votes cast in that year's presidential election, seven were for Roosevelt, one for Landon.)

In spite of the obvious decline of the town, basic town business was still transacted. There were still annual reports and town budgets. \$1500 for highway maintenance (six years' worth -- apparently overdue) was budgeted in 1931. \$104.10 for "Emergency Relief -- Unemployed (Highway Maintenance)" appeared on the 1935 budget. An old age assistance payment of \$646.77 appeared on the budget for 1936. But the amount spent for the school declined steadily -- \$2089.28 in 1932, \$1016.83 in 1933, \$960.03 in 1934, \$682.20 in 1935, and \$14.00 in 1936.

The Town Report for the Fiscal Year Ending January 31, 1937, unlike those of previous years, offered no budget for the upcoming year. Instead it contained two paragraphs that remain as sad to read today as they must have been to write almost sixty years ago. The abbreviated report of the selectmen -- Joseph Platt, Austin G. Donahue, and William R. McDonald -- ends:

Practically the entire township was taken by the United States Government on January 20, 1937. There remains a very small amount of taxable property, and no town meeting was called for the election of town officers for the years 1937 and 1938. The town will be unorganized.

The same selectmen also tendered a final school report:

There was no school maintained during the year 1936 and 1937 term....The schoolhouse lot of land was deeded to the United States Government, and the schoolhouse equipment was distributed among the schoolhouses of the district by the District Superintendent, as authorized by the town.³⁵

By the time of this report, Clinton Nash, representing the Saunders sisters, had sold Livermore to the U.S. Forest Service.

The Selling of Livermore

One participant in a February, 1933 Appalachian Mountain Club ski excursion to Carrigain Notch had this to say about Livermore:

And if we must speak of depressions, see the town of Livermore in the shadow of Mt. Carrigain. So far as one can observe, the inhabitants have cut down all the timber to feed the lumber mill, now lying gaunt and dead, and are waiting for the trees to grow up again before they can resume business.³⁶

The Saunders sisters were advanced in age and were not about to wait until the trees grew up again to benefit from their holdings in Livermore; nor could the nation's business health in those Depression years have improved the economic viability of their logging and milling

enterprise. In June of 1933 their agent Clinton Nash again approached representatives of the U.S. Forest Service to inquire into the possibility of the government purchasing the Saunders property.

The Forest Service land acquisition files in Laconia tell a tale of protracted negotiation for the lands. The Forest Service certainly recognized the value of the property. On September 21, 1933, the Acting Forest Supervisor wrote to the Regional Forester that "this Saunders property ranks first from the standpoint of desirability among the major remaining major purchasable units within our boundary," even though portions of it had been heavily logged. (Indeed, some operations continued even during the period of discussions; one Forest Service report mentioned "a small quantity of choice seasoned spruce pulpwood" sold in the fall of 1933.) But James E. Scott, Forest Supervisor, and others involved in the negotiations wanted to bargain for the lowest price they could get. Nash sought \$12.00 per acre; the Forest Service balked at more than \$10.00, but agreed to an examination of the property as a sign of good faith. Scott felt this action was prudent as Nash seemed to be "working all the political angles" to court influence which could be brought to bear upon the Forest Service. In the following March, the Forest Service offered Nash \$8.50 per acre, with certain concessions allowing continued use of the Saunders house and other buildings on the property for a period. Nash didn't accept this offer, but continued discussions. The Forest Service increased its offer to \$9.00 per acre in late May. On September 25, 1934, the Saunders sisters signed a purchase option for the government to buy the property. This option

included a reservation to continue to use the house and related outbuildings for the rest of their lives. Other buildings, the mill, and railroad rails would have to be removed within two years from the date of the option. (Excepted from the option was land and improvements not owned by the three sisters -- the schoolhouse and its tiny lot, owned by the Livermore School District, a house and 10.10 acres in the village owned by their cousin, Alice Saunders, and the 46.10 acre Sawyer Pond, a "great pond" owned according to statute by the state of New Hampshire.) The land was formally approved for purchase that November.

By late April of 1935 a title attorney had reviewed the complex history of land ownership in the area in question and had found that there was no unbroken chain of title, that some old mortgages were not discharged according to existing records, and that the nebulous history of the boundary between Livermore and Hart's Location could be a cause of title disputes. He thus recommended formal condemnation proceedings be held to assure uncontested title for the government. ³⁷

The wheels of government rolled very slowly. While Nash waited impatiently for the Forest Service to condemn the land, he dismantled some of its improvements, selling some of the sawmill machinery in 1935 and 1936. It was not until October 7, 1936, that the formal condemnation decree was rendered, with the actual sale of the Saunders lands to the government transacted on December 21 of that year. The 29,900.55 acres of land sold for \$10 an acre, giving the Saunders sisters more than a quarter of a million dollars. Although the option agreed to in 1934 stipulated a limited reservation for the

Saunders sisters to use their homestead until their passing, the actual condemnation and sale identified their home and the 1.07 acres of land on which it stood (as well as the house and 10.10 acres that Edith Saunders purchased from her cousin Alice Saunders on December 12, 1936) as an exception. This meant that the government had no ownership or other rights with respect to those two small parcels, and that they remained entirely within the Saunders' possession. Payment was made on January 20, 1937. Two days later, Clinton Nash received the government checks for the Livermore land. At this time he then conveyed the deed for the schoolhouse lot of .06 acre which he had held on to until paid for the Saunders' tracts, and which he had had in his possession at least since the previous October. He also raised the matter of the 10.10 acre parcel with the Forest Service, presumably to discuss its possible sale. No official reply to Nash's inquiry survives.

While all this bureaucratic machinery was slowly moving, other activities were happening around Livermore. At the highest point in the township, the Mount Carrigain lookout became the responsibility of the U.S. Forest Service before the summer of 1934.³⁸ And at the threshold to Livermore, where the rails of the now inactive Sawyer River Railroad met those of the Maine Central Railroad, another small and very temporary village was erected. The Civilian Conservation Corps had established one of its camps in Bartlett, on the banks of the Saco River, in the spring of 1933. Three years later, however, spring floods inundated that camp, and so in April of that year the 151st

Company was moved to a new location a few miles west, Livermore Camp. While it was not far from the confluence of the Saco and Sawyer Rivers, it was in a more protected location than the ill-fated camp had been.

The Livermore Camp was hastily constructed and first occupied April 27, 1936. At least one enrollee, Milton Thomas, was critical of the site:

The barracks were beautiful -- the washroom, the kitchen, the Rec Hall -- everything was perfect. But the streets, they just hacked off, cut off the trees, built the camp. In between all the camp buildings and even in the main street were the stumps, the damn stumps....As a tractor driver, hack away at the roots and with the tractor hook onto it and off with it. All our spare time was on the company streets, I hated Livermore for that one reason. I hated it!

Work at the Livermore Camp included making relief maps of National Parks, automotive maintenance for other C.C.C. camps, and work on the Bear Notch Road from Bartlett to Passaconaway and on the Sawyer River Road. This latter road, which would follow, in part, the then disused route of the Sawyer River Railroad, was envisioned by the Forest Service as early as 1933. Nash evidently started having the rails removed from the railroad right-of-way in 1935, and it appears that the enrollees of the C.C.C. camp may have been projected to assist in this effort. The actual extent of their involvement is not clear. With cutbacks in the program, the Livermore Camp was closed October 30, 1937, and the Sawyer River Road remained unconstructed.³⁹

An official knell for the Sawyer River Railroad was rung by the New Hampshire state legislature on June 2, 1937. On that date it passed "An Act Relative to Forfeiture of Charters of Business Corporations not

paying Franchise Fees to the Secretary of State." The Act has the appearance of a major house-cleaning bill. In it, the charters of 336 corporations -- some dating to the 1700's -- are "repealed, revoked, and annulled, for failure to pay franchise fees to the secretary of state." Among the corporations is the Sawyer River Railroad, which had ceased operations several years before and whose rails had already been removed.⁴⁰

Though the railroad was clearly defunct, both *de facto* and now *de jure*, some unfinished business remained for the Saunders and their agent. In 1938, Nash sold off two of the remaining structures in the village -- the Monahan house and the Donahue house -- for salvage. The buildings had once been homes for workers and their families; now they lay derelict, unwanted intrusions on the public domain.

Although the overwhelming bulk of Livermore was sold to the Forest Service, two small portions did remain in private hands. One was the 10.10 acre parcel that had once belonged to Caroline O.D. Saunders, widow of C.W. Saunders. This lot was conveyed to their daughter, Alice, after Caroline Saunders' death in 1905. (Legal conveyance was apparently delayed until 1919). This land was in turn conveyed by Alice Saunders to her cousin Edith St. Loe Saunders in 1936, and thence to Clinton I. Nash in 1938. The reasons or the terms for these transactions are not known.

The second privately-owned parcel in Livermore was the lot of land on which the Saunders mansion stood. This 1.70 acre tract, its house, and stables had been bequeathed by Charles G. Saunders to his

three sisters, Mary, Annie, and Edith. Mary L. Saunders died of pneumonia on October 11, 1938, at the age of 89. She left an estate valued at more than \$200,000. Her will included a gift of \$3,000 to Clinton I. Nash, and the establishment of a life estate for her sisters Annie and Edith, with Nash as trustee. Upon their deaths, Nash would receive a gift of \$10,000, with the majority of the estate bequeathed to the Trustees of Donations to the Protestant Episcopal Church and to the Domestic and Foreign Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The 1940's

The 1940 census, the details of which will not be available until 2010, lists four individuals as residents of Livermore. One presumably is Clinton Nash, another Joseph Platt, who remained as caretaker for the Saunders' estate. The third is most likely William McDonald, who may also have served the Saunders' interests at that time. The fourth person remains unidentified.

The disposition of remaining property in the village became an issue in the '40's. The schoolhouse, which according to the sales agreement between the Livermore School District and the government could be removed by the District for a time after the sale, remained on Forest land. In August of 1941, the Forest Service inquired of Nash about the plans for the small building; Nash responded that the Forest Service was welcome to it, and apparently it was then used by the Mount Carrigain lookout as a supply shed.

The next year, though, a more contentious issue surfaced. From the limited material which survives in Forest Service files, it appears

that a difference of opinion arose regarding ownership of the sawmill and its remaining equipment. Evidently the government claimed that, according to the provisions of the sales agreement, all items that remained on what was now government land after two years had passed since the signing of the option (in September of 1934) became government property. Nash countered that regardless of the option, what had been Saunders' property remained Saunders' property, even if it was on government land and was unwelcome there. He contended that the Saunders' right to remove items before September 1936 did not translate into a government right to seize items after that date.

It is not clear from existing records how this difference was settled. The Forest Service record for the next two years does include several inventories of existing property on the site, as well as statements of current and past Forest Service employees as to their recollections of the site and its recent history. In the end, it would seem that the government prevailed. In the summer of 1944, the Forest Service auctioned some of the remaining property at the site -- the boarding house, equipment from the sawmill and from the boarding house, and a two-story dwelling (apparently the one where, until 1943, William McDonald had lived; in the summer of that year he had left to live in Bartlett, a road worker for the Forest Service). There remained the sawmill itself with its brick boiler room, the storehouse (where Joseph Platt reportedly resided), and the blacksmith shop; this latter structure was burned as a nuisance by Joseph Platt in 1946, by joint agreement of Clinton Nash and the Forest Service. Another piece of

abandoned equipment, the Baldwin locomotive, was sold by the Forest Service in September 1947.

Annie Grace Saunders died August 23, 1942, with kidney dysfunction and other maladies. She was 84 years of age. She left an estate valued at almost \$285,000. While her will included a gift of \$4,000 to Clinton I. Nash, the bulk of it was set up as a trust for her sister Edith. Upon her death, most of the estate would be bequeathed to the same Episcopal organizations that her sister Mary had endowed.

Edith St. Loe Saunders succumbed to cancer on August 17, 1949, at the age of 84. She left an estate valued at about \$186,000. About \$135,000 of this sum was willed to a few charities and several friends, including \$50,000 which was bequeathed to Clinton I. Nash. The remainder of her property was given to the same Episcopal organizations that her sisters had remembered.

With the passing of the last of the Saunders sisters, a pressing question came up. Who owned their inholding in Livermore? The matter had been raised within the Forest Service in 1948, but it had to be resolved now that all three sisters were deceased. The Forest Service apparently thought at first that the government owned the land, since according to the arrangement in the option the Saunders had rights in Livermore only for the rest of their lives. But the wording in the condemnation and the sale agreement differed from that of the option; the "limited reservation" of the option became an "exception" in those two later documents. Forest Supervisor Clifford Graham admitted this

realization in a letter to Nash that October and acknowledged that the 1.70 acre parcel could not be claimed by the government.

1949 also saw some other events in Livermore. Joseph Platt, the last full-time resident, left the village in this year. While details are hazy, it appears that the Forest Service resumed work on the Sawyer River Road that had been initiated in the mid 1930's. And late in that year, Nash again approached Forest Supervisor Graham about the possibility of government purchase of the two private parcels in what had once been the village. Graham was not encouraging, saying that the land could only be accepted as a donation or at "ordinary land values," and wrote to Nash that "since the acreage is only nominal, and the real value of course is in the house and location, you doubtless can secure a great many times more for the place from someone else that we could find any proper grounds for paying for it."⁴¹

From the 'Fifties until Today

In 1951, another state act referred to the town of Livermore. In 1876, the legislature had incorporated the town. In 1951, it reversed that decision. Chapter 247, "An Act Relating to the Election of Representatives to the General Court," approved August 31, 1951, dealt primarily with apportioning delegates to the general court (state legislature) among the cities and towns of the state, reflecting changes in population recorded in the 1950 federal census. The population of Livermore in that census was 0. Paragraph 2 of that act read as follows:

The town of Livermore is hereby dissolved as a body corporate and politic. The governor and council are directed to take appropriate action to properly preserve the town records of the town of Livermore, to make such disposition of town property as is proper, and to take such further action as may be necessary to complete the dissolution of the town of Livermore.⁴²

Paragraph 2 of Chapter 247 was, of course, a mere technicality, the official notice that the town of Livermore was no longer. Though it was only Chapter 247 that formally made Livermore an unincorporated township, with its interests, such as they were, now in the hands of county and state authorities, the community of Livermore had long since disappeared from the Sawyer River country.

Later in 1951 the portion of Edith St. Loe Saunders' estate that was in real estate in Livermore was sold. The Livermore parcel was conveyed by the Trustees of Donations to the Protestant Episcopal Church on November 8, 1951, to Clinton Nash. This left Nash the owner of about 12 acres in the village, plus the Saunders' house, a small enclave surrounded by National Forest land. He sold his Livermore holdings on October 28, 1963, to Robert F. and Bessie B. Shackford of Conway, New Hampshire. Nash died of heart failure on April 11 of the following year. Though an attorney, he died intestate, with an estate valued at about \$22,000.⁴³

Robert Shackford soon razed the derelict Saunders' mansion, and erected a small hunting camp, partially made of salvaged materials, by the site. He died in August, 1992.

Livermore, as a working, living community, is no longer. Its village is now nearly silent. No screaming saws in the mill, no

shrieking whistle from the *C.W. Saunders* or from *Peggy*, no cries of children at play in the dusty main street, no polyglot hub-bub of itinerant woodsmen. The only sound that reigns is the ceaseless babble of the Sawyer River.

Yet the township, though no longer inhabited, is not wholly abandoned. It is still a popular destination for many of the hikers who frequent the high hills of northern New Hampshire. Summer and autumn days see many visitors trekking the Signal Ridge Trail, lured by the prospect from the reconstructed fire tower atop Mount Carrigain, which the current edition of The A.M.C. White Mountain Guide avers "has one of the finest viewpoints in the White Mtns." Others travel the lowland path through Carrigain Notch into the neighboring Pemigewasset Wilderness, an extensive tract that Henry and the Saunders fought over, Henry later cut over, and which now has grown over, its thick second growth protected by Congressional mandate from the axe and saw.

Campers are attracted to the shelter and tent platforms on the shore of Sawyer Pond, and fisher-men and women also walk the mile-and-a-half trail from the Sawyer River Road to that small, but hundred-foot deep tarn to try their angling skills. Hunters on occasion seek deer, bear, moose, and other game in the wooded valley, and, when winter snows lie deep, skiers and snowmobilers travel the unplowed Sawyer River Road in their disparate fashions. And some visitors come to seek remnants of the Livermore of days past, combing

the vestiges of the village's buildings, drawn to the site by books or articles advertising Livermore as a White Mountain "ghost town."⁴⁴

While "dispersed recreation" as the Forest Service calls it, is perhaps the most obvious contemporary activity in the unincorporated township of Livermore, it is certainly not the only one. The Forest Service manages its lands according to the principle of "multiple use," and one of those uses is timber production. And so the Sawyer River road has been extended within the last few decades, and a small network of gated roads has been built to facilitate the continued harvest of soft- and hardwoods from the deeper reaches of the Sawyer River country. But the loggers who, armed with chainsaw and skidder, now fell the sturdy spruce in the shadow of Mount Carrigain return each evening to their more distant homes. The men, and the women, who preceded them in this valley are gone, their homes in ruins, their community virtually vanished, for all that is visible now are glimpses of Livermore.

¹While there was a strong French-Canadian representation among White Mountain woodsmen of this era, other ethnic groups were occasionally present in force. J.M. Cooper, writing on "The New Zealand Notch. Unfamiliar Nooks of White Mountain Scenery," Granite Monthly, XXIV, Number 3 (March 1898), pp. 165-169, saw one logging operation where there was

a small building where over thirty Italians were housed. How they ever lived in such close quarters is inexplicable except to them, but their faces reflected their happiness, and the huge preparation of macaroni that was under way told of the capacity of their appetites. There were comfortable quarters for them in the camps but they preferred to dwell apart from the French Canadians who, for the most part, compose the crew of woodcutters and teamsters, and enjoy home comforts.

²In addition, one man appears to be listed as a "hatter," and another as a "setter in mill" (perhaps setting saw teeth?), but because of the rough orthography of the census record these identifications may not be exact.

³The relatively large number of woodsmen, and small number of choppers, is perhaps explained by Robert Pike, Tall Trees, Tough Men, (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 1967), p. 103: "After 1900, when cross-cut saws became common, the cutting crew consisted of the head chopper, two sawyers, a sled-tender, and one or two swampers."

One of the three carpenters enumerated is Levi Dumas, 43, from Canada. This may well be Levi "Pork-Barrel" Dumas who later served as construction boss for the building of Henry's East Branch and Lincoln Railroad; see Robert Pike, Tall Trees, Tough Men, p. 167, and C. Francis Belcher, Logging Railroads of the White Mountains, (Boston: Appalachian Mountain Club, 1980), p. 118.

⁴Data from US. Census for 1900, New Hampshire. Livermore, Grafton County. (Schedule Number 1, Population).

⁵Information from "Inventory of the polls and ratable property of the inhabitants of Livermore," a manuscript record book in the New Hampshire State Archives in Concord.

⁶The best overview of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, which reviews the events leading to its founding, is Paul E. Bruns, A New Hampshire Everlasting and Unfallen (Concord: Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, 1969). R. Stuart Wallace also considers issues of this day in "A Social History of the White Mountains," pp. 17-38 in (Donald D. Keyes, ed.), The White Mountains: Place and Perceptions (Hanover: University Press of New England, 1980), pp. 36-38.

⁷The White Mountain Echo, August 11, 1894; Ernest Russell, "The Wood-Butchers: A Concrete Example of the Nation's Problem," Collier's XLIII, Number 7 (May 8, 1909), pp. 19-20, (p. 19). Other considerations of Henry's operation include George H. Moses, "Pullman, New Hampshire: A Lumber Camp," Granite Monthly, XVIII, Number 5 (May 1895), pp. 320-327, and Henry Waldo, "A Short History of Lincoln," Forest Notes, Number 67 (Fall 1960) pp. 3-6, and Number 68 (Winter 1960-1961) pp. 24-28, and James E. Henry II, "J.E. Henry, Founder of Henryville," pp. 25-33 in Bicentennial Commemorative Book of the Town of Lincoln, New Hampshire 1764-1964 (Lincoln: Lincoln Bicentennial Book Committee, 1964). Albert W. Cooper and T.S. Woolsey Jr., in "Lumbering in New Hampshire," Forestry and Irrigation, VIII, Number 5 (May 1902), pp. 210-214, note that "[Henry's] lumbering shows great skill and business ability, yet there is no provision for the future." (p. 214). Henry's earlier efforts in the Zealand area of the White Mountains are considered by J.M. Cooper, "The New Zealand Notch. Unfamiliar Nooks of White Mountain Scenery," Granite Monthly, XXIV, Number 3 (March 1898), pp. 164-170 (which refers to "the lumber vandal" and "the ruthless axe of the lumber-king"). Henry did not escape the attention of Larry Gorman, the woods-poet, as he was the subject of one of Gorman's less than complimentary songs, "The Good Old State of Maine"; see Edward D. Ives, "Larry Gorman and 'Old Henry'," Northeast

Folklore, 2, Number 3 (Fall 1959), pp. 40-46. Another recounting of Henry can be found in accounts from the Federal Writers Project printed in B.A. Botkin, A Treasury of New England Folklore (1947; reprinted New York: Bonanza Books, 1965), pp. 302-307.

⁸Alfred K. Chittenden, Forest Conditions in Northern New Hampshire U.S. Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Forestry, Bulletin Number 55. (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1905), p. 78-79. New processes developed in the late 19th century allowed the production of paper from wood pulp, and dramatically changed the wood products marketplace. Formerly unusable trees -- those which were too small or of poor quality for lumber production -- could be harvested for immediate profit as pulpwood. Clear-cutting became even more widespread as a result.

⁹Thomas Elmer Will, "Editorial. Practical Forestry," Forestry and Irrigation, XIV, Number 2 (February 1908), p. 65. There is no other reference to Daniel Saunders as Daniel W. Saunders, so this appears to be an error on Will's part. And, as C.F. Belcher notes (Logging Railroads of the White Mountains, p. 77), "Although there are minor discrepancies between the figures of [Chittenden and Will], both agree on the value of the Saunders' practices."

Winthrop Packard, in White Mountain Trails (Boston: Small, Maynard and Company, 1912), climbed Mount Carrigain and compared the views of the handiwork of Saunders and Henry (p. 228, 232):

A lumber company is known by its cut. The work done here [by the Saunders] seems to have been done with a certain feeling of fair play to the forest, a desire to give it a chance to ultimately recover. Westward, deeper into the heart of the wilderness, one sees another record....the brown windrows of slash left in the wake of [Henry's] choppers, who have left literally not one green thing.

¹⁰Data from U. S. Census for 1910, New Hampshire. Livermore, Grafton County.

¹¹Information from vital statistics (Births, Marriages, and Deaths) record book for Livermore in New Hampshire State Records and Archives, Concord, New Hampshire.

¹²First Annual Report of the New Hampshire Forestry Commission, 1893 (Concord: Edward N. Pearson, 1894), p. 6.

¹³Information on the Mount Carrigain and other towers is from relevant Reports of the Forestry Commission; from Iris W. Baird and Chris Haartz, A Field Guide to New Hampshire Firetowers (Lancaster, N.H.: Iris W. Baird, 1992), esp. pp. 46-47; and from unpublished notes on the Mount Carrigain tower by Iris W. Baird.

¹⁴Biennial Report of the Forestry Commission for the years 1915-1916 (Concord: State of New Hampshire, 1916), p. 19.

¹⁵Biennial Report of the Forestry Commission for the years 1915-1916 (Concord: State of New Hampshire, 1916), p. 20.

¹⁶The 1911 record lists Sutherland's holding as "real estate," and in 1912, as "personal property." The 1913 record reveals "personal property, one mill."

A record of the mortgage is in the town record book, page 61. It dates the mortgage to January 29, 1912, so it would appear that this transaction was somewhat separate from the selling (or perhaps building?) of the mill which evidently occurred between the 1910 and 1911 inventories of property in the township. The discharge of the mortgage was dated May 15, 1918.

The sales agreement between the Saunders sisters and Sutherland was dated May 18, 1918. Its text, copied on pp. 62-63 of the town record book, contains interesting detail about the property, for which the Saunders sisters paid \$4,989.29:

One story, patent roof, frame building, including steam and water piping and fixtures, dust and shaving conveyors, and all permanent fixtures, fixed and movable machinery, machines, spare and duplicate parts of same, shafting, gearing, belting, pulleys, hangers, tools, and implements, engines with their connections and foundations, furniture and fixtures....also all fixed and movable machinery, machines, parts of same, shafting, gearing, belting, pulleys, hangers, tools and implements, engines, with their connections, furniture and fixtures all contained in a brick and frame boiler house situated near the aforesaid mill....Also all personal belongings such as beds, bedding, cook stoves, and sundry utensils and dishes, tools, and implements all contained in a Mill Boarding house so called owned by the Livermore Mills...

¹⁷The Reporter (North Conway, New Hampshire), 7 November, 1918, p. 5. C.F. Belcher, Logging Railroads of the White Mountains, p. 68.

¹⁸Numbers year by year are: 1910 -- 35, 1911 -- 35, 1912 -- 42, 1913 -- 52, 1914 -- 48, 1915 -- 40, 1916 -- 33, 1917 -- 20, 1918 -- 27, 1919 -- 25.

¹⁹Maurice M. Osborne, "Some Unconventional Walks in Livermore, 1912," Appalachia, XXX, Number 1 (15 June 1954), pp. 61-65; esp. p. 64.

²⁰Quotation from C. Francis Belcher, Logging Railroads of the White Mountains, p. 56. Belcher gives Daniel Saunders' age as 95, and the official record lists it as 94 years, 6 months, and 13 days. Information from death records in Massachusetts Office of Vital Statistics.

²¹C.G. Saunders' will information from Grafton County Registry of Probate. C.G. Saunders' will also stated, "I give and bequeath to my friend Clinton I. Nash...the sum of two thousand dollars and my amethyst pin set in pearls." Quotations from C. Francis Belcher, Logging Railroads of the White Mountains, p. 56, p. 60.

²²Correspondence in land acquisition files, White Mountain National Forest, Laconia, New Hampshire. Quotation from Nash letter to Fritz, October 18, 1918.

²³Data from U.S. Census for 1920, New Hampshire. Livermore, Grafton County.

²⁴Information from vital statistics (Births, Marriages, and Deaths) record book for Livermore in New Hampshire State Records and Archives, Concord, New Hampshire. Information on James C. Donahue is from the town report for the fiscal year ending January 31, 1929, and from his obituary which appeared in The Reporter, (North Conway N.H.) 5 July, 1928, (p.1). Town reports for the fiscal years ending January 31, 1921, through January 31, 1937 are on file at the New Hampshire State Library and the New Hampshire Historical Society.

Evidently auto travel was becoming more common in the region at this time. The 1922 Guide to Paths and Camps in the White Mountains and Adjacent Regions (Boston: Appalachian Mountain Club, 1922), advised walkers who wished to reach the Mount Carrigain Trail to "Leave the train at Sawyer River Station on the Maine Central R.R. and follow road or logging railroad about 1 3/4 m. to Livermore, a lumber village. The way leaves the village across the track from the store and follows a wide lumber road N. of Sawyer River past the little red schoolhouse and an old barn." (p. 281). The next edition of the Guide, in 1925, referred to "Livermore, a lumber village, to which automobiles may be driven." (p. 279). The 1928 edition of the guidebook, now called The A.M.C. White Mountain Guide, did not mention leaving the train, but did state, "The road is passable for automobiles, but permission to drive them should be obtained by telephoning the lumber company at Livermore." (p. 293).

²⁵C. Francis Belcher, Logging Railroads of the White Mountains, p. 68.

²⁶There seems to be no detailed account of the effects of the 1927 flood in the Sawyer River country. Brief recollections of the flood and its aftermath in neighboring Crawford Notch are included in Virginia C. Downs, Life by the Tracks (Canaan, New Hampshire: Phoenix, 1983), pp. 54-61. Reportedly rail service on the Maine Central through the Notch was halted entirely for five days, and did not return to normal for two weeks after the flood. According to The Reporter of North Conway (10 November, 1927) the flood, which hit hardest on Friday, November 4, left "Crawford and Pinkham Notches Impassable by Landslides and Bridges Washed Away," and left the main road through the Notch with "all the bumps and thrills of a motor ride over the shell-shocked fields of Belgium." While the weekly newspaper recounted scenes of disaster in Conway, Bartlett, and other local communities, Livermore went unnoted.

²⁷The deed from the Saunders sisters to the town of Livermore for the schoolhouse parcel was officially entered into the Grafton County Registry of Deeds on December 16, 1922.

It is of interest that the town of Livermore had to purchase a lot of land from the Saunders, who possessed land-a-plenty. Though not a Catholic, and not even a church-goer, the "wood butcher" J.E. Henry, in neighboring Lincoln, had donated land, lumber, \$2500, and a bell to provide for a Catholic Church in that town in 1903.

(Bicentennial Commemorative Book of the Town of Lincoln, New Hampshire, 1764 - 1964 (Lincoln: Lincoln Bicentennial Book Committee, 1964), pp. 31, 33.

²⁸Harold S. Walker, "Sawyer River Railroad," Bulletin No. 46, Railway and Locomotive Historical Society (April, 1938), pp. 30-31 plus plates opp. 30 and 31; p. 31. Walker notes this pedigree for the Baldwin: Built for J.E. Henry and used at Lincoln and Zealand, sold in 1907 to Blanchard & Twitchell and used near Berlin, and then sold in 1912 to the Conway Lumber Company, who sold it to the Livermore Mills in 1920. The engine was equipped with double-flange wheels for added security in rough country. According to Walker, the Baldwin "ran until the mill closed and was still in use as recently as 1936."

Walker also lists the other rolling stock of the railroad: 35 logging trucks with link and pin couplings, purchased in 1876; two, four wheel flat cars purchased in 1885; fifteen logging trucks purchased sometime after 1916.

Walker recounts a tragic incident (p. 30) that is not attested in the town vital statistics book:

The road's career was marred by one serious accident. A girl canvasser, Gallaher by name, rode down from the forest camps in the cab of the locomotive. The train got out of control on a long grade and as the speed became dangerous she was told to jump. She jumped into the deep snow beside the track, struck the steep side bank thrown up by the plow, and rolled under the engine.

C.F. Belcher, in Logging Railroads of the White Mountains, (pp. 62-63) states that the final crash of the *C.W. Saunders* occurred "right at Livermore, [in] the waters of the Sawyer River," that the Baldwin "ran regularly until the mill was closed in 1927," and that "rail operations ceased in 1928."

²⁹J. Brooks Atkinson, Skyline Promenades. A Potpourri (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925), pp. 129-130.

³⁰Biennial Report of the Forestry Commission. Years ending June 30, 1922 (Concord: State of New Hampshire, 1922), p. 23. The report indicates that this event occurred in the year ending June 30, 1921.

³¹Information from Reports of the Forestry Commission for the relevant years, and from the files of Iris W. Baird. The Biennial Report of the Forestry Commission noted the following in 1928 (p. 57):

A new log cabin on Mount Carrigain was built by the watchman and a helper during the summer of 1928. The old cabin had been in use continuously since the opening of this station [this statement is in disagreement with the 1920 biennial report, which stated that a new cabin had been recently built] and had long passed its period of usefulness. Owing to the difficulty of toting necessary building materials, the cabin had to be made of round wood cut on the mountain with only so much of manufactured materials as was necessary to finish the job.

³²"Memorandum for Files," by Ira T. Yarnall, dated May 29, 1929, in land acquisition files, U.S. Forest Service, Laconia. Yarnall also

suggested that Nash was quite ignorant about the country in question: "He admits that he has practically no definite knowledge of what they have on the ground or its value, and therefore is at sea concerning what offer to make."

Belcher refers to the punitive New Hampshire taxation system in Logging Railroads of the White Mountains, p. 76. Trees were taxed as were other crops -- on an annual basis -- but because trees, unlike other produce, were not harvested each year, the tax burden was significant, and encouraged rapid harvest, not conservative forestry. Paul Bruns considers the struggle to ameliorate this matter (which was waged from 1902 to an ultimate success in 1949) in A New Hampshire Everlasting and Unfallen, pp. 33-35.

³³Information from Town Vital Statistics Book. Obituary of John Monahan from The Reporter, (North Conway N.H.), 1 March, 1934, p. 6.

³⁴Information on the Livermore post office is from the files of the Office of the Postmaster General, U.S. Postal Service, and the Civil Reference Branch, National Archives.

³⁵Livermore Town Report for the Fiscal Year ending January 31, 1937.

³⁶Roger S. Sperry, "Excursions: Notchland, N.H." Appalachia, XIX, Number 3 (June 1933), pp. 480-481.

³⁷See Report and Opinion of Title Attorney on the Saunders Estate Tracts, Martin Royston, Woodsville, New Hampshire, to the Solicitor, U.S. Department of Agriculture, April 29, 1935, in U.S. Forest Service Land Acquisition Files, Laconia.

³⁸Biennial Report of the Forestry Commission for the two fiscal years ending June 30, 1933-34 (Concord: State of New Hampshire, 1935), p. 102. The tower was rebuilt by the U.S.F.S. in 1940, though it appears it was only in use a few more years. It was on the inactive list of towers by 1948. The tower was partially reconstructed (its cab replaced by an open observation platform) in 1979. (Iris Baird and Chris Haartz, A Field Guide to New Hampshire Firetowers, p. 47.)

³⁹Information on the Livermore C.C.C. camp, and the quote from Milton Thomas, are from David Draves, Builder of Men. Life in C.C.C. Camps in New Hampshire (Portsmouth: Peter E. Randall, 1992), pp. 45-47, 50. Mr. Thomas also recalled a visit to Livermore, during which he took a perilous ride on an old maintenance car, p. 219. Attempts to contact other enrollees at the Livermore Camp -- by this writer, and by Marion Varney, a local resident who is researching the history of her town, Hart's Location, within the boundaries of which the camp was located -- through the New Hampshire Chapter of the National Association of C.C.C. Alumni met with no success. David Draves noted that the reports regularly filed by each camp detailing the work performed by the enrollees do not exist for the Livermore Camp (personal communication, June 19, 1993).

Information, generally sketchy and circumstantial, on the construction of the Sawyer River Road is from the land acquisition files and the cultural resource file on the Sawyer River Road at the U.S. Forest Service office, Laconia.

⁴⁰Laws of the State of New Hampshire. Passed January Session 1937 (Manchester: Granite State Press, 1937), pp. 530-542, Chapter 298. Even

though it was once registered as a corporation in the secretary of state's office, that office no longer has any files relating to the Sawyer River Railroad. The state Bureau of Railroads also lacks any information about this line.

⁴¹Letter to Clinton Nash from Clifford Graham, December 5, 1949, in U.S. Forest Service land acquisition files, Laconia.

⁴²Laws of the State of New Hampshire. Passed January Session 1951 (Manchester: Granite State Press, 1951), pp. 610-615, Chapter 247.

⁴³Information on the deaths of the Saunders sisters and Clinton Nash is from the records at the Massachusetts Office of Vital Statistics. Copies of the Saunders' wills are on file at the Grafton County Registry of Probate, Woodsville, New Hampshire. (Though they resided in and died in Essex County, Massachusetts, they held the Livermore property in Grafton County.) Material relevant to Nash's estate is at the Middlesex County Registry of Probate, Cambridge, Massachusetts. (Nash was resident in Somerville, Massachusetts at the time of his death.)

⁴⁴Most published accounts of Livermore have drawn heavily from Belcher's chronicle of the Sawyer River Railroad. A recent book which featured a chapter on Livermore as "A Logging Ghost Town," is Ned Beecher, Outdoor Explorations in the Mt. Washington Valley (Conway, New Hampshire: Tin Mountain Conservation Center, 1989), (pp. 276-292). Other newspaper or magazine accounts include Kevin Early, "Forgotten Towns Reveal This Region's Past," Northern Light, 28 May 1990, pp. 1, 8; Tom Eastman, "Livermore, A Town From the Past," The Mountain Ear, (Conway, New Hampshire), 3 September 1982, pp. 12-14; Janet Hounsell, "Livermore...A Town that Disappeared into Valley History," The Reporter (North Conway, New Hampshire), 7 December 1977, p. 1A; Janet Hounsell, "Livermore, The Valley Town that Is No More," The Reporter (North Conway, New Hampshire), 24 November 1982, p. 6B; David Matthews, "Exploring Ghost Towns in the White Mountains," Magnetic North, I (Autumn 1983), pp. 33-39; James F. Morrow Jr., "Forever Livermore," Yankee, November 1969, pp. 168-175. Marilyn Myers Slade, "Lost Places," New Hampshire Profiles, XXXIV, 8 (August 1985), pp. 20 ff.; Dick Smith, "Ghost Town," New Hampshire Profiles, V, Number 10, (October 1956), pp. 18-19; Barbara Tetreault, "Livermore: Town Closed When Company Closed Down," New Hampshire Sunday News, 14 November 1982, p. 2A.

Another short popular piece concerning abandoned logging towns is Bradford R. Smith, "Zealand and Carrigain: Two of the North Country's 'Lost Places'," Magnetic North, 3 (Fall 1985), pp. 16-18, 44-46. Smith was involved in the "North Country Historical Action Project," investigating several of the "lost towns" of northern New Hampshire. (See Marilyn Myers Slade's "Lost Places" for more on this project.) The project was sponsored in part by the North Country Library Cooperative, and included Livermore in its study. Several attempts by this writer and by Kathryn Taylor, of the Littleton Public Library, a member of the cooperative, to contact Bradford Smith to learn more of his findings, have not been successful.

Part II -- Recollections of Livermore

The following six chapters contain edited transcriptions of interviews with a number of persons who had some contact -- some almost fleeting, others decidedly intimate -- with the town of Livermore. The transcriptions include material directly relevant to our knowledge of the town and of its residents, as well as other information which was introduced by the informants, the inclusion of which can help add to our understanding of these persons and of the role that their Livermore experience might play in their lives.

Chapter 4 considers the perspectives of five persons who, for the most part, were only directly acquainted with the town's physical remains. Harry Dodge visited the town in the 1930's, while working in the White Mountain region. Robert Shackford visited the town briefly at about the same time, but later purchased all the private property in the town from Clinton Nash. Al Henn was employed by the U.S. Forest Service, and participated in the construction of the Sawyer River Road. Norman Boisvert visited the town for recreational purposes, mostly in the 1950's; his father had visited the area in the 'teens. Homer Emery worked for the U.S. Forest Service in the area for several decades, and purchased the Livermore schoolhouse for salvage in the 1950's.

In Chapter 5 are interviews with two observers of Livermore, both of whom have engaged in superficial or deeper study of the White Mountains, including the area of or near Livermore. Ben English co-authored a modest picture booklet on the railroad through Crawford

Notch. C. Francis Belcher authored an estimable overview of White Mountain logging railroads, including the Sawyer River Railroad.

Chapter 6 offers perspectives of three women who were neighbors to Livermore, as all three spent some time living in Crawford Notch, associated with the Maine Central Railroad. Doris Clemons grew up at the Willey House Station, and later was postmaster at the Willey House Post Office. Pauline Gardner lived for almost two decades at Sawyer's River Station, as her husband worked on the maintenance crew based there and she, too, worked there. Marguerite Jefferson's father was section foreman at Sawyer's River, and she attended school for two years in Livermore.

Chapters 7, 8, and 9 contain interviews with three people who, for shorter or longer times, resided in Livermore. Fay Ward lived there off and on over about three years in the early 1920's, as her father was engineer on the Sawyer River Railroad. Tom Monahan grew up in the town, from just after his birth in 1907 until about 17 years of age. Lawrence Ramsdell lived in the town for a few years in the early 1920's.

Throughout the interviews, the following conventions are used. Some words were not intelligible when transcribing the recordings of interviews, and these are marked as blanks in parentheses, (). Some words are not entirely clear, these are marked (in parentheses). Places where words, phrases, or sentences are left out, without a perceived alteration in meaning, are marked with an ellipsis...."Stage directions" and the like are marked in [brackets].

Chapter 4

Harry Dodge

I don't remember exactly when it was that I first met Harry Dodge. It was sometime when I was working for the Appalachian Mountain Club. As I started this project on Livermore, I recalled one day working at the information desk at Pinkham Notch Camp, chatting with Harry, whom some might call a garrulous old codger. He's not really *old*, at seventy years of age, and his robust character makes him seem years younger. His physique, kept fit with regular mountain hiking, woods rambling, and skiing, remains a forceful one. His powerful voice commands attention. That day at Pinkham Notch, I recalled, we had been talking about several topics of White Mountain lore, and of some of the relics of the early days in the region, an interest we both shared. I remembered Harry talking about how some of the buildings in Livermore had been demolished, and thought I should contact him for this project. I gave him a phone call, and we arranged a get-together.

I visited him at his home on a warm July morning that started overcast but which became bright and fresh. Harry lives in North Conway, New Hampshire, near Cathedral Ledge in a fairly modern home. Originally from Winchester, Massachusetts, Harry, who had spent many years in the Marine Corps, retired here with his wife, Myrtle, about ten years ago. Harry had mentioned that his wife, as a hobby, grows orchids, and he himself was tending his garden when I arrived. We adjourned to a small, sunny room in his home, surrounded by green and growing things, where we talked.

After some initiating chat, I "got down to business," and brought up the subject of those buildings at Livermore that he had once told me about. Harry refreshed my memory, sometimes choosing his words haltingly as he depicted a haunting scene:

The buildings that, being there, and some of them, but most of them were left completely all, even the boots, people's coats were hanging on the, on the racks and the boots, dishes on the tables were still there, and the store was completely left as if they were gonna, somebody, you say, "Where are the people? Where are the people gone?" And everything but mostly perishable things. And then, they kind of didn't want people around there too much, and Al Henn was working I think for the Forestry at the time, and they went in there and they just pulled out the pins out from underneath that store and everything went right down into the cellar and they just covered it. And the same with the buildings. They didn't take anything, they just, everything right in the cellar. So right now there's stuff still up there in there, in the cellars.

I asked Harry why he thought people didn't take advantage of the situation and remove all those valuable things. He sought an explanation:

Well they didn't, they didn't own it. You see, they were company stores, and company owned, and so everything that, I guess those people felt that they, they bought at the store, they didn't really own it. I don't understand how they just went out and left that. And then the mill down on the side was much more, *intact* than what it is now, and a lot of the people were going up there taking the brick, and there's a lot of the fireplaces built around here of the brick from Livermore, the town of Livermore. And then there was a time when that fellow who has the building there now, the camp,

"Bob Shackford?" I asked.

Right, I don't know how he, he himself, he was related; There was a a house there, not a, like a inn, I would say a inn. A very large inn there that I remember was there. When the Forestry took it, got the land -- now that house was a private house, built there, and it was supposed to go to the Forest Service after the last person of the family had passed away. Well they thought that that woman passed away, was the woman who passed away and they took that and they had a big auction there. I don't remember the year they had the auction there but everybody went up. You went up the road and they had; I

remember seeing these chairs, the chairs that they had out like kitchen chairs and the old fashion chairs, like these rockers this is an old old rocker here. [He gestures to a chair in the room.] And they auctioned it all off. Then all of a sudden up comes an heir. And this Shackford down here and now that was in his family whether it was his mother or somebody at that wasn't the name. Doesn't ring a bell with the name to me. But they auctioned it off. So now the Forestry's in great trouble. And they had quite a time.

I mentioned to Harry that, in some of the research I had done in the files of the Forest Service (also known to some other people in that area as "the Forestry"), it seemed there had been some ambiguity regarding land titles. He gave his assent:

Yes, yes they had, I don't know if they ever had a suit about it or not but they got, the land was there and they had to build a new little building there or that one of those buildings right where that is now I think. I don't know if it's the same building or not that was built there, cause they tried to keep people away from there. I've been thrown out of there three or four times trying to dig around, not *dig* around, I don't dig, *looking* around. Where I knew that the stuff was still there and then other people have been up there and they've taken a lot of that so the Forestry doesn't want people diggin. I could well see their reasoning for it because they'd be people who'd just take and throw the stuff all over the place and then it would be gone.

I was intrigued by Harry's misadventures *looking* around in the area. I asked, "So the Forestry people, who'd throw you off?"

He responded, "Oh yeah, yeah. West."

We exchanged knowing glances and smiles. Don West was known as a somewhat officious Forest Service employee in the local District. Harry continued, "Yeah, yeah I know, he didn't throw me out, he just, 'Harry, what the hell are you doin here? You know you're not s'pposed to.' 'I'm not doin a thing.' Course some of the old beds are still up on the hill, Did you know that?"

"I think I may have seen one there, a year or so ago," I answered.

Harry continued:

Yeah, let me say I haven't been there for two or three years and way up on the back there, back of where the store used to be, and a couple of the foundations way up in the woods, there's still some of them iron beds still laying up in there. And then way up, beyond where you go in to Sawyer River?, the railroad used to go way up three years ago there was part of an engine layin up in there.

I asked for more detail as to the engine and its whereabouts.

Harry provided it:

The end of the road now, where the end of the road is and you go over to Sawyer River, that railroad used to run further up straight up as you know, and I don't know how far up in there quite a ways it was there was if you go up it would be on laying on the left hand side. Pretty good (part) of an engine, a steam engine in there and that was in there for quite a while I don't know if they've cleaned it out or not, I have no idea if they've cleaned that out or not. But Al Henn worked there, I don't know if you know him or not.

I admitted that I didn't know Al Henn, and Harry proceeded to tell me where he lived, and added, "Al Henn, he worked on that railroad when they tore it up."

I wondered who the "they" was, and asked, "So was that the Forestry or the CCC or with the Saunders?"

"He no he was with the Forestry, I think the Forestry because he worked for the railroad for a while."

I asked which of the two railroads near Livermore, "The Sawyer River Railroad or the Maine Central?"

Harry responded, but then launched into another topic:

The Maine Central, and then I don't what happened but he, well one way or the other whether it was Forestry work for the Forestry then he worked for the railroad and then at the end he worked for the liquor commission, in the store there. So Al was in there and then Marion Varney is one who is doin an awful lot of work on Hart's Location.

I had spoken with Mrs. Varney recently. She was doing some historical research on Hart's Location, the Crawford Notch township that borders Livermore. I had asked if she might have come upon any material related to Livermore -- she hadn't -- but also asked her about some gravesites in Hart's Location that Harry Dodge had discussed with me on an earlier occasion. I brought up the subject of the graves, saying, "I asked her about the that gravesite and she said it was north of the Sawyer River whistle stop, I believe she said it was between the railroad and the old road, and a bit closer to the old road."

Harry responded:

Yes of course, that stop, that section place used to be on the other side of the tracks, used to be on the other side of the track, and then they moved it over here and that old road, where the bridge they're fixin now, that was where the old road went in that way, and that's where I got mixed up tryin to find that, the grave, and I'm pretty sure that everything that I got and was lookin at was on the one stone, but she says there's two stones there. There's two stones and Al Henn used to say when they come down I asked him I was lookin for the Cobb cemetery one time and the Cobb cemetery you can't really see from the railroad I don't believe, but he said we used to pass a graveya- stone comin, goin down, and he said well, he didn't say he just said a grave, graveyard, grave there, thing there, and so I think that's the one he was talkin about. Quite near the railroad and I believe that you'll find that that is the one where the eight people from that epidemic that they had probably were buried. Now I'm not quite sure but that must be because I got mixed up not realizing the road had been changed. Now I don't know somebody was trying to say that there could be people buried in that Cobb cemetery that had passed away in the town of Livermore and you've seen that you've been into that Cobb cemetery.... I think it goes back 18, 1820 I guess is the only one that I can read, I don't know if you read that, could find that or not.

I admitted I didn't recall the date, and Harry continued:

Yeah around 1820 I think was one of the first, well earliest one that I could read. Some of em are fallen over and there's a fellow there, Andy Allen, who kind of goes in there kind of looks

after it, or just sees that not too much is dam-, but that's on Forestry land too. So that was, I don't know when that would have been the Cobb farm but about that same period of time.

I returned to a topic he had brought up, that of the epidemic.

Harry followed up, saying:

Well that happened I think that, cause most thing likely people passed away from you know whatever they got, they just died. But there was eight, and I guess the story was that it was, why the stone got there that I understand, is because it was somebody in that epidemic who passed away it was from Conways, and that's how the stones got there. The other people they just didn't know, just didn't do anything. But that's how that stone got there.

I mentioned that elsewhere in my research I had found the record of a young man who was accidentally killed, and about whose family nothing was known. Harry returned, "Yeah, yeah you find that, and they just buried him anywhere where they could in those days." He finished, asking what information Marion Varney had given, "Did she say it was north of the station?"

I answered that I thought she had, though I hadn't yet visited the site. Harry advised me, "Well, you don't tell too many people because people steal those stones, and you just don't want to let certain people, you know you just don't go and say 'Well there's a stone,' (...) cause they'll go in and take those stones and it's too bad that they're not kept up a little bit more."

I acknowledged that there was "occasionally a little bit of a rough crowd" at a nearby camping area, and Harry added, "Yes in there and I guess they just don't know it's there and I'm glad they don't, I'm glad they don't because there is a, I found the house where the Cobb farm used to be and the barn also."

I asked if that was right by the gravesite. Harry answered in the negative:

No, it's further down, you go south, towards the bridge, that first, it's up on the hill a little bit there and where you can see the foundation the brick are in there and then you can see the footprint of the barn where they just built the barn on flat rock and you can see where the entrance to the barn was, it's over in there, and that was part of the Cobb farm. And of course that road went in that way and went across the river and across the other side and came out cause where it'd cross the river, the road crossed between Crawford Notch and there about thirty-two times they say somewhere about in that number and so that's how it wound and you really can't picture it doing that until you get up in to the even on Mount Crawford or up onto Willard, and then you can look down you can see just where that road should have gone. So that's where it did cross. They changed things.

I mentioned that I had seen a couple of other cellar holes in the area. Harry said:

Yes, Yes. I guess the Forestry has been tryin to get all of them they possibly can and of course you find an awful lot of them cellar holes way up in Marlin or Marlow or Marlow Marlin, yeah, in around up in that way there's a lot of em you come across (...) up in there. [Harry might have been referring to Milan, further to the north.] Livermore is quite a little town, yeah. There were a lot of (small) towns, Zealand was the same way.... Hastings, all those lumber, that's all your side roads they're all due to lumbering operations.

I brought up another topic that Marion Varney had mentioned, the apparent existence of a quarry in Hart's Location, near Livermore. I asked, "I was wondering if you had ever come upon anything that would indicate that?"

Harry responded,

No, there were a lot of quarries, the small quarries around, there's one down back here back of this other location. [By the ledges west of North Conway.]...You can see the remnants of that quarry and of course Redstone was the big one, and they started a lot of these little places, quarries around and tryin to dig out iron ore and things like that around in there and i think somewhere over in that Cave Mountain area that's how that started they were tryin to dig iron outta there, iron, and it

didn't do. And of course way up around Gorham and Berlin in all of that section up in there there's all mines still up in there.... But Livermore is just a little town. But you know there was something if people are looking trying to find you know the old maps that they had of the old towns, you don't find too many of them, the old ones, they were on roller shades, that they would pull down, and here would be the map and they got lost because people thought it was just an old roller shade type of thing and they never, never opened it up or took them down because up in Hastings, up in Evans Notch up there they got a lot of there was some of those around and that's how somebody found some of them up in old maps in that old town, sure.

I mentioned that I hoped I would be able to form a map of Livermore, using pictures and other information, as part of the project, "to get a better idea of who lived where and that sort of thing." Harry considered the matter:

Yeah that is most of the old people would say people came, they were transients who worked mostly in the lumber and so you don't know, they would live in this house and that's why the people left the stuff because they would move into a house that somebody for some reason had left, and here was all the dishes and all of the clothing practically and they were just transient people who worked in the lumber. And so that was how it was left. But it was an eerie sight to see and those houses with the stuff in it just as you'd say, "Well they just walked right -- Where did the people go? Who gobbled the people up?" It's like, I've just come back from Newfoundland and my mother, went to a reunion, my mother's side, the Pennell side, and Newfoundland's the same way. When the government, the United States government left Stevensville, the airport down there they left the whole big airport just as if people were gonna be there and nobody there. The hospital was just ready to operate, the schools were left with the books and everything, and all the barracks with the beds all made up and everything. And this was just the way Livermore was ().

I asked Harry, "Do you remember about when your first trip to Livermore was?"

"Oh back in the thirties," he answered, "'37, '38, '37. It was somewhere around in that period in time."

I wondered what it was that had brought him to the tiny woods town. "Now were you working up here at that time?"

"No I was just up here, I think it was, that was the Depression times," he laughed, "and we came up, we used to come up at that time."

I asked what specifically had taken him to Livermore, but his answer didn't really clarify the situation. "Just round, with some people," he said.

Since I understood that some people were still inhabiting Livermore in the 'thirties, I asked if Harry recalled any one living there at the time of his visit. He responded:

There was people I can't remember who they were there was somebody in there living. Whether they were caretaker type people. I think this was the period between the Forestry taking it over and still being owned, still being a township, still being a township that's what it would have been it would have been a township. It would have been a township at that time. Yes it was, and so they must have had people in there living as, I remember and the CC camp was down below and so that kind of (indicated) in with the town of Livermore and I don't know if, that's what they were doing I think they were trying to keep the CC people from getting up in there and just taking stuff. I think that's what it was. Well I don't think anybody knew exactly what was gonna happen there.

I asked if he had seen any signs of active logging on his trip there in the 'thirties. He answered, "No that was pretty well done I think that was. Yes there was logs there there was logs there, the railroad was still there the railroad was still there." How had Harry gotten to Livermore? "Up the railroad, up the railroad tracks. Because that's the only way you could get in really. It was everything had to go in by railroad."

He acknowledged that there was "A path sort of, but they kept the people almost like prisoners, cause everybody, they used to close the gate and couldn't get out except Sunday. That's what they said....

And I think that's why it was all left because the people just walked out and left everything."

"Well where'd they all go?" I asked.

Harry replied, "Who knows, just, it ended, the work there ended and that's why I say they're like migrant people and so they went to the next logging wherever the next thing wherever they could find work."

How did they move out of town? Private cars? Harry answered:

No, they just walked right off, the railroad, and carried practically nothing. I suppose all the stuff that was there in those houses as everybody said was, belonged to the company, or they thought but the store, the store there was just left, they just left everything. You see I suppose the clerk, or the people who worked there they didn't own it and I don't know what happened, this is just, the odd thing, what happened between, who owned, who really would say, "Well that is mine, or this, the supplies here are mine." Those people all walked off and just left. It would be interesting to find out whatever happened to the ledgers you know the store.

I agreed that I would be quite interested in finding the ledgers, and Harry and I discussed possible sources of archival information, including the New Hampshire Historical Society, and Harry noted:

They have that big picture of the, goin through the Notch. That's a big beautiful one. Of course you know people took liberties, like with, the artists, you know if they thought a little building would look good in there they'd put a little building in there and it didn't really belong there but they put it in there you know that's how they would do those things.

I mentioned that I had done some research at the Society, and then Henry proffered a copy of Drake's The Heart of the White Mountains, referring to its section on Livermore. We reviewed the passage briefly together. It included a reference to a "woodcutters' camp," and I mentioned that the woods camps were another topic of interest, and then added that I would also like to find out more about

the C.C.C., both their main camp and a smaller woods camp said to have been located on the trail to Mount Carrigain.

Harry revealed, "Yeah, cause I worked in the CC's."

This was the first I had heard of Harry's involvement in the Civilian Conservation Corps. I responded, "Oh you did? Where were you?"

"I was up, in Hastings for one," he replied, referring to the camp on the Wild River. It had been located at the north end of Evans Notch, just over the border into Maine.

"So you must have worked with Bob Monahan then," I said, referring to a former state senator who had helped run the Hastings camp, and whose name I thought Harry might recognize.

He continued,

Yeah, I don't know who all these people, I was just a good kid, that's all. You asked me how I came up here, that's how I came up here, in the 'thirties, and I worked up in Hastings and I belonged to the CC group. Warren [Warren Hill, a Forest Service employee well known for his participation in the C.C.C.] has got, and there's a few not many of us, not many of us left around, the younger ones, us younger ones, I mean it takes, it's like World War II, you see, I'm up into that, I'm getting to be one of the older ones, and in the CC's I was one of the younger ones, kids, it was back in the thirties, 8, '37 - '38, that's how we were up in here, when we came up here. I was over in Hastings. But we came in from Gilead and coming in that way and that's how we got over this way a little bit you know, and to these other camps and then down into Annis field, that was our big like recreation place. And had big tents set up in there you try to remember, you know your mind tryin to just remember these things and so we used to go up there to that one up there it's Livermore and you'd be around or the trucks would take you around. But that was the one that was Hastings I was quite interested. We planted all of the, we planted all of those trees in there where the campground is now with little red pines. And that was the township of Hastings in there. And I was over in there the other,... in the fall is the good time or early spring to go into the woods if you want to find, I find to find foundations or places. And I was up at Hastings and there's an old, the old part of the bus, one of the busses that used to take us, just the

top of the bus laying over in the woods over in there. But that's how we got up in here. And there's not too many now around.

I noted that I had seen Warren Hill just the day before at the dedication of some informational markers at a Forest Service campground that had once served as a C.C.C. camp. Harry continued:

Yeah, I gave Warren a lot of pictures that we had of the CC's, I had it was like a yearbook that came out and a couple of people in it. They were regular soft-covered yearbooks, the different companies all lined up. That was, but I don't remember a CC camp bein up in there, up way up in there [on the trail to Mount Carrigain]. It would have been part of, you know there was, it could a been not so much the CC camp but you know a lot of the officers or the people who were the woods bosses we used to call em, they weren't actually CC people, they were the people who were here and we called them the woods boss and they were, the civilians who lived here and were in charge of the cutting, they knew the woods. We didn't know one tree from another tree and so they had these little cabins set aside for their own private license. So that's where you might see them. That's like down here on the Kanc, you know goin into the Sawyer River that way, okay, over on the right there's foundations in there, have you seen those? I mean, I don't know if they're foundations but they're remnants of cabins. Now these were the woods bosses they lived out by themselves, they were away from the camp, they were a little bit better than, you know, I mean that was their privilege you see, they were, they had these little cabins, set away.... So they had their little places and they had them set out like that so they had their own privacy. Well that's probably what they could have been very well have been, like the ones down here, goin to the Sawyer River that way, they were there. That's probably what you'd find.

I asked he had spent much time at the Livermore Camp, and he replied, "No just, you know, one camp that those days looked just like another camp, just like, military camps today, turn yourself around three or four times and they're all the same. But they were you know, they, the chimneys are still there."

I told him, "I know Marion also is interested in the history of the camp there."

He replied, "Yes, I couldn't tell her too much about it because we had talked a lot about that." He spoke a bit about another topic Mrs. Varney was investigating, then added, "I don't know how much she's got on the town of Livermore."

I said that she hadn't come upon much, which did not surprise him. "You know I think it's, it's one of those logging towns that was there and then it's gone. And I think there's only a certain amount you're gonna get," he said.

I mentioned some of my hopes for getting more information, and opined that perhaps some day the Forest Service or the state might be interested in an archaeological excavation at the town. Harry responded:

I would think that they would start to do something because, we laugh, down here in back of Covered Bridge [site of a Forest Service campground] they came across a foundation there's one there you know that they have really dug out and they were taking the layers you know with the squares. And I went down there and they were trying to make a little come out from Covered Bridge they were gonna make a path come out to this little foundation. And they thought it was a house that had been there and I guess it was at one time. They found the well and they found some other things there and I went down there, course I'm not that patient, I want to dig out, I don't want to take the time. They were diggin there, I wanted to go in there with a bulldozer. They did come up with a little doll thing, and then they came across a lock, and this was a big find. And I looked at the lock, and I didn't say anything, I said, "Gee you know that lock looks awful familiar," and I says, "You know that lock is not, that's a CC lock. It's a government lock." And you know those kind of locks that the old postmen used to have, every postman used to carry a key you know and just (turn) for all the postal boxes? Well that's the kind of locks we had, for the buildings.

Come to find out and I was talkin with Warren and talkin about it, and he says, "Yeah, they're down there diggin," he says, "Let em have their fun," he says. And it was, he says it was a house at one time but he says at the last of it it was a CC storage building. And I says, "Well that's where the lock came from." That's where they found the lock, right where they thought, the front door lock.

But Livermore, I would think they would get in there and they would want to do it up and my real idea of that would be to undo as much as you can and then put these little stanchions or posts with, if you could get like what the house looked like and put it on it with a little caption or something that this was here and this was the town of Livermore, because it's an ideal spot for it ideal spot for tourists to go up to see.... it would be an ideal spot. That would be an ideal thing for somebody like yourself to start doin, if they would let you do it....You'll be surprised what you may find in that store front. Course you can get in there in the bottom you can still see the safe.

We discussed the site of the village, the road, and the railroad in vague terms, looking at a few pictures Harry had copied from some publications on the town. He recalled some pulpwood that he had seen there. "Pulp rather than sawlogs?" I asked.

He answered:

Yes, yeah. Yeah it was all pulp, and that's what, I found, everything went to pulp. And when they were cutting before the pulp came, for houses or ships they would select the big trees, but when the pulp came they just took everything right out cause everything is second cutting in there now. You know it's all, they just they just clear it right out, just no rhyme nor reason they were, wood was wood, you cut, you just kept on cuttin and cuttin and cuttin. And then I guess evidently whatever I don't know what happened why it stopped.

Following up on this comment, I asked, "So when you were in there say in the 'thirties, did it look like the whole area had been cut over at that time?"

Harry replied:

It was growing up, cutting, but it was all yeah, it was just just like you see just cut right out cut right out and that's what the CC's was tryin to stop was tryin to stop the erosion mostly you know and doing that. Course different camps were doing different things in these places. And it was up to Hastings was the same way. Every every group had about the same thing and course they were tryin to keep us busy, it was make work more than anything, then the biggest things was the trails. Doing the, cutting the trails through...

What they were doing at Hastings was cutting the road through, we were working on that road... Evans Notch, that's we were cutting that through, we were workin on that Evans Notch. Course the old railroad used to run up through there too. There

was a railroad that ran up into what Lost River, yeah, that was a railroad that went up in there. But that was all gone when we were there it was all gone and they had just put us into a camp made a camp and doing, we were actually the road, that was our *our* main thing was that road, that group, the group that was in there was the road, cutting the road through. Because the old railroad was supposed to have gone up through there, the old Maine Central, and then Eastman put a stop to that cause that was gonna go through the other way.... He didn't want it to go through there, and connect on to the other railroad goin up Shelburne. So this is where that railroad come through (you found that out).

But I don't know what Evans, what Livermore. See Livermore was not a big camp, it was not a large, like we were all two hundred, and I'm gonna say there they didn't have much more than a hundred, hundred and fif-, hundred people, a hundred in there. It was a very small camp. But the, most of the others were over two hundred. You put two hundred people together you know you don't really know who is who at that age you know we were just, "Do what you're told and work and don't stop workin till we tell you to stop workin." [He laughs.] But I think they had a lot to do with erosion up in there, tryin to plant new trees that's exactly what they were doin plantin new, they were planting new trees a lot of them, and that's exactly what they were doin at Livermore. Planting new trees where the trees were taken out of there. All along. Course they don't do that anymore. That's what Livermore, I think primarily that's what the Livermore camp was doin, tryin to redo the damage that the lumber people had done up in there. That's exactly what was going on. Up in there.

"They did a good job," I remarked.

Harry continued,

Yeah, well, that one at Hastings I remember we had to, they didn't do that, they just went around planting the trees, but the one at Hastings they had to be stock standing tall everyone had a certain I don't know why. What they were doing was trying to take and do away with the town or any signs of the town, and exactly what has happened to Hastings, and I think this is exactly what's happened at Livermore. They tried to wipe that right out, and of course that didn't go off and that was again in the state of limbo between the Forestry taking it even when the CC's were there cause that was still, when that CC camp was there that town of Livermore was still part of the township of Livermore. And I think the CC's could only do a certain amount there, I mean they had the surrounding forests and I really don't know of course that's all Livermore. That Livermore goes way way back, that goes all the way back to the Kanc, and over the Kanc.... So, I think that the Forestry Service had some of the land at that time but not actually that township, or the so many acres that the town of Livermore where the

buildings were. I think that's what you will find. And they were trying to do the rest of it. And who owned the railroad going all the way up, it only went up, well it went quite a ways and then the spur went up towards Carrigain that way. But that map in the front of that other old book [Drake] shows you the township of Livermore I think you've seen it haven't you.

We briefly discussed the book, and I asked Harry, "You said you had been there in the 'thirties?"

He replied,

That's when we were in here, when the CC's were in here as a young kid, you know, you really weren't paying too much attention to what was there you know I mean, it was there so it was there and I'm tryin to get my computer here workin [He points to his head and laughs.] and it's pretty hard to, you know, I think if anybody like if you got a hold of Al, he'd probably tell you somethin different about more of the taking of the old tracks up, and taking up or destroying the buildings cause he was there he says when they destroyed the buildings. So he could tell you more about that. On that end. But that's not so much what you're trying to get is the history of who was there and the names of the people.

I remarked that I would be interested in what Al had to say, since every bit helped, adding to a fuller picture of the town. I still wanted to know more about his own early visit to the town. Knowing him as a hiker, I asked if he had visited Mount Carrigain on that trip.

"Oh yes we were around Mount Carrigain," he replied.

"Was there a fire watch up there at that time?" I asked.

Harry did not recall the tower clearly, though he acknowledged, "There was something there, I don't remember exactly what it was but I don't know if there's any pictures of it around."

I confirmed that I would be interested in knowing more about the Carrigain firetower, too. Harry recognized why, then moved back to an earlier relic, saying, "Because that's in part of the Livermore township. But I don't know if that old train is still way up in there or

not. Parts of it. Now that you got me interested I'm gonna start scroungin around more, see if I can."

I admitted that if he wanted some company scrounging, he'd be welcome to give me a call. I then asked for some place-name lore, about a particular site mentioned in the A.M.C. guidebook, "Hayshed Field." He didn't know the origin of the name, but was willing to comment on it:

Well a lot of it you know, intervalles or open spots are trees where nature has done it is like down to Passaconaway. You can't really figure and you go down there and you say to people, "Well this used to be all farmland, or a lot of open farmland," and Christ it's all trees now. Can't be. Well it was, it's just nature, it's just just grown in. It's just grown in there. And, but the logging camps I think are pretty hard I have like up to Hastings and some of the others or even just this one when I was really interested in Livermore to find the people. It's very hard to find the people. Because I said they were transients and you'll find a lot of them did not stay. You may find one or two families that might have stayed that got a job like with the railroad.

Harry referred to a possible informant in Bartlett, and tried to recall some of the last residents of Livermore. "Well," I said, "there was a Platt and a McDonald. Joe Platt and I think Bill McDonald."

He responded,

Now it could have been one of those two men that is at is still in Bartlett if he hasn't passed away, that was one of the last people out of that town and was one of the caretakers or one of the people that was up in there and keepin everybody, "You don't go up in there." That's when we were, back in the CC's. "You don't go there. Keep outta there." And that was sort of a no no land. And as soon as they told people, not for us because we were from Hastings, but the other group that was, they would go up there. So you know a lot of the CC people could have gotten some of the stuff. I don't know why I have no reason to, reason why they would have taken, you know like lanterns or anything, but as Al Henn said they just dropped everything right in that cellar hole. And the safe is there now people have got the legs off of it.

I mentioned that I planned to visit the site with a representative from the Forest Service. We chatted for a while about several Forest Service topics, including fire towers and Forest Service personnel. Harry returned to the topic of Livermore, and I asked him if he had taken any trips there since the 'thirties. He told me:

Oh yes, I've been back there quite a few, you know, now, and even in the, up until about two years ago, I haven't been up in there much, and I kind of stayed away from that Sawyer River that, from going in to the Pond, a pretty rough crowd's in there and, I go it alone. You know, I kind of like to keep away from the rough places and they've had a lot of trouble up in there.

Sawyer Pond did have a reputation as a "hang-out" for a rough bunch back in the 'sixties and early 'seventies, I admitted. Harry continued:

Yes I think that people, yes I think things have calmed off. You used to go back into that, it was like up to Mountain Pond. Now that, one of those built camps that was there was built by the CC's. That was all built by the C. Do you remember the little cottage that was in there? At Mountain Pond?

I replied that I had never visited it, but that I had heard of it. He said:

Oh that was a nice log cabin, a real nice log cabin the C's built in there. And the last time Dan Sullivan who was my very good friend who passed away we used to do a lot of hiking together and we went in there and it was horrible. And that's just the next year they tore it down. Because people got in there and, "It was mine, you can't come in," and it was, so they tore it down. They done a lot of em, they've had to get rid of a lot of. In the Dry River they've had to get rid of the first shelters, they've got rid of those, because people were just camping right there staying right there for the whole summer if they possibly could....But they, there's an awful lot of em up there in that Livermore a lot of em up at the trail. I call it the end of the, where the turn-around is where the swing bridge goes across there. But that is the railroad bridge still went way up further. And that's where that locomotive, three years ago it was there, it's kind of rolled over you know pieces whatever people could carry away are gone. But the big old smokestack

was there, the boiler part, part of the cab, it wasn't a big one it was one of them small logging ones.

I asked for some more specifics on the site of the locomotive.

Harry responded:

Yeah, about a mile or so beyond the end of the road, give or take a little bit there. That's where the track went, up in that, up around that way. It's down over, you have to go down. It's not right by the path, you have to, that's why the fall, or the early spring. That's how I spotted it. Well I knew it was there, they told me it was there and, there was one up there. You go up there in the summertime you wouldn't see it worth nothing. And in the fall or early spring. And if you're really looking, you've got to be looking for it because you'd say it's black and you'd say, "Well it's a rock."

I asked if the locomotive was in the river, and Harry responded:

No, it wasn't in the river, it was laying over on the side. It looked like they had just pulled it, the tracks had gone you know and it was all overgrown and it was kind of funny, you know, you'd say to yourself, "Well, how did this get here?" There were no remnants of the roadbed.

I asked, "Well, was it close enough that it had?"

Harry said:

Yes, it must have, well the road bed must have went there. But I think they had redone it. You know, pulled it, made it so it didn't look like a roadbed anymore. That's what they do, which they had done. There's a lot of those they had just taken and you know pulled it over and scratched it out so it didn't look like a roadbed anymore. I don't know why but they didn't want people to, no I guess that's just the way they were doing it. But that's where it lays. It's like pieces up there in Dismal Pool. You've seen some of those in there, some of the wheels I guess are still down in there.

I had heard about a railroad accident at the head of Crawford Notch, where some train cars had derailed and fallen into Dismal Pool.

We chatted for a while on railroad matters. Harry noted that some logging railroads were narrow gauge, but not the one at Livermore:

But that one couldn't because where it came out and went on to the spur of the Maine Central, it had to be the standard

gauge. And that's just about where those graves are....And it actually the road is straight in, and that road was made straight in because of the CC camp was there and that was part of the going in the C (). But that railroad came out way up....and you can see in the woods the flat part because that's where I went in looking for that grave, and I said, "It's set near the end of the railroad," and not thinking that the road had changed, I forgot all about that road changing, going over until Marion Varney told me that the graves were over there, but she says, "There's two stones. There's two stones," so maybe it's not the grave maybe it's something else. But I can't see that there would not be. But everything mentions one stone. And the name that's on there, I thought she said the names that were on there. Did she tell you the names? They're Swedish aren't they?

I said I didn't know, and that Marion Varney hadn't mentioned the name. Regardless, Harry affirmed, "Well then that must be pretty much the one. I'd almost want to say that was the one."

I mentioned Robert Pike's account of an epidemic in Conway, and that it seemed a bit puzzling. Harry explained:

This is what I, you know, you go into history, and things have a way of changing, just a little bit. Now you change it, somebody else changes it, and you'll find that it's not quite the, you know, they change just a little bit. But I think you'll find that could be the grave. It must be because it's right where they said it was in the books, and Marion says, she didn't know, of course she's only new to the area. You know they're not, haven't been here that long.

We chatted for a moment about the Varneys, and ranged briefly over a few more topics, and then Harry moved on to consider the remains of Livermore:

I don't know about the houses, you'd have to actually get Al Henn about what they did with the houses and the stuff that was in the house, but he did say that the store was, they went in there and they pulled the main supports out of that, and then everything went down into the cellar, he says, lanterns all kinds of stuff that you'd find in a general store in those days. And down in it, and they just covered it. But now you can get in that, am I right there's a little entrance way there, it's up, up on the hill, it's up on the right hand side, and you really see it in the spring, not so much now, you'd never see it now, you'd never find it now, but that entrance that went down into the cellar hole, down into the part of the cellar of that store, and that's where the safe is, right in that entrance way. Well that

store was 'longated I think, and all that stuff they, you know there must be some pretty good stuff down in there if that's the true story, of what they did. And this is where you may find if you could get in there just for a qui- with somebody just for a quick real look that had some authority to say, "You can do this," you know. And you may find something.

I brought up doing more research on the buildings and their residents, and Harry added:

Course you know the logging camps, as I remember seein, they weren't the best of living conditions for the people. People were just, matter of fact the horse had more value than the human life. I mean if they, if it came down to, as the old people used to say if it come down to a human life or the horse, we're gonna save the horse, see, cause they can always get another human being but they can't get another human horse up here. And so I think you'll find that they were pretty shacky places. As I remember it, it was just no rhyme nor reason, no laid out town to a point that like we have now. It was just, "Well, we'll put a buildin here. Need somebody, we'll put another buildin over there." Well, they didn't need that buildin anymore, they either tore it down or it burnt down.

And so the records wouldn't show an actual town plan, if that's what you're looking for. I've looked, and I looked at the, down in the Historic Society of New Hampshire and for maps, and they have maps, of towns, but the very little or nothing of logging towns which they call logging towns. That are no longer that were there and went. It was almost like they built them the idea they weren't gonna be there. But they got there so long that the people needed these services like a post office to mail a letter so they put in a post office so they called it the town of Livermore, or they called it the town of Hastings or the town of Zealand, and then it just dissolves. When the people left it dissolved. There was nothing there casual to hold the people there any longer. Nothing there for the people to get their teeth into, to build something, nothing else there for them to do. And so I think this is what you're going to find.

I asked Harry if he remembered any structures on the south side of the Sawyer River at Livermore. He told me:

Yes there was something. I call it the sluiceway right there from the, where the mill was. There was a bridge goin across there. And there was buildings up on that side of that hill. But there was a definite bridge going acrost somewhere in that sluice way area. And I remember the bridge. And there was buildings up there but I couldn't tell you what, whether they were just houses or what they were. But that didn't go too far in there, I don't believe. I think that only went across that bridge and then there was, there was something up on the hill. And I think they

were destroyed when we were there. There was nothing, there were no, there was the chimneys, there was a lot of that, a chimney'd be left, or the foundation where the rock would be there. And this is what you find happened cause they had no cellars. They had actually, no. There was a few, like the store had a foundation. Then there was a couple of other buildings there that had a foundation. Now could have that been across the road where the Saunders lived?

I said that I thought the Saunders' place had been across from the store, and that I thought there had also been some houses up the hill from the store. Harry commented:

But that town seemed to have a little bit more body to it shall we say, because there was that rooming house. Now that was down further. Coming up it would be the first one that you run into. It was on the left hand side near the river. That's the one they had all the trouble with, the Forestry had all the trouble with. And then they built the, well the foundation's still there, I'm pretty sure part of that foundation's still there, of that house, rooming house. Because that's where they built that cabin, the cabin is built or his cabin is built a little bit further up. It would have been the first one on the left hand side comin in.

I recalled seeing some concrete piers, was that where the rooming house had stood? Harry answered affirmatively:

I think that's where the rooming house sat. I'm almost sure that's where the rooming house sat, on those piers. Yes, that's what I was trying to say. They're below his little cabin down near the river. I think that's where the rooming house sat. Because you can look, there wasn't too much buildable land or flat land to really build a big thing and you'll find, you can see that they're all pretty small, and from the pictures they were pretty shacky, pretty shacky.

The question also came up as to what happened to the contents of the safe which Harry had described:

Whatever happened to the stuff that was in the safe? Nobody knows. I tried to ask Al, I said, "Was the safe, had anything in it?" "Well, we don't know, we were just workin, we were only doin what we were told." Probably not. Probably somebody had emptied it out and probably somebody stuck it and a lot of the stuff could be in somebody's attic someplace. And whether he would have any of it or not I don't know.

Our talk then veered over a number of topics, including crews of the Appalachian Mountain Club, the hermit of Crawford Notch, stone profiles, and Harry's efforts in tracing his family history, and the more "structured" part of get together concluded.

Our visit, though, continued. Harry wanted to show me the fruits of some of his hobbies. He showed me some of the lead soldiers he makes, and his workshop where he assembles and paints them. We then went outside, where he showed me some of the various artifacts he had collected in the woods over the years, miscellaneous tool heads, horseshoes, stove dampers, ladles and such. I'm sure the Forest Service wouldn't be too keen about his carrying off these knick-knacks, but he is certainly not the only person who totes away a few mementos of old logging camps and such. Then we went to his garage, where Harry showed me a few photos he had taken on some recent hikes, some of his woodworking materials, and his Nash Continental, a vintage automobile that he is slowly restoring.

We continued chatting for some time and, before I left, we considered the possibility of going in sometime to Livermore to look around a bit at some of the things we had just been discussing.

What had I learned during my morning with Harry Dodge? Reviewing the recording of our meeting, I felt, for one, that I hadn't given him enough liberty in discussing his recollections of the past, and in the telling of his own adventures. I had been too interested in Livermore and its details, and not tuned in enough to Harry and his own experiences.

But, since Livermore was the focal point for my investigation, I had to consider it, and it seemed that, for information about the town and its people, Harry was short of the ideal source. His contact with the town was slight, with the town's people essentially none. It seemed that his explanation of the changes Livermore had undergone were to some extent personal speculation.

Yet in spite of that, Livermore meant something, and means something, to Harry Dodge. His vision of the village store, caved-in while still full of merchandise, was a haunting one. His description of the deserted homes, suddenly abandoned by their residents, was a poignant one.

He mentioned some of his rambles in search of artifacts of the past, simple relics of people from days gone by. He showed me some of the ill-gotten gains after our interview: broken tools and such, which he had cleaned, painted, and put in a special place. While such items could no longer serve a utilitarian purpose, they still played a role in physically embodying the past.

The past that Harry combed the woods for was not always a foreign one. On the contrary, some of the locales of his woods wandering stirred up memories of his own earlier experiences in the White Mountains. Experiences which at first he was not keen on sharing, as his initial response about his first trip to Livermore was a vague one; only later did he admit it was during his term as a C.C.C. enrollee. Once that admission was made, he spoke most freely about his life in the C.C.C, and recalled more recent revisiting to those locales. A walk about the former "C.C." camp at Hastings allowed him to discover

part of the old bus that he used to travel in when he helped build the road through Evans Notch. Poking about the Covered Bridge area led to the discovery of an old lock, "a C.C. lock," a small item which apparently puzzled the archaeological professionals, but which he and another sharer of his past, Warren Hill, recognized as a tiny artifact which could unlock some of their early experiences.

Harry noted that artists will introduce new elements into a scene, adding a house here or there, for better effect. Harry also noted that the nature of historical accounts is that "things have a way of changing, just a little bit." A follow-up trip with Harry to the site of Livermore did not confirm Harry's description of a storehouse caved-in on itself, with a cellar-full of merchandise awaiting the explorer, but no matter. One might observe that Harry's rendition of scenes of abandoned Livermore may have elements added, or altered, because that is the nature of art, and of people's relating of the past. What some might call Harry's speculation others might consider creative imagination. That imagination is stirred by simple broken pieces of iron, or stone foundations, to consider the lives of those desperate people who lived in rough dwellings, eking out a living "in the lumber." Perhaps there is no basement full of wares in the old mill village, but, for Harry Dodge, Livermore still can be a place of buried treasure.

Robert Shackford

One of the first persons I was directed to in my research on Livermore was Robert Shackford, of Center Conway, New Hampshire. Now retired, he had worked as a bus driver, heavy equipment operator, and had run a trash-hauling firm. The few newspaper articles on the town mentioned that he was now the sole private landowner in Livermore, with a camp at the site of the old village. Ann Cullinan, of the Conway Public Library, referred to him as "the mayor of Livermore." So I gave him a call, and found him quite welcoming to a visit. I drove down to his home on a warm mid-summer evening. I found his residence with no difficulty, a new, white, mobile home. Across the lot from the home I saw a racing car, evidently belonging to his son, whose name I had read in local racing reports over the preceding few years.

I sat with Bob Shackford at a counter in his home, poring over an album of photographs from the Sawyer River country. He spoke with a deep, gravelly voice, in short phrases. He often lacked in clear articulation (which is why this rendition of our discussion will have numerous parentheses, marking uncertain words). It was only later in the interview I connected this with a significant lung problem.

One of the first topics that Mr. Shackford discussed was the Sawyer River Railroad.

Well, I think, Tom [Monahan] could verify it cause he'd know more about it. I think they had two trains, this train here [referring to a photo of the *C.W. Saunders*] and then another one. They'd haul from Livermore down to the railroad, the logs,

the railroad went up where the road does now. If you look on the left goin up you'll see, next to the river, the old road, that was the main road, and you come in to the yard there where my place is there and....Let's see that railroad come in up there by the front of the camp.

I remarked that, from photos and from trips to the village it looked like the railroad crossed the river near the village. He responded:

Yeah, you know where, you know where you go down in back of my place, there's a stone wall there. On the right hand side of that driveway, you see kind of a hill or a mound there, all the way down through there. Railroad ran on top of that thing. In fact I got a picture. Let's see. There's the railroad crossing right the front of the house. Seems yeah to go down through there then it crossed and went up. The driveway's in here see.

We looked at the pictures, some of which had come from Tom Monahan, trying to transfer the photos from years ago to the land of today with which both of us were more familiar. Mr. Shackford pointed out "the towers," concrete stanchions which stood in or near the Sawyer River. They evidently served as a part of the village water supply, utilizing "a reservoir it's still up on the mountain there," a reservoir Mr. Shackford still uses for his camp.

I asked Mr. Shackford if the large house had still been standing when he had purchased the property. He replied affirmatively:

Yup. it was. The house and the barn was there and the garage there. The post office was right across the way, that's where the safe's in the cellar. By the post office. But that railroad come right in and cross there, it come right down across....When you cross the river, just above there, it went on the other side of the river all the way up through. That was, they had a pond, a mill pond see in there. In fact from the road you can see this boiler room.

The purpose of the pond, he told me, was for storing the logs before bringing them into the mill.

Wanting to know more about Livermore's products, I asked, "Were they just using saw logs or did they ever go to pulp there?"

Mr. Shackford responded:

No, just saw. He told me that, when I bought it, they used to, they sawed all spruce. All spruce out there. Tom, his father, was the boss. And he could tell you a lot about that. I think you'll find that's all spruce. I bought it off from the Saunders' lawyer, for the Saunders'.

"Nash?" I asked.

Mr. Shackford answered:

Nash. He was the last one left. And the Saunders girls are all gone, and I own both sides of the road there. I own, in fact I own more on the right hand side than I do on the left. But all the Saunders were gone....And I bought it off from him. He wanted to sell it to somebody up here, a native, and, course I've always lived here. He sold it to me. Course the government wants it bad, they'd really like to have it. But I tell you I don't want to split it up. I've had a chance to sell it, hundreds of chances. But the government got, I told the government they'd get the first chance. Because I tell you, you sell that, split it, they're going to build condominiums, they're going to do this, they're going to do that. And I don't see it. So I've kept the whole thing.

I shared some information I had come upon in the Forest Service files with Mr. Shackford, saying, "I can remember reading one letter in the file in the Forestry down in Laconia. I guess Nash at one point offered it to them but ("He did," interjected Mr. Shackford.) they said, 'We probably couldn't afford what you want for it.'"

He affirmed:

That's right, that's right. He done the same thing he done to me. I wrote to him I wanted a place, back in them days there was no call for a place like that see. () And so I wrote to him. I got a sister in real estate writin to him and asked him, "How much you'd take for it?" And he wrote back, told me to make an offer. So I says all right, () so I said, I wrote to him and said, "You tell what you want, and I'll go from there." One side of the road. He wrote back and he said, "I want to sell

both sides of the road, and if you want it," he says, "I'll sell both sides for twenty-eight hundred." Whole damn thing. Gees. And you know, I had a hard time to get twenty-eight hundred. Back them days, see, you know that was a lot of money for, for something like that, you know. But they sold that place up there when I had the abstract I think it was say, I can't remember. He sold that place, Saunders did for...

Filling in a pause, I said, "I read it, sounded like it was 250 thousand, something like that."

Mr. Shackford offered some agreement, saying, "Yeah, something like, something like that and he give it all away. He gave most of it away, yeah. He had money evidently, cause I heard that he give it to Episcopal missionary work and, he was a religious man."

Intrigued by the character of Mr. Nash, I asked, "Now what kind of fellow was he? From what I read it sounded like he was, I'd say an interesting person."

Mr. Shackford replied:

Well he was he was a very, he was a very odd guy, you'd say. The reason he didn't sell to the government, he had trouble with the government. They thought they owned the place, see. They thought in the deed when the Saunders was dead, it would go to the government, automatic. And so when they died, the government took possession of it. And they didn't stop and read the deed cause Nash owned it, see. So they had an auction, they sold all the furniture. He come up here. He told me there wasn't a bit of furniture in the house, they sold it all. Well, gees he was pretty mad I guess, and boy he () the house. They thought they owned it, they finally, the government didn't own it. So he was on the outs with them after that....

They got if fixed up I don't know how they fixed it up. He did come up here after that, he stayed up in the room upstairs. There was twenty-six rooms in the house. There was four big fireplaces. There was, downstairs it's all oak finish. I kinda like to've kept the house, I tried to, for a while, but somebody'd go in there and they'd, ahh they'd raise hell with it, stave it all to pieces.

I asked when those incidents had occurred, and Mr. Shackford responded:

Ah about '60, oh I'd say about '59 '60, takin a guess. And I had a lot of trouble then, I had two staircases one in the back one in the front. The one in the front was all solid oak, the one in the back was all maple. And a guy wanted to buy that one in the back. And before he could come up the next weekend, somebody went there with an axe and just chipped the banister a little bit, you know, and spoiled it. And I had boarded it up you know, they'd go up there and they'd tear the boards off. They'd go in and oh they raised the devil. So I said the devil with it, get rid of it. I give it to the Boy Scouts in Bartlett, to tear it down, and they were building at that time a clubhouse down in Bartlett so they went down. They tore what they wanted. I say, "You tear what you want down?" They says, "Oh, oh yes." And I burned it. So they did, they tore down what they wanted. What they didn't want they left. I burned it after that.

I asked when he had burned it, and he estimated, "I would say probably sixty-. Well. I don't know, I guess. Gee, you know time goes so quick. I'll say around '65."

I asked how long that had been after he purchased the property, and he told me:

Well I'd had it probably -- four or five years, four years about. Course I'd really like to have kept it, I tried to do it. (.....). That was back in the beginning of the hippie times. Ahh boy, I'll tell ya. When I'd go up there I'd have a loaded revolver all the time in there. And they'd break in there, they'd go to the bathroom in the drawers, ahh you never saw such filth in your life. I got sick of it, I got so sick of it, I said, "Well I'll get rid of it." I kept the barn and the garage for a while. (Even that they kept breakin in.) So I finally burned the rest of it. (Get it all over.) Then I built this camp. They'd bother it, boy, they'd break into it. I don't keep nothing there, anything valuable. I know what they'd do, they'd lug it off. I had fryin pans in there and they'd lug em off, they'd lug off anything. I had a soapstone sink in the other house, the big house. And I brought that outside cause somebody might want it and somebody took a hammer to it, chipped it, you know, you couldn't keep nothing there. So far up in there, you see, that's why I had to do it. But the government of course watched it for me, if anybody was around there they would let me know. But you see, you can't be there all the time.

I asked, "Has that problem gotten any better over the last few years?"

He replied:

Yeah, oh yeah. After the hippie thing got over it warn't too bad up there. Now they don't, of course I don't leave anything in there and I take my camper when I go up on my own. My oldest boy he got the camp, and he and his family goes up there, and his boy. So I don't go in very often. In fact I don't go up there very often anyway. () I went there last Sunday, but I don't, I don't go up like I used to. But it is a nice place to go. () I've locked it up down there because I just can't hoof it up there. () But when that was open, I tell you you go down in there and you never saw such a mess in your life. Ohh, terrible. But you know only one percent does that. Most people, they're no trouble. Just takes one, one to raise the devil. They'd get in and they'd target practice. They'd take it. They'd line up cans and bottles up on there for target practice and leave em right there on the ground. The government cleaned up a couple a times, and I cleaned up a couple a times. I says, "Hell, I'm gonna lock it up," so I did. Too bad cause, I never put no signs on it, cause I don't care who goes down in there but. But they walk down in there you don't believe so much stuff they do in there.... Too bad though, cause it is a nice place to go. Good place to go swimmin right down back of the house.

I asked Mr. Shackford if Clinton Nash had ever returned to Livermore after he had sold the property. He replied:

No he, I saw him a coupla times. In fact I went to Boston in the last year he was livin. And he wanted to know if I was gonna build a house, eventually. Up on the other side of the road on them, High Road there. I told him no, I didn't think so. It's too hard to get up in there in the winter.... But I sold the timber on the other side of the road. I sold it off couple three, four years ago. But I didn't sell the land, I just kept that. But you split it up, and eventually it'd be gone, you know. (So I've tried and kept it together.)

I asked if he knew when Mr. Nash had passed away, and was told that it was only about six months after Mr. Shackford had visited him in Boston. "That was in his nineties?" I asked.

Mr. Shackford affirmed:

Yeah he was in his nineties, his mind was good. But he was a very odd guy, he was an odd (one). He, when he had the town there, he tried to keep the town goin in there, somebody

told me this cause, I don't know if he told me or somebody else told me. I think he told me, I don't know, but anyway. The train was there, there was one locomotive still there. And he tried to get the people to stay there. And he sent em up in the woods, to cut trees, cordwood, all winter. They cut all winter long. And they brought it down by rail down to the field there. And they stacked it in I think it was 800 cord of wood, 8, 900 cord of wood. And he went down to -- Nelson Beal [?] told me, cause it was somebody that lived there -- he went down to Portland and he got a buyer. He offered quite a lot of money for the wood. Cause it was good wood, rock maple and such. And he never sold it, left it right there. He never sold it. The only he done it for is just to keep the people goin. You thought he would a sold it but he never sold it. He wanted more money for it. They wouldn't pay it, and it rotted up there.

I asked if that had occurred in the early 'thirties, and Mr.

Shackford responded, saying:

Must a been around the early thirties. I don't know exactly what year it was maybe Tom could tell ya. He was real odd. He'd get mad at ya. He got mad at the government, another thing he got at up there. They () across the river there. And they had a bridge across there. And I guess they asked him if they could cross his place and he said yes. So when they was loggin, they broke that water pipe off go down through into the town. Of course the government didn't do it but the guys that were loggin (). So when he come up the next spring, an old waterpipe broke. So he asked the government to fix it and they, one of them things, they didn't (). He was somethin.

He didn't get along at all with, you probably don't remember Mrs. Morey?

I admitted that I had never met Florence Morey, the woman who, for many years, had owned the Inn Unique a few miles northeast of Livermore in Crawford Notch, but that I had heard about her. Mr. Shackford remarked, "Florence Morey. I knew her well. She was of course was up there to the Bemis place. And he and she fight like a cat and dog. She was really odd. I always got along good with her. Never had no trouble." On one occasion she had tried to interest Mr. Shackford in salvaging an old railroad building in the Notch, but the

enormity of the task dissuaded him from attempting it, but not without some regret:

I didn't think I wanted to bother with it. Too bad though, it's a nice house, it was a nice house. But I was awful sorry they burnt that place.....I hated to see it burn. I knew it was gonno, but I couldn't do anything. She was a funny woman. She used me good. She was never, I had no trouble after he, course he, Nash and her oh they fought awful.

"What'd they fight about?" I asked.

Mr. Shackford answered, "Everything. everything -- the flower garden wasn't right, and she'd go up there and get after him about the flower garden. He don't plant the right kind of flowers, or he was (). And he had a good temper, and he'd tell her (). But she was always particular about something."

I asked if she had been friends with the Saunders sisters, and Mr. Shackford replied, "Yeah, she knew them and they got along pretty good I guess there. I don't know the Saunders sisters, I never met them. I knew Nash personally. I knew Florence personally."

I tried to find out more about how Nash had come to acquire the property, and was told:

Yeah, I got an abstract somewhere. They bought that land, the Saunders bought it directly from the governor of New Hampshire. And maybe Tom can tell you but I got it somewhere the abstract too of it. It tells you on that, this is way way way back, you see, gotta be, cause, he took that land, he wanted so many acres of land. I think that's what Livermore, used to be, 75 thousand acres, approximately. And that was given by the governor of New Hampshire. And at that time no name on that place. I think it was in what'd they call it Grafton Lumber Company, that's all that was on it. They named it Livermore because Saunders' wife maiden name was Livermore. I think that's the way it went. I think so.

I asked Mr. Shackford if he knew about any company records, and was told, "Well there must have been somewhere, but I never saw any. I know Nash had some. I don't know but I never thought to ask him. He might have. He was kind of a, head man for the Saunders and he might a had records, probably did but, and these pictures here I got from a guy that worked up there."

I asked who that person was, and was told he was named Peck, and that he had stayed in a room marked on one of the photos. Mr. Shackford also pointed out other features in the photos, stating, "That door there is still the same door I got in my camp. And this door here is the other door on the back side. These windows are in the bathroom, one of them is in the bathroom of the camp."

"So you were able to salvage some of it?" I asked.

Mr. Shackford responded:

Yeah I tried to, the windows of course in the camp, they come out of the house. And you see they're wavy there the old, old windows. I would a like to have kept the whole house. I tell you, it was pretty good wood (). Then the roof started to leak, and I tried to get somebody to roof it. And they were gonna roof it. And then they stove, they used to go in there one night and stove it all to hell. So I said (). It was a big house. This front room here there was a big fireplace, and all oak finish. Upstairs here was a bedroom with a fireplace there. And this staircase that come downstairs was all oak. They had another fireplace here. Then they had a big dining room in here. They had two dining rooms, this was a big one, and this was maybe the small one. And the kitchen's here. And the help's quarters is the back here. And they had a wooden bathtub downstairs.

"Wooden bathtubs?" I asked, "Didn't know they ever made such a thing."

I was informed:

It was about half wood and half galvanized. It had wooden rails, and galvanized inside. That was another thing I was gonna save and somebody demolished it. (). I never saw em like that so I was gonna save it. [Returning to the photo] This tree here is still here. It's old, but it's still there. That's around the corner.

I asked Mr. Shackford how often the Saunders had stayed at their house in Livermore, and he replied:

Well they lived there year-round when they was there, the Saunders were. And of course after he died, Daniel Saunders died, Nash lived there. Nash never married, and he lived there. Of course he entertained a lot. This door here he told me come from England, it come over from England.

I started to ask about local nomenclature. I had seen references to Carrigain Street, to High Street, and to Whiteface Road. The names seemed familiar to Mr. Shackford, but he was not sure exactly where they had been located. I next inquired about the schoolhouse, and Mr. Shackford stated:

You can see the foundation on the...["Like a poured foundation there?" I asked.] Yeah, it's the only one up there. The only cement foundation in there, poured one. And they got after him about the schools, and that's when Saunders was livin, and he told them he'd put the best school in the state of New Hampshire there. And Mrs. Harris, which was a teacher there, I knew her, the last she was livin, and he built the best schoolhouse in the state of New Hampshire. They had electricity there, in fact they had movin pictures in there, she said she saw her first moving picture in that place, in there.

I asked who lived in the houses that one of the pictures showed were near the schoolhouse, and Mr. Shackford said:

Yeah, different ones, Sid Potter, up here to North Conway, his father and mother lived in one of them. I guess this one right there. Now who lived in the rest of them I don't know. I tell you, Sid's got a lot of pictures there. His father and mother lived up there. His grandfather was an engineer on the railroad up there. I don't know if his mother's born there or not, but I know his father and they both lived there.

We looked at another picture, which Mr. Shackford identified as the Post Office. "They had the one post office and they burnt it, and they put another one here," he said. I asked about another building, and he said, "They told me it's a church. And I can't find just where it was but it's, when you come down the hill, if you look over to the left, you see where the road up in there it went, you see where they bricked up the kind of a brook there, they bricked it up where you cross."

We discussed the local topography a bit more, though in somewhat vague terms. He mentioned "Paradise Pool" in the Sawyer River, a horse barn that he had torn down, a two-car garage, the store that the government had torn down before he had purchased the site, and a boarding house. By the time he owned the parcel in Livermore, only the house, the garage, and the stable were standing.

I asked him who would have stayed in the boarding house, and Mr. Shackford said, "Well I suppose people workin in the woods, choppers, and so forth. Most of the choppers stayed up above there, but they probably had different guys in there."

Looking for more detail, I asked, "Did the choppers stay elsewhere in town or where they out in camps?"

He replied:

Well they stayed up in, just above there about a half a mile. You cross the river, up on the other side there is an old railroad grade. You walk up there just about half a mile and you come into an open space. And you look around you see horse harnesses, piles of them that were left there, and that was where they kept the choppers and () the horses. And they tell me that, use to call it Frenchville cause most of the choppers stayed

there. Last time I was up there she was pretty well grown up but still you see there'd be quite a little field there.

Mr. Shackford pored over other photographs, and turning to one of the Saunders' house, he remarked, "This here was a fireplace in back here. And then, of course it's all windows up through, upstairs there was a beautiful bedroom, with a fireplace here. All oak, it was solid oak. I sold fifty, fifty-four thousand brick out of that, all of them in the building....They had steam heat in them there, all steam heated. They took the, when the mill was runnin they took the steam out a the mill. And when they weren't runnin they had their own boiler up there. I sold the boiler out of there."

I asked about the stone walls around the property, and whether or not they protected gardens. He told me, "They had a lot of flower gardens, down back there it was all flowers. He was great, especially Nash, he was a great man for flowers. And a lot of em up in there have run wild, from what he had up there."

Another picture he produced showed the Sawyer River Railroad on a trestle along the River -- evidently why it was so prone to damage in the 1927 flood. Another photograph showed the Golding House, which was lived in by "the big shot up there to Livermore," and which was one of the several houses burned down by the government. Another of those houses was marked as "Saint George Hall," in which, Mr. Shackford believed, Tom Monahan had lived. He added that Mr. Golding later moved to Conway, living on Washington Street, and worked for the Kennetts who owned the Conway Lumber

Company. "Too bad, that was kind of a good buildin, but they didn't want to bother with it, they got rid of it," he added.

Mr. Shackford continued with the story of his experience with unwelcome visitors to his property, lamenting:

You see I put all the stuff I could down there, put all the old doors, and all that stuff. They stole every one of em, just about. They'd break in there and what they didn't steal, the windows in there they'd break em, crack em. And they wouldn't let nothin alone. Well, finally I said, "Well, I'll get rid of the whole thing of it." It's too bad they're like that, but.

I asked if the government had salvaged materials from the other houses before burning them, and was told, "Well they got rid of, sold what they could out of it (). But they burned them all. It's kind a too bad cause these is nice houses. It's too bad they burned em."

Asked for more detail on the buildings, he stated, "I don't know. I wouldn't dare to say. I know they was all across the road from my place. I don't know just where up in there. Course you go up in there now and you see I think there's four cellar holes up in there. And which house belonged to which I couldn't tell you." For more information, he again recommended Tom Monahan, though he admitted, "He's gettin up, he's gettin pretty old." Of the Monahan family, he said, "I guess Tom's about the last one livin, I think. You ought to get, you ought to ask him will he get on tape. Cause I tell you he's bout the laaast one that'd know all about the place."

That sounded like good advice to me, and I asked, "I've heard some people say that he's probably the last person who lived up there, you know if that's, is that the case?"

Mr. Shackford replied:

Yeah I think he is. It used to be, a lot of people used to come in, older people used to come in when I was up there, and say they used to live there, but you know they was oold then. And I haven't had none of them now for a long time so they're probably gone. Most everybody is gone. Irene [Potter] and her husband gone, this past year, I guess they went.

We continued to look at Mr. Shackford's photos, discussing minor features and placing viewpoints. I asked about another point in local topography, "Hayshed Field." Mr. Shackford recognized the name:

They used to have a turnaround there, they kept horses there, what's his name told me. There was a kind of turnaround. You go up there, that used to be open too. Quite open. There's a four corners there. Straight through there, now of course it's probably all changed, but there used to be a railroad go up in that, there's a big tree on the corner there and you go straight ahead you go to Hancock Notch. And you go the other way you go over to that's probably over to the Kancamagus. And in that field they had a train, let's see the train went up there and it went towards Passaconaway, towards the Kancamagus. And you go over on that road where the railroad crossed there and you see the little trestles in across there in Meadow Brook. And that go up to what they called Camp Six. And I went up there once and there was a lot of stuff there, whiskey bottles, old earthen whiskey bottles, you know, old harnesses up in there. But then the Conway Lumber Company come up from Conway the other way, from Pine Bend. And that was the end of the line for Livermore. And they come down at that field and they had a big camp there where they kept horses and all their sleds and stuff, sleds and stuff like that. And now they call it Hayshed Field. And they had hay there, and they'd get supplies there.

I asked if the hay had been brought in from outside or if they grew their own, and Mr. Shackford said, "I guess they must have brought it in from the outside. I never heard them say. They must have cause there is no field up in there. They must have brought all their hay in, had it shipped in."

I asked for more information about the Camp Six that he had referred to, and he told me, "Yeah if I remember right it was on the right hand side and the minute I crossed Swift River, it seems if

almost I went across Swift River and I went to the right. It's pretty close to that pond there."

He recalled some of his other rambles in the area, including one just to the north of Livermore village:

Of course I've walked them woods all my life. I found a pond up there that, I don't think anybody's been there. I went up Whiteface Brook one day and I walked up in there and I went up in that next valley (that's up near) Duck Mountain. I kept right on goin and I walked up there towards, right up towards Nancy Pond, back in that way. And before I got up to the top of the, right up there between Duck Mountain, and I was on the east side of Duck Mountain. I come to the feedin place of the Whiteface Brook.... There's a little pond, there's a little pond up there. I run across that thing. I don't know if there's any fish in it or not. It don't look very deep, it looks shallow. But when I come up over the hill it just set right, that evening, that evening, that was steep up in there. And when I come down through, I didn't take the brook I walked down through the woods and I come across there, a logging camp....and you never seen so much old whiskey jugs and horse harnesses, parts of other things, everywhere, everywhere up there. You wouldn't believe they had a camp up that high up. But they did....

I see a lot of moose tracks up in there, I didn't see a moose but I see a lot of tracks. There used to be a lot of bear up in Sawyer River. I seen four up there years ago when I bought it. I see four come out there one night, when the apple trees are there. Of course the apples now're not too good. I see the government has trimmed out around them so they may come back. But I've seen a lot of deer in there, I saw more up there than I have here.

Mr. Shackford continued paging through his photo album, and I remarked how impressive the Saunders' house appeared. He declared, "Quite a place, boy, them balconies, it was really nice, you know, too bad I couldn't have kept it. I'd like to a kept it. But it was really nice. Like I say all it'd done was to take roofing....But they kept demolishin it and so ah the hell with it."

We talked a bit more about the structures in the village, Clinton Nash and his flowers ("He was a great flower man"), and the Saunders

family, and then we came to a photo of Mr. Shackford's camp in the deep-snow winter of 1969. This led Mr. Shackford to speak at great length of his travels in Canada, to the lake country of central Quebec, to the arctic wastes of Resolute Bay, and to the shores of Hudson's Bay, where he has hunted and fished with the native peoples, about whom he remarked, with respect:

They eat everything that they got. They'll take a goose, and cook everything, insides and all, eat em. And they don't waste one thing, boy. They get a moose they even take the intestines. Yes sir, they'll eat the intestines, everything. They eat every frigging thing out of every animal. They don't waste nothin.....A friend of mine, he told me once, he said, "That's one reason we don't like the white men. They do waste everything....No matter what they get they waste about half of it." But you find them guys don't, boy they don't waste nothin.

He turned to another photo in his album, and we passed briefly and generally over such matters as the boarding house, old furnaces, cellars and chimneys, and then turned to Livermore tax policy, as Mr. Shackford noted:

You know I used to pay a tax, I didn't pay any tax for twenty years, I owned the whole place. I'm the only one that owned a town in the state. And they passed a new law that anybody owned an unincorporated town had to pay a tax. So I paid a tax to the Grafton County. And in the last two years they changed it, I pay tax now to the Coos County. And how they devil they do that I don't know, I never knew. I pay it.....I get a bill of course every year. I used to get it from Grafton now I get it from Coos. Some idea that they got.

Looking at some more photos, I asked about flood damage in 1927, and he wasn't sure of the extent, but offered a general comment, saying, "Yeah, she started goin down, down, down, and of course Nash he wanted to keep it awful bad. That's why he cut that wood, he

didn't know if that would help the town out there, there was nothin there, but."

Mr. Shackford then recalled early snowmobile trips to his camp, and confessed, "I don't go up there now, but we used to go up there a lot. Be a good place to go up there and have a big cook-out. If it rained or anything we could go inside. I used to hunt, I haven't hunted for years....Used to be, used to be good deer huntin up in there. I guess there is now, I don't know. () I used to hunt in there, I used to go up Rocky Branch, up through there, huntin. Can't, don't go nowhere now. My feet bother me so I don't walk very far. Old age....I don't know of anything else I can tell you on that....Boy, it's a nice place up in there."

I asked Mr. Shackford, "What was it that interested you in gettin up there in the first place?"

He replied:

Well I wanted to have a huntin camp, I wanted to buy a place for a huntin camp. Years ago usually everybody always had a huntin camp. I was always huntin. That was the main reason for that, and of course I've always known the place was there, but, I really didn't even think I was gonna buy it cause I figured it was gonna be more than I could afford to buy it for. Cause I knew somebody offered him the year before I had bought it, somebody offered him ten thousand dollars for it, a doctor offered him ten thousand for the house, so I figured it probably'd be ten thousand and I couldn't afford it. That's why I thought I'd buy the half of it. And he didn't want to sell half, he wanted to sell all of it. And he offered it to me for that and I took it. Cause she's sure worth it now, I'll tell ya. I could triple the money forty times out there. But I never did. I never tried to develop it. And I never tried to, I built the camp and that's all I ever done. I almost lost it here a few years ago. Sherm Adams, he got the idea that he was losin money. You will remember when he wanted to take over the town of Livermore.

"I didn't know about that, no," I said.

Mr. Shackford explained:

Yeah, he wanted to take over the town of Livermore because he was, see what there is now, when the government cut the timber up there, the timber tax goes to a different fund than Concord, I guess, so he figured if he'd get the town of Livermore, that he would make it better for him, the town of Lincoln, would have more money, see? But I was kind of afraid of him, because I'll tell you why. I figured if he bought the place up there, or the town of Lincoln bought it, I got a camp there, and he'd put the tax right to you. And you couldn't afford to have a camp there, pay a fifty thousand dollar tax, you couldn't do it, he'd tax you right out of there, see, you'd have to sell it. He'd force you to sell it, if they wanted to make a ski area or somethin in there, he'd force you to get rid of it, see.

So I got to thinkin, I said all right, he called up wanted to know if I had any objection to bein in the town of Lincoln. I says no. But Bob Smith called for him, he was a state, thing there, "No," I said, "I don't care, it don't make a bit of difference to me." But I says, "I'm gonna tell you somethin. If you put the tax to me, I tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna sell that place up there. I'm gonna divide it up. Hundred foot widths square. I'm gonna sell it to anybody on welfare that got about ten kids. And you guys come over here every mornin and you plow the dooryard and you plow the road and you're gonna take the kids and go to school." And he didn't say anything for quite a while, and he says, "That puts a different light on the subject." So I never went to a meetin, never went near em at all. But they didn't do it. But I would have, I would have sold that, if they wanted to do it that way, put the tax to me so I couldn't keep it. Cause if I'd a tried to develop it, I'd been figurin they'd all put the tax to me, but I never have. If they want to get rid of you, cause if they put the tax to you you'd have to get rid of it.

As a former governor, advisor to President Eisenhower, and one of the developers of Loon Mountain ski area, Sherman Adams was in a position to use plenty of political leverage, and I sympathized with Mr. Shackford's plight, admitting that Adams had enough friends and influence to do what he pleased. Mr. Shackford agreed, adding, "Oh yeah, but I could have got rid of it, anybody on welfare could've bought it for a hundred dollars, a lot for a hundred dollars, you know, even if they never paid me. I got enough out of the timber to pay for

the place twice or more. I guess by the time he'd come over here and took the kids, those kids, he'd figure he might as well pay the sales tax or the timber tax."

I asked Mr. Shackford if he recalled when his first trips to the Sawyer River area took place. He responded, saying:

Yeah, I was a kid, there was a mill there then. I can't figure what year it was. It was back when my father was in the ice business and we had a Model A, a Model A Ford. I would say, '29, '30....

I remember the horses in the yard there. They had a corral out there and it was full of horses out there. And I remember the big house was there, the Saunders was livin in it then. Of course the store, we stopped at the store, I don't know he stopped there, oh, he was lookin for a gear for his ice machine. They thought they had one in the mill there up there. And they used to have telephones up there, several miles to go up there, and they had, generated electricity, they had a big generator at the mill there. They generated electricity for the whole town there.

I asked if his father had been cutting ice up there, but, "No,"

Mr. Shackford replied:

He needed a gear, he couldn't find one, and somebody told him that they had one up in that mill, just like the one he wanted. And they might sell it if they had a spare one so he went up and looked at it. That's the first time I remember goin up there, went up with him. Like I said the train was goin then.

After Mr. Shackford bought the Livermore property, his father visited the site. According to Mr. Shackford,

He looked at it, after I bought it, he said, "I wouldn't give you fifteen for that (try)." Because he was always buyin timber lots, for the pine. Back in them days they figured that hardwood wasn't worth a damn thing. Because he owned a lot of timber, a mountain of timber, pine timber and spruce, stuff like that, and up there all that was growin is hardwoods. And hardwood wasn't worth nothin back in them days. Nobody wanted it. So he figured, he said, "There wouldn't be any pine up there, all the hard woods, the hell with it." That's how much you can tell, you know, you can't tell. How things change.

While Mr. Shackford acknowledged changes in the logging industry, there were some that disturbed him, as he added:

But you know they're doin somethin right now that, to me, I'm not for it. And that's, they're cuttin these trees, maybe they know what they're doin, I don't know, they're cuttin these trees. They're strippin them, lots, and they're takin it down to Ossipee [site of a wood-fired power plant] for instance and burnin them. They tell me they burn about 300, 400 cord a day to keep that thing goin. And that electricity goin to New York. We don't get nothin out of it. They did it to me. And you know what them guys strippin a place like that, it may be the right thing to do but you know what they oughta, to me they oughta plant some kinda good trees to come in. Cause if you don't it's just like I was talkin with the Brown Company the other day up the other side of the mountain, a fellow I used to know at the Brown Company, and he was tellin me the same thing. He said, "You know them places are comin back in," he was sayin they were comin in trash wood. Gray birch, popple, stuff like that, don't amount to nothin. Too bad they can't replant it with spruce or fir or pine or something. Some good wood,....

You'd think sometime they're goin to be, wished they had some good wood instead of that trash wood....it kind of makes you feel bad to think they would do that and not find any good wood....

Most always, the woodlots I ever seen, you find hardwood, you cut em, they come in softwood. If they're softwood you cut em they come back hardwood. Now up there to Sawyer River that used to be all, they tell me all spruce. Everything was spruce. Spruce everywhere. A lot of it, gee a pile of it's come in hardwood. In fact up there on my land I sold it, it was all beech, maple, stuff like that....

Saunders bought it.... [Saunders Brothers, another logging firm unrelated to the Saunders of Livermore]. I don't know what they use that for, they use it for plywood? They give good money for that, that hardwood. Especially up there at Sawyer River, gee I got good money on that. But the government's always been good to me up there.

"Well that's good," I offered.

He continued:

Yessir, that's why I felt a lot better about it because, they never bothered me, and if or the road gets rough I ask em to grade it, and they do, and they're very good. So I haven't got nothin to kick on them. I figure if I ever need to develop it I would but as long as I don't need it I'm keepin it the way it is.

As long as I live. Then they can do what they want with it when the time comes.

"That certainly is a pretty spot in there," I noted.

Mr. Shackford agreed, saying, "It certainly is I like to see it like it is now I wouldn't see all the condominiums all up through down the mountain there. () Ahh, keep it like it is."

I asked about some other possible informants, and Mr. Shackford claimed:

Most of them, most are gone. I don't know of anybody, there's Sid's father and mother, of course they're both gone, they used to live up there. By God I don't think there's another person living outside of Tom that lived up there in Livermore. Unless there is down in Bartlett, there might be, might be somebody there I don't know. Not that I know of.

We closed our interview with Mr. Shackford showing me some of the mementos of his trips to the Canadian north, photos of Resolute Bay, tiny stone cairn souvenirs of the rugged barrens. I thanked Mr. Shackford for his time, and headed back out into the warm darkness of a summer's night.

About a year later, I read about Mr. Shackford's passing in a local newspaper. Only sixty-eight years of age, he had succumbed to pulmonary disease.

Mr. Shackford's contact with Livermore of the early days had been slight, his memories of that time only of a single trip to the town with his father. But he had been in touch with former residents of the village, who told him about such things as a church at Livermore, and about "Frenchville." He had also been in close contact with Clinton Nash, who obviously had made an interesting impression on him. Nash

was an odd man, who could be easily aroused to anger, who quarreled with Florence Morey, another odd resident of the area, and who could not get along with the representatives of the Forest Service.

Yet in spite of these faults, Nash could be a charitable man, who was concerned about the welfare of people in the community. He passed up an offer to sell the Livermore property to an outsider, accepting a price two-thirds less to keep it in the hands of someone who was local. He was closely associated with the Saunders, who had given the proceeds of the sale of the Livermore property to the Episcopal Church. He had had the townspeople cut pulpwood to keep them employed, even though he never sold the wood. His difficulties with the government were not all his fault -- they had failed to read the agreement properly, had auctioned off the private property in the house, and their contractors had broken the water line, one of the life-lines of the village. Perhaps it was the government that had not acted properly, even with Mr. Nash's peculiar personality.

Yet Mr. Shackford's experience with government was not so one-sided. He had received threats of disenfranchisement when Sherman Adams proposed that Lincoln swallow up Livermore, a tactic which Mr. Shackford believed would tax him beyond his capability to pay. Unlike Clinton Nash, Mr. Shackford did not respond angrily, but calmly. His apparent acceptance of the proposal included a threat of his own, which his opponents took seriously. He effectively beat the politicians at their own game.

His other experiences in Livermore demonstrated not so much the effectiveness, but the necessity for authority. He had purchased land and an impressive building there. Its materials and workmanship were remarkable. But a small minority vandalized that property, destroying beautiful and useful things. Unlike his Indian friends in Canada, the malefactors used little, but wasted much. The senseless and disgusting acts in the hippie days led Mr. Shackford, with lasting regret, to raze the Saunders house and its outbuildings. The Forest Service helped him when they could, though he recognized they were limited in their resources. Far from being antagonistic toward the authorities, he looked to the day when they would acquire the property. No one had been able to preserve the man-made relics of past lives there, but perhaps they could help preserve some of the natural beauty which also was characteristic of the place.

One might think that the site of a hunting camp would be the scene for struggle between forces of the human and the natural world, but in Livermore Robert Shackford's woes had come from within the human community. It would be difficult to say that he overcame his troubles there, but with some help from the authorities he made a peace with them.

Al Henn

After talking with Harry Dodge, I knew I had to contact Al Henn. From what Harry had told me, it seemed that Al would be a helpful source for finding out about the physical destruction of Livermore, as well as about building the Sawyer River Road. I called him on the phone, and mentioned that I had talked with Harry Dodge. Indeed he had worked for the Forest Service on the Sawyer River Road, and he would be willing to talk with me about it and what little he felt he knew about Livermore, though he was a little hesitant, since he was from not Bartlett, but Brooklyn, which his accent, though muted, attested. We arranged to meet at his house in Bartlett one evening, which turned out to be a dull and rainy one. I met Al, a heavy-set, balding, smiling man, at his door, and we walked into his kitchen, where he introduced me to a neighbor, Ken, who was visiting. We sat down around Al's kitchen table, under the purple glow of a fluorescent light.

To start to get a better picture of the village of Livermore in my mind, and to stimulate Al's recollections, I asked if he might draw out a little sketch map of the town as he remembered it. He described the village as he sketched it:

This used to be the railroad track but it is the road now. Because the road used to run on the river, and in the winter that was closed in and frozen over and everything and they only went back and forth by train, that's what they tell me. This is all hearsay of course. See I'm gonna make dashes for the road like this. Okay, we'll say it had little quirks in it when it went through the village. Not much, it twisted a little around the store. [Ken, who had gone out, comes back in to the kitchen.] He didn't know there was such a place. This was quite a good sized building right here, and this was the general store. And the Clemonses tore it down. The Clemons brothers. Now the trouble is

I think that Ralph was the instigator and he's, he's not doing well, no. He's got Alzheimer's or somethin, see. But his brother that helped him is Bruce Clemons and he can tell you about what the store looked like, cause they tore it down.

Now over here, where the river ran down, we'll say river here, and there was a dam, and about this location, right here, was this big three story mansion. Saunders. I'll write in there, that was the guy's name. Saunders mansion, okay. Over here, when I got there, all that was left was piling that held up the mill. They were square, concrete piling, like so. These little squares. And they tell me, the guys that I say that you should be seeing really, they tell me that that mill was like a two story affair, great big barn building. It was -- I'll only make six of these but it was a vast building -- it was bigger than the store and everything. Okay? Mill piling.

It was a surprisingly modern school. It was only a one-family affair and it had all the nice desks and everything. In fact the government used it for sleeping in, the guys that came from Berlin and lived up there all week while we were workin on the road, they slept in there. And the school was at the other end of town on this side of the road, that was where the school was. Now, running off this way, just opposite the thing, there was a railroad track still left, a little bit. And here like this was a shed with the old engine in it, a little bitty steam engine that burned wood you know. Engine shed. See this I know because it was still there when I worked on the road about two or three years after I came up here. That would be, make it just about 40 years ago. Just about 40 years ago. And up here, this was all hill see, ran up this way, and up here there was two houses left, and they tell me that that's where the foremen lived. They were smaller houses.

I asked Al, "Was that the mill foremen?"

He responded, "Yeah, or the woods foremen you know. Cuttin the trees I never did, I don't really remember. But these were two houses, see. Now the government down here, they may have records."

I mentioned that I had been able to find a little bit of information at the Forest Service office in Laconia. Al continued:

They had, at one time they claimed there was, I don't know I'm gonna guess, at like 200 wood cutters up there from Canada, most of em, Frenchmen from Canada, and they, I don't know where their dormitories were and their cooksheds, I really don't know that. Because this was all that was left when I went there, see. Oh, the post office was in this end of the store here. And if my memory serves me correctly, and I always, I think it's pretty good on this, it was closed near the end of 1938, I forget what

month, but I think it was closed in 1938. That's a rough way that the town looked when I saw it, see.

I asked Al if there had been more buildings across the Sawyer River from the village. He answered:

No, there was nothing down there that I, not after I got there, anyway, see, that I know. Not below the dam. And this is really like a pond for floatin logs, it's really the river ran into a pond. I should change that and say pond. I don't know if it's still there or not, that dam....The river was flowin this way of course, and this was a pond, and their mansion kind of set somewhat on that style. That was a three story wooden building with great big roof. And they claimed that the rafters were sawed in the saw mill and somebody told me, I didn't know but they, I didn't actually see it when they were tearin it down, that the rafters were all one piece, all the way up maybe 36, 40 feet long. Just, and great big timbers. And of course most of the, I guess everything pretty near was made in the mill I think. This was a narrow gauge railroad. This, you could not take a car on to the Maine Central. This is narrow gauge.

Al's neighbor Ken asked, "What made a mill like that close down?"

Al answered:

Well for one thing this burned down, then I understand they had another disaster a little high waters and stuff went through a year or two later. And I think they tried to rebuild it but I don't know as it burned again but it was gone. There was, there wasn't even any machinery there just pilins, cement pilins, machinery, it seems though if they didn't try to rebuild it the machinery might have been still been layin there, you know the saws still, the rusty machinery and stuff. What they used to do is load these -- I don't know how the track must have came over here too but see after I got there this road was already a bulldozed-out road. A dirt road.

I asked if there had still been rails in the village area. Al responded, "There was a few rails left and there was still a shack and I'm pretty sure if my memory is correct there was a little donkey engine still in there. And they probably sold it for junk."

"Were there any other rails?" I asked.

"Not in the town," Al replied, and continued:

No. In fact this was all gone, now, I saw some of the small rails, I can't remember where, maybe on the way up where they, they bulldozed the road and made it wider and some of the rails got buried and I saw some of them, they were small gauge, small weight rails, weight is how I figure rails. These are 85 pound, behind the house. [He is referring to his own house; the Maine Central Railroad, now disused, runs behind it.] And see I worked on the railroad after that for 18 years.

This was something that Harry Dodge had not mentioned, and we chatted briefly about some mutual acquaintances who also had been associated with the railroad. As it turned out, Al had worked eight years on the Maine Central in Crawford Notch as a laborer. He mentioned a fellow worker, Bruce Clemons, also a Bartlett resident. I asked if he might be related to my neighbor, Jim Clemons. Al replied:

He's a brother. He probably worked on this building here. They were a very close knit family. Now one of the brothers bought the store for, maybe 50 dollars and the other brothers would come out and help him tear it down. Because one of the brothers, and I don't know whether it was Bill or Ralph was building a house on one of the back streets in Bartlett, and they wanted the material from the store which had good timbers and good wood in it because that too of course must have been built out of material from the sawmill. And like I told you on the phone this was, it gave you a very nostalgic feeling to go into this store, because there were still counters, there were shelves, the shelves had bottles of patent medicine that you wouldn't dare take anymore and nobody else would but they were still there, and different kind of hair restorer, all kinds of things like that, still on the shelves.

Ken looked around the table at a trio of less than hairy heads, and remarked, "The three of us should go up there." We all laughed, and Al continued:

So I don't know really what it was but there was all this funny stuff you know and when I was workin on the road here the foreman had the keys, and he took us in see, he was the foreman on the job. And we walked around and looked it over. And like I told you in the cellar of that store there was an ice box almost as big as this kitchen and half of it, they'd pack in tons of ice from the Sawyer's Pond, they used to cut it on the pond, and bring it down there, loggin sleds and horses and they

piled that right full. And that would last all summer. And on this side they would hang up the halves of beef and the quarters of beef and the pigs, you know, hams and stuff, and that they'd sell upstairs at the store. And that was the refrigeration, there was no electricity up there at all. So that's what they used for refrigeration was the ice, you know.

Al's first description of the store was far different from Harry Dodge's tale of a demolished derelict. I wondered if Al had seen the rest of the town in a more vital spirit, and asked, "By the time you visited there, was there anyone living or spending any time in the town?"

He answered in multiple negatives, emphasizing:

No no no no, it was all gone. And the government was anxious to get rid of the buildings as soon as they opened the road up. In fact, like I say, now this place here is a couple acres belongs to Bob Shackford....He built the house there I understand maybe five, ten years ago and I guess the hippies ruined it, they kept breakin in and everything and I don't know as he's even there anymore. He owns land here. And it'd be a lovely place because it's about two or three acres right in the middle of the National Forest, nobody could buy a house next to you....He walked in and I think the lawyer's name was Pratt, did he tell you that?

I replied, "Well there was one fellow named Nash."

That sounded right to Al. Ken then asked how far in from Route 302 the village was, and Al turned to me for the answer. "Ah, I think it's less than two miles," I said.

Al responded:

It is less than two? I was gonna say about three cause I don't remember. I haven't been in there in years. What I used to do was go right by here to the trail into Sawyer's Pond, go fishin once in a while, but my buddies died that I went fishin with so I took up playin golf and I never go fishin anymore. But he told me that he walked into this Nash's office down in Boston one day, and Nash was mad at the Forest Service, and I don't know who made the offer but he bought it for about three thousand dollars, all that.

I returned, perhaps too quickly, to the two houses that Al had said were up the hill. Al said:

They was houses there, but I don't remember who tore them down, that's one thing I never knew. I never knew what happened to those. They had an auction for the furniture out of the mansion, and I don't know who tore that down but after the house was empty and they sold off everything. It was a kind of funny auction. I went to it, I bought a wood box for my kitchen, I had a wood stove in here, and I bought a wood box, I paid ten cents for it. A big wood box, you know, it had strips across the bottom to keep the dust from falling through the cracks and everything, it was come out of their kitchen, so I used it, I bid ten cents just for a joke -- I got it!

But the thing what discouraged most people where they were bidding on these little kitchen utensils that you could buy in the 5 and 10 then for a quarter, fifty cents, and they were biddin 75 cents, a dollar on them and everything. It was more money than you could buy a new one for. So people left, and about one o'clock they started bringin down the furniture. Now the furniture was beautiful maple stuff, and the only people lived in that house was the old man and two old maid daughters. And you know how much that furniture got beat up. I mean, it was just like brand new and, what's Garland's name, the dump guy, Dick, Richard, Richard, he had a truck there and about one o'clock they started on the furniture. And he furnished his whole house for about three hundred bucks or somethin like that, in that neighborhood, all the furniture for the bedrooms upstairs and everything, and it's the house that Junior Garland lives in now and I wouldn't be a bit surprised the furniture's still in there. I don't know for sure but Dick moved down to Massachusetts and sold the house to his brother so whether the furniture went with it or not I'm not sure but I think so.

I asked, "And was it the Forest Service or was it Nash or the Saunders who had that auction?"

He replied:

Well the Forest Service thought they owned it, and they had the auction just to get rid of the stuff. I don't know who got the money, maybe the estate might have gotten the money but, and I don't know whether maybe this Nash had the auction because they thought that the Forest Service then owned the land after the second daughter had died. But then I guess Nash started readin the agreement over again and found out that they had to keep their, it was their land to own until the last descendant had died and I guess there was nieces and nephews or some damn thing and it was unclear I mean exactly why but

all of a sudden the government didn't own it. And they had the building torn down and they didn't own it. But that, nobody said anything about that anyway they just let it go. But that was interesting in a way because this, I saw Nash several times on the road, he used to stop by, he'd go up there and he'd stop by and talk to the foreman that was workin on the road, there you know this, LaPointe his name was but he'd been dead for years, because he was, well, he was then 50, 55 years old and that's 40 years ago you know, so. Then Nash, I saw him, he's been, he must, he was an old man then, he probably ...he couldn't have lived much longer, he was an old man then.

Perhaps too obsessed with dates, I asked if Al remembered about when the auction had occurred. He told me:

Not too long after I worked on the road about 40 years ago so I'd say maybe 37, 38 years ago. I'm only guessin. But, because it was only a year or two later they wanted to clear these things outta there to keep, I think primarily to keep people outta there from burning the whole works down, you know. I don't know how many acres that Saunders owned in wood, but (it) was thousands and thousands of acres, run way back almost to the Kancamagus and maybe further, but then, in comes this land baron from Lincoln. And he's cuttin on that side, and he's cuttin in to what Saunders figured was his. And the boundaries were so indefinite that nobody really knew. So they went to court, with all their lawyers. And by the time they got done Saunders was broke. He went bankrupt tryin to fight this other guy, and I don't know how that other guy made out whether he still had some money left when they got done but, he just about got, well they had a little money left, but I mean they were just about wiped out from the court fights. The lawyers made a fortune on it. See that other fella, the road came, the other railroad came up like the Kancamagus Highway went and along that route more or less and he had a big sawmill down in Lincoln and they were cuttin into each other there. And when they cut, they cut everything, dead you know. That's why most of that country up there's hardwood. When you cut the softwood off, which it all was in those days, mostly big spruce trees, what grows back is hardwood. If you cut all the hardwood off, then sometimes the softwood comes back in again. But these were big spruce timbers so they were from these great big spruce trees you know in the rafters, in the timbers used in the mansion so...

Ken interjected, "It was probably like a first cut in those days, wasn't it?"

Al answered:

Well it was, I guess it had to be. Yeah. Nobody'd ever cut it before but, trees only live so long and they die anyway. So how old the trees actually were before they were cut, maybe a hundred years or so, you know. But, they will fall over and die by themselves if you don't cut em. That's why the Forest Service sells timber, they mark the mature trees that have, you know only gonna last maybe another five, ten years and they mark em and then they go in and let them cut them, use em for timber. And it all pays for the rangers and the guys that work down to Conway, pays their salaries.

I again returned to Al's sketched and verbal description of the village as it had seen it, and we spoke for another moment about the ruins of the town, though Al confessed that, after taking up golf twenty years ago, he hadn't been back to Livermore. I then broached another topic, and asked Al what it was that had brought someone from Brooklyn to Bartlett. He answered:

Well, my brother in law who came up here on vacation saw a place for sale down here where the Massachussetts ski club is, and it was a bed and breakfast place like you know what, dinners and, boarding house (it was called in those days). So he didn't have the money for the down payment, and I didn't either but we went halves. And we made a down payment on it and I quit my job in the city and moved up. We were gonna have a (way of life, and a livin). So we thought. We wound up workin one summer and then we decided the winter was comin on, and if that's all the money we made in the summer, we got by fine but we figured there's no sense facin the winter so we had never taken a mortgage out on the place, because we couldn't get one. Every time we went in to the bank they said, "You want a mortgage for." [He inflects his voice in incredulity.] See we had put up 14 hundred dollars, it was 14 thousand dollars for the house, and they wouldn't give us the difference. Between the two of us they wouldn't, just wouldn't give us the difference. And the two, my first wife, who passed away since and her sister, they were sisters, and he and I we worked out every place we could you know, and between the four of us, I said, "Cripes sake, we'd do better if we just work and forget about this place."

So we moved out, and I had a job in a sawmill in Tamworth. And so my wife says, "You want to go back to the city?" And I said, "No, I like it here." But she says, "Well, all right, as long as you have a job and you can work we'll stay. And if you can't we'll have to move back." Well the funny part was, it cost 425 dollars to move up here each one of us, in a van. And all I had left to my name was 200 bucks so I wasn't

gonna get back very easy! [He laughs.] That's a fact. I was down to 200 bucks at that time. I did everything up here, must have had 30 jobs.

I asked how he had gotten the job with the Forest Service. He gave me the particulars:

Well, there was a fellow up, called Stubby Horne, and he was the maintenance foreman on the Forest roads, like all the Bear Notch, and all the roads, there are a lot of roads around and through the Forest. And he was the maintenance foreman. So one spring he put out the word that he needed three, four men. So I went up and you had to be a veteran and I just got through World War II and everything, so he hired me on. We made out all these papers, the government red-tape. So at the end of the, then comes July the first and a new budget so they laid us off, the four guys he hired. He just kept this two or three men that he had on this permanent crew. They were, what they were usin up was the excess money they had from last year's budget, and if they don't use it up, they wouldn't get it next year. So being the bureaucracy like, they always use up the money in the budget, the government never gets any back.

So they used us to -- we worked hard, we worked on the roads. I walked over Bear Notch pickin rocks with another fella, one of the fellas one day walked it. From up down and up over the up back over the Kancamagus. So anyway, he had the papers all made out so I was laid off about two or three weeks so they called me up and they says, "Hey. This fella needs help on this road." He was also a Forest Service foreman. But he was the construction foreman. On his crew you didn't get annual leave vacation time. On the maintenance crew we had earned two or three days vacation time, but on this crew you didn't get that. I said, "I don't give a damn," you know. They said, "The reason he'll hire you is because your papers are all made out already and he won't have to make em out." That's how I come to work on that road, cause the papers were made out by Stubby Horne.

I asked him what sort of work he did on the road. He replied:

Oh I was a laborer. We made culverts, headings and stuff like that, and drilled holes in rocks that were come up when they bulldozed, you know they were showin, they drill holes through em, dynamite em. Oooh. I worked with the, I didn't do any of the dynamitin they wouldn't let you handle it but the assistant foreman, that was his job.

I asked Al, "What was the road like when you got there? Was it bulldozed out?"

He responded:

Yeah, it was roughed out, more or less. See with their permanent help they had, with their regular help they had run the machinery, see, the big guys, and then they hired, they only hired two or three of us and we went where all the culverts went under the road and built the stone headers up, you know, with rocks, all around the ends, things like that. Picked the rocks, too, after the, you know what I mean, picked the rocks out of the road after they you know the stuff like that. [The ties were] all gone because they'd bulldozed it right up through the railroad track.

I asked Al, "Did that go up to the trail to Sawyer Pond?"

He replied:

I'm not sure. I can't tell you. The road went way beyond, see up here, way beyond about, well maybe a quarter of a mile past the road to Sawyer's Pond the road went towards the river. At one time there was probably a bridge across there and it went further, or maybe the railroad even ran in that far I don't know. But when it got to the river the bridge was gone and that was as far as the road went you know in my time. And they were surveying that, you could see the road went there, but it wasn't built yet. And they were gonna build and I don't know if they ever went across the river there and kept on goin I don't know.

But while I was workin there I worked with the surveyor and John, I can't remember his last name, he had us carry the sticks, you know, the two of us, and cuttin if trees were in the way we had to chop em down. And he was layin, he'd lay a road this way, then he'd lay it down fifty feet down the hill, then he'd lay it fifty feet up the hill and he'd take the plans back to Laconia and they'd draw em on the map and they'd say, "That's no good, no good, go back and survey another road," you know. And we musta made six routes through there by the time they decided which one they were gonna go on. I know I worked for weeks on that, carryin the stick and an axe, you know.

I asked Al how far the road went when they finished their work, and he replied:

Well above here, about, we'll say a quarter of a mile is the Sawyer's River bridge and then about another maybe quarter maybe a half mile, I really can't recall, and then it went like towards the river and then it would have gone that way towards the Kancamagus. It might have even gone all the way, I don't know. Because there's a trail from the Kancamagus goes right in to that area, down to Sawyer's Pond, and I think probably most of that trail follows that road down maybe. That's what usually

happened with trails. They either followed railroad tracks or old roads.

I asked how long Al had worked on the Sawyer River Road, and he responded, "Oh, I can't really say. A couple months. A couple months on this thing. It was only a dirt road. They didn't have it tarred or anything. I don't know if it's tarred today." He added:

I used to go deer huntin up there once in a while. I never got a deer but there was a lot of em up there and up above here the road just a curve and go up there what do they call the big mountain? ["Carrigain?" I said.] Carrigain. Went right up to the top. With trucks. Could go up there. But they had what they called water bars across there, so after they left they took out the water bars. In other words, they were a ditch across the road to keep the, when the water come down it would run out on those ditches and you couldn't go very far with a car on it up that road. But at one time they were haulin pulp wood from way on top of the mountain all the way down them roads, you know. I know I've walked up pretty near the top that way. Beyond. After they were finished cuttin.

But you could hardly walk between the roads there was just piles of brush, the slash, piled up higher than your head, you know. And the deer was hidin in there all day and they could watch you walk by and you wouldn't see em. Actually the guy, one fellow was runnin a tractor up in there, I don't know what he was doin and on the way out, after we left, he shot a deer on the way out put it on the tractor, brought it down. [He laughs.] On his way home. They'd come out in late afternoon on to the roads you know, and move around a little.

But this was a real modern school building. I don't know how long ago, they couldn't have built it too much before the town was closed up, you know. Because it was really a, really not these were sort of old fashioned, the architecture you know the bric-a-brac work on the mansion and these houses were sort of old fashioned so you could tell they were there a long time. But this was more like a modern, almost like a one family house. Nice big windows, everything.

Remembering what he had said about some road laborers residing in the schoolhouse, I remarked, "You said some of the workers on the road lived there?"

He replied, "The fellows that, you see this construction crew that did this, these permanent men were from Berlin. And they lived there

all week they stayed in the school and they cooked their meals there and everything. Stayed there from Monday to Friday and then they went home weekends."

I asked if the rest of the crew had commuted, and Al said, "All the rest of us were from Bartlett here, the two or three guys, you know, we drove up. Course all this happened 40 years ago but I think most of that is fairly accurate."

To confirm the date, I asked if that would be around 1950 or so. Al calculated:

Let me think. I moved up here in '47, about three years later, just about 1950 I guess. I don't even know it was that much later. Well, it might have been '49, '49 or '48, cause I wasn't up here too long, let's see, let's count off. I worked one winter in the sawmill, then I worked, that summer in the sawmill. It was the next spring that I got the job, so it was the second year I was up here. What happened in the fall during the winter or near that spring the sawmill shut down, one of his other mills and he moved his older workers into the new mill where I was workin and he laid off the new guys, because he wanted to keep his old hands workin, you know. He had two mills and he closed one. The old man only died about two years ago.

Ken asked, "Who was that Al?"

Al replied:

Pop Rowe his name, Pop Rowe. This son's, and I think still lives down there. You know where you go to Tamworth, and you make that sharp bend where the school is, over here, well just down there and on the right is an open field now, but there was a big sawmill in there and he put in, after I was laid off, he put in the kiln dry system for dryin wood. And I worked in the mill and I worked stickin lumber. Stickin lumber in those days was the way they dried it you know you took edgings laid a couple of timbers on the ground, started layin the boards out, then you put three sticks in between, and then you laid em on top and that made an air space in between, and the stuff dried. It took about almost six months to dry that way. So instead they put in a kiln and dried.

And he used to pile, if you recall I don't know how long you've been up here but when that mill was operatin he used to have during the winter he'd accumulate the whole front yard full

of logs, so that when the mud season come and they couldn't go in to the woods, you know, it was too wet, they had all those logs to cut in the springtime. Oh, thousands and thousands of feet.

Somebody, in the Bartlett book [Bartlett, New Hampshire, by Alleen Carroll], I don't know whether they were referring, I can't recall now, but they said one of them outfits around here owned forty thousand acres of woodland but I think it was Rocky Branch. I think it was Rocky Branch. So that's why I wouldn't dare guess how much he owned. But I bet you it was every bit of that much just thinkin about it. If you went from Livermore and went clean over the hill to the Kancamagus Highway you know how far that is, you know. And all those, you know in a big circle around there or somethin.

But nobody, the problem was that nobody really knew where the boundaries were. They were described, that was the way they laid out New Hampshire to start with, it was given to this, you know when they gave the state to the guy that was the keeper and they brought the people in to populate it back in colonial days, I bet you they couldn't didn't know anyways near where the boundaries were, really. And that's what started the big fight that ruined their family there. They fought for years and years and years through the courts. And every time one of em would win a decision they'd appeal it to some other court and they'd keep on going. And these big New York lawyers were doin the fightin you know, the big firms in New York, cause these guys were millionaires.

Oh there was a saying I know about this Saunders, just a joke saying but it's a true, but Gene Chandler, you know the selectman Gene Chandler, his grandfather told me once that this man always said that if a man drank before he was fifty years old he was a damn fool, and if he didn't drink after he was fifty years old he was a bigger damn fool. [He laughs.] And he says Saunders told him that, [He laughs.] Gene Chandler's grandfather.

Ken remarked, "Well I'm fifty so I better."

Al affirmed, "Yeah, you've graduated." Ken asked for another Bud, and all laughed. Then Al repeated, "Yeah, but that's a fact.... He says, 'If a man drinks before he's fifty years old he's a damn fool, and if he don't drink after he's fifty years old he's a bigger damn fool.' Naturally Saunders must have been an old man." And with that comment, we again all laughed.

"I guess so," I agreed, and then recalled, "You mentioned that they used to cut ice from Sawyer Pond, and then they'd bring it down into town?"

Al responded:

Oh yeah, into here, [rapping on Livermore sketch map], yeah. And I think they musta had an ice house somewheres for the benefit of these dormitories, kitchens and stuff, cause as far as I could figure out the big ice box, I won't call it a refrigerator cause I always think of electric, but this big ice box in the cellar of the store I believe was only for the meat that they used in the store and stuff that needed refrigeration, possibly cans of milk or somethin went down there too you know. But I don't believe that, you see everybody couldn't keep their personal stuff all in that, it was a big walk in affair but walls, insulated wood the doors were that thick you know.

Ken recalled seeing a television feature about cutting ice from a pond, which led Al to acknowledge:

I cut ice on Crawford Pond. For the railroad house, had an ice house, at the one at the Willey Brook bridge. The house there, next door was an ice house. And every fall, or every winter, I don't really know why I was workin in the winter but I was, oh I guess I was workin on the section then. There's what they call the spare crew only had three or four men in the winter, and they'd come up from Bartlett with their motor cars, four-cylinder motor car, big one, and trailers, and we'd go up to Sawyer's Pond and we had the saws, you know. You go like THIS [He gestures broadly.] you know, with that, that had handles crossways, and the big saw that looked like a cross cut saw but had big teeth, teeth, maybe, so big, [He indicates several inches with his fingers and thumb.] you know, and you'd go up-and-down and up-and-down, [He mimics the motion.] and we'd cut the ice out of Crawford Pond and we'd take carloads of it down and pack it away in sawdust, for the foreman on that house and then we'd take it down to the other one too. It was awful, always fun, pullin those blocks of ice after you cut em out of the water so you didn't take a header to go in.

Well hell, this Sawyer's [sic] Pond you know might be fifteen, twenty feet deep in places there and we're cuttin and you take a nose dive into that, you don't know if you're ever gonna come back, you know. But we had a way of pullin them out, it was kinda easy liftin. What you do is you get your tongs in the, hey guys like that, and you push it down. [He pushes.] Push it down. [He pushes again.] And when it bobbed up you lift and it come right, pop right out, and put it on the ice. You get

so you, you push it down and of course the flotation of the ice bring it up you know, and while it was comin up you lifted, you lift the blocks right up. We only cut blocks about oh maybe so square like that.

"About 2 feet square?" I asked, putting a number on his double-handed gesture.

"You know, maybe so square," he replied, spreading his hands about a foot and a half or two feet apart, "so that we could handle em and slide em into the house."

"How thick would those be?" I asked.

He answered:

Well it depended on the winter. Sometimes they were about a foot average. They'd wait till it got about late in the year in January. If you waited too long you might get a thaw and not get any. But it was, primarily, maybe a foot. Maybe fourteen inches if you're lucky. And, I was just tryin to think of where the Mount Washington Hotel cut their ice. You know they cut tons of it. Tons and tons of it. That's all they used up there they didn't have refrigerators you know, in the old old days.

"What about that pond at the top of the Notch there?" suggested Ken, "Is that too small?"

Well that's the one we cut on for the railroad. We'd drag it right over the railroad tracks, you know, and slide it over on planks and put it on the pushcarts, you know, on the trailers and hook them all to a car, take it down to the houses.

They burned that house down the railroad, did on purpose. After they took the foreman's job outta there they were breakin in in the wintertime and they said, "Somebody gonna set that afire some night and it's gonna be dangerous for the trains because we won't know it." So one February the bridge and buildings supervisor come out of Portland and he said to the foreman, "Come on, we're gonna burn the house down." And nobody knew about it, they wasn't gonna have a big crowd around it.

So they covered the tracks with ice and snow, shoveled snow all over the tracks and then they went up to the attic and they poured kerosene all around. And they touched it off. So that way it burned from the top down, and eliminated all the trash that might have, if they burned the bottom out it might have keeled down the hill or something, so they burned it from the roof down. They described it to me later, I used to work in

the office on the railroad too. See I worked eight years on the track and then ten years in the office too.

"Which office was that?" I asked.

Al answered,

The track supervisor's in Bartlett. But they closed that job down. They wanted me to go to work in Portland, I told em, "No, if I wanted to work in Portland I'd a stayed in Brooklyn." So they hadda give me a year's pay, a year's severance pay, it was a union job so I was a, on the Maine Central I was the only clerk in New Hampshire that belonged to the clerk's union, see. Other guys belonged to the telephone operators, see, they were telegraph operators. They were a different union. So later they got so small that they joined the clerks union, combined em, but, and when it came Patriot's Day I was the only guy that had a day off in New Hampshire on Patriot's Day. Because the main office was off and it was a holiday for the local out of Portland, out of Maine. So I belonged to that, so I had a day off. I was the only guy in New Hampshire who had the day off [He laughs.] on Patriot's Day.

I asked Al what he did after he left the railroad. He replied:

They gave me a job after the office closed for about two months workin back on the track again. I knew the engineers and stuff and they could, I had to go all the way down to Maine and drive back and forth every day, Hiram, [one of the towns on the Maine Central in Maine] so then I heard I read in the paper they're gonna open a liquor store, in Glen, so I wrote to the personnel guy down to, didn't know a thing a what to do, but I wrote to him down there and I say, "You're opening a liquor store." So they said, "Well, we're giving a test on such an such a day." So I said, "Gees, I'm not gonna be around that day," I've forgotten what it was we were goin to New York. So they says, "That's all right we'll give you a special day to take the test over to Berlin at the unemployment office."

Al described the test:

(You) fill the little holes you know, on the paper with your black, and black it out, and then they run it through a machine. And they said that you, on the job thing, it says, "You may be asked for your proof of service." For the veterans, it's worth ten points. I didn't, it said, "You *may* be asked," so I thought, weii, they may probably ask you later on maybe. Who knows? I didn't take my discharge paper with me.

But, at one time -- you ever hear of the 52/20 club? ["No," I answered.] That was, after World War II, every veteran was entitled to one year of 20 dollars a week unemployment insurance. So for a while I collected, the winter time up here one

of the winters I collected two or three months of that. But you had to bring your discharge into that and everything. And that man was so nice, he was in charge of Conway and then he was in charge of the big office, he got promoted, he was in charge of the big office over in Berlin, and he dug up his old records and that was 20, 25 years before, 20 years maybe before and they found where I had applied for unemployment, and that I showed my discharge when I applied for un-, so he put a letter with my papers when he sent them down to Concord to be graded that he had seen my discharge paper, see, so I got, would get the ten points.

They never tell how you'd make out, but the only question that was at least difficult was how many liquor stores there are in New Hampshire? Otherwise the other stuff was little simple arithmetic. They just wanted to know if you could do simple arithmetic in the store. And the funny thing is for many many years they gave the same damn test. But nobody, I didn't know that cause I didn't know anybody that'd ever been in a liquor store, but they gave everybody the same damn test and then after we all got hired and everything we used to laugh about the questions, you know, "How about this one?" "How bout that one?" There was guys that was on the liquor store for fifteen years workin as clerks and they took the same test as I took, you know.

Ken offered an unsolicited testimonial to Al's performance, saying "He was a good man though, he was manager."

Al admitted, "Yeah, I wound up manager when I retired but I'll tell you why."

Ken added, "They wish they had him back."

And Al explained that he became manager after the manager and the assistant manager had both died prematurely. We then chatted a bit on health matters, and during this conversation Al realized that he knew who I was, the fellow who works on Mount Washington who rents the cottage from the woman who cuts his hair. After a brief review of working on the mountain, I returned to a matter that Al had mentioned, saying, "You mentioned that there was an accident with a loaded team up at Sawyer Pond?"

Al replied,

That was a story that they told me. Now whether that is true or not that's but, you know. They said that Sawyer's Pond was so deep, they used to talk about it, you can ask these fellas like Bruce Clemons and them they know. I'm pretty sure they're the ones that told me, or the Ainsworths, one of the Ainsworths, they used to haul with four horses and a sled. A sled was made out of big wooden runners, and they used to pile the logs on them, and take a whole, almost what a good sized truck would take on, and bring em out down to the mill.

Well they used to cross right across the pond in the wintertime and they said they got out in the middle there and the ice wasn't as thick as they thought it was, and down went the sled and dragged the four horses down with it. And they claim they never got any part of em back either, you know. It's really deep, they claimed. But that was, you know, that's how they bring the, in as far as the mill they bring em with sleds and teams, teams of horses they had. But that's what they told me, when I was there. So, I, probably, quite, it was probably the truth because I don't think anybody would dream it up. You know, it happened.

I started to ask, "Any other..," but Al continued:

Of course you know that Bartlett had a lot of bars in those days. Right in the Bartlett village. Because, this was what old Walter Chandler and Earl Chandler, Gene's father, told me. That these guys would come in from Canada and they'd go up there to cut wood, you know. They'd cut wood all winter and they'd come out with their whole winter's pay, you know. And they had these bars in Bartlett and how some of the moneyed people got their start in the big money was they'd be takin these guys through all their money to get em drunk and they'd stay drunk till their money was spent they had no more left they couldn't go home so they'd go back up and cut some more wood you know so. Instead of goin home they'd, it was the first cut-off place the first place for them to get a drink, see. I take it from that that he didn't allow much liquor up in the camps, I don't think they did. Because they'd be killin each other up there with the them peaveys and axes and stuff....I think they probably had, at least 200 men, sticks in my mind, cuttin, you know. Course in those days there was no power saws, they were cutting with cross-cut saws, you know.

I asked him, "Do you know if those people were living in the village or did they live out at logging camps?"

He responded,

I think the logging camp was somewheres handy to the thing because it wasn't that far I think they'd go out to work in

the morning, I'm not sure because I never saw any dormitories there. I don't know. But they had to have cooks and stuff like that there so they had to be somewheres where the food would get in easy and everything.

I asked if they had any livestock or farming, and Al told me:

No the mountain goes right up this. [He indicates a steep slope.] These two houses [up the hill] were, oh like you might go up Cow Hill [a nearby landmark feature, with a steep road approach], they were settin up as high as the maybe, in relation to the store, over it like somewhat like this motel is built now up on the sidehill. See they were, those two houses were set back up in there. And they tell me those were foremen's houses. They had their families there. They were the guys that had, the woodcutters wouldn't have any families there, they would just come in alone see. But these guys could have their families. So I suppose, I'm just guessing, but I imagine one was the mill foreman and one maybe the wood-cutting foreman or something you know, the woods boss, probably.

I asked if the mill operated year-round or on a seasonal basis.

Al offered this response:

No I believe it was year-round but I don't know how they got the logs back there, I'm just tryin to think. I wouldn't know. You could ask a guy like Bruce Clemons or because, I never thought about it, but I'm just tryin to think of how in the summertime they would get their logs. They could skid em down, they log here in the summer, now with the modern machinery, but I mean even in my day with horses you know. In fact I worked a horse in the woods for two weeks once but the horse was smarter than I was. So I quit.

Al seemed to be asking for an opportunity to explain that claim, so I bit, and accommodated him, and asked, "Where was that?"

He didn't hesitate to reply:

Over across the river here. Chandler had bought some wood over there. Birch, white birch. Sellin to the peg mill. And he needed somebody to work the horse, and I wasn't workin. I said I'd do anything. Used to pay me the vast sum of six bucks a day. So I took the horse over there and Homer Emery had cut the trees down then he was gonna drag em out, you know with a chain and drag em out to the landing and he was gonna saw em up into four foot lengths.

Well the damn horse, if you walked behind him, he wouldn't stop and you couldn't catch him because if you ran he'd run. If you'd walk he walked. You couldn't get by him to catch him, see.

So, and if you walked in front of him he wouldn't go. He'd stand still, and just yank, you'd pull on his (reins), if you'd pull hard enough he'd walk with you but you don't want to go through deep snow with a horse floppin his big feet down around your legs. He'd step on your foot or somethin, you know, draggin him by the, by the bit you know, by the reins. So one day, the first day, he took one of the logs down to the landing kept right on goin I'm tryin to catch em and he come right out the road where it is now and he went acrost, he went out to where the road comes out now and the only way I caught him I ran across the covered bridge and head him off on the state highway. [He laughs.] And there he was draggin the log down the state highway. He was goin home to the barn.

So about the second week, we broke the whiffle tree, that's that stick goes across that they in the back, in the back, you know, down near the log and you put your loggin chain in the middle of it and everything. Well he was a powerful horse but his log got caught up on a tree and he broke that whiffletree. So I brought him back. And Chandler says, "You might as well finish the day out up here." He had a team workin on Mount Attitash, behind the house.

So. The first log I put on him he went right down, took it right across the road up to the barn door and he was standin there with his nose up against the barn door when I turned him around, brought him back up. The next one, I put two logs on, I says, "You son of a gun. You're gonna work hard if you..." So I go down to the brook, where the brook crossed, that little brook down there, and the log's dug into the rocks, on the brook, and he broke the chain. Ain! And off he walked. Well it was the same deal he wouldn't stop at the barn here, he went back to Bartlett, he was headin to Bartlett where he came from. He figured they're gonna catch me at this barn I ain't gonna stay there. He was walkin down the road to Bartlett.

So I had to get Chandler, we got his pick-up truck and we drove around him then, then caught him coming down the road. You see it's funny about an animal, he'd just walk plop plop plop plop. If you walked. But if you ran and tried to get around him he'd take off runnin you know. [He laughs.] He could run better than you could. Oh gees. I told Chandler I says, "This damn horse is smarter than I am, then I can't work him. That's all there is to it."

I couldn't hold Al's ignorance of working with horses against him, and I consoled him by saying, "Well I imagine they don't teach you too much about horses growin up in Brooklyn, so, I don't think you're to be blamed for that."

He went on to tell more about the work he had done around

Bartlett:

Well I cut wood on Attitash with a bucksaw. You know. All by myself, damn fool. The first winter, the first spring I guess it was, after I got laid off Chandler had a pile of white birch logs out in front of the house. He says, "You saw them up I give you," I don't know it was then dollar, dollar and a half a cord or something. For four-foot lengths, see. So I had watched guys cuttin em, how they made a landing with, they'd roll em up, and it'd be about, almost waist high, you know. Had a bucksaw, went down and bought me a bucksaw. It was great. I cut five cords the first day. Chandler's (eyes bugged) out you know. He's, "Holy cats." The next day I didn't cut more than two cords because the saw got dull and I didn't know how to file it. [He laughs.]

This Homer Emery who was the best woodsman in this country, he still is probably. He worked for the Forest Service for years too, they hired him finally to, you know to supervise the marking and the cutting of the trees and he used to cut five cords every day but he, but on Sundays, on his day off, he'd work six days then on his day off he'd sit and he'd file six or eight sawblades, he had extra ones. And if it didn't work right when he started it, you know he'd test it out and if it run a little he'd take that off, put it aside, put another one on and saw it till it was gone, gone. And he touched that one up at night that wasn't runnin right, you know. So that's an advantage, but I cut five cord of wood once, in the day. Pretty near killed me but I did it.

And you know the funny part of it is Homer Emery would not even saw with a saw blade that came out of the store, he would take it and put it on his jigger and he'd file it all up and then the raker teeth, that's the flat ones that go like this [He gestures.], they're goin right, he had a measuring thing that filed them off flat, everything like that. So he knew how to do it. He made a lot of money cuttin wood, even with a bucks-, pulpsaw. And he had, for cuttin big trees he would take a two-man saw and he'd take a chisel and break one handle off on one end, he'd chop it right off with a cold chisel, it'd be hard so it'd snap. So he had a, instead of a two-man saw he had it like a three-quarters of a two-man saw. And he would take one side of it, just cut, all by himself, see, with that way and he'd cut big pine trees that way that the buck- bowsaw you know these pulpsaws, they wouldn't fit on those, they were you know they were too big so he, that's what he had for cuttin the big trees.

"That's a big tool to wield all by yourself," I remarked.

Al agreed, saying:

Yeah he's a smart fella.... Chandler says, "You want to cut some wood?" He knew I wasn't workin, he always tried to find me somethin to do. Their big farm, farmhouse was right next door here so, the barn. For two winters I milked his cows while he went to, two or three winters I milked his cows. And he'd give me thirty bucks a week. But I never worked on Sundays. I'd do it six days for thirty bucks. But and nobody knew this I was gettin thirty-five dollars a week unemployment. [He laughs.]

Actually they revised it and what I would do is, I was tryin to be honest. So I'd go in there and sign up for my unemployment and I would tell em, "I worked two days that week." And that would cover the thirty bucks, you know. And of course it kept them off my back too that they were, "This guy's tryin to work," see? So in case anybody seen me comin out of the barn or goin in the barn I'd say, "That was one of the two days I worked." See? So later on they revised the rules that you could take a job part time like that, that kind of a job, and work, and earn six, six or eight dollars a day I think it was, you could earn that much besides your unemployment. They finally wised up and made it a little more lenient. But that was before my day, I was goin by the rules before they made them. [He laughs.]

When I think, I picked corn, the toughest job there ever was was pickin corn by hand. There was a corn factory over in, it was Burnham and Morrill's, corn factory over in East Conway is it? East Conway? You go to Fryeburg and go out the road. And all those farmers grew corn for the corn factory. But they was much later they would start comin in about now [mid-September] with their corn. Course that corn it'd be mature that went in the cans.

So I was gettin unemployment then and the guy down to Conway and they said, "Well we got jobs over there. Dollar an hour. Pickin corn." I says, [softly] "I'd do anything I don't care." So, I went over and they gimme a dollar an hour but, it was eight hours a day and I don't know if I can do it now, I got a bad back, I got arthritis, but it. You went down two rows of corn like this backwards. [He stands up and demonstrates.] And as you come to the row you broke em off and you're draggin a basket, and you're throwin em in. [Continues to demonstrate.] And you did that for eight hours a day. I'm tellin ya. [He laughs.] That's the toughest job. I did that for about two or three weeks and then the season was over you know. But I was very lucky I fell in to the railroad job, see. And after the railroad job the, this job pays me a pension from the liquor store so, it's nice. And I get a little pension from the Army for bein wounded in World War II. So, not much, I get 96 dollars a month outta that. [He laughs.] It helps.

But, and that's besides my, I get my pension. Oh, quite a bit of it was social security from workin outside but I get it from the railroad retirement board.

Al went on to tell me quite a bit about his wife's pension arrangement, and concluded, "So we're not very wealthy but we get along good."

After a brief, but full pause, Al said, "Well it's been a pleasure talking to you, I'm sorry I can't help you any more because that's really all I..."

I asked if there might be some other people in the area whom he could recommend I contact. He answered, saying,

Well I tell you that guy, I think Bruce Clemons would probably talk to you. He, like I say he was born in Bartlett, but he been here all his life so if he knows what went on before World War II. He probably knows a lot more than I do about this. And if you want to you can tell him that I said that he knows more about it than I do, and I did the best I could but that, but don't let him think that I was, tryin to, be an expert on this thing, because you see I come from Brooklyn and you know how it is. We were always buddies, he worked on the railroad, he retired as what they call a ex-crew foreman this, we used to call it the spare crew for, was like a slang name for the big crew that traveled up and down the division, you know, it repaired big jobs, you know, changin rails, derailments. That's why you'll find that most of these people here will not vote for that railroad to go up through Crawford Notch. I won't.

Al continued on for a spell about the plans to operate a tourist railroad on the old Maine Central tracks; he thought the promoters would have much more work than they thought. Al gave me a present of several of his home-grown tomatoes, and then recalled another few local residents who might be worth contacting and avowed, "All these fellows probably remember more about it than I do, course you could say I said so." He then returned to the Clemons family, mentioning

Ralph Clemons, and he's married to Doris Clemons and her husband spent his entire life on Crawford Notch. But his name was King, and he's dead, long time. She married Lorraine's father. [Lorraine Jones is my landlady and Al's barber.] And then after Lorraine's father died she married Ralph Clemons.

Cause she's an awful nice lady and the old fellows was smart they decided that she'd make him a good wife, you know. She's an awful nice woman. Very kind. When my wife passed away she drove me to the hospital down to Hanover that day, and my wife passed away, and she brought me back, and she wouldn't let me come home, she put me up in her house, which is where Lorraine is now. I slept overnight there, they wouldn't let me go home, kept me there. And that's you know for no relative or anything that's pretty kind. Nice people. Lorraine should be able to put you in touch with a lot of those people, I mean, you know, she may know more than I do.

Al also mentioned another potential informant, Tom Monahan, and mentioned a few other local personalities, declaring:

But I've got to tell you the truth, the people in this little town were very good to me. Because I think mainly, because they knew I didn't have any money. If they think you got money they don't want no nothin' to do with you, you're a rich guy from, you know, from New York or somethin'. But they knew I was scratchin' for a livin', workin' whatever job there was an, so.

Oh, I worked at the state park when they had the animals up there, that's how I got to work on the railroad, my wife and I both got a job. You know it paid 35 bucks a week a piece, but we figured between the two of us made it kind of nice. We'd both go to work, come home you know. And I was takin' care of the animals I was feedin' the bear up there, and all these guys were cleanin' the cages or somethin'. And come fall they laid my wife off, and I says, "Look, you promised us both a job together," I said, "I can't work for 35 dollars a week and, you know, my wife don't work," I said. So they says, "Oh no, we can't keep her, we can't keep her, we just got notice, gotta lay her off." I says, "Okay, an I can't stay, an I won't go."

That very next weekend somebody says, "Jim Chadbourne's lookin' for help. On the railroad." So I went up to his house on a Sunday, and he says, "You come up to Willey House on Monday." And he was even sendin' over to Berlin for help, then they had 50 some odd, 50, 60 guys puttin' in new rails on the mountain.

And, so it was kind of funny. I come in there, and Bob Gardner, that's Bruce Clemons' brother-in-law, he's dead too, but he was the foreman on the section, and they says, "Well make out the applications for these new guys comin' to work today." So we made out the applications and he looked at em, Bob says, "You're the timekeeper," he says to me. I says, "What do you mean I'm the timekeeper?" He says, "Jim told me to get the guy with the best handwriting and he's the timekeeper." So I says, "I don't want to be a timekeeper. I don't know anything about paperwork on the railroad," I said, "I want to go out and go to work with the rest of the guys like those guys out there, you know, cause I can do that," you know. And he says, "No sir, you're the timekeeper." So all I did was clean the cars out,

count the number of joints they were changing and rails and stuff like that, I had to walk along once and replace handles on the tools and stuff like that.

Then come fall, Jim says to me, "George Peters," you know who George Peters is? He lives across from the in the apartment in the hard days, he has stroke, and he won't talk to nobody, and he still lives there in Franklin George's house, not the big one where the, George house but the one next to it that they bought later. Straight across from the store, the corner store. And he had an apartment in there. He still lives there I guess, far as I know.

So he says, "You got your choice," he says, "You can go with Peters, you might work longer. He's goin to Lancaster an change rails." He says, "And I'm goin to Vermont. With my crew." So I says to him, "Jim, I want to go with *you*," cause I figure he was the permanent foreman an the other crew was only temporary. So come next spring, maybe I'd get on again, see? So that's the way it worked out, I made the right choice. He says, "You might get--." I didn't get laid off any quicker than the other guys either. We all got laid off the same day anyway. So I worked just as long and I wound up on --

You know Chadbourne, that was the selectman -- his father was the foreman. Old Jim. Yeah. He was quite a character, but he kind of liked me in a way. Tried to get me his job as the union representative, but I didn't work year round at that time you had to have a lot of seniority to work winters, so somebody says, "Hey, the by-laws says you have to work year round to be the union representative," so Jim, he couldn't, boy he was pushin for me at the meeting, you know.

He was gonna retire, he was leavin. Went to Florida for a few years then he moved back. And his daughter, Chadbourne's sister, lives in (a cottage near) the Congregational Church, those white cottage, that was where Jim bought after he come back to Bartlett. Before that he lived up the hill, near Monahans'. Next place down. Where what's his name used to repair the machinery, that house, that was Jim Chadbourne's house. Where he had the lawnmowers. In the old days. And I just fell into that job like that, I was awful lucky. And I stayed there, course I got laid off a few winters but then, after about the second year you could collect railroad unemployment. And that's what I was collectin about 35 dollars a week. That was more money than I could earn workin, you know.

Al mentioned another job or two that he had held down, and chatted some about his playing of Santa Claus at a local V.F.W. Christmas party for Bartlett schoolchildren. Though lacking a white beard, he admitted to ample girth to play the role well. Then we concluded our visit a second time, and, as I was about to go out the

door, Al made a confession. He had invited his friend, Ken, over because he wasn't too sure about who the fellow was who was coming to his house that night, and thought it might be good to have another man there, just in case. I mentioned that I had told him that I had been talking with Harry Dodge, one of his golf companions, to offer a reference, but Al claimed that Harry was always out hiking, and that he would talk to anyone. We could both find some humor in Al's unneeded precaution.

My visit with Al had been a fruitful one. Truth to tell, I had not learned a great deal about the life of the men and women of Livermore. I had learned a few bits and pieces of the story of Livermore, including the promise of another buried treasure, though a simple one, in the depths of Sawyer Pond, and a few words of wisdom that were attributed to one of the Saunders. I had heard another impression of the physical appearance of the village, and of the checkered and obscure story of land titles in the later years of Livermore. I also received a first-hand, though somewhat sketchy, account of the building of a significant current feature of the township, the Sawyer River Road.

Much more, though, I had been granted one man's presentation of his life in the area. An outsider, he came into a small community and found a place. He wanted it made clear that he was no expert; that title could only go to those who predated him in Bartlett, and who had accepted him there. Compared to them, he might be considered a fool - a man who didn't know enough to sharpen a sawblade, and who was

out-smarted by a horse. He had been able to get by only due to their kindness -- and his willingness to work hard. Whether as a road laborer, as a railroad section hand, or cutting cordwood or milking cows, the life that Al presented to me was a working life. His labors, and the network of support among his neighbors, allowed him to survive.

His recounting of the fall of Livermore included comments on the lack of neighborliness between its owners and the owners of adjoining property. These wealthy people were so greedy they lost their wealth, to lawyers from New York -- the city that Al had left to come to New Hampshire, the city that he might just as well return to as work in Portland. Though Al worked for years in a state liquor store, and now lives modestly, he referred to some people who, in earlier years of the town, had become moneyed by selling too much liquor to loggers on their sprees, and took advantage of them, so that they returned to their woods work in poverty.

Throughout our evening, Al referred to specific people, many in Bartlett, anchoring them by location or by their relation to others. It was only after I had gained a place in this web that I could shed the potential threat that I presented.

Explicitly, Al may not have seemed to have had close association with the village of Livermore. Yet the invitation to discuss that long-gone small town opened up many topics intimately associated with one man's experience in another small town, perhaps, in its ways, not so different from Livermore. A town where if you work hard, people will give you a hand; where the network of neighbors remains essential to

survival; where there can be a gap between those with money, and those who struggle to survive but where, laboring together with others, a common man can make a go of it.

Norman Boisvert

I had mentioned my interest in Livermore to a friend, Mike Waddell. Without further rumination, Mike had told me that if I wanted to know about Livermore, I should contact his old neighbor from Newmarket, Norm Bouvier. Normy had spent a lot of time in Livermore, Mike said. So I got his address from Mike, wrote him a letter, and then gave him a call. I found out that Norm's last name was Boisvert -- Mike had anglicized it somewhat, at others might call Beaulieu "Bollio," or Boucher "Bushey." Norm said that he would be happy to share his memories of Livermore with me. Both he and his father had spent time camping and hunting or fishing there. Norm had worked at the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, and, after retirement there, had worked as custodian at a local school for a spell before entering retirement in earnest. He was now seventy years of age.

I met him at his Newmarket home on a snowy December afternoon. He was of slight build, wore a velour pullover, and his speech retained a hint of his Francophone origins. I was welcomed into his den, which was decorated with a number of artifacts advertising Norm's interests. A yellow and black placard bore the motto, "Hunter on Board," paintings showed a wolf on snow, and ducks in the water at sunset. There was a rifle, and a rack with gun cleaning gear.

We sat down by a desk littered with papers, and Norm started sifting through a few items, saying, "When my father passed away we cleaned out some of his things and I knew he used to go up the mountains. And that was back in the 1914, 1918 area."

I asked if his father had been living in Newmarket then, and he told me, looking over some photographs:

He was living in Newmarket and he had some of his buddies, used to go up in Model T's. Used to take two Model T's, each a driver of course and two extra guys just to bring all their supplies up there. And he used to tell me that the hills were so steep they had to back up most of the hills up around Conway area and so on. They would spend the day, the first day, settin up all their supplies and tents, and then the next day they would drive back down, leave the next, the followin day with the extra, you know with the other guys, so it was a one, two, almost a four day affair just to get up there and spend probably a couple of weeks at the time.

So, when I was lookin through his stuff, when I went there first time was in 1950. Of course the town was pretty well razed there at the time. But the hotel was there. The main office was there, no part of it, cause there was part demolished and the big safe is still there I think, right in the hole. Have you seen the safe? [I told him I had.] At the time it was in good shape then. The hotel was all intact at the time, there was an old gent livin there. It was a private estate. He lived, he spent many years there, and apparently he might have passed away and then I think there's a small camp there now, the last time I was there, so [showing a photograph] this was part of the Main Street right here, lookin up towards the main office. At the time.

I took a look at the picture that he referred to, and asked if it had been taken by his father. He replied, "That was taken well my dad, my dad is right there,...the tallest, the tall one right there, the slim one." The picture was of four men, and he added, "And they're all from Newmarket, all his buddies. Now you see all the houses lookin up the hill, this was the office right there and the hotel, of course you can see the hotel right there."

I asked if he knew about the other buildings in the photograph, and he told me:

No I don't, because they were all, at the time I started goin up they were gone, they were all razed, you know. So the state bought most of this land when you reverted back to the state forest. And they didn't want no vandalism or fires or some sort I imagine they destroyed all of those houses. At the time

when I was goin there was two houses up on the hill plus the schoolhouse, plus the big mill, and I believe that was the third mill, because the first and second did burn, according to this history right here. You got this stuff?

He referred to James Morrow's article in Yankee magazine. I told him I was familiar with it. He continued:

Of course the railroad's gone, and part of the old bridge to cross over where the railroad crossed over was still visible and usable shape like, and we used to cross over and hit the old railroad bed and follow up into Sawyer Pond. And I managed to find a couple of little spikes, I've got them mounted on a little pedestal upstairs, I'll show it to you. They look like they were hand-forged.

Still curious as to the appearance of the village when Norm visited, I asked him, "When you crossed over the bridge were there any signs of any buildings there?"

He answered in the negative, declaring, "Nothin, nothin on that side. That was on the east, south-westerly side across the river. And I believe the schoolhouse was about the last building up there."

We continued to look at the photos his father had taken, and I asked, "When your father used to go up there, was he going up for hunting and fishing?"

"Fishing," he replied, "He wasn't much of a hunter, he was a fisherman." He pointed out another feature of the village, saying, "Now the main water supply was a six-inch cast iron pipe in the bed of the river that went up into some, some spring up in the mountain. And of course pressure-fed the whole area. And the pipe was still under the river bed. Of course when the dam gave out, everything washed out, you know. A number, a few years back."

I asked where his father had gone fishing in Livermore, and Norm said:

Sawyer Pond, Sawyer River. I never knew this until when I first went up there with my buddy in '50, 1950, '51, and finding some of the old pictures of my dad which he took. This is of course Sawyer River[He takes out a photo of men and recently caught fish.] There's quite a string, there was no limit in those days I suppose, you know. There's some of his two buddies, that's Dad right there. That's a Langlois fellow and that's a Fillion. Okay. Now this is Sawyer Pond, and of course they strapped logs together and went out. Of course in those days you couldn't, of course you could have brought a canoe up there but they used the rafts to fish.

They had built their own raft on the shore of Sawyer Pond.

Norm estimated that his father and his friends had visited Livermore in the mid 'teens, 1914 to 1918 or so. We continued to look through his photos, remarking on minor features. Some of the photos had writing on the backs; Norm had asked an "old timer in Newmarket" to identify the people in them after he had discovered them in his late father's possessions. He figured his father had been about twenty years old at the time of the trips. We came to a picture of the old railroad bed, and he remarked, "We used to walk up the trail and kick up some parts of the ties that were up there. The rails were pulled out."

I asked if the rails had been salvaged, and he told me:

Somebody must have salvaged them, way back. In the 'thirties. Whether or not the state done it or not but most of the rails were all pulled out. Once it became a National Forest you know. So, pulled everything out. We used to hike up, well this is my father right there, [looking at another photo] a few years before he passed away, that's taken up in Canada. We used to go fishin almost every other year up in northern Quebec. So that particular year he felt pretty good so, I said, "What do you say Dad, you want to come?" "I'll go." My mother was reluctant, but we did make it. Now here's the hotel. These I took. [He discusses the photos.] Now this is a good view. This is where you used to camp. The two barns are there, the horse barn or you know a tack room or whatever you want to call it and the hotel.

He and his friend used to camp in a field by Livermore village. I asked him about the older fellow who he had said still lived at the "hotel." He responded, saying:

An old gent, who owned all of that, and that was a private piece of land but the state bought all around. And that's why they knocked the buildings down, and they knocked down, moved the school whatever they done. I don't know what happened to the school sign. It was still on the building when we used to go up there. So. Now this is the back side of the barn.

He showed me a picture with a building whose windows and doors appeared to be boarded up. I asked him if he could get into it, and he answered:

Oh yeah, we could get in, there was always some boards, like if the high water would break off the boards in the back you'd snoop around in it but we never went in the building, the house, no. Generally if he was around, he was very quiet, in fact I never met the man. No. Whether or not he lived in town but came up there once in a while. Now this picture was taken up on the hill right next to where the other two buildings were. But I didn't take any pictures of that. I should have. Of the old, the two houses that remained on the hill and the school.

I asked Norm to describe the barn, and he complied, noting:

It was a horse barn, I guess where they repair harnesses and all that stuff. So I imagine they made a lot of their own tools also, you know what I mean? Might have been a forge in there or somethin. Generally that's what they did, whenever they had such an operation goin on, they done all their own repairs of harnesses and metalwork and so on.

We continued to review and discuss the photos, and Norm reflected, "I haven't been up there now for, oh, almost ten years." We chatted for a spell about our mutual friend, Mike Waddell, who had recently lost his job, and about Norm's son, who was also having employment difficulties. Then Norm remarked, "This is what I found in my father's stuff." He took out another photo, which bore some similarities, and declared, "Here I am standing right at the exact spot,

Sawyer River, where probably my Dad, where they put the raft in there, you know. I didn't know this at the time, that was in 1950, until I found those pictures." That picture had been taken on Norm's first fishing trip to the Livermore area, with a friend. It was in May, and fetched him a string of trout, "All trout. Nice ones. Of course that was right after the war you know what I mean? And all durin the war years hardly anyone went out fishin or hunting or anything like that, so. This was 1949, May 30th."

He and his buddy had set up a pup tent at Sawyer Pond and stayed there for three or four days. It wasn't easy to reach the Pond then, as Norm noted:

It was a long walk, right from the sawmill area. On the left side of the bank goin up. And there was just a narrow path which was the old railroad there, until we got to the brook, Sawyer Brook is it? No. It wasn't yes, yeah Sawyer Brook. Swing left, right up. To the brook. North of the Pond. Oh yes. It was a good hike. Now you drive right up there, you got that little bridge all across they spoiled it. Ruined everything.

He showed me a picture from September, 1959, of a friend and his youngest son by the shelter at Sawyer Pond. He had another picture of their campsite near the mill in Livermore. I asked him if many other people camped there in those days. He said:

No, not too many. But all a sudden in the 'sixties it got so bad, they used to call it the hippie days you know, and they'd come up there in buses and so on, raise holy hell, get drunk, smokin pot, and you went up there on a, especially if it was a long weekend like holidays, you couldn't step out in the woods cause it was so damn bad. Everybody, of course there was no latrines or nothin, you know what I mean.

It got so bad the Forestry Department went in there and cleaned them all out. And we couldn't stay overnight any more. And I don't think you can camp there overnight unless they've, you know what I mean they've changed their format. So then we had to make it as a one day trip. You drive up there, park, then you go up to Sawyer Pond. Now that particular time we went up

the parkin lot up there was loaded. And especially around the pond area there were more people all over the place, guys up there shootin guns and I says to my friend, I says, "This is it," I said, "Let's get outta here." So we just spent one overnight in that little log lean-to there. Came back down the next day. Fishin was, was bad. Was bad. Cause there'd been too many people up there fishin. I don't know how it is now, but.

I asked if that had been his last trip to Sawyer Pond, and he confirmed that, saying, "That was my last trip, with the kids." He thought that had occurred in 1960 or so, and he hadn't been back to the Pond since. He has been back to the village, but only on one occasion:

I've been once, drove in, my wife and I, and walked around, and that was it. Of course the only building that's left now is that small camp. So. And I guess the office building which is the foundation is still there. Yeah. I imagine like you say the old safe is still in there. The safe, of course when we went up there when they first demolished the building, that safe was in good condition. Too bad they didn't take it out of there.

I remarked that it was pretty rusty by now, and Norm added, "Yeah, they just dumped it in there. The door was open, on the safe, so it'd been a good safe for somebody, you know. If you could manage to haul it out a there. It was for anybody's to keep if you could get it out."

His last trip to the area had been in July of 1971, which included a visit to the Bartlett area. Turning to a photo of the view from the Bear Notch Road, he remarked, "I used to hunt all that whole area, all the way up into Crawford Notch and on the Kancamagus Highway. Of course that wasn't there then at the time. But Bear Notch was there, but it was a gravel road so things have changed." He had taken a picture of the Bartlett Hotel, too, where he and his wife had earlier spent their honeymoon.

His trips to Livermore were for both hunting and fishing but, he said, "Mostly fishing." When did they take place? "Fourth of July or May, we'd always try to make it for the 30th of May for the long weekend, my buddy and I, but for the kids after school out, July, more comfortable. But the midgies were bad and the black flies, of course. We'd kind a survive. But if you want to see some black flies you want to get up, get up there in the northern part of Maine, up in Canada. Wicked."

Norm brought out a map, and, among other features, he pointed out the Rocky Branch country in Bartlett, and I asked if his father had also visited that area. He responded, saying:

Also, yeah. Now if you look at this road that follows Rocky Branch, very few houses on there, all right. But I don't know if this has been updated from more cottages or homes are on that. But there's an older house there and with an ell to it, and I think it had a small barn. A friend and I would stay there whenever we went hunting in that area. The first time we went there we pulled in there around ten o'clock at night. And we got references from an old timer who was a fire watch in that whole region at one time, then he got transferred to Pawtuckaway region here. And this friend of mine was a B and M, Boston and Maine truckdriver, and got to know this fella, this fella said, "Well I'll tell ya what you should do," he says. "You go up there, I'll tell ya where to go," he says, "there's an old timer who's livin there, on that road." And he says, "Just tell im that I sent ya."

So it was ten o'clock at night. It was *daark* you know. We didn't know where we, we knew the road was there. So we, this looked like a farmhouse. And there was a little light in the kitchen. I says to buddy, I says, "Let's stop here," I says. "Go find out where we are." I knocked at the door. This heavy voice, "COME ON IN." He was the gent we were lookin for. I believe his name was Glidden. Now, it's been so long ago, I'm tryin to rack my brains for number of days when you said you were gonna show up, if that's the right name, but it sounds like the name. Glidden. And of course both of 'em passed away now but the property is still there. So I'm just curious whether or not his family, some of his kids are livin there or not.

But. We were sittin at the table and she gave us a lunch, it was, ohh it was after ten. And I think we talked till about

midnight, one o'clock. And I mentioned that my dad used to go up there fishin. She says, "What's your father's name?" which I told, gave her the name. So she disappears into the front room. She comes back with a big ledger. She says, "Ahh about what, what year?" I said, "Nineteen-hundred-, 1914 to '18, somethin like that." She starts turning pages. She shows me this page and I, I read my father's name. 1918. In that ledger. It was a boarding house. And that building is still there.

Now if you want some information you might want a locate that place. And who knows, who knows if they got a ledger there or somebody livin in that particular house who are related to this couple, they could give you more information. Because a boarding house is where everybody would, you know would live, enjoy it, and they'd meet all kinds a people all kinds a stories. So you might be able to check that out. It's not too far in. See there's one, two houses there. And, I don't think it's all the way up in there. Cause I know there's a mountain brook, there was a brook comin down the back. He had a natural spring with a pipe into it. He had his own plumbing right into the house. Running water. Yeah.

I wondered if Norm might have a similar engaging tale about where his father stayed at Livermore, and asked if his father might have stayed at the hotel there, or if he had camped out. Norm told me the latter:

They camped out. Yeah, they camped out or they used to take, if they stayed in the hotel, I mean this boarding house they would take the flat cars up, train, up the train, drew em right up in there.

I asked him, "Did he have many tales about his trips up to the Livermore country?"

Norm replied, with some regret:

No, no. I should have inquired more, you know, because, of course he was single then. But when I did take him when he was much, much older, and of course I was goin there right along, you know, every year or so. So one year he and I went up, and he couldn't get over the highways. He said, "I wish we'd had these highways when we first come up here. It was rough."

"Did he keep goin up there after he got married? " I asked.

"No, no," he said. "Once he, his buddies, everyone got married, it just, they kept in touch but I mean, but they didn't do any hunting

or fishing after that. My mother kind of frowned on it. But. She didn't stop me."

I had to wonder what it had been that steered Norm into the same locale that his father had visited years before. He declared:

Well I've heard about that area. And I bought a topography map. An old one, I mean at the time. And I was lookin it over then I spotted Sawyer Pond way up in the mountains and I said, "There's a trail to it." I called my buddy over one night I said, "What do you say, Al," I said, "You and I, up around the 30th," I says, "Let's, let's find this pond." And we got goin. And that was it.

Was this coincidence? I asked him, "At that time did you know that your father had gone up there?"

"Never knew it," he avowed, "Never knew it until he passed away and I went through all his papers and found those pictures."

I asked him what the hunting had been like in the Sawyer River country. He replied

Very good hunting. Very good hunting. Like I said it was practically right after the war of course and everybody was in the service no one had any guns, ammunition. And after in the 'forties late for-, forty-nine, 'fifties, there was some mighty good deer up there, I got quite a few deer, nice ones, yeah.

He had tended to hunt off the trails, not only in Livermore but elsewhere in the vicinity, near Mount Chocorua, near Ossipee and Tuftonboro. He remarked that there are many moose in that area now, but that there were some even back then. "Were there many?" I asked, and Norm replied:

Not many, no, not many. But it seemed there was always one moose killed by a hunter. Every year. In fact we were comin out of the woods one day, a friend and I. There's the game warden out there. So he kind a, checked us over. He says, "You fellas heard any shots around this area?" "Oh sure, plenty." Well, he checked our guns. I says, "There any reason?" I says, "What's the problem?" "Somebody shot a moose down there in

that swamp." "I guess that's nice." And I said, "Why'd they want a do that?" Weren't that many then. It seemed that every year somebody shot a moose. Left em there. Yeah, leave em there. Don't know why, probably thought it was a deer.

You had people comin in from cities they were with, what I've got against most hunters, deer hunters, a lot of em, the gun hangs all year long. All of a sudden deer season's comin around. They get deer fever. So they go out to the woods, all they see is deer. They figure everything that moves is a deer. There's a deer around every bush, in back of every bush. Know what I mean? That's the biggest problem. And I know when they're all done the deer season they just hang the gun up again. I used to hunt all, practically all year round. Whether for rabbits or birds or, when I was a kid I done a lot of trapping. In fact I used to make enough money to buy my ammunition, some traps.

He had trapped locally, near Newmarket, for muskrat, mink, and fox. I asked if there had been a good market for their pelts, and he told me:

In those days there were. Oh yes. In those days, God if you got a dollar, dollar and a half a muskrat pelt you were doin good. And in those days fox was in vogue, and you know especially for the women they had the fox mounted with the, almost a natural fox wrapped around your neck you know? In fact I had one here a few years back and I gave it to my wife's sister. She wanted it so I gave it to her. My mother had it. It was a genuine fox the next door neighbor had shot, and she had it all fixed up, you know. With a lining in it, with a couple of hooks you know to hook around your neck. It was nice. But today you wouldn't dare walk around the streets with that thing. I don't know. Anyway. So my huntin days are pretty well kaput, in German, as they were sayin, you know.

I asked if he still made it out somewhat, and he declared:

I haven't been out this year. Cause I just got a new dog. And he's a pup but he weighs eighty-some-odd pounds. And I didn't want to take him out durin the deer season. He loves to go out. I do take him out back here, towards the bay area. So first snowstorm come along after the deer season everything crusted over, and it was lousy, couldn't take him out. But this is good. [Referring to the new snowfall.] But now I just had him neutered yesterday. So I just got to keep him quiet.

Norm described his new pup:

He's a Lab. Full blooded, full Lab. This is my third one. That's why he's upstairs here, he's a pest. Full of piss and vinegar. He loves the snow. In fact two days ago I took him out

back here and he jumped a rabbit. First one. He didn't know what to make of it. That rabbit went back by his nose, took right off after the rabbit. That was up on a knoll. Never saw a rabbit ran so fast. A coony. Course if it'd been a jack it'd've been almost white. And he took off down that hill, I bet he was goin fifty miles an hour, right along the chain link fence down there where the sewage disposal plant is, and he took right off to the other section of woods up across there. But I know he's around anyway. So, I'll have some fun with him.

Norm talked some more about his dog, and of dogs that he had had before, concluding, "I'm hopin for the best with this one here. I swore I would never get another one, but they're too nice. I'm retired so I got plenty of time and I enjoy it. Good company."

I remarked that, when I was growing up, my family had a beagle, and Norm proclaimed:

There's nothin like the sound of a beagle. Norman Baillergeon, old friend of mine. He was born next door to me, I was born in Newmarket here, outside the little village here, New Village they call it. Always had beagles. We used to take em out you know and especially if we had two beagles, or even one. If the other beagle couldn't go. Once they get on a track of a rabbit, it's that bugle, you know, just, it's nice. Very nice.

I used to do a lot of coon hunting.

"Was that also around here?" I inquired.

Norm replied:

Sure. In my backyard. I used to get up around the Great Bay area. We got as much as five or six during the evenings. We had a closed-in box on a truck. And probably six dogs. And we'd alternate the dogs because I mean they can give the dogs an awful run. But once they treed em, no problem after that. You can tell as soon as they're treed the noise is fixed, the barking is. Get up in through there at night with a flashlight, especially on a moonlit night it was nice. I like to take the dog out late at night, like right now, full moon, tomorrow, I say Saturday. Twenty-first? Yeah. That moon shines all over between the trees, you know, it's beautiful. I just like to watch that dog walkin, you know, through that snow, it's nice.

I had five friends growin up. We'd hunt, fish, and five, let me think now. Mike, Albert, -- St. Jean, Albert Marcoux, Norman Baillergeon, Phillip Blanchette. Five. Last one passed away, September. Number five. I'm the last guy of the bunch left. So that kind a put a stop to it, you know. But I may, I will go out

again. This Albert Marcoux, we used to go to Canada every year, Marcoux and St. Jean, we'd try to go every other year. All the way up to Lake St. Jean, Chibougamou region, and Mistassini.

That was a long way, I admitted, and Norm agreed, saying, "Oh yeah, that's seven hundred and fifty miles. Yeah. That's when it was wild. Oh God, wild, I guess so." I asked how long a trip that would take, and Norm replied:

Well, we'd leave here around, that's before they had the Maine Turnpike, go Route 16 or go up through the mountains or Route 3 through Concord and up in through Canada. We always went up through Jackman, Maine. We'd leave here around one, two o'clock in the afternoon. By about eleven o'clock at night we'd wind up in the Laurentide Park. Stay there, sleep in the wagon or car all three hours. Daybreak. Then we'd head through the rest of the park all the way up to Lake St. Jean. We didn't want to travel at night because a moose. Moose country. And it was for safety on our part.

But once we'd hit Lake St. Jean's some wonderful country up there. And we'd hit the reserve. They had a gate. They wrote down your number, your registration number, your name and so on, askin where you were goin, an be stayin, course we had our place, halfways up the park which was 75 miles long. It was all gravel road. We'd stay there about a couple a weeks. No guide, no nothin. All I had was the maps. But I had a good friend of mine, an old Frenchman up there who was in charge of the campin, campsite. Of course I'm French. I can speak it, read it. I've never forgotten it. And I was able to converse with him and find out where the good spots are.

He said, "Okay, Norm," he says, "Tomorrow," he says, "You want to go where a quick spot is, there's three lakes up in there about three miles, there's a trail that goes up in there." He says, "I've sent a couple a guides up there, Indian guides, to check it out and drop a canoe." So I says, "There's a canoe up in there." He said, "If you want to go up there and try it out, go right ahead, be my guest." He said, "I want to know what type of fish." Two and a half, three pounders, shooo, brook trout. That was wonderful.

Norm had proudly stated his French background, and I mentioned that it seemed there had been quite a few French-Canadians at Livermore. He responded, "Oh sure... In fact the Forest Department had another cutting up there up in Sawyer's area early '60's, I

believe, and they had barracks up there for, and they're all Canadians. Came down through there. They were loggin that area."

I asked where the barracks had been, and he said in a clearing near the current Sawyer Pond Trail head. "That's where the cabin was. That's where the French loggers stayed. Right in that area. That's where it was. In fact I was up there at the time when they were there. They were just haulin the logs out a there of course."

Norm's recollection of hauling logs led him to consider railroads, both in the White Mountains and in Newmarket. There were plenty of trains going by when he was a boy. At that time he lived "in that apartment house out back," but moved into the present house when he got married in 1947, "just after World War II." He bought the house with the help of funding from the G.I. Bill, and he proceeded to give me a tour of the level of the house we were on, including his workshop, where he was re-building an outboard motor.

He returned to the matter of Livermore, and I asked him if he had run into any "old timers" on his visits to the town site, but he said no. There had been no people in Livermore, but he said, "First time we went up there the big mill was there, the modern one, the last one was still standing." I asked him what shape it had been in, and he replied:

Good shape. All the powerhouse was intact. Massive beams in that, beautiful lumber. I can see why somebody wanted to take it apart. The beams in there were [He indicated, with his hands, a space a foot-and a half wide.] good, over a foot and a half.

Yeah. All spruce. And all the pulleys, shafting, everything was in there. All the pulleys were made of wood, laminated pieces you know. Yeah. But the machinery wasn't in there. The machinery was gone. So apparently they sold it, they sold all their machinery. The mill was left, probably the state bought it,

you know, the way it was. And I don't know why they destroyed it. They should a kept the town. The town would a been a good revenue as a ghost town, cause I've always called it a ghost town. To me it's a ghost town. Livermore ghost town. It was on the map for a number of years, then all of a sudden you don't see it on the map any more. All you see is Sawyer River.

I've been fishin there and have people drive up, and they'd say, "Could you tell me where the town of Livermore." I says, "Mister," I said, "You're standing right in the middle of it. There's the foundation of the mill. The foundation of the hotel. The foundations on the hill for the houses, office, and school." The foundation for the school is still there. That's it. I never met an old timer that came back who knew about it, you know what I mean, when it was in full swing.

As far as the story of there I don't recall what year they discontinued the railroad. It might be written up in there. [He referred to one of the articles he had pulled out.]

Wondering where he had found out about the town, I asked him.

"Other than articles like that, where did you learn what you know about what happened in the town?"

He responded, saying, "Like by goin there. I mean seein part of the town and seein it destroyed. Disappearin slowly, you know what I mean?" The crumbling relics of the town had told their own story to him.

I referred back to the houses on the hill that he had mentioned earlier. Had they been fancy houses? He said they were not, declaring:

No they were just plain New England house like, for the workers I suppose or the overseers or somethin like that. I imagine the hotel itself, the overseers probably stayed in that building, had their own rooms, somethin like that you know. But, if it was a hotel, then they must have had some payin guests, that used to go up there like you see the railroad, you see some people goin up there, gettin off, you know, probably stayin there.

Those houses on the hill had been in rough shape at the time of his first visit, and he recalled that they still stood there, empty, on his second and third trips. They were knocked down by the time of his last visit to the town. The schoolhouse stood empty, too.

Norm then went upstairs to fetch the railroad spikes that he had mentioned earlier. He returned with them, old spikes from the Sawyer River Railroad. I noted that they looked pretty rough, and he replied, "Yeah, rough-forged. It's almost like drawn. You see the lines in it? Drawn steel. Almost forged like."

"I guess they don't make em quite like this anymore," I said.

"No," Norm responded, "No you'd swear that these might've been all hand-made, you know? Could be. Well I thought I'd, I was workin down the Navy Yard at the time and so I brought em in, I got that welded on there, a little base on it."

He had coated the spikes with black paint, and noted, "They were rusty. I cleaned em off the best I could. Could a left em the same, you know what I mean. But I'm sure if a person walked up there on that side and stuff with a detector, pick out some more."

Norm recounted the location of the old line:

Just beyond the mill the location of the mill right now, the foundation. Walk up a short ways, and at the time that when we were goin there, the early days, you could see there was a bridge there across the trestle and went across on the other side. Of course the railroad followed right up through. So of course everything got washed out, the rails were taken out and so on. But it was high water in the spring and so on, kind of washed out in an awful lot of the areas, especially the banks where the railroad bed was, so. Some of the ties were still in there, but they were rotten, you could just move em around with your foot. Kick em up.

I asked if the railroad bridge, which he had mentioned earlier, was intact at the time of his visits. He answered:

No no no, just like footings or somethin like that you know what I mean, some of the big logs that were embedded in the stream itself left there, but of course now that's probably all washed out now. Cause once the dam gave out and you had it free flowin and more power comin down through there.

As for other recollections of the site, he recounted:

Well that's a long time ago. Like I said, that dam helped it a lot, as long as that dam was there. Of course the dam itself served a purpose also, because the main water main was under that bed itself, above the dam, so they had to keep that covered, it couldn't be washed out, but once the dam gave out, it undermined everything. And the pipin just let go.

At one time, open pipes all through the village, the water was spittin right out of them, all year long. Yeah. The plumbing in all the different houses. In fact where we camped, that particular spot, probably somebody had boxed in one of the standpipes, you know. It was a one inch pipe, an it was overflowin just like a fountain. That's where we got all our water. From that. Fresh right off the spring, you know from up in the mountain. But we never did follow that pipe up there. Of course it might a been buried right all the way up for protection. I'm sure it's still in there. Yeah. And still running somewheres.

While the mill pond was mostly washed out, the dam remained visible, but dilapidated in the early 'fifties. Norm noted, though, "The last time I was up there with my wife, everything's gone. The river took its own course now, it's back where probably where it was one time or another."

Norm took another look through the Yankee article, and I noted that most articles were pretty skimpy, with many questions unanswered. Norm opined, "People who worked there, once the mill's closed down, they just disappear. Scattered everywhere. Except probably some of the old-timers in Bartlett but there's not many around."

I made rough copies of Norm's curled and brittle photos, though the available light was poor. We chatted for a while, too, about some of his experiences trying to get his service records from World War II, which had been beset with difficulties. We then adjourned to the upstairs from his den in the basement level, where I met his wife,

Teresa, who offered me some of her fresh-baked sugar cookies. Norm showed me some more of his house, where he had done a lot of construction and finish work himself. But then it was time to go, and I headed out into the darkness of a late December afternoon, new snow swirling about the narrow streets of Newmarket.

In some respects, Mike Waddell had given me a bum steer. Norm Boisvert's experiences in Livermore had only acquainted him with the dry bones of the town, its "hotel," its foundations and spitting waterpipes. His knowledge of the village came only from reading magazine articles and observing the remains of the town's structures as they crumbled in the 1950's.

Yet the discussion of Livermore had given me an insight into Norm, and his recollection of his trips to Livermore had impressed me with ways in which talking about the town had served as a catalyst for three important threads in his life.

Norm was a man who had worked with his hands, and he appreciated the qualities of craftsmanship in others. This attribute only surfaced slightly in our conversation, but I felt that it was present in his interest in such homely artifacts as railroad spikes, which "might've been all hand-made," and which he had gone to the trouble of taking home, cleaning, and mounting as a permanent souvenir of the Sawyer River Railroad. His respect for workmanship seemed to surface in his comments about the mill, too, with its massive beams, beautiful lumber and laminated wooden pulleys.

Even more evident from his comments was his love of the outdoors and of outdoor pursuits. He expressed how he was moved by the sound of the baying beagles, and of the snow-covered woods under moonlight, and how he would drive hours and hours to enjoy the wild areas of Quebec. Sadly, as had happened with Robert Shackford, some of his enjoyment of the Sawyer River country was muted in "the hippie days," when lack of consideration by others led to destructive behavior and "ruined everything." For Robert Shackford, this had led to the razing of the Saunders' house; for Norm Boisvert, it tolled the death knell to his fishing and camping trips to the Livermore area. As reflected in his disparaging comments about hunters with "deer fever," Norm expressed the sentiment that the appreciation of and respect for the natural and social realms went hand-in-hand.

What struck me most of all was the seemingly serendipitous fact that Norm had followed in his father's footsteps to Livermore. Just as his father had been drawn there with his buddies in the 'teens (buddies whose names Norm had tracked down from a Newmarket "old timer"), so had he been drawn there with his friends in the 'forties and 'fifties, not knowing, at first, that his father had been there earlier. Perhaps the most finely crafted, and most "performed" narrative in our meeting was his recounting of his night at the Glidden house, where his tracing of his father's trail was dramatically revealed in an almost spectral setting. A bright light shone on a dark night, and a stranger told him that he was traveling where his father had been before. Norm, when telling of his trips to French Canada, avowed

that he never forgot the French language. He never forsook his roots, never forgot his heritage. He kept to his father's ways.

Norm said he always thought of Livermore as a ghost town. For him, it seems that the town may have some intensely personal spirits in memory.

Homer Emery

Al Henn had told me that Homer Emery was one of the finest woodsmen in the area. Al spoke with great respect of Mr. Emery's talents. I had heard his name before, when I was working at the Saco District office of the Forest Service. He had recently retired, but he was still spoken of with some admiration. A Livermore connection was forged when I was speaking with Cort Hansen, another former Forest Service employee who had worked with Mr. Emery. Cort informed me that Mr. Emery had purchased the Livermore schoolhouse, so it struck me that I should contact him to hear the final story of that village structure.

Following up on a letter, I called him. After he heard me refer to him a few times as Mr. Emery, he told me his name was Homer, and he welcomed my visit to his house in Jericho, a location in Bartlett.

I visited him there on a rainy November evening. Though retired from the Forest Service, Homer keeps himself busy and in shape by running a firewood business. He had been working on his woodpile all day, and was still dressed for outdoor work, though stripped down to underwear on his torso. On his feet he wore Limmer's, the distinctive mountain boots handmade in Intervale, New Hampshire and an emblem of authenticity among some White Mountain hikers.

Homer's wife, Vera, was in an adjacent room watching television, and though I could hear the TV I never had the chance to meet Vera. I was met by Homer on his enclosed porch, and we sat on upholstered chairs in his living room, a small grandfather clock ticking away the seconds and chiming the quarter-hours in the corner.

Unlike some informants, it took little prodding to get Homer to speak. (In fact, it was often difficult to get a word in edgewise, so I seldom tried it.) He recalled one of the few popular articles on Livermore, and then recounted his own experiences:

Yankee magazine. They had a write-up on Livermore and basically I come along and quite a bit of Livermore was demolished. And of course I remember going up there years ago and of course the old road was in where the Forest Service just put that new parking area where the old Sawyer River C.C. camps were. [Near the junction of the Sawyer River Road and Route 302.] And that's where the old road started. Your new road, now, is almost up in where the old railroad grade was, where the railroad run back in to Livermore there. And I used to go up there some, and of course I was buildin my house then and I, at that time I worked for the Forest Service. The Forest Service had acquired the land there. I went up there and through a Special Use Permit got permission to pick up some of the windows out of the old mill. And I used to have one of em in here. We eventually later put that big old window that came out of the mill up there. But there was an awful lot of windows and they were about, each sash I guess you'd say was about four foot square.

"A good size," I noted. (I had noted too that Homer had been careful to mention that any salvaging of materials from Forest land he had done only with the authorization of a Special Use Permit.)

"And they were a double window," added Homer, "So it gave you a pretty good size window there of about eight feet. And I know I got a number of em and at that time the old mill was beginning to go down hill, you know."

"About when do you figure that was?" I asked.

"That was back in, right around 1950 that I was buildin the house here, and I went in that," he answered. "And I also got brick there. And at that time a lot of the houses, I think, I'm not sure on it, had been sold by the Forest Service to get em off government

property, they were surplus. And I think at that time the old store was still there. And the big house where, what was it, Saunders?"

"Um hmm," I affirmed.

Homer continued:

And that big red house it was always kind of a typical New England red color, you know. And it was quite amazing. We used to go by there, and go in through there up, and the road went right in through that part. And when we had, I used to go up in there and pick up brick, and I had a special use permit from the Forest Service, Herb Adams I believe was at that time the District Ranger here on the Saco Ranger District. And of course Gerry Wheeler was the Forest Supervisor at that time here. So I'd got a permit and that's where I first, my first knowledge of Livermore come in. A lot of, quite a few of the buildins had been removed and those buildins were on the upper side of where the new Forest Service road is now. And I don't know whether the foundations and things are still in there or not.

But there were quite a few old apple trees and I know I still have out here by the, what we call all the kids in town always called this Homer's big rock. I have a big boulder right out here into my lawn. And I did dig up there a rose bush, and the old rose bush is still out there (by) the rock, still blooming. Probably one of the nicest smellin old roses you'd ever known, you know. It was really.

But then as time went on they put up, I forget what year it was, they were putting up a lot of the surplus property, the Forest was, because they wanted to get it moved off. They were not in the real estate business, had mainly land. But anyway they put up the old schoolhouse, which you asked me about. And I bid on it and I believe somewhere in my junk I've got the sales slip where I bought it. And I bet I paid 79 dollars and some cents for it, () what I bid on it, and nobody else bid on the damn thing I could a probably had it for five bucks. But I didn't know, I needed it.

And we, wife and I and the children used to go up there and we tore the building down, the schoolhouse. And for years, in fact last summer we extended, and we haven't got it finished yet, extended from behind the refrigerator back. I have what we call the back porch there. And up until last summer I was still using the windows that come out of the old schoolhouse up there. But they were, got pretty well to the point where they were lacking putty and one thing or another, and God knows how old they were, you know. But anyway I used some of the material, the flooring, and used the flooring to do the work I needed on the upstairs and put in one room upstairs in the

house and also a lot of the material I used to build the back porch with out of the old schoolhouse up there.

And the old floor is still up there it was I think edge grain, what they call edge grain, southern pine or somethin in that effect. It was quarter sawn I believe they call it so the grain is perpendicular and would stand a lot of abuse. But I done the floors upstairs with that and in back room which I never finished off and also the back porch there with the material.

Also used the old doors that I got out of the schoolhouse up there for the upstairs floor. That's been taken off now but the reason it was taken off, we put a carpet on the floor up there and so far I haven't had the time to cut the bottom of the door off, so the door would open.

But that, it was in the late 'fifties I believe that they finally demolished the old mill up there. Course that was a big buildin, the mill, quite a foundation under it and it was, oh God I don't know how long that mill was. But you could see on the floors up there, course it's soft lumber, you know spruce or hemlock or whatever, where the wear and like a that from running the mill, the mill and everything in there those floors were, you know, worn right down, just assmooth as they could be. And I don't know what they done with the lumber that they took out a there.

"So was most of that building salvaged then?" I asked.

Homer replied:

Oh, the buildin I don't know whether they salvaged much a that or not. And I know they got in there and, I can't remember who at the time, but I was thinkin it was a logging outfit that went up there and, the name that kind a hits me is Leon Smith and McCullough were logging and down, as you're goin up on the new road, they had a camp and a bridge across. And if you watch very closely going up you can see where on the left the road used to slab down in to the river there, if you really you got to really pay attention because it's grown in pretty well and they had a camp down in there, a logging camp, and then a bridge across the river, and they logged up on the, well as you're going upstream they logged the left hand side up there.

But I guess at one time as far as I remember some of those, the pulpwood was still left there, they never, some of the old piles of wood they never got it out.

I asked him about when that had occurred, and he told me:

This was during the, had to've been in the 'fifties. Early 'fifties. But I didn't, of course I didn't know, I remember going up there one time and, no cars or anything around, and there's smoke comin out the chimney. And boy, kids used to be scared, they used to figure, "Well there must be a ghost there or

somethin, because, you know, how does smoke come out a the chimney with nobody there?" So anyway, I went up one time, and I wanted to pick up some brick. That's when we built this fireplace that's in the back room there, where my wife is now but she may be settin there asleep. I don't know if she's watchin TV. But anyway I got the brick up there, and before I got the brick I didn't get a permit because down and just across the road from the big red house, that was a piece of land that eventually went to, not the Forest Service but to the attorney that handled the Saunders estate. I think his name was Nash?

I confirmed Homer's tentative statement, and he continued:

He owned that up there so I stopped in and I rapped on the door, you know. This old guy come out to the door and he said, "What do ya want?" He says, "You here to steal somethin?" I says, "No, I'm not here to steal anything, I'm here cause," I says, "I'm buildin a fireplace and there's some brick up there layin there on the side of the hill from that old house they tore down years ago." And I said, "I was wondering if you would, would like to sell some." And, the fellow he says, "I guess," he says, "Seein as you're the first one that's ever stopped by and asked me to buy em," he said, "I could sell ya some." And I says "Well what do you want?" () "I don't know." I says, "I need quite a few of em." And he said, "Well what are you willin to pay?" And I said, "Well," I says, "It's up to you, you own the brick."

Well I think he charged me three cents a piece for em, and I had to leg em down the hill there I don't know how far then put em in the back end of an old pick-up. But he took me in and showed me the building, there, the big buildin which was the, kind of the homesite there I guess you'd call it. The big red buildin. Beautiful floors and everything in it. And they had in there he showed me the stoves they had. They had old old stoves that were in there. They were these soapstone stoves? And he was telling me how long he could fill them up and how long the heat would last from there. And then eventually I guess he sold to Bob Shackford, I think. And I don't know is Bob still alive?

I informed Homer that Bob Shackford had passed away recently.

I know he used to be on, he used to work on, run the garbage disposal trucks here for a long time. Awful nice fella Bob was. Liked him very much. And very, always willin to give you a hand or help you out. Hell of a nice fella Bob was. But anyways shortly after that Bob, some way, bought that piece of land up there. But it was surprising that years ago when my wife's mother and father, they, the government thought they owned there, that piece of land, you know. And they salvaged the stuff they owned there too.

So anyway, they had an auction up there to sell the stuff out of the big house. And my wife, my wife's mother and father went up there and they bought a chest of drawers and a great big old bed frame. God, the post on it was four by four! The post on it, great big marvelous old thing. But we still got the old chest of drawers, still in as beautiful condition as it ever was. Very dark, oak it was. It's still upstairs, we've got it when I was actually, my wife's mother, she didn't want it anymore and give it to us and I don't know whether, I finally used the bedstead for firewood or what. But it was a big, biggy.

But they sold out all of the buildin, and I understand that after they'd sold it out they found that the government didn't own that little piece of property at all, that some way, through the, Nash and bein attorney for em and one thing another, he owned it. So after they've sold all this stuff out why, they found that Nash had found that he was the owner. So that's why he went back in there. And he used to get Louis Chaffee I think used to drive him up there and he'd stay there. And that was why you'd go in there, and there'd be smoke comin out the chimney but no vehicles around.

And I think the old safe is still up there in the cellar hole, where the store was. The old road come up right between the house, where the house was and the stone wall and the store. And then, come up through there, and then, the store sat as you're going up, river, the store set on the right, and the big buildin's on the left. And I remember the store settin right in there and there was also, I think the Forest Service has still got it, one big old sign that said "Livermore Station" or somethin on it. And I don't know whether they ever got rid of it or not, but I know it was down to the garage there for a while so, whether they ever done anything with it or not I don't know....

Well, I see it, it was either down there or somewhere, they still had that old sign. An of course this place here, [referring to his own house], gettin off from Livermore a little, this place here was what they used to call the old Conway Lumber Company's store and then it became the old Conway, the Forest Service guard station, they called it a guard station, and this building originally sat in Jigger Johnson [Campground], right out front there, off from where the information booth is? It's pretty well grown in but there's still part of the field left there and I think they have, used to have some kind of programs at night there, in what was left of the little openin there, and this buildin here, all the rafters and, I bought this and I bought this before I did the schoolhouse and moved it home.

You know I tore it down piece by piece over there, moved it home with a old pick-up truck, and them put it up here. But that, it had a lot of old signs in it you know that the Forest Service had quit usin, you know, white enamel with the green letters. They had a whole potload of those things that was stored in it because, I had to clean everything up, you know, when I got the buildin down and everything. And I had all those old signs, and God they're still cropping up out back in the house

and I took a couple of em down and give em to Peter Limmer's shoe place there, and I think he's got one of em that says, it was on a vista goin up Bear Notch Road I think, Bartlett Haystacks and like a that. And I give it down there to them because I thought well, a lot of the guys wore the old Limmer boots that, and Karl, one of the owners down there now, the young fella, he was askin me about it.

He talked a bit more about the signs, noting, "I've still got some of those old signs out here that I've saved. I hated to see em thrown away, you know," and then he returned to the subject of Livermore, saying:

But Livermore was quite interestin because they had the big mill, and I guess they had, I think what they done was all the energy there was created from sawdust and slab, and Vera's father, grandfather, told me, that was, he was, oh my God he's been dead for a number of years, Ed Drew his name was, he said that Livermore had some of the best lumber, produced some of the best lumber, he was a carpenter, a good carpenter, from Jackson, he lived in Jackson, and he said that Livermore probably produced some of the best lumber that from the area here, as far as bein straight and true, you know, with no crooks or sweeps in it. Pertainin to lumber, that's why they always tried to get their lumber up there at Livermore.

They used, in fact before, when I got the windows out of the old mill, some of the shafts and pulleys were still there, and, the lumber was all cut in the big bandsaw. God those blades were probably, oh I'd say those bandsaw blades that was layin around there were probably eight, oh they must a been eight, ten inches in width from the back to the teeth on them? But they there used to be a number of em there, whether there's still any more left layin around in the woods or not I don't know.

But also if, looking, it was quite interesting to me to plow around down there in back. But it looked like, up river, little bit above the mill, as if they had a place dug out there or somethin for the water to flow down through to where the steam engines were located, they were set up on these big cradles like, you know, and they had the firebrick, God there was a lot of firebrick in there in the, I don't know as you ever see, just down over the hill, across from where the schoolhouse was?

There's all this big pile of brick in there that's where they generated their power and I think they called it years ago a Dutch Oven, I believe? That's where they all the rubbish lumber went in and generated the heat to get the, to generate the, I should say the steam to run the mills there, you know to run the saw and everything, so. It was quite a set up. You can see today back there, if you went up in where this big gully

goes down around there and that's the only thing I could think of. I don't believe it was to float logs in, in the pond, because they did have a pond, a dam in there, right there that crossed right on, I believe it's just about on the government corner there, and the government corner's located right there by where the dam used to be.

And, but I don't know whether they dumped logs in that dam or not, or whether they just used that ductway I call it for a way of getting water to the mill. () But that's just about all that I know about the area up there, and it was interesting to see the changes there through the years and read the different articles that people wrote about a little town that is no more, you know.

I asked Homer if, when he purchased the schoolhouse, the government had used the building at all. He answered, saying:

They stayed in there, some of the government help stayed in there for a while. But there was nothing in the building when I tore it down. It did have the old metal ceiling, you know, the tin ceiling. And that's about it. I can't remember whether there was, Jesus it almost seems as if there was some type of a sheet rock on the inside of that schoolhouse. Because it seems that I've got some upstairs of that old stuff and I think it come from there, I'm not sure.

We spoke briefly about some other features of the schoolhouse site, and then Homer admitted:

I probably shouldn't mention this but, I don't rightly think the government owns that. And I don't think, it's not too important to me today because it's too small a piece of land to really get involved in. But I have a receipt showing that I paid so much money for house *and lot* up there. But, I still have it. But I don't believe the government actually ever owned it. I don't believe the government, I don't know how they, I think, there's still corners there, in government, the government still maintains corners there, and why they do that definitely, I probably shouldn't mention it but goin back a long, they might not even have had the right to have sold the schoolhouse to me.

There's somethin in that, and I think that, I've talked to an attorney about it, a little bit, and with the thoughts that I might try to claim it. But I think it's better off with the Forest Service, that's my thoughts on it. I don't know. And () usually I guess in those old deeds and things the schoolhouse was deeded or some darn thing for a piece or property for a schoolhouse, and then it would revert back to the original owner sometimes, that was the way it was written up. But how this was written up I don't know. I never, never followed it through to

find out about it, but I've often wondered about it, I've often wondered.

The government does not, according to if you looked on a Forest Service map, you'll see that blotch of land that is not colored-in in National Forest. It's, and I have a receipt showing and, that was when the Forest Supervisor's Office, the regional office was in Upper Darby, Pennsylvania, stating that I had paid in full for house and lot. But even if I had paid in full for house and lot for somethin the government didn't own, you know. [He laughs.] Maybe they owned it later, but they don't know whether they own it or not. To this day I don't think they do. Maybe you shouldn't have put that on the tape!

"Well," I admitted, "If you could follow that through that would really make your 79 dollars worth the high bid."

Homer continued:

Ah yeah. Well, it was very seldom they, I never see a, this buildin didn't say, it said that the buildin should be completely taken down and cleaned up. But that one it just said, "sold for so much for house lot." I don't know. You know, a little piece of land like that. And of course if the Forest Service didn't own it then they put a piece of highway across a piece of land with no permit that they didn't own. And you know these things really do get involved some times. Well I don't know just what the set-up is on it, but I should have accordin to Bob Shackford, I should have paid, I didn't know it until just recently, if I had claimed it I should have paid to the state taxes, even though it's an un-, what do you call it? Un-

"Unincorporated?" I responded.

"Unincorporated town," echoed Homer. "You still have to pay to the state tax money, which I didn't know. I didn't know anything about it. And I found out just a short while ago that you, I thought there was no tax, you know, on a piece of unincorporated land, the town that was unincorporated. But that's what happened, you know."

I offered the sympathetic opinion that if had never been sent a bill, he couldn't be blamed, and Homer responded:

Ought to send the Forest Service a bill for puttin the road across the piece of property. But this old buildin [referring again to his house] was there's a quite a lot of history to this. And I know some of the flooring that I took out of here and you

could see the old spiked boots, caulked boots that they used years ago. Jesus that floor was all like somebody'd taken and drove little points in all over, just a solid mass was what it was, all over the floor from where I assume people had walked on it with these caulked boots on, you know. But then again why would they wear caulked boots up there when there was no, I don't think they ever drove the Swift River, did they?

I confessed I didn't think so, and he continued:

Not, I know they had a big dam in, just below Champney Falls because I found a great big old chain hooked to an old pine stump up there, where I figured it was boom logs that they used to hold wood or logs back in the river there. And there was a dam there of course you know at Champney Falls. If you go down from Champney Falls parkin area, and you head right down stream there, you see a lot of rock work but there's quite a lot must have went on because they have a lot of stone work there at Champney Falls, down there on the river, you know, and they had a dam in there and also I found this tremendous big chain and that's now, as far as I know it's down in the Forest Service. And I thought, of what I could see that it was a, that they had boom logs hooked through there, you know that goes across it, hook these logs one on, on end to end across the dam and that'd hold the logs from goin down over, you know.

After a brief interruption to answer the telephone, Homer proceeded:

But I done a lot of, through the years, a lot of, I done a lot of roaming around through the Forest. Mainly how it happened I done these things, checkin out relocations and things like that for trail work and things like that that I done when I was with the Forest. And it's very interestin, it's very hard to realize the equipment that they had to do with some of the wonderful logging roads and things that they put in back in those days.

And I often think about Dry River, I done a lot of work in Dry River locatin, there was when I went in there thirteen, I believe thirteen river crossins? In all? When I first worked for the Forest Service. And by putting one bridge in, and eventually doing away with some of the bridges up there that were in I remember they, all of the bridges on the Dry River Trail, exceptin the one main bridge going up, and at one time they wanted to put in a bridge above Number Two, if you're familiar with it, up above Number Two, where the trail used to go that crossed on the Plea- Mount Pleas- or Eisenhower Trail now, I guess. But at that time the shelter was down on the island there, Number Two, and it was completely worn out. So the Ranger sent me up there to look at up, in fact, and the ranger, to look out a possibility for a bridge crossin.

Well I looked everywhere up there and the spans were so great and having to do it with the native timber that was available, and knowing the river as I did, there was no way you'll ever get a bridge in up there unless it's in a laminated type bridge. And I got the idea to begin to look around and we were gonna get rid of Number Two anyway, cause it was in the Wilderness. So anyway after lookin around and then I relocated the trail down below one of the streams, I call it Isolation Stream comin off from Isolation, it comes off from that area. And there was an old loggin road that kind a paralleled that stream up a way. So I located the trail up across and then crossed way up on that stream the Isolation, and come in way up above where the old river crossing used to be, and eliminated all of those bridges all the way through.

So I guess it worked out good because I haven't heard any problems, you know, since then. And it was amazin to see all those loggin roads that they'd built back through there. And I was going up the Dry River valley, and where you cross the bridge that they got in now, the suspension bridge, if you crossed that, and you went up in there, up that side hill, you'd see all these old loggin roads. And they come down same as the river, you're goin up stream, the old loggin roads came down like this, goin like that away, especially right there from the bridge crossin up through there for a way where they built those roads up over there. And you go in, you wonder, "How in the hell did they do it?," you know.

Course I knew how, up on I don't remember whether, I think Passaconaway, Downes Brook Trail, there's one of those big, settin beside the trail you may have seen it, a big metal bucket like, sits on the right hand side of the trail up there. But it has a bail on it. And we used to call em a horse scoop. And there's a swivel, and a piece of iron that went around, but it was like a big old, I got one out back of the house, here, still got the damn thing.

But anyway, one that I got from one of the farmers, but it was shaped like a sugar scoop, like this. And it had the bail goin around with a big swivel on it, and you'd hook a pair of horses on it. You had a pair of handles come back like this, and buildin roads and things they'd just hook the horses on and a guy would get on those handlebars on those handles, like what's on a wheelbarra, and by picking those handles up that would make the scoop cut in and fill with material or soil and you could carry it forward to level out a road or whatever. And then when you'd got so far this bail that went around it, all you had to do was pick up just a little on those handles and when you'd pick up the front end would hit, and it would flip it and dump it so that it was a very good way, you know, you didn't have to fill it by hand, and you didn't have to, just flip it and it would dump itself. And you just turn around and go back and get another bucket full. And so they had to have used them quite a bit on those roads because I've found that one is still up there,

it's still up there beside the trail. I don't know as you ever got back in there.

I said I had been in the area, but didn't remember the scoop and would keep my eyes open for the next time for the "horse powered grader," and Homer termed it a "horse powered bulldozer." He expressed the wish that the Forest Service would make more public exhibits about the logging railroads and other facets of the past life of the area. I mentioned that the Forest Service had recently developed some public information exhibits about the C.C.C. camp at Blackberry Crossing Campground, so that perhaps they would follow his recommendations soon. We chatted for a moment about some of the C.C.C. camps and their remains near the Kancamagus Highway, and Homer noted, "I roamed around by that a lot of talk there's still a, an old engine back in there somewhere but I never see it. Ha Ha!"

Intrigued by this reference, I asked him, "Where do they say it is?" He answered:

I don't know. Some say it's way up on, I don't know up around Nancy or Norcross [Ponds]. Then some say it was up on the Kancamagus there. But I never see anything, I tell you, I done a lot of bushwhackin through there puttin in, course I done a lot of leg work puttin in that Nanamocomuck Ski Trail, which I laid out from Livermore, Lily Pond down through, and gees I don't know how many hundred miles I walked back and forth to try and find the best location for the trail down through there. Got to be quite popular, I gather for a ski trail. I kind of done that by hook and crook, I put ribbons in, and the [District] Ranger said, "Yeah, that'd be awful good to have the trail there." Of course we had quite a few workin for us then. When I'd come up some days I didn't need quite as many men in the campgrounds or somethin, I'd take em, go over there and cut a little bit of trail out, a mile or two, [He laughs.] and finally got the trail down through.

Following up on Homer's remark regarding the abandoned engine, I said, "I heard someone claim the other day that there was still two miles of rail in the Pemigewasset."

He responded, admitting:

Oh yeah, I found that true, I know where that is. Yeah it's up just above North Fork. North Fork. We were you ain't got that, this ain't staying, you haven't got that tape on have you, because Jack Schotthoff [?], Jack Gordon, told me, he says, "You know," he says, "what we need at the VIS [Visitor Information Station] where the railroads all run around through there. It would be nice," he says, "if we had an engine there." But he said, "We need some track." And he says, "I heard there's some tracks left up in the Pemi Wilderness." And he says, "Sometime," he says, "I'd like to have you go up there and take a look around."

So I went back in there and I got in there and I could understand why nobody'd found it. Damn beaver had built a dam and they'd flooded it. And I get to lookin around and here out in the middle of the beaver dam settin up about yay high was that old switch thing there that looked like the, a club on a playin card? That black thing. Well here's the switch way out right in the middle of, in the middle of that damn beaver bog. But I don't know whether the water, the beaver dam's probably gone but that's where the railroad track was, the steel. The steel is still in there and that old switch. That's what Jack Gordon, -- was it Jack, Gordon I think his name was -- that's what he was mainly interested in, in gettin that old switch out of there, that stuff.

But that, at the time, that's why the dam, that switch was right under the beaver bog. I don't know how many water there was in there but there's a couple of the old switches still stickin up with the signals there that show that there was a switch there. If you ever were lookin for it, you go to North Fork, cross the, they used to have a big log in there, to cross, the river there, the East Branch I guess it is. And as soon as you cross the East Branch, maybe you shouldn't put that on tape somebody might be in after it, you cross the East Branch and then if you headed with your back to the East Branch and headed straightaway from the East Branch you'd hit a kind of a little drainage comin out of there, and right there, not I don't believe it's over, oh, I don't think that drainage comin out a there is over, maybe a couple hundred yards or more? You hit this drainage, you follow that drainage up and you hit that railroad track right there. That's where that old railroad is.

I expressed my surprise that the rails hadn't been salvaged, and
Homer continued:

I don't know why they never, I don't think at the time, of course I remember hearin them talk about takin the steel out down to Flat Mountain Pond. There's a piece, one or two pieces still layin in Flat Mountain Pond Trail down there. But what they used to do, they'd take an old tractor in there when they bought that the government sold it you know as salvage. And they'd go in there and go up so many lengths of track, you know, and cut the damn thing off. And they'd haul it out, one piece like a string of hot dogs and just haul the darn thing out. And that way it'd wrap around you know wherever they wanted to go. I don't know how many lengths they'd take at one time, but that's how they dragged that stuff out.

I got a piece come out of Flat Mountain. I guess it drove into the ground or somethin but it's about ten foot piece, I brought the stupid thing home. I was gonna make andirons for my stove but I never got around to doin it. But of course they sold, the government sold they sold the steel, Lowd I think got the steel up in Sawyer River, I'm not sure I think he did. But I'm not positive on that. He, he run a junkyard, I think, I'm not sure whether it's the same place that Bryant's yard is now or not. It's about the same location, I think. I'm not positive on that but I'm pretty sure Lowd got that steel and salvaged it out a there.

I asked about when that might have happened, and he told me:

No, I have no idea when. But it was way back, quite, quite some time ago. And it's amazin at one time, of course there's still some old railroad junk as you go there across the Sawyer River Trail. If you ever noticed, going beyond Hayshed Field, that's just a little beyond the junction of Hancock Notch Trail, and you head out through that swampy area, on the left side there is a pile of oddball steel, still layin in there, and if you go very far then you get where the stream is kind of beaver dam, like a that. But it's just as you start in to the swamp. And there's two on the right side, as you're goin by Hancock Notch junction on the Sawyer River Trail there's a couple a pretty big bog holes in there, like little ponds, you know, and if you look on a map you'd see they show them up as small ponds. And you have to look close as you're on the trail to see where they come across, where they are, it's on the right side of the trail there.

I asked if that would be before the Meadow Brook crossing, and
Homer confirmed:

Yeah, oh yeah. It's way back, oh. When you leave the Hancock and Sawyer River junction, I'd say those ponds are, I call them bog holes, are about a quarter mile, I don't think over quarter, as you're goin from Hancock towards the Kanc, it's on the right side there of the pond. I've caught a few fish out a there. I went in one time, early in the mornin on a weekend, I thought I'd like to go up. I had seen the pond when I was workin trail, and I said, "God, there ought to be some fish in there." But I went in and fished it and evidently I see a couple beer bottles and things so I guess either the fishermen back in those days or somebody had camped down in there. But I did get a few trout out a there. I think the biggest one was only eight or nine inches.

But I heard old, old what's his name can't think of his name now, he had all kinds a, it was a shame that the government didn't, get some of his information written down. He had a place over on the Kancamagus, his family did. I burned it down eventually. It was surplus property and I burnt the buildin down. Can't think of the name. But we burnt the building down over there. But this old fella used to come into the office down there at the Forest Service, and God that man had books and envelopes filled with old old pictures, of Passaconaway and it showed all of the fields and things that were, even way back when I was first started workin there was all wooded in. You'd never realize they were fields, and the old houses and he knew where everybody lived, and it was really, it was good. Good information if the Forest Service could have realized it they, you know it would a come in handy, at a later date. I can't think of his name. I know he's long gone now. He, he is, they had a book or somethin that was written on him.

Knowing of the 1916 book, Passaconaway in the White Mountains, by Charles Beals, I offered, "There was one that was written by a fellow named Beals."

That rang a bell, as Homer agreed, saying:

Beals, that's who it was. Bob Beals I think his name was. Bob. Used to wear this old hat, greasy lookin looked like (an). He'd come in the office and he'd always corner me with the () about Passaconaway. And he'd always have this old cigar. God! That old cigar would stink, oh my God that thing would smell so rank.

But he did have a hell of a lot of information. Yeah, really a lot of information he had. It was always interesting to me to go through and see all the remains of these old logging camps, you know, the old rubbish piles. Everybody that goes through I guess stops now and digs around to see if they can find an old bottle or somethin you know from there.

My wife's uncle, Lee Boack [?] he used to work, no his father had a camp, run a crew of men over on the Kancamagus years ago. And Minnie, we always called him Minnie, said he used to go down and visit his father. God he said he used to ride up on the train from Conway up, where the camp was, "God," he said, "You used to think that was the greatest thing," the ride up there to see his father you know, that train. That'd be my wife's uncle. But he also drove a team, too, on the East Branch when they logged the East Branch out.

But Livermore, as I said mainly was what I'd see and, when I first went there.

I asked if Homer had grown up in the area, and he went on at length about his family's history. His family had originally settled in Bartlett, but some had moved to Stark, which was where he was from. He had a nephew who had traced the family genealogy. He concluded his remarks, saying:

You know as I go up through, used to go up through the valley up here and you see all those old cellar holes up in there, you know, you wonder, God how did they ever survive, you know. How did they ever, even up here where Glen Ledge is now, the development up there, there was settlement there cause you can see where they piled all the rocks on top of the big rocks, you know, to get em up out of the fields, get em out of the way.

And up here in Jericho, along the road up through there, you see the same thing, they'll have the rock all heaped up in piles. But I never did see very much of anything that was stonewalled up through there, any stone walls. One little short section up here, just, well it's right where the old road used to end up here, they had a little section there, but very little, that they had a few rocks in. But most stone walls, like you see in a lot of the old places, like over to Dundee Highlands.

I admitted I felt the same way when I looked at the stone walls and cellarholes in Livermore, and Homer continued, saying:

You know, it's amazing one of the, this piece of property up through here was owned by Fernalds, and then a fellow, Ray Kennell, eventually owned it and I bought from Ray, but the old homestead down where the Chandlers live down here down the little blue-colored trailer now with the (flattish end on it) on the right coming up, a couple of houses down. But the Fernalds, this lady her husband was blind, Lena Simpson, she married Will Simpson, but she was a Fernald. And I used to get a kick out of

listening to her. She used to tell me about things up here in the valley.

Up, where the Rocky Branch, where the gate is now up there on the Rocky Branch road, that was called Jonesville. And this Jones who had a mill up there. And, I don't know where it went to, she had a picture of it, and I've seen a picture of it, the camps, you know, and the men. And, "My golly," she says, "You know," she said, "we bought the lumber," she says, "to build our barn and the house, and you know," she says, "that lumber," she says, "there weren't a knot in it." It was all just square lumber. Huh. She says, "We had to pay eight dollars a thousand for it," you know. But to her, back then, eight dollars a thousand, that was a lot of money.

And she told me, and I don't, I can't say she's wrong, she told me that they hauled iron ore off'n the mountain up here all the way to Portland. Now I don't believe that, on ox carts. Then it went to, she said, Sheffield, England and she said, "My sakes," she said, "They said that made the best, nicest steel of any ore they ever had." I used to, listen to, and poor Will he was blind, he couldn't see anything, just, I forget, some kid, put somethin or shears or somethin in his eye put his eyes out, couldn't see. Blind as a bat.

But then, at night, he'd go out, always had a horse and a cow, () and you'd see him down in there, lived down where Ronnie Patch lives now where the horse barn is that house there. And you'd see him goin out at night by golly with his lantern in his hand. And one day I stopped by I was talkin with him and I said, "Well I got a question to ask you." And, "Well boy," he says, "What's that?" And I says, "You know you can't see anything, what the hell carry that damn lantern in there for, out toward the barn at night?" "Well now, by gorrry young fella, I'll tell you why I do that," he said. "The animals are not as nervous if I got that light out there." So that's why he carried the lantern because the animals, it didn't bother the animals so much, they were more quiet.

But kids, my kids, we'd go in some nights and visit him, he'd use his fingers you know to feel the features and everything, how high they were, and things like that. But he was quite the old guy. When my wife was just a kid he said she used to walk up, he used to take his cows from down there to the top of the hill up here what they call the Sitter [?] place. And he used to, he'd walk right up that road with them cows and turn right there at the gate and open the bars and let the cows in and come right back. He knew just where he was goin. Even though he couldn't see anything

Homer's mentioning of Jonesville reminded me of another

Livermore name he had mentioned, and I asked him about the origin of

"Hayshed Field." He responded, saying:

The only thing I could think of is, I know they used to hay the roads in the wintertime to slow down the sleds on the mountains, you know, to slow em down, rather than puttin bridles and things like that on because of the fact that the bridles would chew in and rut the road up. Where they were haulin the two sleds, I've heard them talk about haying, put hay on the road. Now whether they used to have a hayshed there or do that or whether it was just a hayshed for a camp, or what the heck I never heard. But there was a fair openin in there at one time, but it's pretty well grown in now. A lot of big fir trees in there now the likes of it.

Now I know, I was in around there back some years ago, I hauled in some stringers there for that Meadow Brook bridge for the skidoos there, hauled them in with the old Alpine [A model of snowmobile.]. They were, I think they were 32-footers. Yeah, 8 by 16 and I hauled em in there (). They said I couldn't do it, but I did. Hauled em from way back up on the side of the hill there and quite a ways. I know it was back, back beyond Hayshed Field because when I dropped the timbers off, I had a guy from Snowville hauled em up there and we dropped em off right there at the junction and then somebody went in and thought they could get into the other end of the bridge up through one of the cuttings. They got way up there in the middle of the cutting and left em there, that's far as they got.

And then George, can't remember his name, he was head of Conway skidoo club here, he comes to me and wanted to know if I thought I could get em. I said, "Yeah, I can get em all right," I says, "Weather," I says, "Got to have the right weather to do it." But I went in and, I took em in and pulled em and hooked the chain on took em right across the stream for the boys so they didn't even have to, with the usin the skidoo to pull them in, I just slidin the chain back and (go in a way) and (). (They were quite an order of timber.) We got em, used quite a bit of em on the ski trails, and for the skidoo trails also.

They come out of a bridge, they declared it unsafe up on the Sawyer River Road and when they put the new bridge in up there I told the Ranger that be sure to put in the contract that they would deliver those timbers that was there down to the Forest Service, which they did. And we used em on the ski trail and also for the skidoo trail up there. Course they were pressure treated for that they'd stand up for years.

Discussing the salvaged timbers brought up another salvaged items, the bricks Homer had purchased from Clinton Nash, and I asked if he had done any other business with Nash. He replied:

No, that was the only time I ever had anything to do with him. He was not a very big guy, you know. I can remember his hair was just as gray as could be, almost white. And he came up there from what I could gather from visiting with him once he

got to know that I was up there and not tryin to steal stuff and tryin to find him to buy, why he was really a talkative old gent, he took me in and he showed me the old buildin, you know, the inside of it. And he just had a couple of rooms that he stayed in, everything else was closed off. Beautiful works in there, fireplaces and like a that in that big house. Quite a nice place it used to be. Awfully nice.

And then just above the house were the stone walls down around nice stone walls going down and then, that used to have some old sheds and stuff like that down along there. And eventually, I don't know whether Bob tore them down or not. I don't remember what happened to the house, whether he tore it down or the damn thing burned.

I allowed as to how he had problems and eventually razed it, and Homer observed, "Always thought the old big place, that's kind of a nice place up there you know. Big old house. Across the road from the store and the station there. And the old safe right in there down the cellar hole, still there. Yeah."

I asked Homer if he might have known some of the last residents of the town, such as Joe Platt or Bill McDonald, and he responded, "No, I did hear years ago I think Win Whitney, passed away here a couple a years ago, retired from the Forest Service, and I think, was it Platt was a lookout, warden up there?"

I admitted I didn't know, and he continued:

There was one of em that used to man the tower, then he'd come down and stay there for a while, I think. And of course you go up that way to go to Carrigain, where the tower is. When I was working there we changed that tower over to just a platform, took the, I call it the caboose off, and changed it over. Belvin Barnes was I believe the supervisor up there on that job, but I actually done the work up there. I remember we walked in there, God we went in there one day in the wintertime. Hard to get in there, () but I had to go in there, and hike in, up to the top of Carrigain and get a bolt out of that damn tower.

And that was when they got the idea of putting the platform in because Carrigain is nothin if you don't have the tower there. With the tower it's one of the most beautiful views in the whole, up to me about in the whole (darn 'vention). It is beautiful up there. But, before I could do that they had to have a bolt out of that, and I had to bring it down and, I don't think

anybody ever put the bolt back in there. By Jesus. I don't know, maybe they did. But anyway they brought the bolt out to test it, because of continuous lightning and the like hitting the tower, they felt that there could be a possibility of the metals being, I don't know whether, made it more brittle or something, but that's what they talking of doing. And we walked up there - you been up there in wintertime?

I admitted I had, and Homer resumed his tale, saying, "Well we got up there, about halfway across Signal Ridge, can't remember the guy's name, I don't remember whether, God, that trail comin up through, you know, like this, it was just like that [He gestures to indicate a trail contouring the steep mountainside.], and you can imagine."

"A long sidehill," I acknowledged.

Homer continued:

The whole way up, all sidehill. God, we got up there and here it is, two o'clock. We sit down to eat dinner and we're only up to the top of Signal Ridge out on the ledge there. So I says to Paul Whimby [?] I says, "Well what are we gonna do?" I says, "I don't know," I says, "I don't think we're gonna be able to get up there and get back before, before dark, and get out a here." "Well," he says, "I think we better go back." And I says, "Well what do you mean, if we go back we're gonna have to do the same damn thing tomorrow, and try to get in there." And I says, "I don't want to stay out overnight." "Well," he said, "I don't know," he says, "It's up to you." So anyway, I said, "Let's we, let me try to make it." So we had a lunch there, we took off, but we went right up the ridge, we didn't follow under where the old cabin set. We went straight up the ridge there, on the high ground, and that cut off some of the distance, and got the bolt.

And when we got back, we had a snow-machine, skidoo, down at the bottom, where they'd logged years ago there, and thank God we had the skidoo, because I don't know what time of night it was, I don't know what time we got out of there, but it was real late at night. We called in tellin em we were gonna be late. It was quite a hike. I knew that I'd been somewhere when I got back to that skidoo, and God, I never cared much for skidoos but I was sure happy when I see that thing, definitely. () an awful hike up there. I guess still some of the old wire standin up through there yet, along the way.

I said that a couple of the poles that carried the telephone wire from Livermore to the firetower on Carrigain were still barely standing, and Homer said, "Yeah, I heard that that trail was fallin apart. We done heavy construction on that once, and I guess that the boys didn't tend to the waterbars at the top of the steps and the water got in em and washed them out again."

I said that most of it seemed to be in good condition, but Homer added:

Yeah, up on the upper part, they say that held up pretty good up there, but down on some of the lower places. Course we put in a relocation in there, the trail used to go up that old road, right up through as you cross the lumber, the old logging trail there and then you first cross a little stream there, and headed up the trail. Then you very shortly crossed this little stream and kind of took your way out around up through there. But the old trail used to go right up that, the old road there, and there used to be a shed right in there, they used to call that Little Livermore. There's an old lean-to buildin. And when the Forest Service was markin, the boys was markin that area back there, they burned the place down.

I asked for more information on Little Livermore, and Homer told me:

Oh, that was, lookin back, if you find the files there, when they had the timber sale back in there, that was done in, they must a logged back there in, '60-what, '65, somewhere in there? I'd say. But they burnt the buildin down and, I don't know why they called it Little Livermore. That's what they called it and I heard it was a kind of a base camp for the C.C.C. when they were doin the tower up there. But, you know, this is all hearsay. If you were going up that old road you'd see there's a bunch of cinders and stuff around there. Maybe there used to be a old blacksmith shop durin the loggin days back in there. And it's still visible there, you know, where it set....That old shed that was in there, shack, that's what they called Little Livermore. How it got its name is beyond me.

We continued talking for a while about some of Homer's other experiences in the Forest Service, and discussed some of the Forest Service personalities of our mutual acquaintance. As the evening was

growing on, I thanked him for his sharing of his knowledge of the area, and headed back out in to a dark and rainy November night.

Homer Emery was not able to contribute much to the knowledge about the former residents of Livermore, but he did echo and add to some of the other tales that had been told about the physical demise of the remains of the town. He, too, found Clinton Nash a curmudgeonly type, though he suggested that perhaps Nash's temper was somewhat justified, beset as he was by unwelcome salvagers, with the rare exception of someone who would ask before taking, such as Homer himself. Homer was impressed by the size and the quality of the Saunders' house, which he acknowledged could appear as a suitable abode for ghosts at some times. Homer also repeated the sentiment that the lines of ownership in the derelict village were misunderstood, and added to the stories about the disagreement between Nash and the government.

Homer was also able to add a bit to our story of Livermore, depicting the "Dutch Oven" at the mill, the outlying cabin at "Little Livermore," and passing on Ed Drew's admiration for the straight and true reputation of lumber from the Livermore Mills. Homer also took advantage of the opportunity to use tales of Livermore to serve as a springboard for historical legends of his own neighborhood of Jericho, telling of steel sent to Sheffield and of blind Will Simpson's remarkable behavior.

Homer's house is made of pieces of Livermore -- floors and doors from the schoolhouse, furniture from the Saunders' house, windows

from the mill and the schoolhouse. He even has a sweet-smelling rosebush from Livermore in his yard. Yet Livermore is only one source from the past that has contributed to his physical environment. Other parts of his house come from an old Conway Lumber Company store turned Forest Service guard station, whose caulk-marked floors remain as a testimony of its authenticity. Homer has a multitude of signs which pointed the way in the Forest for earlier visitors to the region. Rails from the lumber railroad to Flat Mountain Pond also are present in his home landscape.

These various artifacts serve as a link with the past, and provide a context for the present and for Homer's own accomplishments and his recounting of them. Their presence provides a background for Homer's own stories; they help accord to him the respect attributed to the hardy woods workers of days gone by. The story of hard living in Jericho is interwoven with his own family history. The rugged days of "horse-powered bulldozers" are merged with his own years of work building hiking and skiing trails in the same forest. Not unlike the woodsmen of yore, he has skillfully relocated trails in the Dry River Wilderness, he has hauled timbers to bridge Meadow Brook, he has braved the steep slopes of Mount Carrigain in winter in the quest for a single bolt.

His woods accomplishments might even extend to the legal realm. Although he is careful to toe the official line, salvaging materials from Forest land only when explicitly authorized, he confides that he may have the last laugh on the government, as due to Forest Service error he might actually own property in Livermore that the federal

authorities believe is theirs. Unlike Clinton Nash, however, he seems satisfied enough in this knowledge alone, and does not choose to make an issue of it.

While the community of Livermore was unknown to Homer Emery, that town and its way of life, a way of life shared in some respects by other woodsmen in the earlier days of the White Mountains, is one respected by him. Through its revitalized remains and the tales that they help spawn he associates himself with its venerable past.

Chapter 5

Ben English

Ben English wears many hats. Ben worked on the Appalachian Mountain Club trail crew in the 'fifties, and though now a Bartlett school teacher who has recently passed his fiftieth birthday, he continues his interest in the woods and their pathways. He is an avid hiker, and also has a keen interest in the past and its traditions. I had met him several years before this project began, and I recalled his recollection of "Little Livermore" on a trip we had once taken to Mount Carrigain, his favorite mountain. I also knew that he had spoken with some area residents years earlier while doing research for a booklet, A Century of Railroading in Crawford Notch, which he had co-authored. Ben is also a confirmed railroad enthusiast, or "railfan."

I arranged a meeting with him for a crisp January evening at his home in Jackson, New Hampshire. After a full family visit, he and his wife Judy sent their young twins off to bed and I sat down with Ben and Judy. Ben had previously given the matter of our meeting some thought, and felt that he only had three stories about Livermore that he could tell; unfortunately he seemed to have concluded that my prior research would have already turned up much of the information that he otherwise might offer. He signaled when I should turn on and turn off the recorder. He began with an account of a family visit to Livermore:

The first, let's see 1951 was when we went up Carrigain. And I can remember that we drove up that dirt road, the Saunders mansion was still there. I was eleven years old. And my folks told me about the town, it was a ghost town, kids, an eleven year old kid's conjuring up of a ghost town, you know, boy, well, this is great. They said, "But nobody lives there." Gee,

we pulled around, pulled up by the house there, AND THERE WAS SMOKE COMING OUT OF THE CHIMNEY! And I didn't know whether to be scared or surprised or what. I mean they told me nobody lives here. This is a ghost town. And yet there was smoke coming out of the chimney. I've told you this before. And so we just slowed down, we didn't stop, slowed down and didn't see anybody around. And I said to myself, "I'm gonna make a mental note when we come back down this afternoon if the smoke is still there." And I don't remember if it was or not, but I very vividly. Now wasn't there somebody living there, some.

"Oh, Shackford, or," responded Judy.

"Well he wasn't living in the, I don't think he was living in the big house, was he?" Ben remarked.

"Well, not in '51," I confirmed.

"No," Ben agreed. "Was some hermit in there, or some vagabond or something or a gypsy or a bum or something?"

I said I hadn't heard about that, and Ben remarked, "Oh I don't know, I don't know why the smoke would have been coming out."

Perhaps I should have pressed Ben for his own explanation, but I offered, "Course I think by then Joe Platt and Bill McDonald would have left, I think they left both in the 'forties. But Clinton Nash might have been up visiting."

"It may have been just some, some hiker or some, somebody spending the night in there, I don't know," Ben responded. "I don't know if the house was breakable or breakopenable or if it was just wide open, anybody could go in."

Judy opined that she thought the house would be closed up because of fear of fire danger, and Ben concluded, "Well, whatever it was, it was smoke. That day in '51."

I asked Ben what he, as an eleven year-old, had thought the smoke was from. He responded, saying, "As I say right now, I can

remember it, it made a definite impression." He then went on to his second story, also a family story, but this one about the experience of his grandfather:

Well that's the first thing, I mean other than all these things you already know. The second is, my grandfather hiked around a whole lot. He lived in Portsmouth, and he came up here, mostly in the Sandwich Range but he made trips up the Davis Path and the Presidentials and around Jackson with, he was a professor at M.I.T. and he had another professor buddy of his plus they'd bring students with them or sometimes it'd be just the two of them, the two professors. And my grandmother, sometimes. And he told me, well he wrote, he typed, all his stories, stories about all his trips. And there was one that he told me and I was trying to find last night, the typed story of it, but he told me that he rode, when they were goin in to climb Carrigain or through Carrigain Notch or something they got off the Maine Central at Sawyer's River station. I can never remember if it's Sawyer's River or Sawyer River. Which is it?

I admitted I had heard a few older residents refer to "Sawyer's" River, and he resumed his story:

Anyway, he got off the train and then they went up to hike up the train, you know, the Maine Central, off the passenger train, and the logging engine, the train was going up, so they rode up on it as far as Livermore.

And I remember he said they just filled the locomotive, or filled the tank with water, and the only place for them to ride was on the tank. Now I don't know, but also, I didn't find anything written in it, about that, I couldn't find it last night. But I did find a story, he was up in the Pemi, and they were gonna hike out to Lincoln, but the woods boss or the camp boss or the cook in one of the camps somewhere up around Stillwater or Shoal Pond or somewhere up there, Franconia Brook, I don't know where it was, at Camp 13 Falls, Camp 13 something, said, "You wait, no sense in your hikin back to Lincoln. Ride back on the train." So they rode, they waited till three o'clock in the afternoon and rode back on the train.

But, I mean that's typed in the story. But it doesn't say anything about sitting on the cold tank of water. So I'm not sure if either I or he are mixing up the two trains, and the locations. Do you know if any, if either of those loc-- didn't they have just two? Did any of them, either one of them have a place, a cold water tank where two hikers could have sat? There's a question for you, Peter.

I confessed I didn't know the answer to the question, and Judy asked her husband, "Who was it told you this?"

Ben answered:

Gram. So if you look through the photographs you have of the locomotives and see if there's any place that could, that the water is stored that could have, they could have sat. Cause I remember very clearly he said it was cold. Now maybe that tender. Of course a tender is half coal and half a tank of water, it's not all coal. So maybe in the back part of the tender, where the water was, they could have sat up there, on that engine.

So I don't know if you want to put that in the book or not, it's just a recollection, if you can figure out if there's a place they can sit, then it definitely was, because I think, in his story, he would have typed, "We sat on it. I remember how cold it was." On the E.B. and L. [The East Branch and Lincoln, the Henry railroad in the Pemigewasset region.] So I'm pretty sure it was Sawyer River, up in Livermore.

Trying to find an answer for Ben, I said, "Cause I can only guess if the train was down from Livermore at Sawyer's River and had brought lumber on trucks, I guess, and then might otherwise be an empty train, just the locomotive and the tender heading back up."

"And the log bunks," Ben added. "I don't know if they filled the locomotive down there or if they filled it up at Livermore, or. But even if they filled it up at Livermore and, you know it might have been a cool morning in the summer, it still probably would have been kind of cold to sit on. In shorts, they had shorts on, so. That would have been around, somewhere between maybe nineteen-four or five and nineteen-fifteen, fourteen, eleven, somewhere in there."

Trying to draw out more of Ben's interest in the details of the trains, I asked him, "From what you know of those trains would they have been coal burning or wood burning?"

"I think they were coal," he answered, "although Peggy had a big spark arrestor on her, and those were only used on wood burners."

But maybe the Saunders made them put spark arrestors even though they were coal burners. Just, they were aware of the danger of sparks."

I then asked him if his research on the Mountain Division through Crawford Notch had led to any more information about the Sawyer River Railroad, but he said no. I asked if some of the local residents whom he had contacted about the railroad, such as Pauline Gardner, had stories about Livermore, and he replied, "I don't remember. Cause that was," he turned to his wife, "What year was that we went to see her?....Yeah must have been '77 or something around there. When did we go to see Annie Harris?"

Judy offered a contribution, recalling that, "Somebody else that I remember had stories about Livermore with Mrs. Morey,....people there were sick or starving or something and she went -- "

Ben continued the thread of the tale, "She took food up to em. Have you heard that?" he asked me.

"Not at all," I answered.

"Was that the disease?" he asked Judy. "Was that the epidemic in 1918?"

"I don't know if it was as far back as nine-, I don't even know if she was here in 1918," Judy said. She considered the possibility that the tale was related to the influenza epidemic, then concluded, "I probably heard it from Dot. I'm sure I never heard it from Mrs. Morey. Dot Clemons would be somebody that -- have you talked with her yet?"

I said I hadn't as of yet, and Judy added, "Cause she grew up you know with Livermore still in existence. She was born in 1910."

We mentioned another few possible informants, and Ben interjected, "Well the third thing is and it's not directly Livermore but it's Little Livermore. Have you got anything in there about Little Livermore?"

I told him I hadn't, and Ben continued:

Okay I think it was that 1951 trip, we went up Carrigain with my mother and father and sister and I, and, you're familiar with the trail well enough so that when you go in beyond Carrigain Notch Trail and you go across the brook immediately there -- Is it Whiteface Brook or Carrigain Brook? -- Carrigain Brook. Then you go a little bit further and there's another one that comes down from the left and then you go and cross a couple of, there's a dry brook and just before you begin to go up, remember you make a final left hand turn, the poles went straight ahead, the wires went straight ahead and there's that old logging camp site -- I know I'm saying some of this, repeating to you cause I know it's on tape -- but, you visualize where I mean.

And in '51, and then for a few years after that there was a lot more in evidence of course than there is now in 1993 but on the left hand side there was a little building, probably I don't know maybe 10 by 10 or 12 by 12, it wasn't big, it wasn't a horse building and a whole bunch of coils of wire, telephone wire inside and outside. And those coils are still there. I think, didn't did we find some? You have to dig down for them. But anyway, that little building had up, had a sign over the door. And it said, "Little Livermore." I guess it was just a supply building. And it wasn't a bunkhouse it wasn't a cookhouse and it wasn't a horse hovel.

I asked Ben, "Was there any sign of other buildings in the area that might have fallen down?"

"No," he said, but then added, "Well, there had been buildings over to the right, on the right hand side of the trail. You can still go in there and find pottery, and stoves, and pieces of stove. You visualize where I mean, don't you?"

I said I did, and Ben confirmed, "The foundation stones are still there." He concluded, saying, "I think that building burned. Or maybe it just rotted and fell in. But anyway, Little Livermore."

I asked Ben if he had other memories from that visit he took with his family in 1951, and he said:

No, I don't. The smoke is what did it, I mean smoke coming out of the chimney. I don't remember anything else about that village. No, it was -- I don't even think there were any, were there any houses, there weren't any houses up there in '51 were there? I don't remember seeing any. I do remember seeing the bandsaw, pieces of it. Have you seen any of it, have you seen the bandsaw? ["I haven't," I said.] Any sections of it? Somebody told me that they've got a section of it, I don't know if it was on that trip or not. But it was about, without exaggerating I bet it was a foot wide. And it went the whole length of the mill. Of course, twice the length when you figure the return trip. I know pieces of it, long pieces lying on the ground there. They might have been, ah, I don't know, fifteen feet long.

I asked if much of the mill had remained on that visit, and Ben claimed, "Just the foundation," and then he added, "Oh yeah, I know another thing. The old post office window. Do you know where that is?"

"No," I answered.

"It's in existence, it's in Bartlett," he stated.

This rang a bell with me, and I asked him, "Is that at the school?"

"Well it used to be," he said, "Flora Jones had it. She used it."

Judy added, "She only brought it in on Valentine's Day."

Ben acknowledged this clarification, saying, "Yeah she was the third grade teacher and she brought it in on Valentine's Day and used the cubby holes, each kid had a, each third grader had a cubby hole to put a valentine in. Jean Garland has it now."

Judy asked, "Do you know why Flora had it, Ben?"

"No, " Ben responded, "Do you?"

Judy answered, "David was Bartlett Postmaster for many years."

"Oh yeah, her husband. Well how did he get?" asked Ben.

"He got it when Livermore post office closed, he got hold of it somehow," she explained.

"Oh," remarked Ben, "Well when they took the [old Bartlett] school down and built the new one I didn't think anything about it until last year, everybody said, 'Where the heck was that post office,' the one with the little, what do you call it, the hole where you speak through to the postmaster?"

"The wicket?" responded Judy.

"Yeah the ticket wicket," echoed Ben, "it had all the boxes I don't know if they had doors on it or not. But anyway it had boxes. And I said, I said, 'Gee, where did that go?' So I asked Jean Garland if she by any chance knew where it is and she said, 'Yes, I've got it home.' So, you can take a picture of that."

We chatted for a moment about other artifacts from Livermore that might still be in the community, and Ben asked, "You know where the, what is it the doctor or whoever it is that was buried at Sawyer River? He had the fever, the plague. I think was it, he was a doctor? Anyway."

Judy asked, "A man and his son?"

Ben answered, "Well, I don't know. Whatever the story is, you know where they're buried, they wouldn't bury them up at Livermore, because they didn't want any germs up there."

"Didn't we go in and see that?" asked Judy.

Ben continued, "Sure, do you know where the grave is?"

I said I was aware of a grave just north of Sawyer's River. We discussed the grave, which Ben recalled was marked with the name McIver, and he noted, "Well it seems like somebody told me that McIver was -- is this father and son?"

"I think so," I responded.

"They were buried and they weren't dead, they just, they were almost dead," Ben revealed.

"They buried them alive?" Judy asked.

"Buried them alive but they weren't, conscious, and that they had some disease and they didn't want it spread around the town so they took em down there and buried em," Ben continued. He self-consciously offered as a coda, "Of course this is a story, Peter."

I asked Ben if he had other tales from his trips through Livermore in the late 1950's, when he worked on the Appalachian Mountain Club trail crew, but he said, "I really don't remember anything more than practically what it is now."

I returned to the fragment of a story that Ben and Judy had recounted earlier about Mrs. Morey, and Ben and Judy searched for more details.

"It seems like she, somewhere we heard, again it's, hearsay that, I think it was food," Ben said hesitantly.

Judy added, "It was something, it was, I don't know if it was in the wintertime -- "

"She helped the people in Livermore," Ben said.

"People," uttered Judy.

"She may have told me," said Ben, "cause she told a lot of stories too, and this might have been just a story."

"But I, I heard it and it wasn't from you," Judy declared, "I think it was Dot."

"Yeah, maybe you could ask Dot about it, about that," Ben said.

I asked if they remembered any more details about the story, and Ben said, "I don't even remember what it was that she made, it was clothes or food or something to help the people in Livermore. And I don't know if it because it was bad weather, or floods, or sickness, I don't remember the details, I'm sorry, but."

After consideration of some other local residents who might be able to offer some information, Ben recalled a trip we had taken to Livermore a few months earlier, saying, "When I told you, or the group up there at Livermore in, was it October we went up?, that it was Joe Platt who said, 'Here comes P- P-P-Peggy,' I think it was Joe Platt, didn't he stutter?"

"He did," I admitted, remembering his brief story about Joe Platt seeing the steam-spewing Sawyer River Railroad locomotive on its final voyage from Livermore to Sawyer's River Station.

"That's who it was then," concluded Ben. He added, "I don't know if it was '36 or '35, I think it was December or winter of '36 they brought that down. Freddy Washburn brought it down, brought Peggy down."

"Was that Peggy's last ride?" I asked.

"Peggy's last ride," Ben echoed, "Steam leaking and blowing out all over I guess. Joe Platt was some surprised to see it even moving under its own power."

Ben and Judy discussed another few local railroad people, and we concluded our interview with Ben asking that the recorder be turned off.

We then took a look at some of the photographs of Livermore that I collected, but none elicited more stories or other information.

Interviewing Ben English was a somewhat unusual process. Unlike with most informants for the project, I knew Ben fairly well, so that the promise of "stranger value" was nowhere present. He assumed that I knew a certain amount about Livermore, and doubtless some of his own knowledge was not shared on that account.

It became evident, too, that Judy English was also an integral part of our interview, as well she should have been. She apparently had been part of the research team for Ben's work on the railroad through Crawford Notch, so she was equally familiar with some of the tales of the Notch and environs, including Livermore. That fact was obvious in the interchanges Judy and Ben had regarding the uncertain story about Mrs. Morey and her help to the people of Livermore. The rumor that they presented together appeared to be only a remnant of an earlier more detailed legend.

Other remnants are present, too, in Ben's statements about the live burials, and in his reference to the last ride of *Peggy*.

It was also of interest that Ben had a rather self-conscious notion of what was suitable for recording, signaling when the machine could be turned on and off. Having researched and presented a story of the region's past himself, he seemed to have a preconceived concept of what he could offer that might be of general value.

Given that sentiment, it is noteworthy that two out of the three set "stories" he presented were of personal or family experiences. Only one of his presentations had to do with what some might deem "historical" information, the recollection of the small building at "Little Livermore," a recounting that demonstrated the existence of the structure, but that lacked any information about its earlier function.

His two personal stories varied in their structure. The recounting of his grandfather's trip to Livermore, sitting on the cold tank of water, was only a scrap of what had presumably been a more integrated account of one of his grandfather's trips; only this one, lonely detail remains. Yet Ben's telling of the fragment allows him to forge a familial link with that bygone era in the White Mountains that so fascinates him.

His own personal story about the smoking chimney in the ghost town is more stirring, even if it may not be a wholly satisfying narrative. Ben didn't read the mental note he had written to check the house on his return, and so we are left with not too much more than a child's impression of mystery, of a ghost in the New Hampshire woods. The story has a beginning, a middle, but no real end.

But perhaps that characteristic can be appropriate for a legend or a rumor about a town of the past, its events, and its people. Livermore

had a beginning, and a middle, but even though it is now an abandoned township its story hasn't come to an end. Like the epidemic victims who were buried before they were actually dead, there will still be some life left to Livermore as long as people like Ben and Judy English keep telling stories about it and its residents, and about their experiences visiting its remains.

C. Francis Belcher

I had met C. Francis Belcher several years ago when I was working for the Appalachian Mountain Club. Fran had earlier served as Executive Director of the Boston-based club. He had previously been employed by the Boston and Maine Railroad, working as a claim agent and in other capacities. He published several articles on the logging railroads of the White Mountains in the Club's journal, Appalachia, in the late '50's and early '60's, which were reprinted in book form in 1980.

As Livermore's Sawyer River Railroad had been one of the logging lines he had profiled, I felt I should contact him to find out more about his research, information he had perhaps chosen not to include in this written work, and any stories he might be able to add about the Sawyer River line, Livermore, and its residents. Though he had recently undergone a period of failing health, he was happy to meet with me, and I visited him at his apartment in Melrose, Massachusetts, on a late-winter day when the promise of spring was in the air. He offered me a cup of coffee and, with us both seated at his dining table, he began to pore over the notes from his research which dated back to the 1950's. He began with the Saunders family, stating:

The Saunders, there is quite a bit of information somewhere that I dug up on the Saunders, it seems to me it's History of Essex County or something like that, I'll have to look into there now. But they died out, utterly amazing. They just pfft! like this. And I was fortunate enough to find some near-relatives called Durgin, Durgin, yes. And he worked for the state of Massachusetts in Boston. And they gave me a little help although they knew nothing about what was going on up above. They were once removed, I think. And they said they were the last of the line. So they just psutt! this way.

He added, "It's amazing to me how a family as relatively prolific as this one just went sttt! like this. And I had a hard time re-creating the set up." He passed me a rough family tree, stating, "This isn't a very good thing but that'll give you a little idea."

We discussed a few branches of the Saunders family tree, passing over Caleb Saunders, Caroline Stickney, and others, and then we moved on to the personage of Clinton Nash, and Fran told me:

Well Nash was never married, and he came into the operation through a man by the name of, a lawyer in Boston, F. Manley Ives. Johnson, Clapp, Ives and Knight was a law firm at 60 State Street, and he did accounting work for Ives. And Ives for some reason or other, well I suspect it was through some one of the Saunders who was a lawyer had a contact and, so when Nash was fairly young, he went up there, I think I got interview stuff here but around nineteen- five, six, somewhere in there, he went in to work for them as, as their accountant, office manager, whatever. And he stayed with it right down until recent times.

There's one thing I never, he was very very reticent to talk to me. Now on several occasions we went up, Bill must remember this, [referring to his son Bill Belcher, with whom I had also spoken,] we went up there from the Hutmen's Cabin, went over and, he wouldn't talk, and we finally, with a good friend of ours Bob Lavender you know, a hutman, we went over there to see if we could buy the land that he had so we could have a outdoor climbing camp is what we told him. And at this point he started to open up. And finally he found out that I wasn't there to find out any dirt. He was fearful there was some dirt that I was after. And little by little I got to see more of him, primarily up there.

Now he lived, he was a spinster, he lived in Somerville Mass., had a room in a rooming house. A rather sad thing, he would go up by train to Portland, get the Maine Central and come to Bartlett. And he had Monahan or somebody associated with him drive him up there, they'd go to the store, get the food, and go in to the old house there, and he would stay in there with only one chair and a table, and a cot. And he just sat there living the dreams of the place when it was still around. I didn't belie-. It was sad. Terribly sad. He just, he didn't have any friends he had the, this one person that would take him and pick him up, take him down to the train when it was time to go and all that.

But Nash, the joker here that he was concerned about was that the Forest Service, when they came to buy that land, he had gotten it transferred, ten acres plus the house in his name,

and the Forest Service had an agreement with the estate that there was to be none of this transferring to somebody else, it was supposed to go from Saunders estate to the Forest Service. And he got in the middle and got it transferred and F. Manley Ives the lawyer was involved in that one. [He laughs.] And so he didn't want that known, this little fudging that went on. And I talked with Gerry Wheeler when he was supervisor of the Forest and he verified the fact that there was this and the Forest Service decided they didn't want to make any big do about it, that they had seen that he had a long association with the place and so on and let him stay. But it was an inholding they should have grabbed.

I mentioned that they might have the opportunity again to purchase the inholding from the Shackford family, as I did not know what they intended to do with the property, and Fran declared:

You can't do an awful lot because you don't control too much of it but at the same time it's an inholding and it could be troublesome. Well, Nash, he had got poor health toward the end. The reason I got a lot of pictures was that he sold em to me for a song, just to get some money, to pay his doctor. A lot of these were family pictures. Originally he let me borrow some to re-copy them but then subsequently he called me and I went out to his place in Somerville up on Highland Avenue and he could barely talk, he was in tough shape. And so I've forgotten what I paid for them but it was peanuts compared to, considering the potential value.

I was a little surprised at this, as I recalled from reading through the Saunders' wills that they had bequeathed a fair sum to Nash. I asked Fran how he might have gone through the significant amount of money, and he suggested:

Just living probably. Cause he certainly did not live very well up there, I'll tell you. I'm sure Bill was with me at least, some of the kids were on several occasions when we were up in the area there and called on him. His memory was poor toward the end when I contacted him. We used to, in fact Teen Dodge, Joe's wife, was the one that taught us to go over there and pick berries, it was a great place for raspberries. And we went with her and then we subsequently went back and there was a beautiful patch up where the schoolhouse was. And we went in there one morning, from the Hutmen's Cabin, and he, we were picking berries and he came out of the house with a, with a stick, wearing rubbers, one thing another and yelled at us and told us to get out of there, that was private property, one thing

another, "You can't, they're my berries." And so on. Well the ten acres didn't include that patch. [He laughs.] And when he got closer, "Oh," he says, "It's you. I know this isn't, this is public land. I know it". [He laughs.]

I asked Fran to describe Nash's physical appearance, and he told me, "Oh he was about five eight, ten. Somewhat wizened up. Balding. His voice was always rather *sotto voce*, unless he yelled at you. I think it was because he probably didn't talk much with people, I mean he didn't have any people to talk to."

"What did he do for all those years after 1935 or so?" I asked.

"He had a desk space in this Johnson, Clapp, Ives and Knight firm in Boston," Fran said, "He had a roll top desk in the corner. I interviewed him there a couple of times."

I asked if he was actually working for them, and Fran admitted, "I think they may have shoved things his way. But he wasn't working very hard, I never saw him when he worked hard."

I asked Fran how Nash had characterized the decline of the town, and he responded, saying:

Well, one of the things he yapped an awful lot about you know they got written up as, because they were so good at conservative lumbering. But taxes became, timber taxes, became a problem, and he said the best thing, I know he told me quite clearly that the best thing they could have done was to clear-cut rather than use selective cutting because they got taxed to hell by the state, not locally. [He looks through his notes, then offers a few quotes.] "From 1875 to 1930 due to excessive and burdening taxes." "In New Hampshire conservative lumbering discouraged in the late years of the operation." "Maybe Henry's ideas were right. Had many scraps with the tax commission over the years." He first went in there in nineteen-two. And he'd been there off and on from then till nineteen-eighteen, when he took over regular active work with the company after the death of the two Saunders sons. That was when Daniel, Junior I guess you'd call him and Charles Gurley, both of them died there within a year. "F. Manley Ives, Counsel."

I talked with John McCann who was a track foreman for the Maine Central Railroad. He was stationed at Sawyer's River.

He was down there for 42 years. Also to Joe Platt, who was caretaker for 53 years. It's a sort of an interesting thing, the way the thing died off. I mean it was so big and prosperous in operating, and then bang, gone. One family.

I asked Fran if he had a notion of where the Saunders had gotten their ideas about the values of conservative logging. He answered:

I don't have any clear idea. It might have stemmed from, well first of all they had other business. This was a side business. The active people were Daniel Junior and Charles Gurley, and both of them were lawyers in Boston. And this was a plaything. So they cut when they needed it, and obviously a lot of the stuff went into the mills in Lawrence, which is an interesting thing, but it's understandable. Now the B and M, I know was also interested in this because they got to haul all the lumber. They'd take it from up there at Sawyer River down to Intervale or North Conway and then they'd re-ship it down to Lawrence. The Conway Branch and the Main Line of the Portland Division. So the B and M always had their finger in the pie up there.

Returning to the Saunders' practices, Fran continued:

But again, the only thing, I have never delved into this deeply but it was an avocation up there. And even, if you knew the men, Nash, there was no pressure on him. You know, he sort of went along, easy, no hurry. Keep the family happy, dollarwise, and all these gals that never got married. They never lived very ostentatiously. They had a home, one up by the hospital, I don't remember the name of the street, that was their original one, and they had another one down in South Lawrence, right on the main drag, Route 28. Big house. And that's where the Durgins lived, inherited it I guess.

The Episcopal Church headquarters you know used to be at 1 Joy Street. And Charles Gurley Saunders and his father Daniel were experts in ecclesiastical law in the Episcopal Church and they used to spend a lot of time there at 1 Joy Street.

The Appalachian Mountain Club headquarters was located at 5 Joy Street, so Fran knew the neighborhood well. He kept paging through his notes, and paused once to remark, "This is going back quite a while in my memory," and laughed.

Wondering how Fran had discovered the Saunders' agent, I asked, "Did you first come upon Nash just knowing that he was there in the house?"

He responded:

Well I picked up his name in some of the legal documents. I got some of this stuff from the railroad you know, I was sent up to Concord, New Hampshire to take over as claim agent. And while I was there, I was only there two years but I was told to clear out the files. They were up in the old railroad station attic. I found a lot of stuff. I was gonna give up on this whole project until I hit that goldmine and then bing-o. You had the names and numbers of all the players, the dates. And before that it was always hearsay. So and so and so and so, they did this and they did that, they had a big fire and so on. But you get the specifics, when they started, when they ended. And that was the real payoff.

I asked him what some of his other sources had been for the Sawyer River Railroad, and he claimed:

Well, once I hit Nash I didn't really need much. Once I got onto his good side. As I said, he was very reluctant at first to talk, because he thought I was there to investigate things, and actually I was in there just to get a history. And then I discovered the association. Charles Gurley Saunders was an original member of the A.M.C. And I picked this up somewhere along the line and that helped with Nash. I know that, in some of the notes I have here he said he had many happy associations with the Appies.

"Did they have many of those excursions?" I asked.

Fran answered:

They had some, occasionally. When they, Fall Hiking Week I guess they called it, and one of those things from there at the Crawford House, they would go down there and pick up the train and the train would take em off into the woods. And they never had, what do you call it, never charged anything, cause it was done gratis.

He then showed me some photographs that had not been used in his book on the logging railroads. One was of the *C.W. Saunders*, and I asked if both the engines had been wood- or coal-burners, and Fran

answered, "They started off as woodburners, yes, but they converted the Baldwin into coal later on." I mentioned that I recalled reading in his book that Nash had said that the later engine was never called *Peggy*, though a few locals in Bartlett still remembered that name; Fran noted that Nash had been insistent that it was simply "the Baldwin."

On the changes in the appearance of the village over the years, Fran remarked, "I'm glad we were able to see it. But you know, they're practically done when we first went in there, but he had that house and it was in pretty good shape."

I asked when most of his visits into Livermore had been, and he told me:

All in the 'fifties. 'Fifties. Fifty-one, fairly early on. [He looks through his notes.] I saw him on several occasions. Most of the ones I recorded were in Boston or Somerville. We talked with him up there a lot but I never made notes from that stuff (I just put it on my back) and when we went back to the cabin or something like that we'd sit down and manufacture some of the stuff.

I know that Nash felt that *Peggy* might have been the name that came down from some of these other railroads. Cause that engine had been started with on the Zealand. And it went to Blanchard and Twitchell, which was Success Pond, then it went to the Conway Company and finally ended up with Nash's in the '20's.

Now they lived, now '53 I saw him. That time, September '53 I saw him in Livermore, made notes on it too, had nothing to write on when you got in there, I tell you.

"What else was standing besides the mansion?" I asked.

Fran responded:

Just the mansion. I think early on we did see the, what do you call it, there was a shed out behind it but that had come down. That was a nice building, with a lot of golden oak inside, lined with it. And it was three stories in the back. And there was a, you'd go down stairs from the kitchen that was in the back, and there was a basement. But there were three stories if you looked up over your head from outside. Now there was an

office building there just to the left, I guess, if you face that building, it's to the left. That had come down but you could see where the foundation was.

I asked Fran what might have become of the old company records, and he answered:

I don't know it looked to me and this is pure, so much up there is, how ephemeral this stuff was. For all that went on up there, what do you find? Nothing. I know I talked with Frank Kennett, when we were discussing the Conway stuff, and he remarked about how fragile this stuff was, it didn't last, and he wasn't sure where a lot of the stuff was. And here he was directly involved. Of course they didn't have the IRS after them, they didn't have the problems to keep records the way we do today which is something to keep in mind. And to some extent I don't think they wanted to [He laughs.] have some of that stuff known. All the badgering that went on.

I admitted that the goings-on with the folks in Lincoln sounded interesting, and he said:

Yeah. Well you figure that it was George James with the New Hampshire Land Company. And Henry, Van Dyke, and the Saunders. And the Saunders kept pretty much by themselves, but they had to do some negotiating on some of the deals. And James operated that plant in there for two or three years as a part of the deal. I think it had to do with the Zealand company, no, I guess when they started to purchase, Henry started to purchase the Pemi, and James got involved in that deal and he took over the operation of it for three years apparently as a part of the trading that went on. But then the Saunders came back. Now there's a fellow the name of Payne, was their superintendent, he was superintendent there for a long time, of the mill in Livermore, George Payne.

"His name comes up in the census records and such," I acknowledged, and Fran continued, saying, "He had a mortgage, that was right. James had a mortgage on the line, James did. Saunders needed money, for some reason or other. And so he took a mortgage on the property and took it over. 1887 to 1890. Only three years." Looking through his notes, Fran added, "Payne was with the company from 1887 to 1925."

We pored over Fran's notes a bit more, discussing such matters as railroad incorporation, and the railroad spur that was located near Hayshed Field, which went up towards Hancock Notch "about a mile" and which Fran felt had been put in "fairly early on." While he could not furnish any information about any buildings on the far side of the Sawyer River from the village, Fran did recall the old road into the town, noting:

The road that went in there was a toughie, I'll tell you. [He laughs.] And thank God -- When we first went in, you had to take the regular road, and it was really tortuous. It wasn't too long thereafter that the Forest Service converted it to the railroad track, and they did away with the road which came down by the boarding, came up by the boarding house, a very steep hill up to the home, very steep.

Drivers had to use caution on the dirt road, "But then the Forest Service, I am gonna guess around '53, 4, 5, somewhere in there, they made the road up where the railroad right of way was. And they abandoned the road down below."

In the village Fran recalled the boarding house, "And a hell of a big pool out in the river behind the place that friends of mine used to love to fish. Boarding House Pool." I asked about other buildings there, and he said:

When we first went in there there weren't many buildings. There was, I said there was the home, with a shed behind it, there was the school house, there was the office cellar, filled in, and there was a cellar down where the boarding house was, that was filled in. I don't know what they did with the rocks that were a part of the foundation but they obviously the Forest Service must have taken them away.

Fran hadn't tracked down what had happened to all the buildings, since, he said, "That wasn't part of my story."

He had mentioned Joe Platt, so I asked if he had had much to tell Fran about the town and its operations, and Fran said:

Not an awful lot. He was rather reluctant, I interviewed him down at the junction on the Maine Central. I don't have very much in the way of notes from him. [He looks through his notes.] Once I found Nash, I think I saw him before, I saw Joe before I saw Nash. And once I found Nash that was my source. These other people didn't necessarily have the right dates, they didn't have the specificity [sic] to their facts that you needed. I mean there was, oh, like somebody I interviewed in Twin Mountain about J.E. Henry at one point. There's all sorts of stories but you couldn't pin em down. And he had an awful lot, J.E.

Unlike J.E. Henry and other timber barons, "The Saunders were a very educated people," he declared.

I brought up the matter of the unmarked grave in Crawford Notch mentioned by George Morris. I asked Fran, "Do you know where that grave is?" He answered:

Put it this way, I did. Brad Swan and I went in down there back, this is back in the 'fifties. And the so-called headstone was long gone, but there was a mound there. But things have changed since we were there, that's when about the time that they put the road in on the railroad track. And they, the Forest Service changed things at that point, and I've been back and can't find it. Yeah.

Fran mentioned another person from whom he had heard about Livermore, Florence Morey of Bemis:

Florence Morey, you wouldn't have known her but I had some dealings with, the A.M.C., she used to advertise in Appalachia, so I knew her, in fact I spent a couple of nights there at the Inn Unique, and she never got along with the Saunders. Until there was a fire in 1920. And she and her son George went up there and the Saunders who were around at that point, that were women, came down and spent a night or two at the Inn Unique while they were, the property didn't get burned in the fire it was the mill fire, but there was a threat of it. And from that point on she got along very well with the women that were left of the Saunders. But as far as the rest of them were concerned she couldn't tell me a thing about them except that they were high-brow Bostonians. [He laughs.]

I noted that Robert Shackford had said that she and Clinton Nash hadn't gotten along, and he admitted, "She was not very happy about Clinton. But he was, he was that kind of a guy. If I hadn't kind of persisted, I wouldn't have gotten anything out of him."

"Anything in particular that Florence disliked about him?" I asked.

Fran responded, "He wasn't friendly. He kept his mouth shut. Wouldn't tell her anything. [He laughs.] Interesting. Well she was, if you knew Florence she could talk you deaf, dumb, and blind. But she had a historian's viewpoint on things, and she did a lot of writing in Appalachia.... She was a good girl."

Fran had mentioned one disaster, the 1920 fire. I asked him about the impact of another event, the 1927 flood, and he said, "Well it put the kaibosh on the railroad, that was done at that point, although it, I think they kept the official date was '36. It ran no more after that." While he had no particulars on damage, he stated, "I didn't chase this down very far. You can imagine what it was like though, I mean that brook there, the river, Good God, it must have been awful. Course there wasn't much left then, of the town." I asked if it damaged the town as well as the railroad, and he replied:

No, it changed the course of the river, considerably. But the town except for the mill and what was there was pretty much done, I mean off to one side. Now the railroad right of way got taken out, and all that sort of stuff. My recollection is the bridge down on the Sawyer River, the bridge on 302 was taken out. Don't remember where I picked that up but I did. No they never did, the engine was up there I think the Forest Service had to remove it, the Baldwin.

I recalled Robert Shackford's account of Nash having the townspeople cut cordwood to keep them employed, but Fran had not heard of that, and stated that only milled lumber had been shipped out of Livermore. As to the disposition of the lumber, he said:

I'm not sure on this point. Some one of the sons, it was Charles Gurley I think was involved in the disposition of stuff. I'm quite sure he was. But of course he died in '18. And Nash obviously was the operator from that point on. I don't think there was any pressure financially for him to have to produce.

As Fran had said that he met with Joe Platt, I asked if he also might have talked with Bill McDonald, the next-to-last resident of Livermore. He told me:

Yeah I did but he was early on and he wasn't terribly specific. And I decided no, again he wanted to tell stories, and I wasn't after stories. I was after facts. I went when I was in Concord, Sherm Adams was Governor, and I got a date, I knew his press secretary, and I got into an interview with him about this, and I, I went up and saw him in the governor's office which was quite an experience, and, but, he said he always wanted to do this. But he says, "Don't get tied up in the color. Get the facts." And I told him I found this stuff in the railroad station down there, in the B and M, and he said, "That's where you go." He said, "People will say, 'See this guy, see that guy, see this-.'" And he says, "They won't come anywhere near the dates. They won't come anywhere near some of the facts." And he said, "You get the facts. And stay with 'em." And I've never forgotten that. And so if I cast off some of these people that wanted to talk, it was because they didn't want to talk before I wanted to talk.

We continued to talk in general fashion about the mills, and the boarding house, whose tenants were, he said, "traveling salesmen, it wasn't the workers," who, he said, lived in other houses in the village.

We briefly considered the charcoal kilns and the modest rolling stock of the railroad, consisting of "35 logging trucks with link and pin couplers purchased from the Portland Company in 1876. Two more added in '85 and fifteen more bought from the Maine Central when the

Swift River and the East Branches were abandoned," said Fran, quoting from his notes. He then quoted some more, adding, "The operation was conducted regularly from 1875 to 1927 when the flood wiped out many railroad bridges and the track. Mill ceased in 1928. As did the railroad. Between 1928 and '36 some pulpwood operations were conducted under contract. About 30 bunk cars for logging operations."

Fran showed me one photograph which depicted an overgrown logging camp, and I asked him, "Do you have any idea of where the various camps were?"

He replied:

I have a list here somewhere. This is Nash's best judgement. "Camp 5 was not on the railroad as such, it was Signal Ridge, Carrigain Notch Trails. Camp 1 near height of land Sawyer and Swift Rivers, up by Meadow Brook." 2, 3, and 4, I don't know, no record here. "5 was near the junction of Signal Ridge and Carrigain Notch Trails. 6 was below Camp 7 at the bend in the railroad to the Swift River. 7 was near Lily Pond, crossing of the Swift River."

I then asked if he looked for the remains of those camps, and was told, "No. In fact I can't remember, I saw Swede Ohlson who was the District Ranger in Conway about this, and he said there'd been so much gone there on you wouldn't find anything unless you wanted to do archaeological work, diggin. And I said the hell with it."

I remarked that there were only a few remnants of the camps that I had so far located, and added that even the more recent C.C.C. camp had few remains and was poorly documented to boot. Fran offered:

Well if you could see what the B and M, how the B and M records. I was chief clerk in the law department before I became a claim agent. And I had charge of all the records for the law department, this is just the claims, not the claims but

everything. And they had a building over on the waterfront in Charlestown on the Hoosac Wharf called the Cook and Rhymes building. If you could have seen the way things were stored over there. When you didn't have any room at the North Station they all went over there. And there's all sorts of wonderful valuable things that went to hell in a hand basket. Glass plates of photographs all over northern New England, broken. Piles anywhere. Now I was fortunate when I went to Concord because the records there were pretty well kept. But not in Boston.

"And what's happened to them in the years since?" I asked.

"God knows," Fran replied. "The Cook and Rhymes building is gone, I tell you. And you drove into, went down into the Navy Yard it was on the left hand side. Rats."

I mentioned that I had been able to find some material in the U.S. Forest Service files in Laconia that was related to Livermore. We chatted a bit about how things were going in the North Country and such. Then I made copies of the photos that Fran had shown me. That done, I offered my good-bye, and headed out into a sunny late winter day in Melrose.

I left my visit with Fran Belcher with mixed feelings. I was thankful that he had done the research on the Sawyer River Railroad when he had, that he had published most of what he had learned, and that I was given the opportunity to meet with him and to learn a little bit more, including another perspective on the Forest Service/Nash relationship. But of course I was disappointed that he had restricted himself to getting the right dates and sticking to "the facts." He focused on the railroad and on the "one family," the Saunders, but bypassed the mill village, its work and life, and the many families that lived there over time. It was ironic that the one who had counseled

him to avoid getting tied up in "the color" was Sherman Adams, a politician about whom many colorful tales were told, and who told a few himself, too. I certainly wished that he had given Fran different advice, since in his research he had the opportunity to learn so much more not only from Clinton Nash, but also from John McCann, Bill McDonald, Joe Platt, and perhaps others. Even from the standpoint of an orthodox historian, he would have done well to expand his horizons beyond the one principal source of Nash, who had a unique, but perhaps not representative or even "accurate" perspective. He stuck to the facts, and shunned "stories" and "hearsay," but the facts, dates, and numbers he found could perhaps still be found in various records today; his informants, potentially narrators of very revealing stories of Livermore, its people, and their lives, are now forever silent.

What made this matter all the more ironic was that the most compelling impression that Fran made during our interview was not when reading off his notes about what happened when or about how many log trucks the Sawyer River Railroad leased, but rather was when he recounted his personal knowledge of Clinton Nash. The brief story he told about encountering Nash when berry-picking summed up his orneriness, but displayed it in an ultimately humorous situation. There was no humor, but only pathos in Fran's simple yet effective description of Nash alone with his memories in the old Saunders' mansion.

I am grateful for Fran Belcher's good and timely work on documenting the logging railroads of the White Mountains, but oh, for the things that might have been.

Chapter 6

Doris Clemons

I approached Raymond Evans, who lives in Twin Mountain, to see if he might have had any recollections about Livermore. Ray had been born in Crawford Notch in 1909, as his parents worked for the Maine Central Railroad and were based at the Mount Willard Section Dwelling. Ray had plenty to say about life on the railroad and at the Crawford House, where he had worked as a young man, but he declared he had no knowledge whatsoever about Livermore. Even though he was born and grew up only a few miles away, he never visited there in his youth.

However, he suggested I get in touch with Doris Clemons of Bartlett. Born Doris Monahan in 1909, she too had grown up in Crawford Notch, and had lived a little south of Ray, and thus a little closer to Livermore. Ray had gone to school with her in the Notch, and thought she might have some knowledge about Livermore. A few other people in Bartlett also recommended Mrs. Clemons as a possible contact.

It took a few tries to arrange a meeting with Mrs. Clemons. She had just recently placed her husband, Ralph Clemons, in a local nursing home. He was suffering from Alzheimer's Disease. It took her a few weeks to get settled again, and to get over a flu, and then she welcomed my visit on a sunny, early spring day.

I visited her bright and spotless home in mid-morning, and sat with her at her kitchen table. She had already taken out a file-box loaded with newspaper clippings and other such materials related to the history of Crawford Notch and environs.

Looking at one photo of Livermore in its heyday, she remarked, "You can't imagine Livermore looking like that."

I asked her if she had known Livermore in the earlier days, when it did have the appearance of a busy little mill village, and she said, "No, I was never up there. I went up, the first of my being there very much was when they had Nash's, was working there and they had the house. Before that was torn down, the big house. But there's a lot of things there [referring to her file of clippings]."

Though she had been born and grew up at the Willey House Station, just a few miles up Crawford Notch from Livermore, she had apparently never visited the little village. Mrs. Clemons recalled, though:

We used to go up when Mr. Nash was living, and if you'd be very very careful he'd let you pick the strawberries, err raspberries. But a lot of people would go in and break his bushes, and he didn't like that. But he used to let us go in and pick them. He had beautiful berries. And in fact he gave me plants, and I had them for a long time.

She added, "But he was a little eccentric." She laughed, then added, "A lot eccentric, I think. But, if he liked you, he really liked you. He'd do anything for you."

"So I guess he had a good side?" I said, adding, "And you were able to get on it?"

"Oh yeah," she acknowledged, "He had a shotgun too." She laughed, then said, "He didn't put up with much nonsense."

I asked if he had ever used that shotgun, and Mrs. Clemons said:

I don't know, I guess he used to scare a few people who were in the berries. But somehow I couldn't blame him cause they used to get in mine too. They'd go down to their cars and

come back with a little dish and they'd pick em. Like, here they were, "Oh, we thought they were wild." And they're all tied up on posts and they thought they were wild....They just wanted them.

I asked how it was that she had never visited the town in its earlier years, and she said, "For years and years and years I didn't have a car. My dad did, but we never toured around there much. Once I got my own I used to go up more. The big house was still standing, but all of the others were gone."

She estimated that her first trips to Livermore took place in the late 'forties or so, after Bill McDonald and Joe Platt were gone. The other houses were gone, too, because:

It's all government land. You know the reason that this [referring to the Shackford camp] is there is because they went around it. And then there's a piece up on the hill on the other side of the road that they didn't survey, some reason or other they just went around that so, Mr. Nash had torn the house down before he realized that he owned that land () which was a shame, because it was a nice old place. Beautiful stuff in it. Everything was nice in there.

"So did you ever get a tour of the house, or get a look at it?" I asked.

She had. "We were through, the inside," she said, "And it had hardwood floors, and needlepoint benches around and everything, you know. There were big windows she had on the end facing this [referring to a photo].... It was very nice. Most everything except a few things downstairs were gone when, because he had an auction, and too bad, he didn't realize he could have done a lot with it."

She declared, too, that "They did the same with a camp of my Dad's. When the government surveyed, they didn't even see it. They were burning down all these places, which is what they did in Livermore. And they went all around that one. It was sitting up on top

of a hill in amongst fir trees. They didn't even see it and they put their lines both sides of it," she said with a laugh.

That camp had been located above Ripley Falls, in Crawford Notch. She agreed that there had been other structures back in the woods, saying, "People used to put them up and they probably missed them all. They sure missed that one," she laughed, adding, "which pleased us because it was, we used to go in there a lot, and my Dad would go in.... They used it for hunting, and trappers, somebody was trapping they could use it. And we'd go in there fishing. In the little brook. Go in there, and get enough fish for our dinner, and we used to enjoy it when we kids would go in."

While Mrs. Clemons wasn't sure what eventually happened to Clinton Nash, she did remember that "He used to spend summers up there. He'd come up as soon as the road opened up in the spring. And he'd stay there until quite late in the fall."

"Did he drive up himself?" I asked.

"No. No. He had to have somebody bring him up, pick him up," she said.

I asked if she knew who that had been, and she said, "No I don't, somebody from Massachusetts. And then John McCann that lived at Sawyer's River used to do a lot for him. You know, pick up his mail and his groceries and, John was, ran errands for Mr. Nash. And the ladies when they were living. They didn't have a car either I guess. Or if they did they didn't drive it down that road." She ended with a laugh.

"That road" was a very rough one, a "Very narrow road. That wasn't a good place to ride." "The ladies" were the Saunders sisters. Mrs. Clemons told me that "They spent summers there. They came up and spent the summers up there in Livermore."

"Did they socialize much with other folks in the area?" I asked.

"No," she said, "They were the only ones there. No, I don't think they ever visited around much. I never heard of them, coming down much. They enjoyed it up there, I don't blame em, it's a beautiful spot. It's lovely up there."

I asked if they might have visited with, say, Mrs. Morey, but Mrs. Clemons said, "I really don't but I should almost doubt it. Maybe years back but I think in the last part of them being there I don't think so."

I asked, too, about Joe Platt, but as to whether she had known him, Mrs. Clemons replied, "Not, well I knew who he was. Cause he used to come down, come down to church every Sunday, Joe Platt. And he used to bring Bill McDonald with him. And I used to see them that way, that's about all." I asked if they had been acting as caretakers, and she admitted, "I don't know what they did up there. Maybe they just lived there, for all I know. I really don't know. Too bad some of these people weren't living that you could talk to. They'd give you a lot of information on Livermore. And John McCann would be one of them, if he was living."

I asked if Joe Platt and Bill McDonald had gotten along well, (having heard elsewhere that they hadn't), but Mrs. Clemons said, "Joe

Platt was a little different. I think they got along pretty good. The only two there so they sort of had to."

"In what ways was he different?" I asked.

She simply responded, with a laugh, "Ahh, he was a little bit eccentric. Along with Mr. Nash."

She showed me a picture in an article in her collection, and I mentioned that I had seen it in Tom Monahan's collection. She responded, "Yeah I think he has a lot of things on Livermore. His wife used to be a schoolteacher up there."

This was the first I had heard of that, and I admitted, "Oh I didn't know that. Actually he didn't ev-, I visited him a couple of times and he didn't even mention that."

"He didn't mention it?" she asked. "Oh well, no she was a school teacher up there."

"So about when would she have been teaching?" I asked.

"Probably that's when he met her," she said with a laugh.

"Without a doubt. You know, way way back. It would be way back. But gosh, I think they celebrated their, well over their fiftieth anniversary there recently. So it must be way back."

"Pat used to be up there," she said, and then, looking at a photograph of the village when it was still active, added, "You never know going up there now that it ever looked like that."

I mentioned that there were now only some walls and foundation pilings left now, and Mrs. Clemons remarked, "Yeah, the mill foundation was still there. I drive up quite a bit now. Probably won't do so much. I used to take Ralph up, he liked to go." After a pause, she added,

"It's hard to do anything like that now. I don't usually go up there by myself. My grandson drives up a lot. He goes up lookin for moose. Go up quite often to see them."

She continued, saying "I never get sick of going up through there and looking up the Notch. Now where was it -- . I had a picture here somewhere of our last day, the last day we had mail delivered. Did you know it, the other house there? The other house that used to be up, near, before the log -- ."

She was referring to the old Willey House Post Office, which for many years had been a fixture in Crawford Notch. I said I did recall seeing it, and she showed me a photo taken on the day of the last mail delivery in 1973. I offered the opinion that it was "Too bad it came down."

She responded, "It is but, they couldn't really get what they wanted. Or they couldn't do much with the building. It was right against the bank in back, which is practically all ledge. And they got estimates on fixing it up and they, and it would have been an arm and a leg. And it wasn't really worth it."

Mrs. Clemons told me that she had grown up two miles above the Post Office, at the Willey House Station which also served as the section house, the dwelling and base of operations for the local railroad maintenance crew. Referring back to the Post Office, she added, "And then we bought this when my Dad retired. He was section foreman up the Willey House."

"How many years did he work there?" I asked.

"Ohh, he was there from nineteen-one, was section foreman before that, at Mount Willard," she replied. "And my oldest sister was born in the old Mount Willard house. And he retired in, '38? I think. So he was there quite a while."

Her father had not served on the Mount Willard section for more than a year or so before he was given the section foreman's position at the Willey House.

She resumed telling me about the post office building, saying, "We bought this house in ohh, it was about '41. That house there was there when the railroad went through....It was in two parts. There was a wall went right through the middle of it, this way, where they added on. And they used it when the railroad went through."

Though a venerable structure, it had not been used as a post office until Mrs. Clemons had moved in. Originally it had served as "a railroad house. I had the postmaster's job. 38 years. Yeah my grandfather worked at the railroad when it went through there. My mother was born down in the old Crawford House. The original Crawford House. I have a picture of that in here somewhere."

I asked if she had had much mail at the Post Office, and she declared, "Oh, we were busy. The first part of the, oh years ago when the State Park was really running and the Pineos had it, they used to have the restaurant, and cabins, and they'd bring their mail down in shoeboxes like this [separating her two hands about a foot and a half] every day.....That was postcards. And if that wasn't a job goin through that stuff."

Mrs. Clemons seemed to have about exhausted her knowledge of Livermore, and asked me, "Is there anything else you're interested in?"

Taking advantage of the opportunity, I declared, "I wonder what it must have been like growing up up there at the Willey House, Willey House station."

"Well now that," she said, "that was interesting growing up at Willey House."

I asked if there were many other children in the Notch then, and she told me, "Well, the Evans family, Raymond's, family there were four of Raymond's family. And McCann's had five children, I think the two youngest were up with their aunt. But there was three of them we went to school with."

I asked where the McCann's had lived, and was told, "That was at Sawyer's River. And there used to be logging operations there at Bemis. It was Bemis then. And they had children, that used to go to school. And there'd be the Moreys, and ourselves. And six of us. I think the older ones probably didn't go to school there. I think they went to Bartlett."

I asked where those logging operations had been, and she told me, "Up back, on the side of the hill. They used to do a lot of logging, when Mrs. Morey first came here." They had logged "both sides, they logged up in Dry River. And then they logged up on the same side as was the house, way back up in."

Mrs. Clemons attended school at Bemis, where they had eight grades, but, "We didn't go through eight grades there, and then we

went to, we used to go to each other's houses. We'd go up to Mount Willard. Of course the Evans family were out of luck, they couldn't come down. We could go up. But the trains didn't run that way. We'd go up on the train in the morning, then we'd come back at night. And the McCanns would come up, when they were there. And, then we went to Fabyan's. And then we went to Twin Mountain. We had to go to school in summer," because "well it would snow, once Charley Morey couldn't run the car. We went in the summer and then eventually we went entirely up to Twin Mountain. And then I went to Whitefield High School and graduated from Whitefield. We went to St., I went to St. Johnsbury one year."

Mrs. Clemons used to take the train to school, because "It's the only way we had of getting there." Because of the train schedule, the Evans children would be late, but "They still went up, we had just an afternoon session. They'd be up there at noontime and would come back what, four or five o'clock at night."

Mrs. Clemons spoke of her mother, whose maiden name was Allen and whose middle name was Crawford, saying, "Mother was the station agent and the cook and, she did everything. [She then referred to the copy of an old newspaper clipping.] Only her name was Joseph Monahan, not James.... This tells about the runaway trains in the Notch. That's interesting to read. That really is. Mother was the agent when the -- Look at this. That's my Dad. He used to work at the Fabyan House, before he went railroading. And he used to drive these coaches up and down Mount Washington. That was Dad."

She added that her mother had been a schoolteacher at Fabyan's when she had married her father, who had emigrated from Canada. Of him, she said, "I think he worked around Whitefield, for a little bit. And then he came to Fabyan's. And after that he was all railroad, and retired from the railroad."

"And what sort of work was he doing when he was at Fabyan's?" I asked.

Mrs. Clemons responded, "Well like, like that there with the horses. He was working at the Fabyan House, I know he, working around, maintenance. In the area."

He started in on the railroad in the late 1890's or so, "And then when he moved down to Mount Willard, that was his first job, as section foreman." This was not his first railroad job, however, as she added, "He had worked for them on the railroad prior to that. Then that came up and he took that job and then moved down to Willey House and he stayed there. That was quite, quite a job."

"What were some of his responsibilities as section foreman?" I asked.

Mrs. Clemons responded:

Oh now, they just had charge of a certain length of track. He had from, down to old Carrigain, you know where Carrigain is up there, well there used to be a logging place there. And he had up to Kedron Brook. You know where that is? And he went that far. They were busy. I tell you that track, there isn't a weed on it. [She laughs.] Looked different than it does now. No sir, no weeds growing in there. [She laughs.] And they had the regular maintenance to do, and of course in the spring, they had their ice patrols. They used to do that job every year. Slides coming down, blocking the track on em. And it was just ordinary maintenance they did. Usually something going on. A little different.

I asked what they section crews had been looking for on their "ice patrols," and was informed:

Slides. Oh, some of them were big. Real deep. I don't have any pictures here but I do have pictures, oh it would take them, they'd have to get a special crew to clean it up. We always thought how awful that would be and how lucky they were, it never came down on a train. They never had any trouble with the trains up around those bluffs. Which was lucky, but they had some pretty close calls. Sometimes those slides would come down right behind them, and took the steps off the caboose one day. It was that close. And we used to go down, they had a little watch shanty down there. And we used to go down when my husband was, my first husband was on patrol. Had to spend the evening, it was monotonous to sit there and watch those, that ice. And that used to come flying down around your heads, you know. It was really quite a job. And then towards the end, he died in '56, they started really after that putting it on the motor car, a patrol. They'd patrol ahead and behind the trains. That was quite a job, between the rocks and the ice.

She described the extent of her father's section, saying, "Way up by Willey House, this one, and it went up to Kedron Brook which was up and in two miles above, one mile above. It was about one mile. It was up back of Willey House. State Park. And it stopped there. And then eventually they increased it, so they went clear to Crawford's and Sawyer River. Which was a looong one to do."

The section she described included two massive bridges, at Willey Brook and at Frankenstein Trestle. I asked if there had ever been problems on those, and she said no, but "During the war they had troops on there. And they were guarding the trestle. They did Willey Brook too. Mother used to have to feed them. They'd come up for their meals, took along their goat." She laughed, and continued, "She used to swear that she was gonna have goat for dinner someday. He'd come up and he'd pull all her clothes off the line and chew em all up." The goat "was their mascot. And they'd bring him up when they came up

for their meals. He'd go to the top of that house if they, if he caught that door open he'd be right up to the top, upstairs. It was crazy."

There had been close to twenty soldiers stationed there, "And they used to come up in shifts. Cause they had a patrol on it day and night." They were stationed "Just down below, there was a flat spot down there and they camped, they had tents. I don't know how they stood it, but they did." They stayed there year-round, "as long as the war lasted."

Mrs. Clemons recalled:

They were there during hunting season. I know one time they got a bear (). They used to be a fun crowd to have around, there was always something going. And we were kids then, you know, they always had somethin going. He shot a bear one day, and () and he thought the bear was dead. The bear wasn't. So he goes, to have his picture taken with his foot on it. Well, you know what happens. [She laughs.] The bear came to life. Well we had an awful lot of laughs over that one for a while after that.

They didn't have too much trouble, just one night they had lights turn on that, blinks that they, didn't know exactly where they came from or why. That's the only trouble they had...

According to Mrs. Clemons, the tracks were only patrolled during World War I, as they had troop trains on the railroad at that time. She remarked, too, that "It was interesting. And too bad we weren't older at that time and had more pictures of them than we have now. It would be very nice. But people then did different than they do now. We used to walk that place, up to Mount Willard just to visit with the Evanses for the evening. You know, back and forth. Up with Mrs. Morey. She was quite a lady, that one. Representative."

I had heard that Mrs. Morey had served as a local representative to the New Hampshire legislature, but I asked Mrs. Clemons to tell me more about the woman, and she recalled:

One time we were little kids, she had all kinds of, when we went down to school down there, she had all kinds of apple trees. She wouldn't let us even pick an apple off the ground. She was a character. But she was interesting too. She was well read and, I used to enjoy Mrs. Morey. Until later years they got thinking that everybody wanted their property, and then they got a little bit, and I just didn't bother her any more. She was, quite a lady.

Turning to a faded and yellowed clipping, she added:

But this here, these runaways in the Notch, I don't know whether that includes the big one I think it was in 19-, oh I think about the time during the war when they had a runaway up there. That might be a different one. My Dad was down in the cut, just above the trestle?, Frankenstein, and they, when they left the top of the Notch they tied the whistle down so that it never stopped blowing the whole way down through. And I think they were something like, two minutes and a half or three minutes? coming down. They just got out of the, they were cleaning the cut out, it was snow. And just got out of it, and the thing went by, and then I guess the suction almost took em in. They said for about fifteen, twenty minutes after it was just a roll of snow around the trestle. Where they had gone through. They just blew it right out. And they used to have quite a few of those. Wrecks and things up there. And that big one there they were tied up, my husband, almost a week.

Knowing that the 1927 flood had been a significant event in Crawford Notch, I asked Mrs. Clemons if she recollected it, and she told me:

'27 flood I was in St. Johnsbury. And I was, I had just graduated from high school that year. And we were over there and my sister lived there, and I'd been working over in St. Johnsbury till I went to Concord business college, from there. And that was some flood. I wasn't down in the Notch area then, but it was something over there. We were standing up, she lived up on top of a hill, we were standing there and the river right down, a street or so under, and these big bridges galloping down the river. Not broken up at all. They did a job on those bridges I had to go across to get out a there. Took everything with it. Houses, you just, go down like match wood. That was quite something. That time there, was quite a while, two or three days before we could leave the area, and water went down.

"What was it like up here in the Notch?" I asked.

She replied:

I don't really know. Everything was down, I know. And then they had that hurricane in, was it '36? '38. That tied everything up. The trees going up through the Notch, you wouldn't go that way you'd be going the other way if you were around here then, were just, this way [She puts one arm over the other repeatedly.] you know, everything was tied up. That was quite a, quite a time then. And then they had, I think in '36 they had a flood then. That was the year my mother died. And they had a flood in the spring. But, they sort of didn't get quite so excited about those things as they do today. They panic today [She laughs.] if they're not quite ready. They took those things when they came, you know, the way they do. Years ago, didn't bother them so much.

I asked her where she had been during the 1938 hurricane, and she told me:

I was, at Willey House. I was married then, and he was working for my Dad. And we were trying to get out because a cousin of mine, one of the very close ones in the family had died, and we had tried to get over to Berlin. And you didn't go through for about three days. Anywhere. But I was busy, I had the men to cook for and, they were all there, cleaning up.

I asked if she had taken over some of what had been her mother's duties, and she affirmed, "Um-hmm. She was the postmaster, the agent, and, telegraph operator."

"So you did all that?" I asked.

"I didn't do the operating, no. I never learned that," she said, laughing. "But I took over the Post Office."

After leaving the Willey House Station, about 1938, she stayed "down in a little cottage, in Jennings's camp" on a side road in Crawford Notch, for one winter. "And then we bought the house down at the, where the Post Office was. Moved it down there. Well I still kept that house up until my son got out of the service and then he was in the shipyard for a while and, he always wanted to get back up here, so, I gave it to them. He loves it up here. He works in the North Conway Post Office. So we're kind of old settlers around here."

I had to agree that her roots were deep in the area. She added:

Um, yeah. We enjoyed it though. We enjoyed the Evans family, we used to have a lot of fun. Going up there, and go to school you know and they'd put you off, we'd stay overnight, the girls up there, and they'd line you all up, you know, Raymond probably told you about that, going to school, line you up, and they'd yank you on one by one. [She laughs.] Without stopping the train. You would have to space yourselves so, it was quite an operation, you know. And you got dumped off at night the same way. But, I guess we all still pretty much like the area. I know Raymond does.

We chatted a while about our mutual friend Raymond Evans and his activities, and his regular visits to Crawford Notch. This led Mrs. Clemons to mention that a picture made by her mother was on display at the State Park center there. A similar one was hanging in Mrs. Clemons' kitchen, and another one was placed in an exhibit on Mount Washington.

I asked Mrs. Clemons what her mother's family had been doing at the Mount Crawford House, and she told me, "My dad had a little, or my grandfather had a little store in Bretton Woods, it was A.M. Allen's Store. It was, you know where the old ice house is there now, they haven't torn that down. This side of the, the other side of the motel, there's a building in there.... And he had a store just the other side of that. They tore that down, and a railroad house just the other side of that they tore down, two houses, in fact, one of them railroad, the other wasn't. So. I guess we date way back, really."

Her mother had grown up in the Notch, "At Fabyan's, when they moved out of this, this place, the house here [referring to the Mount Crawford House]. And he moved up to Fabyan's I guess after the railroad went through. He went up there and started the little store. And she was teaching up there."

She added that her mother's father had come "From England, and I don't really think he was there much before that. I think he came up there with a railroad crew, and they were living there."

I asked her if they might have known the character named "English Jack," an outgoing "hermit" who lived near the Crawford House, and she acknowledged, "Ohh I expect they did, yes," and laughed. I noted that our mutual acquaintance, Ben English, had written a brief article on the man, and she added, "Oh yes Ben did a, quite a write up on English Jack. Yeah. Some of the old, I used to hike an awful lot with some of the real old Appalachian Mountain Club women. Emily Klug, do you remember her name?"

I did recognize the name Emily Klug. She was a German woman who lived in Brooklyn, New York, and had become known somewhat for her eccentricities during her hikes in the White Mountains in the 'teens, 'twenties, and 'thirties. "You hiked with her?" I asked.

"Oh sure did," Mrs. Clemons replied, and continued, saying:

She stayed at our house. Poor Emily Klug. She'd come, she got off the train, and she'd have all her clothes on. You know, she has all the skirts on, she couldn't carry em any other way. She put three or four skirts on, one over the other. That's the way she carried them. Well we kids, we used to love to see her come, because she always used to bring us those little almonds, candy-coated almonds. We didn't get em much then. Emily Klug.

And then there was a Helen Baile, if you ever ran into her. I hiked an awful lot with her. We used to stay in the, different huts. Mount Washington was one of my favorite mountains. And we always went up there three or four times a year. Different ways. And my husband loved to hike. We got caught in a thunder, light-, sleet storm up there one day on top of Pleasant. And I thought it was gonna be the end of us. Oh my goodness. It wasn't any time, there was sleet this deep on the trail where they were worn out. Filled right up. You could see it coming from over on the Franconia range. I always loved to hike. And I enjoyed, staying in the different huts....

We stayed in Galehead when it was quite new. In Zealand and Galehead with this woman Helen Baile that I used to hike

with so much. We made a chocolate cake for Helen. Helen and I and (). I guess both of them had gone out, there was only a couple of the hutmasters around, so we made a chocolate cake and they put it in the oven and we forgot the altitude. And they had this little oven it was just like somebody on a firing range. You never heard anything like it. With the way it was baking at that altitude. Should have revised the, a little bit. They took that cake, it came out good, which was a help. They hid it on the rest of em. So they didn't get that when they came back from their trip. But that was a real pretty hut up there. Right near the fall. And then I used to stay in Lake of the Clouds a lot. In fact we used to stay in the Tip Top House when they let hikers stay in there, in the other big hotel on top....

Mrs. Clemons asked if I might have any other questions, and I asked her if she knew about the graves north of Sawyer's River station. "I know what you mean," she said. "There used to be a road, went right down by it. Those people had smallpox, I understand. Were buried there but I don't really know who they were. But apparently they were, must a been people that worked at the mill. I should say, up to Livermore. At that time. And I understand that's why they were buried there. I don't know, are there any names?"

I told her I thought they were McIvers, and she stated, "I should imagine the old town book might have some of those names in it." She added that some of the old town records for Hart's Location were still kept in the Notch. She also mentioned another graveyard in the Notch, in the Glidden field.

She took out some more of her files, and I asked her, "When you were growing up there at the Willey House, did you get to know any of the families from Livermore? Any of the children there?"

"No, not really," she answered. "Because we were young then and we were goin the other way. And Livermore had their own school. We didn't see anybody from there. We did of course get to know the McCanns, later, when there wasn't any school there anymore." Pulling

out an article about snowslides in the Notch, she added, "My husband used to be an operator on the plow."

We looked through some more pictures of snowslides on the Maine Central line through the Notch. We chatted a bit about the prospects of the proposed tourist railroad, and Mrs. Clemons remarked:

So many people don't want it. They think that it's noisy, of course I don't mind trains I love em. We were sleepin, we used to sleep there at Willey House and it was on a curve. And those trains would come puffin up there you'd think they were goin right through the bedroom. [She laughs.] The light was shinin right in, and they'd go around the curve but they were right at the end of the step, you know they were so close. We never bothered the railroad, and they never bothered us when we were kids. People just automatically keep away from that. I don't know....

The steepest grade in the Notch is right out by my house up there, used to be my house. From there to the trestle. That's the hardest grade they have.

Considering the current state of the rail line through the Notch, and claims that the tourist railroad could put the tracks in shape within a week or two, she noted:

Pretty much trees in some of the. Maybe they can but if they did, they would have to have a crew that would surprise everybody to look at it (). Cause I have a pretty good idea of what goes into that. Course they're lucky they have new rails, quite new. They laid heavier steel on there a while back. So, they're lucky that way. Maybe they never weaken, I don't know, but it doesn't seem's though, not being used for so long, that everything can be in good shape. There's a lot of bridges on there, a lot of them. I don't know whether I'd care to ride up that time or not. Over those trestles.

I remarked on the massive weight of the trains on the disused trestles, and she remarked:

Yeah those engines are heavy. I can remember sitting and watching them when they laid the new steel and the new ties. And rebuilt the Frankenstein trestle. And we'd come down and sit up on the ledge, the other side of it and watching em. They had one man on there, they were all supposed to be high steel workers. And he was scared to death. Every time he'd want to go, and where they'd send him he'd have to go. He'd get down

on his hands and knees and he'd crawl across those girders. He was petrified of that trestle. We used to get the biggest kick out of watching him.

I guessed that some of her first steps might have been across those trestles, and she admitted, "Oh, yes. We used to go down there on Sunday afternoon just for a walk or play running across there." She laughed, and then said, "That was about all the fun we had in the valley. Oh dear."

Returning to the matter of Livermore, I asked if she had heard much about the Saunders family, and she said, "Only those two ladies that lived there. I don't think they were ever married. Either one of them. No, I didn't know them until later, later on in life. I don't know, I don't think they had much family."

"And how did you come to finally meet them?" I asked.

She told me:

Ohh, we went up there one time with John McCann, when he took the mail up one night. My sister and her husband were here and we all went up. He wanted us to go up and meet the Saunders ladies. Very nice ladies they were. And Mr. Nash, I liked Mr. Nash, he was very, I think as I can say it eccentric, I liked him. And he was a nice man. They used to pester the life out of him and of course I could sympathize with him cause I used to get pestered too. [She laughs.] People don't realize you know how you, when you live beside of a public place like Arethusa Falls, they take it for granted that that house belongs to, the State and the public. I used to have quite a lot of trouble with them. But. I enjoyed living up there, and where we did. Then I carried my mail back and forth for quite some time.

I asked where she had picked up the mail, and she said:

I picked it up here in Bartlett, and brought it back so that it went out at night. And that was after my husband had died, I remarried and I was living down here, in Lorraine's house, here. I used to be married to her dad. So. That was some job. I never got tired of, I loved it. That ride every day. Somethin different every day, I wouldn't care. I can always see something different up, when I go out in the woods. And I can't understand people go down through here and say there's nothing to look at.

And I used to get it quite a bit because during the war, I cooked for the Pineos, to help em out, one summer. Chief cook, bottle washer, waitress. I did everything. Help was short around then. They would come down and you'd think that there wasn't a thing to see in this valley. You'd say well what did they come here for, there's nothing to see. And I just couldn't imagine them being brought up there I can still see things. Every day. Yep. "Why don't the trees grow out instead of up, on the mountain?" "You must have had a heavy frost this morning the trees are all white." They were birches. [She laughs.] Ohh, tourists. They were funny.

I asked if Allen Spring, a roadside feature in Crawford Notch, might be named after her mother's family, and she replied:

Allen Spring? No, I think it was probably named after Ethan Allen, that one. I have tried to find that but I don't, they don't keep it cleaned out now. We used to clean it out when we would walk, at night, we used to walk a lot. And we always kept that spring cleaned out. There used to be a fire warden's little cottage just on the hill, above, I guess the chimney's still there. The name was Mitchell. And he had a daughter. They just stayed there in the summer. But mine was small at the time we worked there, they used to enjoy playin together. But that, I don't know why they let those springs go. Maybe they're just not interested in keepin them open now, I guess....

I think they keep the one over to the little cathedral in Bretton Woods, I think they keep that one going. There used to be one there and there then there was another one at the end of, going on the trail going up to the Frankenstein trestle. There was a spring in there and boy, that was a nice spring. We always used to keep that cleaned out. In fact there was one up above my old house just a little ways across the brook. It was a beautiful spring up there. I don't think Bill [Her son Bill King, who now lives at the site of the old Willey House Post Office] keeps that cleaned out.

I mentioned that Tom Monahan had mentioned a spring on the road to Livermore, and Mrs. Clemons responded, "Yes I think I do remember him talking about it. Yeah. Tommy ought to, he ought to have a lot of information on Livermore, if he hasn't got into one of his spells where's he's not talkin." She laughed and added, "But usually Tommy is always ready to talk."

I inquired about another feature in the Notch, asking if she knew much about the C.C.C. camp that had been located at Sawyer's River. She replied:

Not the Sawyer's River one but there was one at Willey House too. There was one up there and they had a, it was down just this side of Willey House, on the left hand side going down in. They had a big building down in there. And they had a big place over across the brook. They had a bridge there, a big playground area. They used to play ball and everything over there. Yeah, they were there and they did, I think they worked on the Jewell Trail and on the trails like that, when they were there. And they used to come down to the Post Office and get their mail. So. And in fact some of them went on the voting list, that were in the CC camp.

But the other one down Sawyer's River I didn't know much about it. Too bad they didn't have those now. They could use those. Put some of the unemployed to work. I really believe that's what they should do with them. Make them earn some of it. Earn some of their welfare money. There must be a lot of things they could do, up in this area there's a lot. There's a lot of things they've had to stop doing, like the Sawyer's River campground, they don't take care of that like they did. And they aren't completely abandoning it because somebody's still interested enough to do it. But they don't maintain it like they did. And I imagine there's a lot more like it. It's too bad.

We chatted a little more about the C.C.C. and a few other aspects of life in Crawford Notch. "Earlier you mentioned Carrigain village," I remarked, and asked, "Did your parents have recollections of that when it was a going concern?"

That was pretty well gone, that was gone when I was small. But there used to be a logging place there and it was quite a village at one time. I wish I had pictures of Carrigain. I would like to see them myself. But they had a store and a post office and a school and a church and back of my house, they had a mill, in there. There's quite a few cellarholes up there near our, my old place. And they had a mill in there, we dug out, Bill has some of the big saws that he dug out, they're up there. And we painted one. My daughter-in-law was real upset. He said, "Well I'll do my side the way I want it and I'll leave the other side rusty." [She laughs.] So they have a big one hanging up there on one of the buildings. You'd take a lot of small and the broken pieces and I've put em out and around there. You can't imagine that place looking like that. And then they had the

railroad up Dry River. That was before my time too. That's where the old railroad bed still runs up on that trail. It runs on that.

We discussed some of the changes on the Dry River Trail, effected in part in response to accidents there, and Mrs. Clemons remarked, "Thank goodness they don't have as many terrible things in that area as they used to. Usually Arethusa Falls has a tragedy every once in a while. Oh, when I had the Post Office up there, there were a couple of people lost over the falls. But they don't realize it's slippery and they get near the edge to, over they go. We had one up on the cliffs. But when you watch some of the hikers and some of the people you wonder why there isn't more."

We talked for a moment about mountain accidents, and passed briefly over other topics of the Notch. An old picture of the Willey House stirred Mrs. Clemons to comment, "That's the way it used to look like when we were kids, that big rock. There was nothing growing in there then. And the barn down there. I well remember the barn when I was small because we, my dad had a turkey in it, and the turkey got away. For Thanksgiving!" She ended with a laugh.

After a few more comments about current affairs in Hart's Location, Mr. Clemons turned to another photo of the Willey House Post Office, and recalled a memorable time there when:

The boys at the Park had found that, and I went up and they had the State Police there and everybody there and you should have seen that house. I have pictures somewhere of it. It was completely vandalized. The door was open. There wasn't a window left in it. Inside there wasn't a speck of furniture left, that was in one piece. The walls had holes everywhere. I had a stereo up there, and they had taken the records and they had just scattered them and they were stickin out of the walls everywhere. In fact I had an oak table with legs on it, and you know how hard that is, and it was sticking in the, records were sticking in that wood, the bottom of the table. They'd pulled the electric hot water tank over. The refrigerator was tipped over.

The stove was pulled out, and they couldn't do much with it. All the fixtures in the bathroom were broken. Every lamp in the house. Pulled the doors off upstairs, poked holes in all the walls with a 2 by 4. It was an absolute mess. They broke every dish in the cupboard. We just shoveled it all out. Just, they were on drugs or something. They did a job on that.

Mrs. Clemons then said that she had it fixed up after the vandalism, but added, "If I had realized that it was gonna be torn down I probably wouldn't have had it done. But, I had to have a crew go in and do it, they'd do the walls, the ceilings, everything had to be done over. All the windows. Just a couple of kids."

I asked if she had ever found out who had done it, and she affirmed:

Oh yeah. They weren't very smart. They stopped. The night before Bernardins had just bought the Inn, and she was on her way back down, they were remodeling and weren't living there. And she was on her way down to Jackson and she saw these kids walkin up. She thought, well, they don't really belong in this area, they, they didn't have anything but a little, but a little bag like that on their shoulder. So the next morning, when they got through all their fracas, they were all night I guess up there. They stopped in and broke into Bernardins, and they put in a telephone call. And they used a broom, they lit the broom, must have been before daylight, and they ransacked that place. Took all the wine and everything she had in there. So when the telephone bill came in, Bernardins said that's not theirs, so they turned it over to the police. And they caught them. And they made them pay, what my insurance didn't pay. One of them did very good, the other one, just got almost done and, I don't know where he went.

The boys "Were from down around Portsmouth. Well one of the boys' father and mother worked over in the mill, but he was staying in Portsmouth, he wasn't here. But they sure did a job. As the police said, it's a good thing you weren't there. To see such a mess." She described it further, saying:

They tore the front steps off that and took the, it's not showing on there [referring to the photograph], took the railing, they were 2 by 4's, and just went in and just poked holes everywhere and I had a lot of those big heavy mirrors, beveled ones, belonged to my mother. And I had a lot of those in there

They broke those they, they didn't leave anything. It was just the saddest lookin mess you ever saw in your life. In fact people when they heard about it went up there just to look at it. It was unbelievable. What they did to that house. Just. Nonsense.

I asked for her advice regarding other possible informants, and she said, "I can't think of anything, the McCanns are all gone. The fellows that worked there, even when Gardner was there, are not living. And I can't think of anybody. The older people around Bartlett that might remember are, most of em are gone now." She showed me a picture of old locomotives in the Notch, so I asked her what might have happened to the Livermore locomotives, and she said:

I don't, they must have taken em out outside of that one there they left to vegetate. [She laughs.] That one was there for quite a while, I have a picture of that. And, other than that. That's why I say it's too bad when the older people are gone, so much knowledge goes with em. I don't think really that people paid so much attention then as they do now. And you start to think, try to think back on all these things it comes a little hard. But it was the same when my Dad was living, he could tell you all these stories. It's too bad.

"Well I'm sorry I can't be more help on Livermore," concluded Mrs. Clemons, "but it's one of those places that I never was up there a great deal." A neighbor shortly rapped at the door to drop off some daffodils for Mrs. Clemons, and with that came an end to our meeting.

Though Doris Clemons was born, brought up, and has lived eighty-three years very close to Livermore, her knowledge of the town was relatively slight. The fact that she recalled no visits to the town as a youth reminds us that propinquity does not necessitate familiarity. Her travel to places further afield from her home in the Notch relied primarily on direct rail transportation, so that she knew the more distant towns of Whitefield and St. Johnsbury far better than she did

the much closer village of Livermore. Even for those who lived only a few miles away, Livermore was an isolated place.

Her later visits into Livermore in the late 'forties and 'fifties did allow her to come to know Clinton Nash during his later visits to the derelict town, and she offered a portrait of him that acknowledged his eccentric ways yet offered some sympathy for the man. She spoke, as did others, of the grandeur of the Saunders' mansion and of the nebulous understanding of land titles. She had only slight knowledge of other people associated with the community, such as the Saunders sisters, Joe Platt, and Bill McDonald.

Much more vivid were Mrs. Clemons' recollections of life in Crawford Notch. She spoke with obvious pride about her rich local heritage, and of the labors of her father and her mother for the railroad. Tales of ice slides, of World War I patrols, and of train wrecks enrich her memories of growing up in the area. She recalls with affection pleasant times in the Notch, whether as a youth enjoying her school days or visits from Emily Klug, or as an adult running the Willey House Post Office, being frustrated and amused by tourists, or hiking on the nearby mountains.

Her most involved description, however, was reserved for a disturbing event, the vandalism of the old Post Office. She presents it as a spectacle, so remarkable that "People when they heard about it went up there just to look at it." Her presentation objectifies what must have been a very heart-rending situation, with her old home and work-place, her mother's mirrors included, reduced to ruins by a couple of crazy kids from Portsmouth. Such behavior defied

explanation: "It was unbelievable." "Nonsense." She had seen destruction from hurricane, ice avalanche, and flood, but what made this instance beyond understanding was the renegade human element involved, an element that, up until that time, she had been able to keep comparatively distant from her experience of life in the Notch.

Mrs. Clemons was able to add only little to my direct knowledge of life in Livermore. However, she did contribute to my understanding of growing up and living in Livermore's greater neighborhood, in the separate, but perhaps not too different environment of Crawford Notch, in a time and place which she remembers, with few exceptions, quite fondly.

Pauline Gardner

Both Ben English and my landlady, Lorraine Jones, suggested I contact Pauline (Mrs. Robert) Gardner in my research about Livermore. Though she had never lived in Livermore, she had lived for several years in the nearest inhabited place, the Maine Central Railroad Section house at Sawyer's River, at the junction of the Maine Central and Sawyer River Railroads, less than two miles from Livermore.

I met with her on a bright autumn day, and was welcomed into her meticulously-kept Bartlett home. Though I had been told she suffered from arthritis, she was bright and cheery. It was not until later in the interview, when she got up to get a photograph, that I realized how harshly the disease was treating her, as she had great difficulty in even crossing her living room. However, her eighty-three years did not prevent her from remembering a great deal about her life at Sawyer's River.

First off, I asked Mrs. Gardner if she had grown up at Sawyer's River. She kindly corrected my mistaken notion, telling me:

I grew up here in Bartlett. I grew up right out here at this, George Street. Born and brought up down here. This whole area was my playground. And I went up to Sawyer's River when I was eighteen years old. I got married. And of course I'd graduated from high school, and I was going to do so many things, and then I met Bob. And well, he almost insisted we get married. Well that was fine too, there wasn't any work, there wasn't anything. And girls then couldn't do a lot they can do today. You could be a hairdresser, or you could be a nurse, or you could be a teacher. Teaching was of course what they pushed on to you. And I said I didn't want to be a teacher, I'd like to continue to go to school. But I did not want to be a teacher. But I didn't have the money to just go continue going to school, so I had to do something and I worked little odd jobs and anyway the gist of it was I married Bob and he had his mother there at the section house, he had to take care of her. So, I went up there. And stayed sixteen years. Which I hadn't

given a thought. But you know at the end of it, I was, I kind of liked it.

I asked Mrs. Gardner what her husband had been doing at Sawyer's River, and she said, "He worked on track, he was a trackman on the railroad." I asked what section of track he worked on, and she told me:

That section started here at what we call Ed Cobb's, up by the Ed Cobb's crossin on the railroad. You know where the old Ed -- you perhaps don't know that, but it's a couple of miles above here is Ed Cobb's farm, and the end of that section was there. And then it went up through, it ended up before Bemis, but this side of the Willey House.

She mentioned the other stations on the Maine Central Mountain Division through Crawford Notch:

Of course there was Sawyer's River and then there was Bemis up there. () And then the Willey House. Willey House wasn't a station as such but it was a section house and a flag stop, and then Mount Willard was a flag stop, too....

You see now when we leave Bartlett here, go to Sawyer's River, that had a station, and a freight house, and of course the section house there. And at one time, that may be before my time it was probably quite active. But even when I went there the station was in good order and there was a waitin room, a couple of benches you know like all of the stations, and if anyone came ordinarily they'd put the heat on.

I asked who used the station at Sawyer's River, and was told:

Anybody who, like hikers would come sometimes and take the, they'd get on there to go somewhere. Or it might have been some of the people out at Livermore.... In Livermore they had a post office and they had to get the mail down at the Sawyer's River station. Twice a day. It was an old fellow came down with the team and who'd bring the bag of mail and he'd take the bag of mail for those two times. His name was Joe Platt. And he was a nice, nice fellow. Very nice fellow. Stuttered terribly which was too bad but. You know he was just that nice that you didn't think too much of it. And I got to the point where I'd go to the station you know, go when he came with the mail, I'd go up and visit with him ask him what was going on up in Livermore and all this and that.

And then there was a time that the railroad decided to pay the men by cash....They paid by pay envelopes with the cash in the envelope. And on Wednesdays the boss up there asked me

here on Wednesdays would I go out to the baggage car and sign for the payroll and keep it close to me until till they came home, which I used to do. And then I'd visit with Joe.

I had a little baby she was about two years old that summer and he loved her. He thought she was just wonderful. In fact to the point when they tore Livermore school down, he stole a book for her. He made up his mind that that baby was gonna have a nice book out of the school. You probably know more about the school than I do but they built a brand new school. Then it was a matter of what, four or five years, they ripped it all down. And they furnished it completely with books and movies, everything. And Joe was a janitor there and he saw these, it was a picture book, it was a pretty one, and he said, "I made up my mind that baby's gonna have a book from the schoolhouse." And she's got it today, too.

I asked what kind of book it was, and Mrs. Gardner responded:

Just a story book with the pictures (). But he was very nice, very pleasant. But he's about the only one, really, that I could say I knew, in Livermore. There was Mr. and Mrs. Monahan, John Monahan and his wife, and they were very nice people. They had a nice house up there too. And that's Tommy's father and mother. And that's why I say if you could only get Tommy to open up, but, I don't know why but he's never, I hate to say this but probably ten people come to him for that information for, and he won't give it to him for some reason I don't know why. But whether he feels that was his town, and he's not going to tell anybody or what, I really don't know. I haven't talked to him about it but.

I told her that I had contacted him, and that I had also heard about another possible lead, a Maggie Jefferson. She said:

Maggie could give you a lot more information than I can, but this is a poor time to say anything to Maggie.... [She was tending a sick daughter at the time.] It was her father that was the boss there at Sawyer's River. When I went up there. But Maggie and I, she came down, when she was about ten years old they came down here to go to school and we became friendly then and we still are. I haven't seen her now for about four weeks. Cause she comes up, brings a friend who comes up and gets her hair done on Wednesdays and then while her friend is getting her hair done she comes over and visits with me. And we still talk over the old times. But Livermore, I guess it was just like any small town. Now when I first went up there....

She estimated that this was in about 1927,

You know the layout where the river is and the road and then the railroad above that. Well this side of Sawyer's River

bridge, the main bridge, on the main highway, it went up there to the left hand side there was a camp, a lumber camp. It was a workin, apparently workin thing there. And there was a crew there, and I couldn't tell you how big it was but a pretty long affair, and they didn't stay there too long afterwards. But they were loggin men so that my husband, I said, "Oh I'd go down and see it, see what it was," you know. And he said, "You're not going down there." And after a while, well of course we'd go down. So we walked down the railroad and back up so we had a look at the camp.

But I have a feelin that years ago when I was young there were a lot of camps and a lot of men because I do remember, the people, I think the majority of them were Catholics and on Sunday morning they had this great big long sleigh or wagon then. They all were on it, and they'd come down. And in the wintertime you'd hear the bells on it, you'd hear em quite a ways. And but they were very faithful () church every Sunday.

And Bob and I used to walk up there, not too often but occasionally, to the movies. We had to be up there at six o'clock, the movies started at six o'clock. No charge to it. It was in the schoolhouse. And they had some good movies too. But it was a long walk after a day's work. And you'd walk up in there then and come out after and it was *cold* coming home. I know one night we were comin home the owls kept hootin.

I asked Mrs. Gardner about the houses in Livermore, and she recalled:

Well the nicest lookin house up there was the Monahans'. And I don't know the other people who lived in the other houses. See I didn't get acquainted with those people before the whole thing went. And you know the maiden ladies there, we always called them the old maids [She laughs.], their house, that beautiful big place there, and they just let it go into the ground, that was the nicest. Then there was a store, across from that big, a freight house and a store.

About the houses on the lower road, she said:

There was one family that lived there, just before the big hill, and they came down to visit with us several times and their name was Wentzel. They were a nice, it was a couple and they had two, three little children. And I suppose you know if the day was over, she wanted to do something to get out and they came down to visit with us.

She guessed that there were about a dozen children living in Livermore at that time. Since she had said she was in the area about 1927, I asked if she recalled the flood of that year, and she replied:

It didn't bother me cause I was up there in the flood, well the flood was below us. They took out the railroad, part of the railroad for a couple of miles, this side of the station up there. And so that the rails were swingin you know. There was one thing I did have that I liked. My father was foreman of the roundhouse here for years, and we had a telephone so that I could call him at the, the only place I could call was the roundhouse or the station. They couldn't connect to the outside at all. Course if I had anything special I would call Dad and he'd make the call for me and they'd call me back to tell me what the answer was. But anything like this is, like the flood, I didn't come down I just stayed right there until it was over.

Events like the flood, and train wrecks, meant a lot of work for her husband. She described his compensation:

My husband's paycheck the first year that we were there, eighteen dollars, thirty eight cents I think it was. And every third week he got twenty one dollars. So I looked forward to the week he's gettin the twenty one dollars because I could buy something else. [She laughs.] Can you imagine livin on that? But that's what his railroad pay was. Course we did have the rent, and we had fuel, all the fuel. We used to have the groceries, I ordered them from the store down here and they would put em on the train and send em up, they'd unload em at the house. One day they unloaded a box of them, and everything smelled of ammonia. And come to find out they've brought that, set that box of groceries on the cowcatcher that morning, "Just going up to Sawyer's River." Well they heard about it, and they had to pay for the groceries too!" [She laughs.]

"When you were up at Sawyer's River," I asked, "were there many lumber trains coming down from Livermore then?"

She replied:

No, the first two years I will say two years, maybe three years that I was there, yes, they were workin constantly. As the Maine Central line came down, the Livermore line come in and there was a wye there. Then there was a sidin back down here on the Maine Central side that lay beside it, so that Livermore would come down with their engine and their one or two cars that they were hauling, and they'd go up there and throw the

switch and back down in onto the Maine Central line and leave their cars. The Maine Central train later on picked them up. And then soon as they did that they'd head right back up again. And sometimes they'd come down a couple, three times a day. Um-hmm.

I remarked that there must have been quite a few hands at the mill then, and she agreed, saying:

I think probably there was. Mr. Monahan run the (engine...). It's funny I've forgotten these characters now yet they come through my mind. There was probably four with him on the engine. And one day they were in a wreck. But that was only, they didn't have a big load, they had just the engine, for some reason they were coming down. Mr. Monahan, and John Platt who was a brother to this Joe Platt that was the mailman. Joe lived with John and his family. And it jumped the track. And the men yelled for help. There were two men lyin on the ground when we got out there. And you know we talked to them. So he immediately put them in the car and headed for the doctor's down here, there was a doctor in Bartlett. And we thought they might have to go to the hospital but they didn't they just shook out. They straightened right out.

Regarding accidents, Mrs. Gardner remarked, "I presume they had a lot of em years ago, because things were dangerous, dangerous you know, their tools they had to work with weren't like we have today. Like the brakes on the engine could let go, which I guess they did terribly."

She wasn't sure of the work schedule at the Livermore mill, but seemed to think that things stayed quiet there during the winter months. The mail wagon, though,

Went the year round. In the winter I didn't go out and visit with Joe. [She laughs.] Once in a while he'd come in the house to visit for some reason and then he was very nice to have in. I felt sorry for him cause he did stutter so but you know he was nice enough that you didn't think too much about it. And then he, as I say he lived with his brother John and their family. And John's had a family of girls I know because there was a couple of them used to come down pick the blueberries along the track. And of course I had the blueberries all lined up for pickin myself.

Well I had a new baby, she was born in February, so when it was blueberry time I put her in the carriage, put the screen over it so no bugs would get her, and I'd push her along and pick blueberries. See, this is to get myself out as much as anything. I was lonesome. It was a terrible place to put a girl. When I stop and look back on it I never would have done it again. Of course I never would advise anyone to do it. But the men would go in the morning, at seven o'clock, and not come back till four o'clock in the afternoon. They took their lunch pails even if they ended up out in the car house eating their lunch.

But I used to pick berries and take care of the baby, I'd push her five, ten feet, and then I'd pick some berries. And I had one spot where there were beautiful berries. I could pick a lot, and Violet Platt came down, and she picked those berries, awful lot of em. Then she had nerve enough to come to the door and wanted to know if I wanted to buy some berries! [She laughs.] I definitely told her no!....

I thought that was carrying it a little too far. But I didn't get out very much. As Polly got older I used to take her in the afternoons and go walking. I used to walk her. I pushed a baby carriage up into Livermore. Just for the sake of gettin out and goin away from the house. Because I had my supper lined up, you know I had to have supper at four o'clock when those men come in.

"So you cooked for the whole crew?" I asked.

She answered:

For the whole crew, usually four or five. And I remember my sister come up and stayed with me for a while. And we used to take the alarm clock, one of these great big alarm clocks with us to know the time and we'd go swimmin down the river, and we'd set the alarm, if anyone heard it, we'd got to home, maybe the bread had to go in the oven or somethin. But when I was alone I was very lonely. But I think, I say I got used to it after a while.

I asked what John Platt did in Livermore, and she was not sure. She brought up another man, "Now Mr. Jim Monahan, Big Jim we called him, that was in the store and he run the store, and I suppose was general boss there. And now whether John helped him or what he did I don't know." I asked if many men worked in the woods, and she said:

I know from my childhood that there were a lot of men worked in the woods because on Saturday night the men would

come out of Livermore into Bartlett for the weekend. I don't know how many pubs you had then, and they drank the whole weekend. And so that's how I know they were there, when they came down. And as I say, those that were sober came on Sunday to go to church. [She laughs.]

I asked for more information about the background of these workers, but Mrs. Gardner confessed:

I didn't know them that well. In fact I didn't get acquainted with them, as I say Mrs. Monahan and Mr. Monahan and I were speakin but I never went up to visit with them and they never came down to visit with me. We were all so busy we didn't have time to visit. I know I was. Her daughter used to come down some and visit with me.

I asked, too, about the decline of Livermore, which Mrs. Gardner acknowledged she had seen:

Oh yes, oh yes we saw it go down. And as I say they tore down that nice new school that they had built and that chair over there [gesturing to a platform rocker across the room] came from the old maids' house. That's before they got to the point of tearing it down. It was Joe Platt gave that to my husband. He came right down one day and he was pretty disturbed. And he said, he didn't have a family, Joe didn't, and he said, "You know, there's a g-good chair up there, and they've told me to throw it in the dump." And he says, "I don't want to throw it in the dump." He says, "It's too good." He says, "But I could hide it somehow." So he said to Bob, "Would you like it?" And something was broken, I forget, it was a little stool underneath it. And Bob goes, "Oh, sure, bring it down." So he did, and he fixed it, covered it, was covered just the once that many years ago. So that's where that came from.

As for Joe Platt's later years, Mrs. Gardner recalled:

I think by that time he just took Social Security or whatever, if they had it at that time. He came down for a while and stayed with his sister who was Mrs. Marcoux down here in the village, and then, I don't know whether he died or, he disappeared. He didn't live too awfully long after.

She didn't remember other late residents of Livermore, though she suspected that the Monahans "moved out on their own you know because they could see what was happenin." I mentioned Bill McDonald, and she then remembered him, saying:

Oh yes, Bill. He was a nice old fellow, but I never knew him too well. He worked, he come down on the engine, and he was one of these sociable people. And you know, the old maids I can't tell you their last names maybe you know it. ["I think the Saunders?" I said.] Saunders, yes. I was trying to think of what it was. They used to, of course they had their house supplied when they came in, they were there only a couple months through the summer, the nice hot weather. They would order things from Boston and they'd have to send em up on the passenger train. And unload them there. One day the passenger train wasn't gonna stop at all, and the box was in the baggage car so they didn't stop for the box, they just pushed it off like that. And it hit the side of the station. And it was -- butter. I don't know how many pounds of butter. And there was butter all over everything. [She laughs.] And Joe, he was, he was terribly upset, and I said, "Well, that's not your fault, they'll have to pay for that." But they needed some butter. Well he, he said, "Now look, we're not gonna waste all this." There was some that hadn't broken the wrappers. He says, "These are soft," he says, "but you go put them in cold water and you can use them." [She laughs heartily.] Oh dear, poor Joe. He was a nice old fellow.

Mrs. Gardner had taken out a photograph of some hikers on the trail to Mount Carrigain, and she told me about the trip:

Now that's the kind of a trail they had before you were going up there. This day, it was eight miles from Livermore up to the top of Carrigain and we got, my sister and another woman come up and stayed with my baby, and this couple who was visitin us, so we decided we're goin to. We started way early in the morning, we could drive just as far as Livermore, there was now, you know now you can drive up beyond there but you couldn't then. And then we had to walk from there on. And this was the kind of walkin that we had to get to the top, had all rocks and everything. It was apparently where the rivulets had come down you know washed all the soil. So that was our day on Mount Carrigain.

She identified the people in the photo, which was taken in

November 1931:

The first one's myself, and the middle one is Mrs. Starkey and the further one's my husband. And he has his gun. He couldn't go anywhere in the woods unless he took his gun. We might see something, so we took the gun. He really was a great hunter. And he was a gunsmith too. So anyway I thought you might be interested in seeing what that trail looked like then before you were ever, went on to it. There was the lookout, we went up in the top of the lookout, oh it was a beautiful day too.

It was a gorgeous day but it was cold you see we had dressed warm when we started out in the morning. We stayed up there for a while and then we came down. We didn't eat our lunch up there, we decided to come down and eat our lunch down below.

That had been her only trip to Mount Carrigain, and she said that "the views were beautiful. You could see miles and miles every which way. Portland and into Canada. It was just wonderful." I asked her if she thought if the people from Livermore had spent much time on Carrigain, and she declared, "I don't imagine so. They were busy. They were workin people. And they were busy. If they had any extra time they got away from Livermore. They didn't stay up there." Where did they go?

Might have gone to Bartlett. Definitely weekends always gone to Bartlett. And they might have gone somewhere else, and get out. They could come down to the station, see, and take the train and go somewhere and they could go up St. Johnsbury on the noon train and be back at five or six o'clock at night.....But I think they were very quiet, they stayed by themselves. And as I say I didn't have time to go visiting making friends.

I asked her if she might know Joe Platt's background, and she answered:

No, I don't. He had a sister, and his brother up there. Now where they moved in from I don't know. May have been Canada they came from.....Then there was; that's actually all the people that I know, the families that I knew, the others that were there I didn't know them. Now there were more people livin in those little houses down on the hill, but I didn't know any of them.

As for the workers in the town, "Anyone up there worked for the mill, the company. It was one of these company, what is it company store where they take everything you have?" she asked with a laugh. I asked if the people in Livermore ever did business in Bartlett, and she said, "Once in a while, yes, they'd come down here, and often times you saw them at the store. But I think they, when they had a

chance they'd like to get out and get away, you know, some other place."

She admitted, though, that Livermore was not wholly without its attractions:

I would have liked to have had the Monahan's house, they lived in cause it up on the hill there and it was a nice house. And they had a good view and they could look down on the mill pond and the maids' house. I really wasn't that interested in stayin up to look things over too much. I did go up and come back. As I say by the time you push a baby carriage up that road and back again that's quite a trip. I didn't do that too often.

I next asked if she had known Clinton Nash. Indeed she had, and remarked:

Oh Mr. Nash? Oh yes, I know Mr. Nash. He was a very strict, cross old businessman. He used to come in, the way I knew him, he would come down early and come in and wait for the train to take the night train out, to go back to Boston. And he apparently didn't like stayin up in the station waitin for the train, so he'd come down the house and he'd sit and visit with us. He never would eat or anything if the men were eating he wouldn't eat but he'd visit. And sometimes he'd come in just visit with me there. I think he'd been a pretty rugged boss. But he knew what was goin on and he was of course he was a businessman, he was in Boston most of the time. And he took care of the Saunders estate you see, made sure everything was all right.

I asked her to describe him, and she told me:

He was a tall thin man, but as I say he was a very stern man. I don't know as he knew how to laugh. Maybe he did. But anyway, but he was nice enough. He brought us some beans late that fall, two kinds. So the next spring we planted em. And none of us knew what they were. I think they must have been soybeans. But we planted em and they grew and we ate them. They were delicious, you ate them like string beans. But he wasn't interested, too interested in the station here. Of course he was interested in the town up there, to watch to see what was goin on. And I suppose Mr. Donahue and all the others had to give an account when he came of what they were doing and so forth. And of course he knew how much lumber they were puttin out through the railroad.

We returned to one of the people we had earlier mentioned, Maggie Jefferson, and Mrs. Gardner recalled, "Maggie went to school up there for a period of time. She lived down to Sawyer's River, at the station. But they took em up there for the school, I imagine. But then they got rid of the schoolhouse and they broke up everything."

Why had they torn down the school? "Because they were goin to get rid of the town. See this was somethin we didn't know they started in doin it and this, of course Mr. Nash would have known all about it. But he didn't offer any information as to what was goin on."

This turn of events may have been a surprise to some in the town, as Mrs. Gardner believed that "They didn't really plan on it, bein pulled apart.... Cause some of em I guess had been there for years, it was their home."

I remarked that there was little left but foundations now, and Mrs. Gardner added:

Up above where the village is you can find different places. The last time Bob and I went up there we sort of wandered around. And looked at different spots, you know. He'd say, "Well this was there," and he told me what was different parts of the mill and so forth. But I have no desire to go up in Livermore. It's pretty up there. But I wouldn't want to go up.

But you see it's true of the whole valley here, Bartlett, and with Mount Carrigain, it was all lumber, the lumbering business. Now as I said my father was railroad. He'd come on the railroad up in here. He stayed with the railroad. That was very important at that time. You'd be surprised how really important the railroad was because it went Portland-St. Johnsbury. The year I got married there were nine trains a day, passenger trains, nine passenger trains a day going through one way or the other. There'd be one come down about four o'clock in the mornin, passenger train, headed down to Portland. But after a while of course they dropped off on that.

And my Dad of course he had charge of the roundhouse over here, he had an office over there, and then there was a big turntable with all those great big engines. And he used to scold us, "Don't you dare go near that. Don't you dare go near that

railroad." And he said -- no telephone in those days, they didn't have a telephone from his office, Mama didn't have a telephone at home, there was no connection, -- "If your Mother needs anything, she'll give you a note, and you come up there. Don't you dare go near the track no matter which track it is. You just stand there with the note in your hand," and he says, "Somebody will come and get that." And it always worked that way. I seem to've got sent on that errand quite a lot, and some man would come, and I'd give him the note for Dad and he'd take it to him. See Dad was afraid I suppose we couldn't climb the tracks or we'd go down into the pit or somethin that would be wrong.

Accidents didn't just happen to little girls; they happened to train crews, too, and Mrs. Gardner recalled one where:

They piled up down by Notchland, below there and one of the men, Mr. Powers, lived up here at the corner of the street. And it put his dinner bucket up in the tree, way up in the tree and as late as the time when we were there the men wouldn't take it down they just left it there. And at that time they had corn in some of the cars and I had a cousin who was a brakeman and he got lost in the corn. And they didn't know whether he was gonna get out or not. He couldn't get footing, see, he was in corn, everything was moving all the time, he couldn't seem to get out, finally they got him out. And in the end he got killed by an engine.

I remarked that railroading could be dangerous work, and she continued:

I have seen the men climb up the ladder on the end of the train and go the whole length of that freight train turnin the brake, the hand brakes. Who would dare to do that now? But they did it then. But now you see it would be so much easier. But nobody wishes for those things back again cause they were, they were dangerous. Course the railroad gave Bartlett its bread and butter. Everybody here worked for it, one way or another. And we felt bad when it went, you know, completely.

I admitted that the change from trains to cars was a major one, and Mrs. Gardner echoed the sentiment, saying:

When I was living at Sawyer's River, if I decided to go to St. Johnsbury, I put the little flag out in front of the, it was a post there and a green and white flag, and I'd put that out and the train comin around the curve they'd see it they'd stop, pick me up, and then of course St. Johnsbury, the station. We had two and a half hours in St. Johnsbury and I used to go up

there quite often because I liked gettin up where the stores were. And then comin home at night they'd let me off there. And all the brakemen were wonderful because if I decided to go in the grocery store the last minute and had a couple of bags that big they would take them off and put em on the doorsteps for me. Of course I knew all of them. I knew the conductors and I knew the brakemen. And I spoke of my cousin, his name was Oscar Clemons. He and Bob Morse, you probably heard that, how they got blown up in the engine, and it killed them both.

Wanting to hear more, I asked if they had been coming down the Notch then, and she said, "I don't know if they were coming down or going up. But it was on a Sunday morning, and the engine blew up and it killed them both. And Oscar. It was pathetic really because his wife had died I think five weeks before that and left him with a new baby and he had five or six children besides that." I asked what had happened to the children, and Mrs. Gardner assured me that "They grew up and they're beautiful men and women. I see usually once a year I see Raymond the oldest one. I might see one or two of the others. But they're scattered now. And something like that, you know, puts kind of a dull tone on the railroad and everything else for a while."

Mrs. Gardner had earlier indicated her busy schedule at Sawyer's River, so I was curious as to how she could spare the time to go to St. Johnsbury. She explained that:

Bob's mother was with me then at that time and even after she wasn't with me I had given them their lunch pails and I had their supper all prepared so that when I got home it didn't take very long to get that on the stove and the table and so forth. But I liked goin up there. Of course we always had to take our sandwich. We got to Whitefield. It was noontime. We had our sandwich and we got to St. Johnsbury. And Barbara liked it too. But of course she'd get kinda tired but every time I would buy her a color book or something like that to do on the way home. So that she was, wasn't too fussy.

And so many times I was discouraged and we were gonna move. We'd hunt for a place to move and there was no place you

know around here. Of course Bob didn't want to leave here because he worked for the railroad and he'd built time then so that he would eventually it would help him cause of course even today I have a better pension than some of the women because he was railroad retirement. But we didn't think of pension at that time we were just thinkin what we had.

As to the railroad worker's schedule, "Bob only had Sundays off, and I don't know how many years that was, they had just Sunday off, and that was, you know, you couldn't do anything really."

I asked about her husband's hunting, and she declared:

He loved to hunt. And if he hadn't headed off on the railroad he was out in the woods. Either with his rifle or with his fish pole. He was good at both. I've got pictures of him with a bear he killed....But the last time I was glad he decided this he said, "I'm not going to hunt any more bear." And I said, "Why?" And he said, "Well," he had read in one of his hunting magazines that he got where bear were left handed. And, he was out on a beautiful fall day on the ledges up there, the sun was shinin, he says, "I just set down there," he said, "I heard a bear. So I just set down there and watched." And he come out below him, the bear was, and he was eatin nuts. Acorns. And he said, "Every move was with his left paw." He watched him. And he said about two or three hours he watched him and he never shot him, he come home. And he said, "I'm all through shootin em." He said, "They are people," he said. So I was glad he decided that, because we never used any of it.

He shot one before I knew him and, G.K. Howard's store they took it then and shipped it right into Portland. The pharmacies in there bought it. The pharmacies wanted the oil from the bear. And he had a chance to sell others, but he didn't want them. And there was one, one family his last bear that he did shoot he gave to a family who wanted a bear. But they'd come from Missouri in an old dilapidated car and I think there were five children, in fact two of them were very nice girls who were friends of Polly's and I think she still writes to them. And this man stopped when he got his car as far as the fillin station over here and I guess he was out of gas too and Wilfred Mead got talkin with him. "And how far'd they come?" "Clear from Missouri." There was no work they'd hunted for work all the way so he said, "Well," he said, he had a camp down on River Street, he said, "I can put you up there at the camp. If you want work I'll give you some work." He let him work.

I guess he probably told him about Bob, and the man came to see Bob to see if he could have the bear. And he was tickled to death to give it to him. And he told Bob, later on he came back he said, "That put us through for meat, through the winter." He said. "We froze up some of it." So that's what you

call bein poor. I like venison, it is very good, and I like moose meat but I don't like moose like I did venison. Course I grew up on venison.

"Was your father quite a hunter too?" I asked.

She told me:

Oh, my dad was a hunter. And lookin back on it I suspicion that perhaps we had a deer or two before the season was open. But he had a big family of children. I'm one of fourteen children. And so I can see now why he did it and I don't blame him either.

But Bob liked to hunt alone, he didn't want to go with these fellows you know there'd be four or five of them go out together. He didn't like that. He liked going out alone. And I remember my father scoldin him for wearin khaki. He had a khaki shirt, khaki pants. And he said, "Well look, if I put on bright colors the deer will see me too." He never did. He did change it a little bit onto the green side but he stayed with his khaki, but he always got his deer.

Mr. Gardner did a lot of hunting around Sawyer's River, and also did some fishing in the area:

Bob liked the river, he liked Dry River, especially, but he liked the Saco River. He'd go out at night, after his supper, up there at Sawyer's River, leave me with all the dishes. I used to oh, didn't I used to scold him! I said, "Gone the whole day, now you turn around and go." So you see I did come awful near on lots of times to saying, "You keep this place, I'm goin." [She laughs.]

But anyway he'd come in, he'd always come in with a big basket of beautiful trout. I remember one year I canned some trout, just to see what would happen.... They didn't hold together, they mushed when I heated em up in the fryin pan, when I heated em and used em, but their flavor was good. I did a cold pack you see and just did em so many minutes, I don't know what (). But I did it just for an experiment, and it really worked well.

I asked Mrs. Gardner what led them to leave Sawyer's River, and she laughingly confessed:

I guess my temper. This Marguerite Jefferson's father was the boss up there, and he and I didn't fit too well. For a while we got along fine, but then I didn't like a lot of things and he got in quite a little scrabble up there. And Bob and I went into the office and talked to the roadmaster and we told him that we were gonna go. We didn't go in to have McCann fired or

anything like that but, we just told him we were gonna leave there, we got to leave there. We been there too long anyway. But he didn't want us to leave there.

So anyway. After that things were a lot different to get us to stay. Well then. We had, we bought this piece of land, for buildin a house, but, I think we were dreamers, because it took three years before we got the house built. But anyway things were a lot different. But now, one of the irritatin things that this McCann would do, you know, I had cookie jars, I'd cook the whole forenoon. And it might be an evenin, he'd come in and go down in the cellar where we'd got this shelf there and come out with a dozen cookies in his hand. He never'd say, "Have you got enough for breakfast? For the lunch boxes?" Little things like that, you know.

I asked if her husband continued to work for the railroad after leaving Sawyer's River, and was told:

My husband, after we'd been to the office until they moved Bob down onto this section, he was foreman down here, said he should have done it long time ago. But we had the house far enough done that we moved right into the house....Bob built this house. Can you imagine? After a day's work on the track, hammerin and poundin and liftin rails, to start a house? He dug the cellar first, the fellas were all real good about helping him dig the cellar. They'd come visit with im everybody'd take a shovel full of dirt out. And then he laid up the foundation with river rocks, every one of them, he washed every rock. He'd put it in a pail of water and wash it. And he wore out his weddin ring doing that. But I did buy im another one. And got the foundation goin and then the framin.

Once he got the framework up I had to work. And I boarded. I got this all, it's all diagonally boarded, and I learned how to do that, he showed me how to set the angle, and do it. And I boarded all in on the porch, I shingled all that. Anything -- I wouldn't go high, but whatever I could do, I did it. So, I said we earned our house, anyway. But it's comfortable now.

Mrs. Gardner said that it wasn't too long after they had moved into the new home in Bartlett that her husband's health began to fail; he eventually died of lung cancer. She then declared:

But back to Livermore, I don't know. In fact in my mind, it's, you know, I can still remember it but I never think of it now....

You know, when we were, Tommy had gone to school, he was takin a correspondence course, and he was gonna go work for the government, something about lumber, and he had an example sent to him that he couldn't do. So, everybody in

Livermore couldn't do it. So he sent it down to Sawyer's River for the men to do. He knew the men in Sawyer's River could do it. Not one of them could do it. I DID IT! But, I didn't do it in arithmetic either, I did it in algebra, and sent it with him back home. I told him I said, "I can't do it in arithmetic, but there's your answer in algebra." And sure it proved out all right. So he sent it in, and then he showed me the letter that come back to him with his next lesson, "Please do not use algebra, use arithmetic here in your examples."

Tom Monahan, I mentioned, had gone on to a career in forestry, and this subject led Mrs. Gardner to ask, "Did you ever have spruce gum?"

I admitted I had tried a little once, and she stated, "There's good spruce gum and spruce gum that is not so good....My Dad used to bring that in. He made a copper wire cone, and he put a chisel on it like this, and then a big handle on it and on winter days he'd go out on the crust, and he could reach, standing, beyond it, and that chisel would cut the gum out of the tree, and fall into this cone. He brought home a lot of it."

I asked how it was processed after collection, and she told me, "You have to scrape it, and make sure it's clean get the bark off'n it....Your drug companies would give you money for it. But Dad wouldn't sell it, he said, 'Got that for the family.'"

We chatted for a moment about other topics, such as railroads and other abandoned communities, such as Carrigain, where her grandmother had worked as a cook, and about the prospects for the revitalization of the railroad. Of this, she said, "They won't get it back. You can't go back and bring back yesterday. You know better. You might like to, it's fun dreamin sometimes, of yesterday. But you can't bring it back."

I then asked her about the graves at Sawyer's River, and she knew about them:

Yes, those, this was told to me, that was a father and a son and they got typhoid fever and died up in Livermore or beyond Livermore up there somewhere. And of course they didn't want to bury them there so they brought them down there and buried em. And. I knew the woman, a woman, she's gone now, who was a relative. Their name was McIver, and her maiden name was McIver, and she used to come up once a year and put some flowers on those graves. I used to go up quite often and look at them....That's where they came from. So you see, they, the people who were afraid, and it was a pleasant little spot there I suppose. And what seems strange to me they took it away from there but they brought it so near the railroad.

I asked if there had been a graveyard in Livermore; she didn't know of any, but went on to say that:

There was a case here of the Doctor, Doctor Eudy. Maybe you've heard of him? He's buried across the river now. And he died in what we call the pest-house. That was the house beyond where Tommy Monahan is. That's before my time, I don't remember it but they told about it. And they said that two men were goin to sit with him all night because they had had this, whether it was typhoid or what it was themselves and they didn't, you know they felt that they were, but, in the mornin, they had him buried over in the cave. Well, they don't know whether the men got drunk and thought he was dead and buried him or what but they were drinkin all the time I guess. So I said, "What an awful condition."

She didn't know how the doctor had contracted the disease, but supposed "he doctored somebody somewhere. I think he should have had a little better grave too."

When I asked if there had been a church in Livermore, she said, "Never heard of a church up there. They may have had services of some kind because you know the priests once in a while would call at Sawyer's River on their way up there so that they'd go up there but I don't think because all these people come out and went to Bartlett for their service."

Mrs. Gardner knew no details of boarding houses or of "Little Canada," but she did recall the C.C.C. camp, saying:

Oh the CC camp, yes. They had a grand time. At night the boys used to walk around, you know, and one of their men talked to Bob, he got interested in Bob and his guns, and he wanted Bob to come over and, well Bob went over one night and took a couple of guns, and talked to the boys about them, and showed them () and they thought that was great, they were gonna have him back again, but they never got around, anyway. But he did, he spent an evenin over there.

She didn't know how big a camp it was, or how many men had been enrolled there, but she remembered "that nice beautiful outdoor fireplace which I always said I wished I had had in my yard." She added, "I was never down to the camp, but I been by it to see what it was like. As I say a lot of the boys would walk through the dooryard after supper. I suppose they were just out lookin around see what was, you know killin time. Maybe they weren't supposed to leave the premises or something." She also revealed:

I've got something in my cellar that came from that CC camp. Well they had a dump up there somewheres, but like every place had to have a dump. You didn't go for the dump, then. Everybody had a dump.... Wherever you lived you dumped stuff out. Well anyway they had the dump. And of course nobody was allowed up in there anyway, the grounds, it wasn't their business.

But it was about that time they were closing up, Bob Jones come up to us, that'd be Lorraine's father. See we were good friends with Bob and Arlene, Bob and Arlene and I were best of friends for a long, years. And she died young too. And they went up, and pawed around, it was a rainy Sunday afternoon. And Arlene was at the house, rearing the children, and they'd come home and they'd brought home some things they'd found at the dump. See they weren't even supposed to be there but by that time they had closed it over enough so nobody said anything about it.

And he brought Bob, they'd be about like this by this [about three feet by two feet] cookie sheets, they made cookies on cause you could see where the cookies were. Heavy, heavy thing. So Bob, there's a lathe downstairs, that Bob had, and he put that underneath the lathe to catch all the filings and it's

still there. The lathe is still in there. I've given the lathe to one of my grandsons. Of course he'd love to be workin with it. He would. He's a schoolteacher now, and for five years he's taught school. And now he's in Greece, Athens Greece. And he's teaching at the embassy there.

Mrs. Gardner went on to tell me quite a bit about her grandson and his experiences in Greece, concluding, "But I'm glad he's had the chance, I'm glad he took this opportunity. Because as I said, ' Peter, we've all grown up here in the woods. This is all we know is the woods....We're all in the woods. And for pity's sakes, if you get a chance to, get out and begin to see what some of the world is like,' I said."

We chatted for a bit more about her family, both present and in the more remote past, only briefly returning to matters remotely related to Livermore. As we wound up our morning together, she remarked, "I think this is so strange because I never dreamed that I'd ever go back to think about it."

I took a few pictures of Mrs. Gardner, and also of the platform rocker, the illicit gift of Joe Platt, which now held a teddy bear but in which Mrs. Gardner said she had spent many a night up tending a sick child, and then thanked her for her generous help.

Though Mrs. Gardner knew that the principal purpose of our meeting was to share information about Livermore, it became an occasion for her to pass on a great deal more about her life in the area. She recalled growing up in Bartlett, bringing notes to her father at the roundhouse or preparing spruce gum. She recalled, too, the limited choices available to a girl in the 'twenties, even an intelligent

one who could solve an example in algebra that had stumped many grown men. Her memories of life at Sawyer's River were vivid. Life was not easy for a lonely young woman on the Maine Central line, getting by on a family income of \$18.38 a week. But, just as her husband filled most of his hours with work yet found leisure time to fish, hunt, and observe the behavior of bears, so was she able to find occasional respite in her work life -- plagued by the noisome McCann -- with blueberry picking, swimming, stolen visits to St. Johnsbury, and visiting with friends like Joe Platt of Livermore.

Mrs. Gardner's only passing acquaintance with the village and most of its townspeople underscores her isolation, and also highlights the isolated nature of Livermore itself. The residents of the hamlet were among her nearest neighbors, yet with the significant exception of Joe Platt, there seems to have been relatively little interaction with them. She recalls the Monahans, the old maids, and the stern Mr. Nash, but few others. Visits to the village were rare -- some trips to see the movies at the schoolhouse, but not much more. Most contacts were transient ones -- hearing bells on the sleighs of Livermore residents heading to Bartlett for church, helping train crew members injured in an accident, chatting with Joe Platt on his daily mail runs.

There are a few key memories of Joe. Some have tangible cues -- her daughter's picture book, or the platform rocker given to her husband. Both were "stolen" by Joe, but any perception of misdeeds is erased by the fact that these items were rescued by Joe from an unmerited oblivion, and given to needy friends. The third key tale, about Joe and the damaged butter, is so powerful in its impact that

Mrs. Gardner found the recollection hilarious even after more than a half-century had passed since the incident it relates.

A characteristic of several of Mrs. Gardner's narratives is that they link "greater" topics with very personal ones. A discussion of railroad stations and their users leads to a consideration on one of them, a family friend, who gave a picture book to her daughter, a gift that she still has. The decline of Livermore resulted in her husband receiving a chair, which still serves its purpose in her living room. The C.C.C. camp was the site of a program given by her husband; the camp's dump was scavenged by friends and led to a cookie-sheet being used by her husband for his lathe, which in turn was given to her grandson. All roads lead to home. Even the distant past is personalized, and its ramifications continue to the present.

Livermore was not a major part of Mrs. Gardner's life experience. In talking with her about the town and its people, however, we do gain valuable insights into the town and a few of its residents, and of their interaction with their neighbors outside of the mill village. We can perhaps consider the possibility that certain facets of Mrs. Gardner's life at Sawyer's River found a reflection in the lives of women in Livermore, who also lived with isolation, hard work, and a similar cultural milieu. Moreover, we find that recollection and discussion of her experiences in relation to Livermore and its residents can serve as a key to a back-door of the memories and narratives of other important experiences in this woman's life.

Marguerite Jefferson

My landlady, who runs a small hairdressing shop, had mentioned my interest in Livermore to one of her clients. In passing, the client told me that I should contact Maggie Jefferson, in Intervale. The exact connection was unclear, but the client felt that Mrs. Jefferson would know something about the town. I wrote to Mrs. Jefferson, attempting to arrange a meeting, but follow-up phone calls found me unable to contact her. Later, in speaking with Pauline Gardner, I learned that her friend Maggie was away tending a daughter who was dying of cancer. I also learned a bit more about Mrs. Jefferson, born Marguerite McCann. She had lived at Sawyer's River, too, as her father was section foreman for the Maine Central there. Mrs. Gardner had not gotten along with John McCann, but was nonetheless good friends with his daughter Maggie, who had gone to school for a time in Livermore.

Maggie had not had the easiest of childhoods. Mrs. Gardner confided, "She's had her problems too. Course her mother died, in Concord [at the State Hospital], you know her mind wasn't good. And all this bothered her," and, Mrs. Gardner believed, was still a cause of concern. She had lost a grown son to illness a few months earlier. With the helpful information from Mrs. Gardner, I held off on attempts to contact Mrs. Jefferson until a few months had passed after the death of her daughter. At that time, through a letter and a brief telephone conversation I found her very hospitable and welcoming of a visit.

I met her at her attractive, pine-paneled bungalow in Intervale. That morning a plumber was doing some work for her, but we sat down

together in her living room and she spoke freely and clearly about her life at Sawyer's River and her time in Livermore.

Even before our interview began in earnest, she told me about a tragedy that had colored her time at Sawyer's River: Alice, one of her sisters, had died as a result of injuries received in a skiing accident. This occurred at about the time Mrs. Jefferson was in the seventh or eighth grade attending school in Livermore. She then turned to a consideration of life at Sawyer's River. She talked about how her father would provide the necessities of life at the section house:

He'd take this long list of what we needed, and he'd have a knapsack on his back, and he'd bring home the necessities, what we might need for breakfast and lunch. And then there was a freight train that came up, and there was an express train. And the express train had a special car, you know, so one way or the other we'd get our groceries there, delivered right there at the house. And so we had ample food, and my father sometimes, we didn't have, sometimes we got a housekeeper and then sometimes my father would do the cooking, and he had three men who worked with him, and us three girls, so you see, there's a lot to do but you know we had a lot of time to waste. And when some of those men would come in after supper and they'd sit around the table with us and we'd play dominoes and things like that and they'd have a great time.

And those men who worked for my father on the railroad, they were just like uncles to us. You never heard anything. We kids weren't afraid to walk two miles through the woods. Nothing just, you know, you might hear some animal, and we'd start running. And one day it was raining, and we didn't have to go up there but we were hungry for some candy or something and bored just hangin around home. So we were walking up, after the shower, and this bear went across, we were walking up the railroad that time, that's where the road is now, and this bear and two little ones went right across in front of us, and we ran from there all the way up to Livermore. It made me laugh.

And we were puffing and we got in the store, and we told Matty, Matty Monahan, who was Tommy's older brother, he was working in the store. And so he used to kid us about things, you know. "Did you see any of those sidehill gougers today when you came up?" [She laughs.] And whiffaboomers. "Did you see a whiffaboomer? Did you ever see a whiffaboomer? Oh what's wrong with you?" [She laughs again.]

I had to ask her, "What's a whiffaboomer?" and she responded:

We were looking for those two animals, a sidehill gouger, we didn't know what it was, and we thought it must be a woodchuck, cause it might have lived on the side of a hill, but afterwards they said a sidehill gouger was an animal that had two legs on one side shorter than two legs on the other so they go along a mountain. [She laughs.] Well that isn't much sense, is it? But we were happy in our own way, you know. And we used to get out, play in the Saco River, and we'd meet people that were coming by. In those days it was a gravel road. And the people, a lot of people came to, you know, because there was absolutely nothing, you know, you never heard of all this crime we have today. It was peaceful and wonderful and the people felt safe and so they'd stay maybe a week or so in the camp.

And when we went to the river sometimes we'd meet them you know, they'd see us kids and talk to us and we used to get acquainted with quite a few people and it was something for us to do. We'd see those people are down there and sometimes we'd run down they would be gone on trips, you know, for the day and met them. And that was it.

And on Sunday our big excitement was to sit under an apple tree down by the main road and see the traffic go by. Gee if there were about thirty cars going by we thought there was quite a day. But people would wave to us and we kids would wave to all the cars. We didn't feel we were deprived of anything.

To get a feel for when these events were happening, I asked her about when she would have been in the seventh and eighth grades.

She responded:

Mostly in the eighth grade I had that same Annie Harris for teacher, and just Tommy Monahan and I were the only two graduating and I don't know whether, I lost track of Tommy after that. And I went to Bartlett, and we had high school there. I went there and graduated from Bartlett High School. And some of my, like the math, I was way ahead. And I had studied algebra, you know. And as soon as we got there in first year algebra, gosh I, you know was a song to me because I thought, "Gee, this is gonna be great." Then when I got into geometry I couldn't do it at all. I couldn't see why this, a is to b as c is to d, and why? [She laughs.] I liked it. We had just two teachers, believe it or not, and they were pretty busy on each one of us. We had a wonderful teacher from Rochester. Her name was Miss Shand. And she taught us alone English and Shakespeare and all it was really, I think it was wonderful. Some of the kids today

you know they don't get into the books.... Maybe the things they do with computers and things are more important. I don't know.

I asked how it was that she had earlier attended school in Bartlett, but then went to school in Livermore. She explained:

See in Hart's Location [where Sawyer's River is located] we didn't have a schoolhouse. So they had to pay tuition to send us. And so they sent us to Bartlett or else Dad sent us to one year we lived with my father's brother and his wife. They didn't have any kids and she grew up in a convent and really I don't think she knew how to do anything, you know cooking or much of anything like that. My uncle I think did the most of it.

Well anyway we were there, and it was a grand little difference you know, after school to have somebody to play with, different. That was the fifth grade. And sixth grade we went to people name of Langill. And my father paid our board there. And they had three kids of their own. And the girl was in my class..... And we had a ball there I don't know how those people could stand us.

Some of the neighbors would come in -- they had a front stairway and a back stairway -- and gosh sometimes we'd be up one and down the other directly. And the father would play the piano and get us to sing, I suppose to keep it quiet. [She laughs.] We'd all gather around and we'd yell at the top of our lungs. They were nice people, they were. And then when spring came of course there were trains came and we were home again. So those first two years were up.

And then in the fall, whether it was Hart's Location that made the decision for us to go up there, to Livermore, I don't know. Or whether my father wanted us home nights or not, you see. So they would come in the wintertime. We'd walk when the weather was good. And in wintertime they would send a team down in the morning to get us the horses, I told you, with the buffalo robe. [In a telephone conversation the previous evening, Mrs. Jefferson had mentioned the buffalo robes for the sleigh's passengers, which tended to shed the buffalo hair.] And that Tommy would drive it, Tommy Monahan. And so we'd get up there, and he'd have to take care of the horses, and put em in the stall and everything, and so he nearly always was a little late to come in the school.

And we'd hike up over the hill. And the schoolhouse was the farthest out, it was out and above where the store, up above where the center of everything was. And we would have, the first year we had this little red schoolhouse. And on the side, looking down where the houses were, there were no windows and they had a big, a funny big stove. And they had something that could move the top of it sideways so that you could put a big piece of wood in there that would last long. And I don't think they had any water in that one at all. And we didn't have any bathroom. And the next year they built a nice little one. And it

had, what do they call those, those kind of toilets, they were underground sort of, and we had some kind of water and some kind of a disinfectant. And we had some water too, there.

But it was very cold in the entry and we, course we brought our lunches up with us. At noontime they were just, you know, just like ice, all of them. And the teacher would make us hot chocolate for us so that we, my youngest sister was friendly with a girl and after she ate she'd run down to her house and they would come back together. But I usually stayed right there at the schoolhouse. And gee we got, that hot chocolate, it was about the only thing, you know, to keep us warm....

They had a stove, and it was pretty good, but you see after riding in that old sled, we didn't have slacks in those days, you see, we just did have these long stockings, long underwear, but we were cold, we were chilled when we got there. But we learned to know the people, that lived there. And there was a man and woman, a Mr. Donahue, was the superintendent of the whole outfit, you might say.

And this man from Massachusetts, Mr. Nash, he came up every now and then to, he was a lawyer, and evidently they had to take care of those affairs. And he was one of the, he was the last one to leave Livermore, Mr. Nash. He was quite elderly then, and the last of his living, he lived in the big mansion where the people that owned the whole outfit lived. I think they lived in Lawrence Massachusetts. And I would write to Mr. Nash, he'd come down here with Dad sometimes when he was up, he owned some land up there. And some private land, on his own, you know. And the rest of it I guess the Forestry took over.

I asked what sort of fellow Mr. Nash was. Mrs. Jefferson told me:

He was very quiet, very serious about his business and everything. And I was tryin to think of what the name of the people were that had that now, I can't remember. And they had these daughters that came and they stayed in the mansion during the summer. And oh, we'd call it luxury when we saw the surrey with the fringe on top go by, all those horses shining and all that now. We'd go to the train and meet them and they they'd go right past our house going to Livermore, you see. And I never got to know them.

But after Mr. Nash was there alone I was in the old mansion several times. Of course it was beautiful. And they had the lovely wood, you know right from their own products right there you see. And it was right on the brink of the Sawyer's River, I guess was right behind there. Lovely basement, and just as dry as a bone and I never could understand it, right beside the river, you know. He had an auction and sold the contents of it. I was keeping the accounts for him.

Mrs. Jefferson did not recall exactly when the auction had occurred, though she said, "I was married and I had one to two

children at the time. And my father came down and had me go up. I sat outside there, I had a table." After Nash left, "there was a man who lived right in Bartlett, Chappee":

And he would, used to go up and he'd be a caretaker, and all that. And of course he lived in Bartlett. And so evidently somebody was in there, broke in there and, I don't know if they had a fire in the fireplace or what but they set the fire, they set the house on fire. And they burned the lovely big house. And somebody from Conway then got a little piece of land and they built a little, a camp you might say. But I guess sometimes they had trouble when they'd come up somebody'd be prying around. It was when things were changing more and more.

I brought up the name of another Livermore resident, Joe Platt, and Mrs. Jefferson recalled, "Joe Platt was the one that drove the horses with the, isn't it funny I can't remember their names, those people who had it. I've gotten so I can't remember the name of them anymore."

I asked if that was the Saunders, and she confirmed:

Yeah, the Saunders, that's right. I think it was Saunders Brothers at the beginning. And one of em was named Alice Saunders and right across there, right across the railroad from the store, store building, was up there on the level, and that was opposite the big house. And the big house had a nice split stone fence you might say and oh they had beautiful flowers and everything was so lovely and a beautiful rollin lawn out back and it was near the river, now, there. And we loved seeing it, it was so beautiful.

But Joe Platt, I think he lived in that, I think he might have had an apartment in that store. He at least at the end of his living up there he lived in that store building. And I went up there, I don't know if I was with my husband one time we'd gone in to see him and he hated to go from there but he had to leave eventually because they were, they must have been selling the whole thing out. And he was one of the last to leave but I think Mr. Nash was the real, cause there was no Joe Platt there when we had that auction.

Joe had a love affair with the teacher. And he used to take her for a ride in his little car. And probably they'd go about ten miles an hour. And sometimes they'd see us kids and they'd pick us up and then off we were, then we'd get a little ride in the car.

During our telephone conversation she had mentioned Bill McDonald, and I asked her to tell me more about him. After discussing another Bill McDonald from Intervale, she continued:

The other Bill McDonald I don't know what his father's name was but he used to work on the railroad with John Monahan, that was Tommy's father. And Mr. Monahan was a nice man, very neighborly, cordial, and I remember our family gettin together and we'd have picnics and I guess I told you we went a way up to that Camp 7 that day. And we kids started to walk down, so when we got there the horse that pulled that thing on the railroad, pulled us uphill, to Camp 7. And when they unhitched him and they drove him, made him start down toward home. And of course we had fun there and when they said that we were gonna get ready to go, oh we were excited we wanted to walk a little.

So, we had ahead of them, and they had a lot of these pigs up there and I suppose they threw their rubbish and garbage out and the pigs would get it....at the camp. And we hadn't seen them, and we were gettin down, down the road and evidently they'd been in the swampy place and they were all covered with mud and everything, and they had been eating some kind of greens there, and they had these green things in their mouths. And oh, we thought they looked horrible and we were scared stiff and we didn't know what to do. And we thought they might've been just wild pigs, but they didn't bother us any.

So we stayed closer to the car then and every time the car came close to the horse they'd chase him and get him running down the hill. And we'd wait a while and talk a while and then we'd go along. So that's the way we came home, stopping every so along to chase the horse ahead of us, you see. And all the way down he had some kind of a brake that he held with a, and it would go against one of those wheels, had a leather thing on it to pull against the wheel and it'd slow it down. Of course there was quite a crowd up on that little car.

"Did you take many trips like that, or was that one special one?"

I asked. She replied:

No, just special every now and then there'd be a trip like that. We'd go for the day and it was a complete change for us kids and right up there in the little village of course there were more kids and they boys would have some plans I suppose and. I was thinking of the Donahues, Big Jim they called him, Big Jim Donahue, he was the superintendent, and his wife was a nice cook. And she, and he, bought that place where Mark has the, you know, in Bartlett?

"The Inn?" I asked; in conversation before the interview, we had discussed one of our mutual acquaintances, Mark Dindorf, who was running the Country Inn in Bartlett.

She resumed:

But we used to call it the Pines, yeah, and now he calls it the Country Inn. And they ran that for years. And when I got to be a teenager I used to go up there and I'd wait on table, before she'd do the work there. But at that time Livermore was still active and he would go up there every day, Mr. Donahue. And another family, of course, the Monahans, they had five kids. And there was a family named Grant. And I don't think they had any children at that time. I think they had a son, maybe, later on.

And then there was a family, quite a large family and their name was Littlehale. Littlehale. And one time I was riding an old horse. I got up on his back there was no saddle, just bareback, you know. And so I started down toward home, just for a little ride. And some of those kids, the Littlehales, they were out piling wood, you know, they started throwing sticks of wood and the horse started runnin away. I was pretty scared, I thought that was quite an experience. [She laughs.] I was just getting good, just getting acquainted with the horse when that happened. But see, all these little things that meant a lot, you see, because we had so little, I guess. It's funny to look back at these things.

And I asked my sister Dot, she stayed after I graduated, she stayed right up Monahans' in Livermore until she got through, grammar school. And she was with the one they call Bunchy Monahan, did you ever hear of Bunchy? Her name was Clara and she worked in the post office in Bartlett and she and my sister were good friends.

She had mentioned her trip to Camp 7, and I asked if that was still an active logging camp at the time of her visit. She recalled:

Yes it was. And you know those men were, you think about it a camp cook, you know, but he'd be just like a regular chef, and they'd have those counters with all those pies with the different kinds on them. And they'd make rolls and bread and biscuits and all that. And gosh when we kids came in, they could have anything they wanted. And luckily we were shy, you know, we weren't brazen like some of them. [She laughs.] But we had, we were looking forward to what we had in our lunch baskets.

I asked her, "Did you have a chance to meet any of the loggers?"

She replied:

We met some of them and some of em would come down to Livermore on the weekend, they didn't have to work on Sunday. And Mary, the oldest girl, had a boyfriend that came down, and stayed down there to their house. And go back the next day. He must have had quite a little hike to go back up there. And yes we knew some of them. And some of em were just young boys, you know?

And I think that a lot of those people were sent by employment agencies in Boston. They went lookin for a job and they were sent up there. And I don't think they had any more idea of what it would be like to work in the woods, you know? I heard my father talk about them and then the shoes and things that they'd have in the city. Imagine going up there in the woods.... And they wouldn't have proper boots or anything warm, you know.

So a lot of them it seemed to me as soon as they had worked their time and had enough money to go back to Boston they would quit. Cause they'd come down and in the little village they'd come up there, and they'd be down there waiting for the train to come and to take them to Portland and then they'd have to change and go to Boston.

And if they came, hiked down out of there and, they must have been hungry, and my father was a very generous man and he'd send them down to the house. And we had a housekeeper, he'd say, "You go down and tell the woman I sent you down to get some supper." And quite often we'd have a strange man, we never knew who was gonna pop in. We just took it in stride with what always happened, it was someone who's hungry and we had some food. And it was nice. It was a good, it was a way of life that could never be back.

Stirred by this memory of her father's generous hospitality, she asked me, "Would you like to have a cup of coffee?" We soon sat down at a small table in a corner of her living room, sharing coffee and donuts, and then resumed our discussion of Camp 7, as Mrs. Jefferson recalled:

At that time it was just about at the end of the railroad. It was up, I think that we passed part of Sawyer's Pond. I believe, there was someplace there there was a lot of water, and it was above that. Because they had all these named, you know,

at different times, the men had different figures for the, Camp 4, and Camp, you know, some of those I don't even remember. Camp 5 was all I remember. And big, in some pictures, they must've had fifty men or somethin there.

I asked if there had been a lot of buildings there, and she told me:

Yeah, seemed to be. Seemed to be I suppose sort of a barracks where they lived, and I don't know if they had wood inside or not. But of course they had plenty of wood for fuel. But I suppose it was monotonous for them up there all that time. And they were glad to talk to the men.

"Did they work in the woods year round?" I asked.

She assured me:

They worked, yes, a lot of them worked in the wintertime, and they had what they called pacs, or you know they were made of felt or something that they'd have under the other to keep their feet warm. I imagine it was probably real tough, hard work. Most of the people in those days used to work about nine hours a day, didn't they, and I wonder because it got cold so quickly, you know, if they worked nine hours.

The men worked there in the summer, too, although Mrs.

Jefferson said:

We never went that time that they were having Sunday off, they weren't working, but. But we knew they'd always have Sunday off. And hang around that old boarding house, you know, on the railroad. There wasn't much of any place to go. But you never saw any of them out fishing or anything like that. It's funny, isn't it.

She did not recall much of their Sunday activities, though she did remember their taking a sleigh to church services in Bartlett. But there was also a building which was used as a church in Livermore, as she told me:

Sometimes the priest came, they would have some service in there. But I was in there and looked it over and it had been closed for a while. But I knew that the priest used to come to Sawyer's River Station and come up with the mailman. And he'd go around visiting the Catholics that were in the village.

She described the building used for services:

It was almost opposite that boarding house as you were coming up toward Livermore from the main highway. The first building was that boarding house on the left. And then this was a yellow building. It was on the right. And of course there was a steep embankment and the railroad was up above.

I asked if the building was used for other purposes, and Mrs.

Jefferson declared:

No I don't think so. One time they had a man there, I know his name was Mr. Welch. It was a sort of a constable, I guess they call it. And some of those people would escape from there, they wouldn't want to stay there. You know, it was the end of the world for some city people, you know. I imagine they'd figure they had to work so long to pay for their way. And they'd try to get out of there. And I've heard of people in the winter, there was a trail across from Livermore, and evidently it, today it might be part of the Kancamagus Highway. They would escape and go over to Lincoln that way. And it was rugged, you know, and blizzards and everything. I should wonder the poor people probably their hands and feet froze. And you know you'd hear rumors that people would be hunting for them and wonder where they were, and we'd never hear if they lived or died.

I asked if there were other accidents in the woods, and Mrs.

Jefferson said:

Oh yes, I think they did sometimes with the axes and things. And in the mill, I think sometimes they'd get cut you know. And they'd have to have a doctor from North Conway come up. And they did have a doctor in Bartlett too, but, they must have had to come by horse and buggy or something to come up, cause the trains that ran were very few especially in the winter. We'd have just two trains a day, one up and one down. Excepting for the freight train, you know.

I asked Mrs. Jefferson what sort of people were working in the Livermore mill at that time. She replied:

A lot of those people I didn't know, in the mill. But I think some of the more experienced men that they got, and we had, up on the hill, above the mill, sitting, we came up into Livermore and up by where the store was then we crossed the railroad and went up the hill, as if we were going up, I can't remember the mountain, ["Carrigain?" I interjected.] Carrigain, we'd go by up to Mount Carrigain and they had a lookout man on top of Mount Carrigain. And they had telephone line going up that way. And

that's where I told you we fished Carrigain Brook and this other little brook I can't remember the name of that either.

She spoke for a while about some of her fishing exploits, both around Livermore in her youth and in later years closer to Intervale. Though not many girls or women fished when she was growing up, she, and her sister Dot, greatly enjoyed the pastime. She also recalled and told of other days spent in the outdoors, of her husband hunting partridges and of her admiration of the beauty of other animals, such as bear and especially deer. In one instance, she recounted, "I looked up and here was this doe deer. And oh she was beautiful and she looked at me and pretty soon up behind her this little kid come up and I couldn't shoot anything like that." Though she enjoyed fishing, she was never drawn to hunting, and told me, "One time I shot at a porcupine. And I was ashamed of myself. The porcupine wasn't hurtin me.... When Bud [her husband] would come home with a deer, you know, he'd be so proud and he'd say, "Come on Ma, Come on. Come see what I got." I'd say, "Ahh, I don't want to." And I'd go out and I'd see this beautiful deer, you know. Such an innocent animal, a deer." She recalled some hunters, including an uncle of hers from Twin Mountain, frequenting the area around Livermore because of a deer yard between Sawyer's River and the village.

She recounted, too, a recent incident when she saw a bear in her backyard, who frequented the neighborhood for a while until shooed away. She said she thought that recent development of the area was having an adverse effect on the environment, making the area less productive of apples and berries on which the bears and other animals

have long depended. She recounted, also, a recent encounter her son had had with a skunk.

Mrs. Jefferson had mentioned the boarding house, and I asked her who would live there. She replied, "Well, they'd have a hired cook and I don't know if they had somebody to make the beds or if the men took care of their own rooms, I couldn't tell you. I never was in there." When asked about the other buildings on that lower street, she told me:

Well, right after the boarding house was the Monahans lived. And next to them, was this Irene Potter, you know, Sid said his, sent you up to his Aunt Fay, and his mother was Irene Lane, and she met Harold Potter, and they lived next to them. And then somewhere up along there there was that, I don't think it was the next house, but it might have been fourth or fifth house that little boy that I told you, and he went up and wrote that story about Livermore, you see, he must have heard it from his people. [The reference was to James Morrow, author of a short piece in Yankee.] And then the big house would be on that side. And when I was there after that church building there was a little place on the right and it had a little wooden, you know nice little fence around it. And the Ramsdells, Ramsdell family lived there. And I think they're livin up outside of Whitefield somewhere there, most of them that are alive.

"And what did the Ramsdells do at the town?" I asked. Mrs.

Jefferson answered:

The Ramsdells? The children were growing up. There was one boy about my age. And they had several younger ones. And then the father had a brother that was there. And they probably worked more in the mill, or something like that. They had men that worked on the roads, and on a lot of other different jobs, you see. But you know, kids don't pay that much attention, you know. But I remember when the man was sick and died, their father. And I don't know what, what his problem was. Probably it could have been appendicitis in them, you know. They should have brought him to the hospital but, how do you know?....

And then those Littlehale people lived there, and then you came up over the hill where the store was. And up on one side were the, Fred Lane, that was the father who was on the train, and he lived there, and the Grant family and the Donahue family.

And there might have been others that I didn't know, you know. The boarding house and stuff like that.

Describing the houses, Mrs. Jefferson said, "They were just clapboard. Most all of them would have an open porch on them, you know, just this open porch. And they were all two story houses." I asked if they had gardens, and she told me, "Nearly everybody I guess had a separate garden." She described them:

They had flower gardens and most everybody had vegetable gardens. They'd grow quite a lot of their fresh vegetables because they wouldn't have it up in that store. See they'd have canned things and things that they could get. That was another thing. There was a big freight house there at Sawyer's River, right beside the railroad station. And their supplies would come there. And they'd be put in that big freight house. And then this Joe Platt and others would come and get supplies. Some people maybe going up to the camps you see, some of that stuff would be going up there. And they'd have big sleds, you know, just covered with all kinds of canned foods and things that they were taking. They were busy, and liftin and tuggin and heavy, heavy loads. But funny, I don't ever remember potatoes or anything like that.

And one time I remember it was warm weather and they had these two great big immense hip joints I imagine of cow, you know, of beef. And they it all sewed in, it was like burlap. And they were brought, it was thrown there on the, well there were planks, there was a plank walkway there. And gosh it was a hot, hot, and it was morning when it was put there and gosh I think it stayed there till afternoon. I shouldn't think that would have been very good to eat. And sometimes the blood would be seeping out of the damn thing. We kids would yack, you know, we'd look and query, wonderin what it was in there.

In our telephone conversation Mrs. Jefferson had mentioned that there had been some pigs in the village, and I asked her to tell me more about them. She told me, "There was a pig pen just below that boarding house. That was the first thing you came to was the pig pen going in. And I imagine that's where they carried the rubbish right from the boarding house down there." As for other livestock:

They had quite a lot of cows and they had ever so many horses because they had to have them up there to pull out a lot

of those big trees. I imagine it was difficult but they probably had to get those out. And get them on a flatbed or whatever they call those flatcars. And they'd take em down and we kids were up above, we could look down on those, that millpond, they'd roll them off into the millpond, and they'd have that just loaded with them. I think that they kept them in the water and turned them because they didn't want the insects to be in them. And then they'd go up a conveyor, you know, into the building. And then you'd hear all the noise of the saws, you know.

She had never gone into the mill, though, adding that "I don't think they ever wanted us to go in. Cause I think it's so dangerous."

I asked who had kept the cows in the village, and Mrs. Jefferson admitted:

I don't know. I don't know if this Joe Platt would have something to do with the cows too, because he had most of the horses to take care of. But I don't know where those, it might have been up in Little Canada where they used to put those cattle out to pasture and so forth. Cause there didn't seem to be very many cows around. Sometimes we've seen them come down to Sawyer's River. And of course the worst trouble would be railroad, you know. Because there wasn't much traffic in those days. And people were good they would, you know, be careful. And we had just gravel roads they couldn't go very fast anyhow. We'd have some cows and they'd stay down there around Sawyer's River where I guess there was some pretty good grass or something. But I don't think they would like to have em get into the gardens.

"So you had a garden there at Sawyer River, too?" I asked. She responded:

Yes we did. We had an old man and, they called him a tramp but we kids thought he was wonderful. And he'd come in the spring, he'd spend some time there with us, and he'd plant the garden, and in the fall he'd come back and he'd dig the potatoes and my father always had something for him to do, like cutting up kindling wood and things like that. And I never knew him when he gave him money but he had board and room and for certain he must have given him some money because the old fellow wouldn't stay.

And one day in the fall we kids were running around there and he was diggin those potatoes and he kept at it pretty steadily and all of a sudden a caravan I guess you'd call it, a caravan of gypsies arrived. And we kids were scared and we started to get out of sight. And some of those women would run right across and then, and they wanted to get some of those

potatoes. And that old man was so smart. He had a hoe or something and he hollerin, "Get out of here" and he's chas-, and we've run away, we were, we practically fell in the whole commotion, but the went on, you know, went away.

And we had the gypsies come in the house one time and they stole even the roast of beef that was ready for supper. And I don't know how that woman ever did it. She had false skirts she pulled up and there was a big pocket in another one she dumped that right in there. And we kids stood there with our mouths open we couldn't believe it. [She laughs.] And they looked up in the cupboard, they went and all the sugarbowls and everything to see if there was any money in them. The housekeeper was scared to death, she went in her own room and closed the door. [She laughs.]

And one night, they used to have to wash the clothes by hand, and in the spring of the year when they cleaned house everything was loaded. We had two big clotheslines and then we had a fence around our place. And they had it in the beginning because some of the kids who were young, and they were afraid they'd get on the railroad, and so they'd wash quilts and blankets and everything. They'd have em all over the place.

Well one night we heard voices, and my father got up and sure enough, gypsies were out there stripping off the clothesline, clothes and sheets and things off. And he had a gun then, he said, "You get out a here," he said, "or I'll shoot you." And then he went bang, bang with his gun, and boy they ran and got out of there because they, they knew that he did have a gun. And I don't know what was missing, I don't know if anybody ever really knew.

They came every spring and every fall too. They'd be traveling up through the Notch in the spring, then back, they went, then back in the fall. I don't know what kind of people they were but they'd come right around where the men were and they'd want to tell their fortune, you know, cross their hand with silver and all this stuff. And we kids were scared to death and we still we were curious to see. You wouldn't believe it was the United States of America. [She laughs.]

I asked if there were many tramps or hoboes passing through Sawyer's River, and Mrs. Jefferson responded:

Sometimes. Dad knew who they were. Mostly he'd let em sleep in the car house overnight. And there was sort of a leather thing, a settee or something, he'd let them sleep there and he'd bring em out breakfast in the morning () sayin, "There's a man out there who's hungry," or somethin. And never bothered them.

"It sounds like they were a little more welcome than the gypsies then," I said, and she remarked:

Yes, and then they'd run right along. Cause they, Dad knew, every spring and every fall they were travelin through. They came up for the summer, and bummed around, and sometimes, they've given them quite a lot of food, and they'd used the, what we used to call a watch house, and they were just a little small building that they could be in and have a fire and so in cold spring weather, when the ice was coming, and all that, they could be patrolling the track, or watching for an avalanche or something like that. And those little buildings were every few miles apart. And the men when they'd go by they'd know somebody was in them. "There's somebody up, livin up in that little watch house," they'd call it. And they'd say, "Yes, we gave them some food," and I guess they were gettin tired and would spend a few days there. And then they'd move on some place else. But we kids were there alone. We saw them comin, we'd lock the doors and run upstairs, and we'd watch them from upstairs.

Recalling other events of the time, I asked if the influenza epidemic of 1918 had affected her area. She replied in the affirmative:

Yeah, and my father was very sick and then Dr. Shedd would come up on the train, and stay there and take care of him. A lot of people died in that epidemic. But it was funny, we kids would stand in the door, you know when he was in that room, so terribly sick. And that doctor would get out, and he could hail, if there was a, see if a train was going up through the Notch with a heavy load, they'd have an extra engine on it to help to push it up. And when they'd get up to Crawford's, and then that would come back. It was called deadhead, and it seems as if the doctor knew that there was one up there. Because when he heard the blow he ran up and put his hand up and they stopped and he got on with his bag and he'd go to Bartlett, see, he had a lot of patients there you see. And I suppose after that he could hearin one gone, maybe, maybe not, because the roundhouse was in Bartlett, see. But anyway he could get down to North Conway.

I asked Mrs. Jefferson if she remembered the fire that destroyed the mill in Livermore, but she answered:

No, I don't recall a fire, but I recall a huge chimney and one of em's immense and round and it was so tall up there and made of bricks. And that was one of the last things that I can think of that I think that that either collapsed or they knocked it down in order to get the bricks out of it. And I was up there and I was forsaken. After that nice little schoolhouse, new schoolhouse was made, you see they didn't use it after that. And the Forestry men had their things in there. And we peeked in

the window one time we were goin fishing, and you could see where they had their snowshoes hangin from the rafters. Evidently they thought something would eat them. But I should think that a rat or a mouse could come right down and eat em just the same. And they had everything orderly and it was nice and neat inside.

I thought of the, I wondered where everything went that they had. We even learned to type in there. And that helped me immensely because when we went to high school in Bartlett we didn't have a typewriter. And I had been at seventh and eighth grade up there for the, Miss Annie Harris and it seems that, Livermore was part of, what is that, starts with G? ["Grafton?" I responded.] Grafton County. And they had a surplus of money and I think that she asked for a typewriter. And I think that was a wonderful thing, gosh, it was quite a lot of us learned to type on that.

"I heard they even got some motion pictures in there?" I inquired, and she told me:

I don't think we ever had any when I was there. They might have had later. But I can't remember when they stopped having school up there. I was three years older than Dot, I was fourteen when I got out of there, and she must have gone three more years there, and might have had something like that. But she loved to get out and go to this Kate Donahue and they'd play cards in the evening. And sometimes they'd have pancakes and maple syrup with the McCanns.

She also recalled:

But at one time I had a lot of pictures of Livermore, and I had a friend, Roberta Lane, who I knew quite well. And she said her grandfather, who was a brother to this Fred Lane, had lived up there in Livermore, and I said maybe he'd like to see those pictures, you know, that I had. And so I brought em up and she took em home. But he was an old man then, and I never did get them back. But he would know what all those places were up in there. And they're all postcard sized, and there were names of places I had never heard of there, when I was still there at Livermore. Some lookout places that they had special names.

In our telephone conversation she had mentioned Little Canada, and I asked her about that name and place. She recalled, "Little Canada was on the railroad side when we went up through there. You could see it was overgrown and abandoned when I was there," though Bill McDonald still lived there.

Mrs. Jefferson recalled a trip to Mount Carrigain, and also considered Mount Washington. Speaking of the emergency shelters on that latter peak, she noted, "They had all those little places where people could get in and save their lives. And some people were there all summer and they were rotten, they had to burn some of those places." She added plaintively, "In the old days people seemed to want to keep those in case of emergency you know, I don't know, if they were more thoughtful or, I just don't know why people want to destroy things today. Do you? They get more joy in destroying things than they do in building things."

When I expressed the hope that such behavior was only engaged in by a few bad apples, she remarked, "The bad apples are ruining the whole bunch. Look at the little kids now carryin guns. It's terrible."

I asked if she recalled the 1927 flood, and she did remember that she was in Bartlett at that time, and the roads suffered great damage there. I then asked Mrs. Jefferson if she knew about the graves north of Sawyer's River, and she did, and told me, "Katherine Ryan that delivers the meals to the shut-ins, nearly every day she has the station wagon? It was some relative of hers, of her mother's. And it was a man and his son. And they were, I think it was that, oh what was that disease we used to have before we had to be inoculated? I can't think of it before we had, had to be vaccinated?"

I guessed, "Tuberculosis? Polio? Typhoid? Smallpox?" She replied:

Smallpox. I think it was. And I think at one time it raged up through here. And my father, I said, "Dad, those two people over there," I said, "isn't it too bad they aren't in the cemetery." And he said, "Oh," he said, "I've been through these woods, hunting," he said, "there's lots of places there's been

people buried all through the woods." And they, where they have the mounding, you know how they used to bury them, but after a while of course it's flattened out. And there were a lot of people living in places that now you wouldn't dream that they had.

One for example is Zealand, you know, and at Zealand they were doing immense, well they were cutting an awful lot of trees up there in the Zealand valley. And they had a mill there. And they had a nice little town on both sides of that road, at Zealand. And my father remembered. And all these families how they had their homes, and there was a fire and there was a big wind and it took everything. They had no way of stopping it. And he said that they got out of school and they'd run down there and gosh, it was quite a few miles, I don't know if it was about four miles from Twin Mountain. And everything went. And you'd never know, drivin down through there that there were houses. Of course they were close to the road in those days. And see maybe it was just one way traffic you might say, they had just an old, just like a little old country place just one, one road. And you probably too have been up where they have the camping area?

I told her I had, and then I asked Mrs. Jefferson, "Did you ever hear, say from your father or from anyone else stories about the earlier days at Livermore?"

"Livermore?" she replied, "No," but added:

But I remember Dad at one time used to go on a Sunday around to those different camping, you know camps. And he'd visit them and he was selling something like a man's dress suit. He had all this paraphernalia with him and if anybody wanted to buy a suit they can get measured then and get the, and so they would get a suit so when they went back home or something they'd have something to wear, I guess. So he'd tell about going up to there and the different things that were going on or what something had happened, you know, when he came home at night.

And then there was a man from Intervale who used to go in the summertime, and he'd spend a lot of time up there gettin spruce gum. And I don't know, now, if it's popular but you know we used to get those little boxes of spruce gum, and he would, gosh I don't know, he'd spend a month up there and he had something like a chisel on this long pole and he had a can and somehow the chisel was in the can in such a way that when he'd chip the thing he could reach way up pretty high and chip it off and then it would fall in the can.

And gosh he'd come down there and that's another thing. He had a burlap bag, and he had quite a lot of gum in that burlap bag. I don't see how he could carry it. But he would carry it to Livermore. And then he'd get a ride down on that

mail team to our place. And he must have got off the train at Glen, to come down here to Intervale Station, and then walk way up here would be farther I think than goin to Glen and walkin down.

"Were there many other people who would go gumming at that time?" I asked, and she replied:

No, he was the only man I know that was doing it. But I guess it was pretty expensive, too. And it was quite a rage, you know, people would come up here in the summer and then go over to get some spruce gum. And this son of mine that I have now, every time I went anywhere and I saw some I'd always bring it home to him because he liked it. When he was a kid. I guess he got over that. But you have to be careful and make sure that it's good and solid because you don't want it sticking to your teeth, you know, when it's just like pitch or something like that.

We chatted for a while about other aspects of life in Intervale, especially the influx of tourists in the summer months. We talked, too, a bit about life in Crawford Notch. When asked how long her father had worked at Sawyer's River, she told me:

I really don't know if he went there in 1910 or '11, or somethin like that. And if it was '11 I must have been pretty near two years old and my sister who died must have been a year old. And then Dot was born there and she was born in 1912. And so I think, that they've been there a year maybe before she was born. Maybe more. And we were just tiny you know when we were there and I never, I was there until I was fourteen, and then I went home very little after I went to Bartlett High School. I would go up there for that Mrs. Donahue I told you, and wait on table and do dishes, or whatever had to be done. Do ironing or, in that inn. And we'd go out, they even had raspberries there, and after we got our work all done we'd go out and pick raspberries and they'd have those as a dessert for supper at that place. And all these things would be a thrill to those people in those days.

"So your dad kept working at Sawyer's River for a while?" I asked, and Mrs. Jefferson responded:

Yeah he kept working for years and years and finally. He used to live in there all so alone, and there were no, there might have been trains, I think there were trains, but he wasn't working on the railroad then, he must have been way in his

seventies, and he had that place in Bartlett and it's right beside that hotel, you know the brown one, and so he let Alice Davis, and she was Alice Chandler, she was aunt to this selectman, Gene Chandler, and she, I once went with her to, we used to go down to their farm, a lot of times, and what was I gonna say about that? Huh.

"So he had a place in Bartlett but he was staying up at Sawyer's River?" I asked for clarification, and she stated:

He'd go to Sawyer's River for a weekend now and then. But Pauline Gardner, that married Bob, and they were keeping house there. And then Dad was boarding with them. So that was the arrangement they made, so that they did feel that it was awkward. We just felt, we never thought about, that house was, belonged to the railroad. We had it rent free. We had it heat free for all of that, we didn't realize it you see, we just, we didn't realize how lucky we were to have that. And then Dad had the job, all he had to do was buy the groceries.... So we never felt, after we realized () we didn't go back there much.

But Pauline did very well and I don't know how the girl ever did it. She was pretty young when she got married. But when she began to have children I guess when you know Polly was young she had to take her to Bartlett to go to school and pick her up and it got to be quite an event and I guess she was glad to get out of there. But she did have some pictures of some of the old trains and who came down out of Livermore.

We chatted for a moment about Mrs. Gardner, and about her arthritis and hearing problems. This led Mrs. Jefferson to discuss her son's hearing problems, due to years of metal-pounding.

I asked her, too, about what she thought led to the decline of Livermore. She opined:

I think then maybe that big Depression we had finished it off. And the people that were old, see, and they had given it up and I don't know if the, I think Mr. Nash did what he could but I don't think he was any expert in that part of it. He could do, take care of the legal things, but I don't think that he would be on any kind of a manager on that. And of course Mr. Donahue, Big Jim, died, and you'd think that there was somebody coming up all the time that would be able to manage those things but, perhaps the family just couldn't cope with it anymore, I don't remember.

"So what happened to the people who were living there and working there?" I asked. Mrs. Jefferson recalled:

Well one by one, they would leave. It got to a deserted village, really, there wasn't hardly anybody there. There would be a few people still living in the houses but I don't think they had any work there. I think that if they worked they must have worked away from it somewhere. And then you see people had cars and they could go right down to Bartlett or someplace to do some work. Or maybe if they were carpenters or something, you know, they could find something but, it's just like being up there to Bemis, or, you know, Hart's Location, or what they call Notchland now. There's nothing much to do right there, for anybody to buy a home and have to work, if they were retired it's different.

We talked a bit more about some Hart's Location residents, and then we took a look at a few photographs of Livermore that I had brought along. She recalled the horses in the village, and remarked, "One night, I remember, it was stormy and something spooked those horses and they got away. And they were running, and it's about a mile down to the railroad crossing where they would go across, and oh, everybody was so excited. They were trying to get them headed off and quieted down and catch them." A picture of the old store led her to note, "They had men used to sit along here when they were smoking their pipes and ready to go to work at say, one o'clock or whenever they went." She also observed, "So you see it wasn't very big. It wasn't very big. Most of the people, they spoke of how many people were up there, most of them would be in the boarding house or up in the camps. I wondered sometime if they stayed right up there in those camps over Christmas or not, or if a lot of people would go out for Christmas, and go home for Christmas, but it was an awful hard time, it would take a long time to get from Boston up there."

"Did they have lumber trains going down every day?" I asked, and she replied:

No, sometimes they didn't have them. A lot of it in the wintertime, I don't think that they had that plowed out much. And when they, I don't know how they cleared the track. But when the spring came and when they were starting, they were bringing a lot of that lumber down, seemed that there was an awful lot of activity. And we'd see almost all the field across from our house there, all these board piles, they'd start gathering up and then, when they had brought those flatbeds and they put them in on the sidin, you know, that meant they had to get that lumber sent out.

One of the railroad workers in particular she recalled, a fireman on the engine, who would tell her of how they would:

Make bouquets of flowers and how they'd visit in Bermuda. And he told us that he had a family but they were in Bermuda and he was up here working on this job, so evidently things might have been more difficult than we realized. And he saw those two graves up over there when we were talking about them, and he wanted to know why they had those humps on them. And we said we'd always leave em like that. And so we asked him what they did when the people died down in Bermuda. And he told, he said it was all ledgy there. And that they made those deep things in the ground. And one person'd be buried and then another one on top of him and so forth, and that's what they did down there. And whether it was true, because nobody then was cremated, you know, so maybe it.

But he seemed like a nice man and see we kids, we were friendly with everybody, and everybody was, they were good to us. And when you hear of these horrible things happening you know, can't believe it's the United States anymore.

"Were there other people from places as far away as Bermuda or even further?" I asked.

"I don't ever remember," she replied, "and you know we saw him of course and he looked different and we were kind of scared of him. We talked to him, he seemed so real nice and you know we never thought about him being any color or any nationality or anything. He was just a nice man."

I asked, then if the man was a black man, and indeed he was. Mrs. Jefferson commented, "No, we didn't know if people were French or Jewish or whatever, and everybody was nice to us we were nice to them. And that's a good way to live, I think.... Oh what was his name? Outerbridge I think it was," she declared. I looked through a listing of names from the 1920 census, and found the name Acland Outerbridge, from Bermuda, which she confirmed. I asked if he had stayed in the area, and she responded, "He stayed for quite a while but see I never knew, once I went to Bartlett I lost track of everybody I knew."

She added:

And even poor old Mr. Lane I, guess he went to Conway down there after that, and the boy I'd see once in a while, Albert Lane, and be glad to talk with him and I guess the mother ran off somewhere and he never knew where she was and I'd ask him you know and, "You've heard from your mother?" "No and I don't want to hear from her." The boy, actually the father brought him up mostly. They had the two daughters and then they had that boy and really I don't think she wanted that child, but he wasn't a bad little kid. It's too bad. But his father would you see be workin on machinery and things and that's why I always thought he must be a kind man, he was always good to that little boy, you know. Always had him with him.

We took a look at the names on the census list, with several names recognized, Monahans, Ramsdells, and "Harry Kennedy, I remember him. He was a boarder. And you know, he came down and he worked for Dad on the railroad after that." "Everett [Lane] was a little fellow who was crippled with polio and ohh, he had to drag his legs and everything, but he had the nicest personality and a great big smile, always waving to people." She also referred to her sister Dot, saying, "She spent more time because she lived up there with the

Monahans for two or three years till she finished school. I don't think she went home very much."

I asked Mrs. Jefferson, "After you left Sawyer's River did you ever make many trips back in to Livermore to visit folks there?" She replied:

No, I never went back to visit that I know of, except that when it was practically abandoned I did see Joe Platt that time. And I saw Ethel Grant in Conway after they had moved out of there, went to Conway because there was nothing there and I think they had several industries down there. They had a heel mill where they made heels for women's fancy shoes and they had different things that men could work on and I don't know if she ever worked. I know she had a son. And of course, I would see the Lanes sometimes, I'd see Irene a lot up there. She married a man who was a painter, a house painter and then they had a place in Conway that was where you could get the paint, you know. And papering and stuff for your house. I'd see her quite often.

As we concluded our morning together, Mrs. Jefferson remarked poignantly, "I've been around a long time....I think about it sometimes, I think, where have all the years gone. 84 years old I'll be in October. Ahh. I don't know. There wasn't a whole lot to do but somehow you made it, always found some activity. And I always liked to have a little job when I was in high school, you know in summertime. And just, it's gone."

Marguerite Jefferson had fond and rich recollections of Livermore and its inhabitants. Though she spent only two of her school years there, and a few other of her earliest years at Sawyer's River, she well remembered the Monahans, Joe Platt, the Ramsdells, the Lanes, Acland Outerbridge, Clinton Nash, and other village residents. She recounted, too, a vivid physical description of the town, from the

pigpen through its main street, the church, the boarding house, the store, the Saunders mansion, and the houses of her acquaintances and playmates and their families, the schoolhouse and her appreciated days of learning there. She sensitively recalled the young loggers and their difficult life, from which some sought an ill-fated escape. The man who hunted down spruce gum in the forests about Livermore, and her own trip to Camp 7 were lived again in her narration. She recalled, too, the decline of the town, hastened by the death of "Big Jim" Donahue, the Depression, and the managerial inadequacy of Clinton Nash. She had been present at Clinton Nash's auction; unlike some other narrators, she did not relate tales of controversy regarding the ownership of the property in Livermore.

She also recollected tales of her life at Sawyer's River, including visits by favored tramps and feared gypsies. She remarked upon her father's generosity and human decency to those in need of food and shelter there.

Yet for all the good and cheerful memories Mrs. Jefferson has of her earlier years, the reminiscence is shadowed by a sense of pathos. Much of this is expressed in her occasional ending comments. The happy life of a girl at Sawyer's River occurred at a time when "you never heard of all this crime we have today. It was peaceful and wonderful and the people felt safe." The burning of the abandoned Saunders' mansion took place "when things were changing more and more." With the current state of social decay, "when you hear of these horrible things happening you know, can't believe it's the United

States anymore." Things were good before, but they are bad now. Even the gentle animals are having a hard time surviving.

In spite of Mrs. Jefferson's observations of how life has gone downhill, -- colored, no doubt, by the loss of two of her grown children within the last year -- we must note that her younger years were marked with real difficulties, too. She admitted the loss of her sister Alice at a tender age. While she denied deprivation at Sawyer's River, she acknowledged her life there was not a luxurious one. Several of her childhood years were affected by separation from home and family to accommodate schooling. Doubtless one of the greatest impacts on her youth was a loss which she never mentioned, perhaps because its weight was so great. Not once in our morning together did she speak of her mother. Only obscure allusions -- such as the comment that her father sometimes had a housekeeper -- hinted at the tragedy that had befallen her and her family. We can believe that Pauline Gardner was correct when she suggested that Mrs. Jefferson was still deeply affected by her mother's mental illness and death. Perhaps this early loss has skewed her apparent perspective, displacing some of the most troubling events of her youth and claiming mostly joy for those years, but paying the price for that bargain in a dim assessment of the world today.

Mrs. Jefferson's recollections of her experiences in Livermore and her interactions with its residents are valuable in assisting our understanding of some of the tiny facts and facets of life in that village in the 1920's. For a greater appreciation of her own personal perspective, on Livermore and on other matters, it is perhaps as

helpful to know of some things not spoken as well as of the many things freely discussed.

Chapter 7

Fay Ward

Ben and Judy English had told me about a Sid Potter of Conway, New Hampshire. His mother, Irene Lane Potter, had been born in Livermore, and she returned with her husband Harold Potter to live there for a spell in the 'twenties. Both of his parents were deceased, but the Englishes thought that Sid might be able and willing to help in the project.

I wrote Mr. Potter and then telephoned him. He said that he had some pictures that had belonged to his parents, but that the photos were stored in several different places. Someday he hoped to get them together, and at that point I would be welcome to take a look at them, but he did not foresee having the time for the task -- or for getting together for a meeting -- in the foreseeable future. I asked if he knew of other people who had lived in Livermore who might still be available, and he mentioned his Auntie Fay. This was the first I had heard of Fay Lane Ward, sister of the late Irene Lane Potter. She lived in Bartlett, and was married to Irving Ward. When I contacted her, she didn't think she could offer much, but said she would be willing to help if she could.

Between the time I spoke with Sid Potter, and the time I met with his Aunt Fay, I had spoken with Marguerite Jefferson, and I noted her comments about the Lanes:

And even poor old Mr. Lane I, guess he went to Conway down there after that, and the boy I'd see once in a while, Albert Lane, and be glad to talk with him and I guess the mother ran off somewhere and he never knew where she was and I'd ask him you know and, "You've heard from your mother?"

"No and I don't want to hear from her." The boy, actually the father brought him up mostly. They had the two daughters and then they had that boy and really I don't think she wanted that child, but he wasn't a bad little kid. It's too bad. But his father would you see be workin on machinery and things and that's why I always thought he must be a kind man, he was always good to that little boy, you know. Always had him with him.

I visited Fay Lane Ward at her home in Bartlett on a bright spring morning. Her husband was hard at work outside, cleaning up leaves and other yard debris from the yard of their mobile home. He directed me to the proper entrance, the back porch door, and I entered their home through the kitchen and met Mrs. Ward. We met in their wood-paneled living room, which was decorated with many knick-knacks and family photos.

Mrs. Ward clearly stated the years she spent in Livermore, saying, "We went in there in October 1920 and we moved out in June of '23." Her father worked on the Sawyer River Railroad. "He was the engineer. He hauled the logs. Went up there and got the logs and then hauled them down to the main line, and they picked them up." It was not his first logging railroad job, however, as she recounted:

He worked in Conway, and he then he worked, he worked in Livermore because my sister and she was older than I, she was born in Livermore and then he evidently went to Johnson and, it's over in off in Lincoln, there used to be and it was called Johnson, the little loggin place evidently and that's where I was born. And then I think the next place when I was two years old I think we moved to Conway, and that's, I don't remember it, anyway. And from Livermore we, where did we go? We were so many places movin around, wherever there was logs and one thing another and, but we ended up mostly in Conway. And that's where I, Livermore, and Conway.

Her father, Mrs. Ward informed me, was Fred Lane, "Not Frederick, now they got it in one book Frank. But his name is Fred.

Cause my youngest son's named after him." She added:

He could a gone on the Maine Central, but he didn't want to because it was away at nights, and he was a man that was a home guy. Yeah, we lived up in Rocky Branch for, well until my sister started school, and then we moved down to Glen, then we went to school. Yeah, many many rides I've had on the engine, there used to be a little box out on the his side, the engineer's side. And he'd set my mother and my sister and I out on those boxes, and we'd ride up in the woods with him to get the train and one thing another. It was a good life.

"Now back in those days how did someone learn how to become an engineer?" I asked. Mrs. Ward wasn't sure:

I don't know I think it was inborn in him. And I, cause I don't really know what my, my grandfather died at, well my grandfather died in 1900 and my dad was married in 1900 and 1. And so that I, I don't know. And you know there's so many things now that I think I would, wish I had asked my grandparents and things of their life, but at our age then, you didn't ask questions because my grandfather was a mason and my mother was born up in Vermont. But I don't know where my aunts and my uncle was born, Bath I guess cause that's where I really remember is Bath. But I know what would you like to know about Livermore that you don't have?

With that, I sought to confirm an earlier statement, and asked, "Then you were in the town for about three years?"

She replied, "Off and on. Because I left in 1922 and I went to Malden [Massachusetts]. I had relatives, an uncle down there and went to work down there. And then I came back in June of '23. And then we moved out in, I think it was June, we moved out."

At that time they moved to Conway, where her father owned a house which up until that time had been rented out. By that time her father was retired; thus her father's work on the Sawyer River Railroad was the last stint in his working career. She recalled that the line operated on a year-round basis, as did the woods operation and the mill, where her brother-in-law ran the engine. After her father left

Livermore, she believed that a man from Bartlett followed in his place for what she thought "they said they was about another two or three years of loggin up there and then it went out."

I remarked that it seemed to have been a big mill in Livermore, and she commented:

It was. It's too bad that they, you know cut all the lumber off up there, you know. But it was a second time I think though. Cause I think there were, if I remember right, in my book, I've got a book on New Hampshire and there was a fire up in there, burned, but they built it back up. See, the first time my Dad went in there, I think, oh I can't remember now, it was a Saunders or somethin that owned it. And because the Saunders sisters they were two old maids and they lived in, down in Massachusetts somewhere for the winter, but then they'd come up in the summertime and, they'd stay there and then they'd go back in the fall. And then they had somebody care for the house.

I asked if she knew who took care of the house, and she recalled, "I should know. If my sister was here she could tell you right off'n the bat, cause she lived there the whole three years. Seemed like his name was Platt, Joe Platt?"

I acknowledged I had heard that name, and she continued:

Tommy, Tom Platt, some Platt anyway. I think that's who it was. Then I wasn't there at the time I was in Malden Mass. workin and somebody, it was in the summertime cause the old maids was there and they went in to get, they wanted to go out into a car and they went in to get gas. They let the gas run out and the darn fools lit a match to see what, how much they'd got. And they got badly burned and one thing and another. But, and it burnt the garage, and the car, down there. It's things like that I remember that's about all that happened.

I asked her what some of the other such things she recalled, and she responded:

Well when I was there I, not much of anything. We enjoyed it, it was up in there and we were up on the hill where the store was. And there was one, two, we was the second house over because the first house belonged to a cousin of the

Saunders girls and she had a bungalow, a very nice house up there. And there was the house that we lived in, and then there was L.D. Golden at the time, he was the boss. He used to live in Conway. And then there was that house, and then there was Donohue's. He was the big boss at the mill, house up above and then above that was the school. And that's all that there was up on the hill. Then there was, there must a been one, two, three, four, houses on the right goin down and then there was the boardin house, where they had the boardin house.

"Who would stay in the boarding house?" I asked, and Mrs. Ward replied:

Any, ah, the workers, anybody that worked that, you know didn't live in there, would stay in there. And we used to a lot of times my dad would come up and get my mother and us two girls and then there was another friend that was beside of us and he'd take us up in the woods (like) cause he was goin up to get a load of logs. Or we'd always go in to the camp and have somethin, the cook always had somethin for us.

She spoke of the camps, adding, "Well there'd be of course a place to eat and for them to sleep up in the woods. And then my Dad would bring em down out of the woods and bring em down to Bartlett, ahh Sawyer's River. And then they were out on the line there, and then the main line would come and get em."

I asked if she had met many of the loggers, and she told me:

No. They never bothered. Cause there was none right there in Livermore. There was workers that worked in the mill and one thing another but, yeah I knew a couple of em cause one of em lived right beside of us, that worked in the mill. Grant. But otherwise than that, no, I didn't know them. I knew all the people that was in there, there's Tommy Monahan, and of course my sister, and her husband because he ran the engine in the mill. And then Bert Grant, he worked in the mill doin somethin, he was the one that lived beside of us. And of course Donahue was the boss.

Donahue was the mill boss, and it took a moment for Mrs. Ward to recall the man who "was at that time workin for the Saunders sisters. He'd come up in there." She finally remembered, "Nash." His

job was "seein that the mill was runnin right and in fact he was the boss runnin the place for the Saunders sisters."

I asked what Mr. Golden's position had been, and this brought us into other matters, as Mrs. Ward replied:

Ah. Yeah, he moved to Conway. Or he lived in, I don't ever think he ever moved up in there, I think, I can't think of his name. I know he had a son Chester cause I went to school at the same school he went to in Conway, when we were there. L.D. Golden. He lived, I knew where he lived because then when we moved there to Conway my Dad just followed the loggin trains around and then we moved back to Conway and that's where I lived, was when I got married. And that was goin on 67 years ago. And then my husband, he ended, we ended up in Rhode Island and we were workin for the Gulf Oil Corporation. He worked for them for 32 years. And we spent the most of it in East Providence Rhode Island. And then he retired in '68. And we figured we'd come back to New Hampshire, a little bit cheaper. And it was when we come up here but now there's no difference. I have a son still livin in Rhode Island he works at a Stop and Shop store in Boston. And we got one son out in Columbus Ohio.

"Ohh, what's he doing out there?" I asked, and was quickly informed:

Gulf Oil sent him out there. And oh he's been out there about 18, 20 years now but he's retired. Shortly af-, he did work a short time for Chevron when they took over, but very short and then he retired. He's still workin though, he didn't give up workin. Three days a week he carries specimens from doctors to the labs and things like that. Gives him somethin to do, he won't retire cause he could retire, but he never will retire.

She added that with their two sons living at a distance, their only relative close by is their nephew Irving, often called Sid. It was his mother who had lived a little longer in Livermore, and as Mrs. Ward repeated, "My sister could tell you a whole lot more cause she did, she lived right in Livermore for quite a little while."

By the time Mrs. Ward had moved into Livermore, she had already graduated from grammar school, as she left school in June, and her family moved to Livermore the following October. I asked then how she had spent her days in the village, and she told me, "Well I did a lot of housework, my mother taught us I'm afraid us girls how to do everything. So I did a lot of that and she'd go over to Bath to her folks and, one thing and another so that's about it. When I was there."

"How big a house were you living in there?" I asked.

She replied, "Well we had a kitchen, we had a dinin room, we had a living room and then in the back was I would say we never used it for that a little bedroom. And then there was one, two, four bedrooms upstairs." The location of the fairly roomy house overlooked the store and

the mill. We could look right down onto the mill. There was as I say this one, she was a Saunders, and she had a bungalow, a nice, a nice bungalow up on the first on the hill. And then over there was our house, and then there was L.D. Golden's, and then Donahue's. When I lived there. I course I don't remember when my father was there first, I couldn't, how many or how what or anything. Because my sister was is older, four years older than I. And she was born in Livermore.

"Modern conveniences" were few in Livermore at the time.

Though their house did have hot running water. Mrs. Ward commented, "My mother had a tank. I don't, you probably wouldn't remember them where you had the hot water too, a whole great big tank of water. And you'd put it in there and of course the stove would make it hot. No. When I first had all the modern equipments was when I got married."

Heat was provided by wood stoves, "just one in the dinin room where we ate, and then that, there was doors around you'd sort of

circulate, or we'd close one off. And then we had one in the kitchen for baking and that's all we had for heat." Firewood and rent were provided by the company. As for decorating, "As soon as my mother moved in we, she turned all right around she went out for the, painted it and papered it and, so because they'd just been men in there, smokin and I suppose and you know. So she put all new paper and cleaned house." Lacking electricity, they used kerosene lamps.

Mrs. Ward reflected on accommodations the family had used elsewhere, saying, "My dad at one time, I think that was for the Conway Company, we lived up in, I was gonna tell you now I can't, oh gosh, my memory. Rocky Branch. We lived in the log cabin. Um-hmm. But the log cabin had three rooms in it. And then my Dad when he went up in there he built a kitchen on so my mother could have a kitchen. We roughed it."

She added, "We had an awful nice time. Spent the winters up there. The landin where that they'd back up to and roll the logs off up the landin, right in front of our cabin. And they they'd haul em seven miles down to Glen, to the main line. No, we got no modern equipment but we got along all right. It was happy, much happier than the world is today."

I asked, "Did the families in Livermore get along well then?" Mrs. Ward confirmed:

Yeah, no problem. No, we had no, there was no arguin. There were only two or three or four of our, let's see down underneath the store, you went down a hill. Down under there on the left hand side goin out there was two houses. Then over on the other side was where Tommy lived. And then there was the cook house, and then my sister lived in the next one, and then there was two other ones when I was in there was vacant,

so that would have been about four houses on the right going down. And on the left would be the two.

The cookhouse, which was "the other side of where Tommy lived," she believed, was for people who worked at the mill and who lived at the boarding house.

While most houses had only outhouses, Mrs. Ward noted that:

This Saunders that had her cottage up there, she had a bathroom, but she, I never saw her, whether she died, I know there was Miss Mary and Miss Alice, but down to the house, the big house. But and they were cousins to this one that was up on the hill. But I know when we first went up there the rent that my Dad was supposed to have wasn't empty, but it was going to be. So he did, they did get permission from this other cousin, Saunders cousin for us to live in it. So we lived in there a very short time but the facilities was not, they were in our, we had outside.

I asked if the Saunders bungalow had been furnished, but she said:

No, we had to have our own furniture, so I don't know whether she had stopped comin up there but she still owned the house. And I never saw her. I did see the two old maids, down on the big house, but I never saw her come up there so. And you know when I was that age fourteen I didn't ask questions. We wasn't taught to. It wasn't that there was anything, you know it's just that, we were kids. Today, they're grown up at five. No. No, we were very happy in there.

I know my mother, well she only had my sister and I at the time. And she'd sit down and take a catalog, Sears Roebuck or Montgomery Ward, and she'd cut dolls out she'd cut a mother and a father and the baby and she'd make a chair, cut a chair out and a rockin chair and different things. And, but when we got done playin with those, we had a little box. They went IN the box. It wasn't strewed all over the house the way the toys are today. Of course they didn't have the toys.

"And what else did you do for fun when you were up there?" I asked.

She responded, "Well I, my sister and I would play with the dolls, or I don't know what else we did just we'd go out around and play out around the cabin." By the mention of the cabin, it seemed

that she had been reflecting on her experiences in Rocky Branch, several years before her move to Livermore.

This change in time and place became more evident when I asked if she had spent much time in the woods, and she said:

The only time that I did was when my dad would take us up on the train when he went up to get a load of logs, he'd take us. We were very happy it was one of the happiest times of our lives. My finally my dad had his half-brother come in as fireman. And they built a camp right beside of ours. And there was another family there the name was Manniol, Charlie and Annie Manniol, they was the third house up. That's all I. And there was a house at the barn over across from the store. Ahh. And now I still can't remember their name. And that's all that was the families in there. So, and then of course when we us kids started for school, why my Dad got a rent down in Glen. We lived down there and that's where I started school. Glen. So as far as Livermore I wished I could tell you a lot more about it but I can't.

I next asked what the Livermore store was like, and she recalled:

The post office was in the store. And they had some things, but we used to go out, come down to Bartlett usually, if we wanted a big order. Or my dad used to send to, was Gray I think it was in Portland. And he'd have cartons of canned food come up on the, and then he'd pick it up down to Glen.... Used to buy all his flour by the barrel, sugar by the hundred pounds, one thing or another. Of course everything was homemade. I was brought up on it. And my family and my husband, cause I learned to cook on my poor Dad. But he survived, and never never never complained. He was the best thing that ever was.

"So you baked your own bread?" I asked, and received a lengthy reply from Mrs. Ward:

Oh yeah. I did right up until lately I don't know I had somethin happen to my right leg here. Pain I never had. And the doctors say it's arthritis. But I went to a bone specialist and he did give me some pills that he said, I couldn't, ohh I didn't sleep night or day, and it took, regular M.D. He didn't know what it was all about. So I went to a bone specialist and he said it was arthritis. And that can be painful. When it's gonna rain or a storm comin, I could tell you. That leg'll pain somethin terrible. So I haven't, because it still, even though it isn't painin me so bad, why I stand on it, it bothers me. So, I haven't done any

baking. I haven't felt like it. And we come down with I don't know what it was. The doctor said it was a virus and a virus is an infection. And we both was awful sick with it, terrible sick. So, my husband ended up in bed but. We're still hangin on.... But. The doctors don't care for us old people. So, we're here till God sees fit to take us.

I considered the last remark, and commented, "I guess that's the same with us younger folks too," but Mrs. Ward did not agree, saying:

Well no, because they want to live and, you know, to me, like the world, the country, our country, our country's not what it was when I was a girl. By my goodness sakes, if the girls ever did what they do today, they'd been in jail. They had to toe the mark, too. But kids today, anything goes. People, I knew everybody, well, course I didn't, cause I didn't live in Bartlett, but although I had an uncle that lived here so I knew very few people, and then I got married cause my husband was from Bartlett. And you knew all of their names, you could write their names and one thing an another. Can't do it today no.

She went on to speak at length of her friendly neighbor, Billy Krim, and his even friendlier golden retriever, but then introduced a different topic:

So, but, I think we're gonna try to get rid of this [mobile home] this summer, because of the hard winter and of course Irvin now he can't do the things he could do cause he'll be 88 in September. And it was a tough winter for us. Very tough. If it hadn't been for Billy I don't know what we woulda done because he would plow. And take care of it. We couldn't shovel off the roof, we had to have somebody come in and do that one thing another. So, our sons have been at us and they're comin up and look around. They want us to go into a place where they, you know, that stuff is all taken care of. I hate to, cause you think after 67 years havin your own home and your own house but, if it's got to be done it's got to be done.

She spoke more, too, about her husband's retirement from Gulf Oil after 32 years, and about her sons. Of her husband, she remarked, "I have a good man, he's been very good. He's a hard worker and, he took care, good care of his family." She admitted, "We've had our arguments and ups and downs and overs and unders, but. I never was one that wanted anybody else. No, that's out of style now. I heard a

couple of girls talkin, they were talkin about marriage I guess and, oh, they said, 'Livin with one man? For five years? I couldn't do that!' Ahh."

"Times have changed," I uttered the old saw, and Mrs. Ward echoed my remark, saying:

Times have changed, that's for sure. But I like the old ones. We walked further, we lived down in Intervale, and we'd walk from Intervale, you know where Intervale is, well we lived down there. And we'd walk from there up to Glen, to a Christmas party and dance, dance all night, till twelve o'clock, walk home again. Never give it a thought. Snowstorm, we didn't let a snowstorm bother us. Now you don't go across the street without you take your car. So I think that's one thing that we live so long. I'll be 87 July and he'll be 88 in September.

I wish now we had a retired in Rhode Island, cause the Fred our youngest son lives right in Rhode Island but he works out of Boston, he never moved up there into Massachusetts. So. We've been, we'd a been near him, and Junior had tried to get us to come out there and he said he'd take his garage, and he'll put in a little apartment for us. But, no, cause I don't know anybody, I do know people around, but. I don't know, I hate to think of goin into an apartment or a anything like that cause I really, our, we're neighbors near enough. He don't bother us and we don't bother him. But if you're in an apartment where there's two or three families, or whatever they call em, I don't know, how I'd make out, how we will make out, we'll just have to try it and see. It'll be ease the boys minds.

She then went on to speak some more about her sons and their activities. Eventually she talked a bit about work choices, and I asked, "I guess up in Livermore folks pretty much had to work for the mill or, that was it?"

She answered:

Yeah. No, I think Matty Monahan, that was Tommy Monahan's brother I think that worked quite a bit in the post office and the store and one thing an another. Cause they were an old family up there. And they were nice people, they were awful nice people. I think a lot of Tommy cause he's about the, well his brother, Charlie is livin, but he's livin I think down in around Laconia. But they were awfully nice people. We all, I don't know of anybody, I can't think of anybody that had any

squabbles, fightin or, all. Minded our own business and, if we wanted to go out in the summertime no problem. We had cars, my dad had a car. And we'd go on picnics somewhere or we'd go over to my grandparents in Bath for a weekend and, then my uncle Jim was around somewhere I forget now.

And then my father had I think it was five half-sisters. His mother died when he was, when she was 26 years old, () there was only he. And then he married again and then they had five or six others. And they were all around Bartlett here (). I don't know where we're gonna end up. I think it would be near or within walkin distance of a town that we'd go to so we could, because see my husband can't now drive at night, he only has a license for daytime. So far I drove all the time right up until this leg went dead and it had to be my right one couldn't be my left one. But when he was down with the whatever we had and I went down a couple of times to the drugstore, and of course you got to go clear to the other end of North Conway, and in the summertime that's somethin. But of course this winter wasn't too bad not only on weekends, and I'd drive down, but oh was that leg pained.

I mentioned another person with whom I had sppoken, Pauline Gardner, who also suffered from arthritis. She recalled that she had been living at Sawyer's River, where

There was only the station there. But they were very lucky they could get right on to the train and go up to Whitefield or wherever and go to Portland and Irvin was workin on the railroad right here in Bartlett when we got married. But that was in 1926. In 1929, when the crash came, course he was a young man and a young man on the road. He was one of the first to get laid off.

I asked her how she had managed, and she told me at great length about her subsequent moves due to her husband's occupational needs. They moved first to Conway, where he worked in a garage; he then commuted to West Ossipee to work in a furniture mill. He was handy with cars, though, and later they moved to Durham where he again worked in a garage. After a year at that position he sought work through the Gulf Oil Company, where he remained many years, though in different locations: Dover and Concord, New Hampshire, Beverly

Massachusetts, and East Providence, Rhode Island. Finally they bought some land in Bartlett from a relative, and retired.

I remarked with interest that she had come back to Bartlett after so many years away, and she concurred, saying, "I know it cause the day I moved out we got married and then in '26, '29 we moved out that's when the crash came. And I said good-bye Bartlett, I'll never come back."

I asked why she hadn't liked Bartlett, and she replied, "I don't know what it was cause I had relatives, the Lanes lived here. And the Wards was here. And of course that's all I bothered with I didn't. Anyway. I don't know. Because he had a good job, the railroad was payin good and, when other people wasn't. But then he got laid off and then what to do. And I said 'Out of Bartlett'."

Her husband had been a car inspector in Bartlett, but they left the town after he was laid off. He worked piecework in Conway, with unsteady income, and of their move to the southern part of the state, Mrs. Ward declared, "I did hate Durham. With a passion. Durham New Hampshire." The problem with that town was, "They're all professors and my husband was a mechanic. He was nothin. Come into the garage and 'Take, go all over the motor.' 'Do this.' 'Do that.' They didn't know that it costs money to tear a motor down and take care of it." Thence came the moves to Dover, Beverly, and East Providence.

I asked if she had kept track of the people she had known in Livermore, and she responded:

No, no. We never went back at all. Oh we might meet em some where. I know one time I was going, where was I going, I must a been going down to Conway. I had to go down to

Intervale and transfer to Boston Maine (). And Junior was a baby and he was laughin and you know he was small. And I thought, "I wonder what." I turned around and looked and it was Mrs. Monahan. And that's the only body I ever met on the, so. No, that's the trouble with it. I haven't lived long enough I didn't (anyway) in one place to really make, you know, standin acquaint-, and I was in different schools because when he would move different places. But I never did either.

She did go one to mention one old acquaintance whom she does see on occasion. She also asked me a few questions about the work I had done on Mount Washington, various aspects of the weather there, and such.

Mrs. Ward went on to describe some of the winter weather she had experienced, in Rhode Island and elsewhere, and I asked her what the winters had been like in Livermore. She remarked, "You didn't get in and out with a car. You'd go down to take the train if you wanted to go up to Whitefield, shop or you could take the, you'd have to come down to Bartlett though to hook up the early train to've gone into Portland."

I asked how someone could get down to Bartlett then, and she noted:

Well, Joe Platt that was up in there and one thing an another, he had horses and looked around about. And he would bring you down and pick you up. Cause when I worked in Malden Mass. I come home at Christmastime and he came down and picked me up and then took me down, cause I had to get the early train in Bartlett which was five o'clock and I went to Intervale and then I had to wait for the B and M to go into Boston.

I followed up by asking her what Christmas was like in Livermore, and she said:

Oh just a typical old-fashioned Christmas. They'd eat at, go down cause of course Matty Monahan had the horses, the sleigh that took us down to the station, picked us up at a certain time cause he had to pick up the mail. And so he'd take

us down and we'd go up on the noon train, Whitefield and shop around up there or St. J., either one. And I know my husband's sister, he was a section, he worked on the section, and he'd worked on that for so long that he had a pass all, so she'd go up to St. J. and shop, and come down, bring it down to, she lived up in the Willey House, for quite a while. They lived up there, he was section foreman.

Yeah, no. I've had the good and I've had the bad. And we didn't it was just normal because everybody else around us didn't have modern equipment so you didn't think nothin about it. But then when Irvin and I got married we hired a rent from my aunt that lived in Bartlett. Her husband was an engineer on the Maine Central. And we had all the modern equipment. We didn't have an electric ice-box and all that stuff because they wasn't around. First time we bought our ice-box I think we was in Dover.

I asked her if she had thus been in Bartlett during the 1927 flood, and she recalled:

I must a been cause married in twenty-, yeah, I was married in '26, and the Bartlett was practically cut off. Cause it was down beyond the Wards where the Wards live. And yeah. And I know we had bought a, we went to keepin house over my Aunt, Irvin had bought a player piano. And it leaked down on the player piano. So he wasn't happy. Cause it don't take much to get him angry. So there was another rent that was comin up, it was right across from the station. We moved over there and that's where we were (twenty years out of Bartlett). So I been around with, between my father goin here and there and my husband travelin.

Oh I never thought I'd end up by in Rhode Island. But I did. Thirty-two years. And I hated that place with a passion. For fifteen solid years. Then finally I guess I got like the people. But they, oh that was an awful hard city to get acquainted with. They had their own little clique. And I'm not one to break into it or anything like that. (). But finally if I saw somebody on the street across from me and they didn't speak I didn't speak. My sister would always call me after that, "You're stuck up." I said, "Well () got to be stuck up over. But if they're not gonna speak to me, why should I speak to them. It's their place. I come into here." I got independent I guess. Had to. Had to look out for myself.

She then recalled instances where she needed some independence because her husband could be called away for emergency work at any time, and often was. She concluded the account saying, "Did a lot of hard work that guy did. We weathered 67 years so, almost. (). So I

made up my mind when I got married that was it. I can't see that women runnin around, I just can't see it."

Continuing, Mrs. Ward said:

No, I can't. Course today that's it () you know. Marriage you take vows in front of God. And some of em are very serious. And I remember them. But I had no desire, I wasn't that kind, to want to go out with other men. Why? They're all after the same thing. Oh no no no no. I can't, I can't get used to the way the girls look today, and what they wear and. I can't do it. I'm an old fashioned woman. And my sons were brought up that way.

Mrs. Ward spoke some more about their sons and their lives, then concluded, "And we don't know what we're gonna do. The boys are comin up, comin on, and they want us to get somethin so that we won't have to worry about snow and that kind of stuff and, to get around because, he can't drive at night so if we want to, and I haven't since that he retired since wherever we go at night why we always go together and he did drive at night."

She spoke a bit more about her health and that of her husband, their sons, and some relations, one of whom never left the town of his birth, as he felt, "'There's no place quite like Bartlett.' And it was, it was a busy little town when my husband and I got married in '26."

At that time, Bartlett was a real railroad town, and Mrs. Ward noted:

There was four passengers regular in all the time. In the summertime they'd run the excursions up through and things like that. (). But I think what it was was the trucks that spoiled the railroad. See they could go and pick up a load and take it right to the place. Well, anything that the train did, there had to be trucks or somethin there to meet it, to haul it where it was supposed to go. And I suppose when they started gettin larger and larger and larger trucks, they just took over the railroad. I wish it would come back.

I remember shortly after we was married and I was talkin to Irvin's mother. And he thought he was goin up in on the Canadian Railroad. Well I happened to be tellin her about it. And she said to me, "Well," she says, "there's always been a railroad here, and I think there always will be a railroad here." But she died before she saw the railroad out. But I miss it the trains used to come in here and they'd set here out half of the night. Helpers to go up through, chug away at it and I said, "Oh. Please stop." If you had the windows up in the summertime settin there. Hearin that train, engine sat there all night. But now I miss it.

Though she missed the railroad, she scorned the proposed tourist railroad through Crawford Notch, feeling that it would bring undesirable development. She claimed:

Really it would a spoiled Bartlett. We liked it there was more that liked it the way it is. These people that come in, in later years. Because now Bartlett is as bad as the city, you don't know, you don't know the people. I knew all, I knew the names and where they lived in Bartlett. We don't know. So they stole our part of the country. My son would say, "Mother! You gotta have progress." I said, "Why have we got to have progress? We didn't have it for years. We loved it."

Mrs. Ward spoke a bit more about her son, and then concluded abruptly, "So that's all I got to say I guess. And I'm sorry I didn't have more for you but, I figured Tommy could give you a lot more than I could because he was still there when I moved out."

I asked her if she had heard any stories about Livermore from the days before she lived there, and she noted:

No, and my dad could a been in there, well it would a been shortly after the turn of the century. Cause they were in there when my sister was born, she was born there in Livermore in nineteen hundred and two. But no, I used to hear my mother and then his, my dad's half-brother was in there, and about how the, his wife and my mother and they'd take and walk down the road to the river or somethin like that or they did this or they did that. But otherwise than that no, I think that whatever went on, I didn't know that much about it.

She did not recall the mill fire in Livermore, stating simply that "the mill was runnin when we moved up there and we moved up there

in 1920. We went in in October 1920. I remember that." She had been in Bartlett in November of 1927, and knew nothing of the impact of that month's flood in Livermore. The Wards left Bartlett in June 1929. Since they left the area in pursuit of her husband's employment opportunities, she knew little of the fate of Livermore. I asked her about what happened to the land, and she answered with a question, "Didn't the government take it over?" I asked for more detail, and she replied, "I think they did. I don't think that the Saunders, because I said them sisters they were old old ladies when I was up there. So, they'd be all dead. And Nash, there was a man by the name of Nash, that was operatin on, for them. When we were in there. Now, who, afterwards, because the guy in Conway, he's dead now, he built the cabin, the house up there."

I asked if she remembered much about Mr. Nash, and she replied frankly, "Well, I didn't care for him, let's put it that way." She said that:

He was a strange man. A very strange man....He never really, you know he'd come in off and on in there, he didn't stay there all the time. But he'd come in to Livermore off and on to see that everything was goin all right there, you know and one thing or another. And I'd see him around. But he never spoke to you or anything like that. No. And you couldn't, you couldn't have a telephone of your own at the time we was in there.

"He wouldn't allow it?" I queried.

"No, we had one for a while," she answered, "but it was only for business or for somethin that was comin into the town on. And then finally he took it out." She didn't know why.

I asked if Nash had other peculiarities, and she stated:

Well I don't know too much about it. He never, I don't think he ever bothered my dad. Not at all. Cause my dad knew

what he was doin. And, course old, we called him old Jim Donahue was my dad's boss. He lived in there for a while but then they had a summer home down here in Bartlett that she was, would come down and stay in. No they were never sociable. Not with the help anyway. And I don't know what ever happened to Nash. Whether he had anything to do with the sale of, I think it, the government took it over didn't they?

She noted, too, that Mr. Nash would stay with the Saunders in their residence.

I asked what the road into Livermore was like, and she recalled with a laugh that it was

Just wide enough for a car to get through. And it was pretty rough. But I don't like it now that they changed the railroad see where the where it goes in now was the railroad. And I don't like that. Cause I tried to get down on this lower road but I couldn't find out a place to get down on it. Cause it used to be when you turned off you turned right off onto the lower road. But it, there was no, we couldn't find it anywhere. We ended up at the railroad and of course I was lost when we got up in there cause the railroad was up high and the road was down low. Where we went in anyway. But no, they didn't plow it in the winter. There were no plows to plow it with but just a horse made the tracks when they went down to the station. They went there twice a day.

I asked if they rolled the road there in winter, and she admitted, "They might a rolled it. That was in my day all right, rollers."

I asked Mrs. Ward if she had ever visited the Saunders at their residence in Livermore, but "No," she said, "No. The only thing, at Christmastime, they would send a, I remember they sent me a book, it was a boy's book. Because see Golden, L.D. Golden's son was Chester Fay. And I suppose where my name bein Fay they figured I was a boy. So they sent me these Bobbsey twins and one thing an another book. But it was very nice of them. That's all they ever did for us."

"Sounds like they weren't very sociable," I remarked, and Mrs. Ward agreed, saying:

No they wasn't. No. Because if they wanted that they went down to North Conway and ahh they was quite the guy from Glen, he was an awful nice man though Fred Hanscom. And he, he owned the store there in Glen. And then there was a Robinson from Jackson, Fred Robinson. And they were all businessmen, and they hung around I suppose with them. No they never, they never come near to visit or anything at all. Well I suppose we were just ordinary people to them.

Though Mrs. Ward had been past school age when she moved into Livermore, I asked if the school was still in operation then. It was, and "one of the schoolteachers, he left and come down here and went out the railroad. George Farnum, he boarded at the house." Apparently it was not too common to have teachers boarding at people's houses, as "there wasn't too many that wanted em, would take them. I know my mother had George Farnum, and then there was another woman she had, because nobody else wanted them. They'd come to the house."

I asked if the school in Livermore was a good one; she replied:

Well I guess accordin to, I don't know because I didn't go to it. And but now like Mary and Tommy Monahan, they graduated from that school and, there was other children that did, but I don't know. Cause there was a Ramsdell, they had quite a few children when I was in there goin to school. And I guess they had about as many as any cause they had four or five. But the year my brother went there, Albert. So.

Though Mrs. Ward had spoken quite a bit about her older sister, this appeared to be the first time she mentioned her younger brother. While she broke off her statement after mentioning Albert, she soon mentioned her sister again; when I asked her about "Little Canada," she replied, "It sounds as though I've heard it before but I can't tell

you where it is or what it was. No. I'm sorry that, my sister were livin she'd, she'd tell you."

As she was from a railroading family, I asked if she recalled any accidents on the line. She remembered some, saying, "My Dad had I think it was one or two. Evidently they had carried sand, you know, the railroad, and to stop to slow the train down or somethin. And he had a couple of accidents on it, while he was on it. Different places I guess. They, either the sand didn't stop the train or somethin, there was somethin wrong or, or what." No one had been seriously injured in these incidents.

I asked Mrs. Ward about the graves at Sawyer's River, but she knew nothing about them. We talked for a moment about accidents, illness, and medical care, and then we moved on to the working schedule of Livermore. The mill was operating six days a week, and I asked what people would do on Sundays. She recalled, "In the summertime a lot of em would, I know we for instance would get into my Dad's car and go on a picnic somewhere or go over to my grandmother's in Bath, or we might come down to Bartlett to see his sisters and one thing an another like that. In the wintertime you stayed put."

I asked if they stayed home, or visited with other people, and she told me:

No usually we stay at home, always somethin to do. No I'm used to bein a loner, because I guess I was brought up that way because there was no kids to play with in up in Rocky Branch, course we had kids to play with in Livermore. Tommy Monahan, the Ramsdell boys. And girls. And we used to, in the wintertime course you could slide or ski or snowshoe or anything we wanted to do. In the wintertime. Once in a while they'd take a,

Tom Platt would take a sleigh and put five or six of us in it to take us down to Bartlett to a dance. Or somethin. Then he had to hang around till twelve o'clock. So we, we were happy up there. And I suppose from birth I was, I had always lived in a small town or a loggin town or whatever you want to call it. And my sister and I used to go down to the, where they ate and, the chef would always had to have somethin cooked that we might like and give us, they were very nice to us.

When she and her sister would accompany her father on his trips "up in the woods after a load of logs, the cook would always have somethin, we'd go in and have somethin to eat."

I asked next about the mill. Mr. Ward had just entered the room and had sat down across from us; he joined in our conversation for a while. Thus, when I asked about the products of the mill, Mrs. Ward answered, "The only thing that they made up there would a been wasn't it just they made log, they split the logs? Made em into boards?" She addressed her husband, and he confirmed her statement.

She continued, "Yeah cause I know Dad hauled logs down to Sawyer's River and then they picked em up there. Maine Central picked them up there."

Mr. Ward offered praise of her father, and she admitted:

Yeah he was he was the most wonderful dad that ever lived. He never got flustered. Maybe he kind of felt it inside but he never flustered only one time that I know and Dad was tryin to tend the train, the engine, and Donahue as I told you was the big boss up there. And he was tryin to tell my dad how to turn that, well my dad took just so much and then he told him. Either come and turn it or leave me alone. Ahh.

Mr. Ward spoke again about his father-in-law's abilities, and his wife continued:

No there one of his accidents there that he had and it did stave the train up. And they got it into Pennsylvania where it came from, and they had to send for him, to come in and show em how to fix it. He was a dedicated engineer. Cause he could a

gone, they tried to get him go on a Maine Central, but he wouldn't do it cause he's a man, he was always a man that wanted to be home.

I know it was seven miles from Bartlett into Rocky Branch. My mother had to get out she was sick and they didn't know what was the matter with her so they took her down to Bartlett, put her in the, one of the train compartments, took her into Portland, and they opened her up it was her gall bladder that, and in those days, they didn't operate, take it out. They scraped it and one thing an another. And I know my Dad come back on the eight o'clock train cause that stopped in Bartlett, stayed there overnight. And he walked from there into where we was. Seven miles. He went into Portland to see my mother.

No you didn't, if you wanted a doctor you didn't just ring the telephone. And you don't today. They won't come today. "Come to the office." That shocked me when they first started that. Whatever it is, there is no family doctors. They've all got somethin. Either one eye or the other eye, the left eye or the right eye or the, that's the way they charge. I don't like it. No.

Oh we did have one doctor, Dr. Harold Shedd in North Conway. And we had a very bad storm so that the freight train, you know where the crossin is down in Intervale? And that got stuck there. And he had patients up in Dundee. Do you know where that is? Well he turned around and he put snowshoes on and he snowshoed right over the top of the train to the freight train. And then he walked into Dundee on snowshoes to see his patients. And now today a doctor wouldn't go across the street to see you. "You come to me."

Mr. Ward took this opportunity to discuss a number of matters, recalling his boyhood in Bartlett -- heavy snowstorms, sledding, whist parties in Glen, racing the train home -- and ended with more praise for the temper and the mechanical ability of Mrs. Ward's father. She recalled:

He had an old tool box, it was about that long, and it was about, well that high. [About three feet long by two feet high.] And when he was goin up in the woods an awful lot of times he'd come up to the house to get my mother and my sister and I and take one, take us up with him. And he'd take us right out and his window was right here, that he where he looked out and we were right beside of him. He'd set us out there on that tool box and we'd ride up in and then ride back on that tool box. We never moved.

Mr. Ward again spoke of his father-in-law, and of some of the excellent workmanship that he had demonstrated at different jobs

throughout the area. Mrs. Ward mentioned some other family members, ending with her brother, who had apparently picked up some mechanical ability from their father, but not his personality, as she called him "a fiery little guy." Mr. Ward agreed that he was very smart, but had a miserable disposition. He then went on at some length discussing work attitudes and his own work experiences, especially at the furniture mill in West Ossipee, and also later railroad work laboring on the Frankenstein Trestle in Crawford Notch. The discussion of the railroad led Mrs. Ward to comment, "I miss the train. Yeah you miss some, cause you take like us now old and we can't drive and one thing another. You could go down to the train in the mornin go into Portland, shop, and take the late train home. Or you could go up to St. J. and, one thing another. Now we're stuck. Well. Progress. Hasn't helped us older people a bit."

Mrs. Ward spoke a bit more about her life in East Providence, and then Mr. Ward, resuming his comments on work attitudes and ethics, related a time he observed an airplane technician re-fueling a plane with the fuel tanker dome covers open, allowing rainwater to contaminate the fuel. He chastised the technician for his disregard for safety. Yes, there were in-line strainers to remove the water, but he told the man, "Suppose the strainers don't take care of it? And your kids or your wife is on the plane? What would you think?" He remarked that but a few weeks before that incident, a military recruit plane had crashed.

Mrs. Ward was obviously affected by the reference and the memories it stirred, tears beginning to well up in her eyes. She soon

related a tale of the crash, which occurred at a time when one of their sons, Irving Junior, was in the service:

No there was an awful time when that plane went down, till he called his wife. We went down. I didn't hear, I didn't know anything about it. And finally his wife called me. And she said, "Have you got your radio on?" And I said, "No." And then she was workin at the Rhode Island Hospital Bank. And so of course she was all upset when she heard it, that the plane had gone down and she knew he was on it. So, come to find out her boss in the bank worked too for the Red Cross? and so he finally got in contact with the Red Cross, and they got in contact, and they but they found out that he was not on that plane. But I [At this point Mrs. Ward began to cry.] felt so bad for the people that did have boys on it. I was awful glad mine wasn't. I'm sorry, I suppose I shouldn't (have felt that way).

I allowed a time for Mrs. Ward to dry her tears and regain her composure. I asked her if that had occurred during the war; it had happened during a time of tension between the United States and Cuba. She resumed talking about their son, and his subsequent career after he left the service. She summed up, "Well I've had a lot of things, there've been a lot of hard things. But I guess that's the way it was supposed to be."

This seemed an appropriate time to draw our interview to a close, and I began to do so. However, Mrs. Ward seemed quite willing to extend our time a bit. She spoke a bit more about her medical problems, and the difficult winter she had had. I then asked if she might be able to recommend other people I might contact. She mentioned the Ramsdells (noting that Mrs. Ramsdell "lost a boy and then lost her husband when she was in Livermore,") and the Monahans, and added, "But a lot of people they don't like small towns like that especially."

I asked if a lot of people had come and gone in the time that she lived in Livermore, and she replied, "Yes, there was people that come and went. No, it's no town at all now." I remarked on the changes at Livermore and its current appearance, overgrown by young trees, and she commented:

Hm-hmm. And it is, it's all small lumber. I don't know why they, murdered the, you know took so much of it one thing an another. But, I guess we're buying all of our store lumber I guess from Japan or somewhere. I don't understand this country. I do not understand it. Why they let all of the mills now down there in Rhode Island, up in, what's the name of the place, Esmond Mills, they made blankets, and they were, I still got one in my closet down there that we bought way way way back. Nice blanket. You get one today and I've got some that I use for anything, cause they're no good blankets. Bought from Korea or some place like that. So, what can you do. They send them all over crost, what happened? Our people are out of work.

You go down to Providence, you go all around the different cities, see the mills, windows broken out and everything else. Why aren't those mills workin? And the stuff you buy from this foreign country is terrible. Ahh. They used, they used to have good stuff in this country, now they don't. We gotta keep Japan goin and a few other countries goin and so we let them have our work. Maybe that's the way it should be, I don't know. No I'm very much, very surprised in this country. When we were the top country, a little country, a young country, and we had plenty of money. But then they turned around and then Roosevelt was in. He took it off from the gold standard so that he could spend money, and they, down it went.

Mrs. Ward added, "I most always listen at night to that 700 Club, and boy what they're doin and trying to do with the religion, they're tryin to kill it."

While I did not opt to explore contemporary religious matters with Mrs. Ward, I did take advantage of this opportunity to ask her about the religious life of Livermore. I asked if there had been any sort of church in the village.

She told me, "The Catholic, they, it was some kind of a buildin, I forget now what it was, it was a little house and they took it and they made a Catholic church out of it. But there was no Protestant church." The only option for a Protestant who wished to attend services was to go to Bartlett. She never recalled a minister traveling to Livermore. As for the Catholic priest, "He went up a certain time. Whether it was once every other week or, I've forgotten how often he came. Course, I know the Monahans was Catholic, but they were awful nice people just the same. And the Ramsdells wasn't, my sister and her husband wasn't, so if we wanted to go to church, we had to go elsewhere."

I asked about a group likely to be Catholic, the French-Canadians. She responded that there were some there, "They would come in. And then a lot of em wouldn't stay very long. And maybe they'd hike out, the sheriff had to go after em so he could find em. Some he did and some he didn't....because see they paid then to get em in there, and then they don't work out their time. They tried to get out."

I also recalled Acland Outerbridge, the black man from Bermuda whom Maggie Jefferson had mentioned. Mrs. Ward's recollection was hazy, as she said, "No, I don't remember seeing him....I know there was a black guy lived in there, yeah that lived in there. I don't know where he was from. But he worked at the mill nights, nightwatch. I know he was there. So. But I didn't know as much about it as my sister cause she lived there all the time."

Mrs. Ward then began to tell me a bit about what she did after leaving Livermore. She moved to Malden Massachusetts, and worked in

a paper-box factory. She worked there all one winter, and then returned home to have her appendix removed.

At this point her husband noted that it was twelve o'clock, time for dinner, and our interview drew to a close.

Although Fay Ward spent only a relatively short period in Livermore, having lived there off and on over a period of less than three years in the early 'twenties, she still retained memories of the place and of its people. While she had had little contact with the loggers in the woods, she did remember that some tried to escape their employment there. She recalled her neighbors in the village, the Monahans, Ramsdells, Grants, and Joe (or Tom) Platt. She remembered, too, though not very warmly, Clinton Nash, "a very strange man," and the old maids, the Saunders sisters, and their gift of a boy's book for Christmas ("all they ever did for us"). She was able to describe her own house there and various aspects of her life in Livermore, as well as the bungalow of the Saunders' cousin, the church, and other landmarks in the village, adding incrementally to our knowledge of the town at that time.

Mrs. Ward also spoke freely and at length about other aspects of her early life, most of all about her father. Occasionally joined in praise by her husband, she dwelt in admiration on Fred Lane's abilities and on his ever-steady disposition and devotion. He could have worked for the Maine Central, but he stayed with logging railroads because he wanted to be home at night. "He was the best thing that ever was," she declared. "He was the most wonderful Dad that ever lived." Some

recollections of her father were mere sketches -- such as his giving his family members rides in his locomotive. Others were more meaningful portraits, such as of him traveling all the way to Portland to visit his ailing wife.

Mrs. Ward has followed the example of her father in her dedication to her family. She spoke at great length about her husband's work career, his trials and tribulations in seeking employment, and his abilities as a worker, though she confided, too, that "It don't take much to get him angry." She spoke often, also, of her two sons, their work and their lives. The most compelling tale she told was of the terrible waiting to find out if her son had been the victim of an airplane crash, an event that occurred three decades ago but which still brings her to tears. The memory of the anxious hours waiting to know if her family was whole or sundered remains powerful in its anticipation of grief.

Other family members are given less consideration. Her late sister is honored several times for the knowledge that she would demonstrate if she were still alive. But her "fiery" brother Albert is barely mentioned. It seemed only to slip out that he had attended school in Livermore. Later he was compared, unfavorably, to his father.

Most conspicuous in her relative absence is Mrs. Ward's other parent, her mother. She is mentioned, but, it seems, mostly in the earlier years, when they lived up the Rocky Branch. Those days were the good ones, as she relates, "We had an awful nice time....it was happy, much happier than the world is today." Up the Rocky Branch, she observes, "We were very happy in there, well she only had my

sister and I at the time." Again, she says, "It was one of the happiest times of our lives."

We recall Marguerite Jefferson's passing remark about Mrs. Lane leaving her family. We don't know why this occurred, nor do we know exactly when, but it would seem to have happened at about the time of the move to Livermore. Mrs. Ward noted, "Well I did a lot of housework" in Livermore, and, "I learned to cook on my poor Dad." Her acknowledgment of her mother's disappearance is obscure: "She'd go over to Bath to her folks and, one thing and another, so that's about it."

We might surmise that the experience of the loss of her mother, and the havoc it wrought in her family, steeled her to commit herself to "traditional values." "I made up my mind when I got married that was it. I can't see that women runnin around, I just can't see it," she declared. She identified herself as "an old fashioned woman."

With this commitment, though, comes a sort of ambiguity. There are attempts made to posit a sort of theory of social devolution, but actual experience allows only an inconsistent application. "Now Bartlett is as bad as the city," Mrs. Ward offered, yet when she left Bartlett in 1929, she swore never to return. She stated, "I knew everybody," yet immediately added, "Well, course I didn't, cause I didn't live in Bartlett." The ills of society cannot be laid only on today's doorstep, since her experiences of years ago led her to exclaim, "I hated Durham," and, "I hated [Rhode Island] with a passion." She now misses the railroad which trucks destroyed, yet trucking eventually helped provide a livelihood for her husband and their sons.

Though she rails against doctors and the current decline of the country (which dates to the Roosevelt era), one salient criticism is directed against young women. "If the girls ever did what they do today, they'd been in jail." One must wonder if that would include leaving their families, as did Mrs. Ward's mother seventy years ago.

Discussion of life in a little mill village in days gone by might be expected to elicit a sentiment of nostalgia. However, in discussing Livermore in the early 'twenties with Fay Ward, it seems that some other, more personal, more painful memories might also have been stirred. Memories of a betrayal of family which she has determined not to repeat, and which she may seem to blame on modern-day ills, but which she must know occurred even in the hallowed days of her youth.

Chapter 8

Tom Monahan

A number of people had recommended that I contact Tom Monahan of Bartlett. Some claimed he was the last person alive who had lived in Livermore. That claim was slightly exaggerated, but it did seem that he was probably the one living person who had spent the greatest amount of time in the old mill village. He had grown up in the town and had gone on to work in the Forest Service and lumber industry, so it seemed that he should be attuned to the ways of life and work as they had existed in his old home. At first blush, it would seem that he could prove "the perfect informant," the one person who could answer all my questions about Livermore, who could tell elaborate tales about the town and its residents that no one else could.

In the event, this hope met a few hitches. The first one was comparatively trivial; he had left the town in the early 'thirties, and had left the area a bit after that, not returning to Bartlett until he was nearly retired. Thus he might be limited in his information on the last days of the community, and the fate of the town after its abandonment. The second hitch was the fact that he proved a somewhat reluctant informant. A few folks around town opined that he could be "funny," and indeed it took several attempts before I could arrange to meet with him. First one of his fishing trips intervened, and then other things kept cropping up; it was not until the local postmaster interceded on my behalf with Mr. Monahan -- who turned out to be his father-in-law -- that I was able to visit with him. In the event he proved hospitable, and I spent three amicable afternoons with him. It

seemed that he wore the mantle of "last living resident of Livermore" rather uncomfortably, and over the years had occasionally felt somewhat put-upon by people asking him for information about the place.

The greatest difficulty, though, was Mr. Monahan's ways. I had grown to expect -- indeed, to look forward to -- people using the subject of Livermore to serve as a springboard to discuss other matters of import or of interest to them. This tendency to range freely, I believe, helped people move beyond statements and reminiscences to narratives, often personal ones of real significance. Perhaps Mr. Monahan took this trait to an extreme. He tended to cover a great deal of territory -- geographical, temporal, and conceptual -- but in very little depth. Asked a question about Livermore, he would soon be up on the Allagash dealing in timber, then in North Stratford working for Mr. Washburn, then he'd head down to Laconia and Forest Service work, and conclude with a comment on how New Hampshire's governor was faring. The topics he covered were in themselves of great interest, yet he often used names without clear referents, and bounced from subject to subject, place to place, and era to era with such rapidity -- sometimes in mid-sentence -- that he was difficult to follow. At times he would answer questions indirectly, partially, or not at all.

Others in Bartlett have since noted this characteristic of Mr. Monahan's speech, so I feel confident in saying that "it wasn't just me." But even though the situation was rather frustrating, nobody ever promised I would find the "perfect informant." Though working

with Mr. Monahan could be a trying experience, it was also an informative one.

In Section 1 of this chapter I recount my first interview with Mr. Monahan. The material proffered about Livermore is given within the context of our meeting. Though the conversation often seems remarkably rambling, such is as it was that day at the Monahan home. To pull out only the threads of our interview that referred most directly to Livermore would be to deprive the reader of the opportunity to witness the many-fold linkage of Mr. Monahan's experiences in Livermore to his later and longer life. While not all the connections are clear -- far from it -- it is perhaps most helpful to take a few steps back from Mr. Monahan's broadloom of memory, to concentrate not on the details but rather on the many colors and patterns of his tapestry of experience.

In Section 2 of this chapter I seek a respite from the occasionally confusing array of information Mr. Monahan presented, in a synthetic assembling of Livermore-related material from my second and third meetings with him. The second was intended as a final interview; the third served principally as an opportunity to copy some of his photographs, but conversation flowed between my stints focusing and shooting in the dim fluorescent light of his kitchen. The raw information presented in Section 2 was initially given to me in the same eclectic fashion evident in Section 1, with Mr. Monahan's memories and perspective on many aspects of Livermore, its life, and its people interwoven with many, many other matters.

Section 1. Tom Monahan -- The First Interview

I first met with Mr. Monahan in his home outside of Bartlett village on a snowy late fall afternoon. He invited me into his kitchen, and we sat on opposite sides of his kitchen table. His wife, who I later met, was in an adjacent room watching television. He had taken out an old album and a few large pieces of cardboard on which he had mounted a number of photographs of his family living and working in Livermore. He said that there was a time when he would go to some of the local schools and tell the children about his earlier life there.

I asked Mr. Monahan, "So were you actually born in Livermore?"

He told me, "No I was born in Bartlett here. Yeah, nineteen hundred seven. Just hit, was eighty-five the day before yesterday."

I wished him a Happy Birthday, and he continued:

Yeah I had a pretty good life, still in pretty good shape yet. Get my own wood, hike around. Yeah I went from Megantic Manufacturin to, worked for them somewhat as consultant, after I'd retired from Brown. And I'm retired from James River now, pension system. I think we're lookin good with the money they've given em. To me, my thought would be, but we went to North Stratford, old run-down outfit, built it up to, we stayed there twenty years, manufacturing, yeah. So you can do things. Of course we had Washburn, Wash was a good thing, on the lumber end of it. Mine was procurement on private enterprise. I guess I had sixteen people I bought from. I went all over, New York State too, Connecticut. They went into the oak business. Course Connecticut's known for oak, and Rhode Island, Massachusetts. My job was to line up the thing and ship through dealers, shippers. It was an interesting life, but it was a.

Then I thought when I left Forest Service I'd get into something so I went up as a head scaler for the company, where I started originally is. But they wanted somebody to go out in the field. Course they made it so you wanted to go too. Paid good money and stuff. So I went as far as, the Allagash, I enjoyed up there. We were planning a mill there, that was my job to go up there and lay out the program with Pinkham and

the Great Northern. And they're already to go with us but one morning they got up said Brown bought em out.

I asked who that had been, and he resumed:

Mr. Washburn. And Salls. He was the manufacturer, Mr. Salls. Very successful man, you know, word was a bond. () The government, we had five, six, I guess I worked under three supervisors. Graham, I liked Graham because he was one of us, you know what I mean. We were old timers. He sent you down to Fish and Wildlife up Kilkenny, next month you'd be over at. But he was sort of a good fair man to talk with....

And then we had, I didn't work under Wheeler, I had retired then, I took at '45 I decided to leave. I went in there '34, and then we worked for Saunders up there you know dab around with my brother at his store. [He turns to some of his older photographs.] The old pictures are. Here's a whole outfit right here. They're a hard lookin bunch, up in them days. If there's anything you'd like to know, you know. See they lived up there. They were the old bluebloods, these Saunders that run the thing. They came from Lawrence. Their object was to come up here and send that lumber back, and sawed it out here. Christ we can go way back in eighteen-somethin, I got a picture there, my Dad, eighteen-ninety-, 1887 my father went up there. That's the first mill they had. [Showing a photo of the mill].

I asked him, "How many mills did they have all together up there?"

He replied:

Oh, they kept building on, newer mills and better mills. I got pictures in there for you....There was Mr. Shackford's he bought, probably you know this a little strip of private land in Livermore....He passed to heavenly rest this year. We used to go up there, used his camp some. My son, who's principal of the school in Groveton, he'd come down, we'd go up there fishin. He's a nice, Bradford [sic], we knew him a long time. Yeah.

I remarked that I had been able to spend an evening with Mr. Shackford, and that he seemed like a good man, and Mr. Monahan remarked:

I guess he had a, quite a lot of difficulty, he'd taken trips he's, you know lung difficulty and all that. But he was a real good gent. Course I've seen a lot of changes in my time. Any of that there you want to ask me about, if I can help you in any way. That's, that's where we started out. My Dad was up there when it started. Our family was brought up. Why we came to

Bart-. I suppose the daughters or what not -- but I went right back to Livermore. And I stayed there till I was 17 I think, yeah.

Isn't it funny how, worked for the Saunders a little, you know. In them days we scaled butt and top and we didn't know what the hell was goin on, you know. [He laughs.] That's the way our life was. But I remember doin that. Out on the landin, they'd give us a job. My brother was in the store. But we were close to the family, that's why. My mother used to go down, the evenin. Once in a while they'd dress us up like monkeys, suits and what not, and we'd go down and have a feed with em. And then Miss Saunders, there were just three ladies there. "Well I guess Thomas is getting restless. He can go." You know. [He laughs.] I was restless before I got there. But they really were the movers. At the top. They lived up. But they made it possible for somebody to get a job.

A lot of people says, "Well, you've done this." I was talkin to Janet [Hounsell, writer for a local newspaper], she thought there was, it wasn't as bad as she mentioned, I think, it was good for her, most of it. Fred Lane was up there. Real good people from Conway. Got Potters, Ramsdells from Groveton. We hired probably two, three hundred people. Somethin like that. Mostly Canadian bonded. Gettin wood down there. But at that time, this picture, they combined the wood and the loggin see. And this gang probably was half loggers and half, and other times they'd go down to the mill and saw it out. That's how it operated.

I asked him if there was usually a separate woods crew and mill crew, and he told me, "Yeah, we did that at the end, yeah. We had the mill crew. And then that was families, went to school there. We went to school, had our own school." He pored over a few other photos.

"Is that the old store?" I asked of one of the photographs, and he affirmed:

Yeah. That's the old store. You got some pretty. Miss Forness took these, a woman used to come up. There's us kids in the old school. There's my, our family, right there, yeah. But after that, they got into some kind of a, and these Saunders got kind a sick of this state, so they built their own school. They give us type-, Christ you see typewriters, and movin pictures, Jesus I never thought I'd hit that. After I got through there I went to Portland to school, finish up.

I asked if he went on to high school in Portland, and he responded:

No, I went right through from that right into the business. Went to the Maine School of Commerce. Spent two years down there. That was a good tour workin the railway postal service in the afternoon. Somebody help you along, you can't do nothin any other way, I don't think, d'you? Yeah. This was the old original school building.

I asked about the rebuilding of the old school, and he told me:

Well or did we move it, I think here's the last one we had. See this was a new building. It was due a tax situation that, whether he didn't want to pay what tax they wanted or just to show that he wanted to do, which he, he was control power. Yeah. And we, it was nice, I always remember that beautiful school. It was equivalent to a high school or more. Had everything in it. A teacher, you know one of the best, they hired. Yeah, I got a lot out of that. When I walked out of there I figured I had equivalent or better probably to some of those lower colleges. Sure. They taught us everything they. Throw all that stuff at you.

When I asked him if there were many other students at the school, Mr. Monahan recalled:

Oh sure, there was families there, there was, how many other families when I was there, must have been twenty different families. They worked in the mill, different parts of it. Most of ours is with the loggin end. My dad got into railroadin and looked after the, all these people come to, that they done business with, he took care of all that for the company. We had a camp up the river, he'd go take them up there. That was a business deal, you know how they'd come and. So that got to be interestin. Good at him and all of us for that matter. We had a good, what I call a good life, which of course we didn't know what, today, you know what the hell's goin on but at that time we pretty near knew what was goin on every day.

I asked if his father had had any background in railroading, and Mr. Monahan related:

No, he came in with the most of, Canadians at that time early he came from Quebec. And he got into the railroad, the companies hired them. First he worked for J.E. Henry apparently he come over here for, in 1887. And done work for Saunders. And he stayed till he died at 19-, he died in 1934. An accident up there somehow. Them days was different, you know. We never could find out too much detail. Cause he had to take care of the bridges. And all that. And then as they finally dwindled out. But we st-, after Dad died I don't think we stayed there, I can't

remember, fully recall. We went back here, he bought this place at the time, when we were up there, for some day coming here himself. My mother, brother and sister was here, they stayed there, he worked for the highway, and my sister had a post office job. We were old natives, way back. Now flatlanders have really got it hard, ain't they? [He laughs.]

I asked him how his mother had managed after his father's death. He told me:

Good, good. She took care of the Saunders, you know, go down. And we lived with all them country, you know what I mean, they'd chip in all of these people. We had a shipment every day by freight cars and stuff for food. And they had their own store. You gotta say, "Buy in the company store or else." You know that old game. But I can't recall any ridiculous thing that they ever done to us. They were good to us. And they were good to as far as I know everybody there. They hired Fred Lane, the Potter brothers from Conway. You know, outstanding folks. Everybody wanted somethin to do with the mill. They usually hired somebody that knew somethin about the Conway mill, would get sick of that and come up here, see. That was the way it was done. Yeah.

He then offered some comments on some other of his activities:

I like to kind of hack away at the wood, keep I walk a lot, try to keep active at activities but, last couple of years I've kind of got out of this, you know. Jesus, I had a flood here for a while. I went up there with Tom Eastman and all those guys. You know. Tom's a good guy, nice, nice. He was gonna throw a story together, "The Life of a Forest Guard," or some damn thing, you know. I didn't have too much publicity, I did furnish pictures for those people, old buildings I had. Did you think Shackford's story was, was he. She Janet wrote that, Janet. She wrote a lot of little articles for a lot of different papers, yeah. You got some information from them that was helpful?

I told him I had, but of course would have liked to have found out more. He continued:

Oh, it's hard. Just which way you want to approach it. Now he came, oh I guess it was one time, I guess Jim Chadbourne sent him over, somebody. Herb, you know, Clark. Old Herb Clark. Bear place. [The Clark family owns a tourist attraction that features trained bears.] That's all they do is go round, find out different things. But gees he had some old photographs I didn't have, you know. But he was gonna tie in somebody and he said he'd be back and some I never seen again that outfit from, take the pictures and stuff, they never came back, and you wonder,

you know, whether they people had any, what they wanted to know, really. And all I tell em what, that's my life right there. We lived there, worked for the company, when it died out we continued on up in Crawford Notch for the Hamlin, George Hamlin they had a concession there, we worked there for several years.

I asked if that had been in the State Park, and Mr. Monahan acknowledged:

Yeah, the State Park, yeah. We had, he had a lease on that, my uncle. Donahue, yeah. And Hamlin. That's how I went for school, he lived in Portland and I, he got me to go to school. But if I was ever gonna be in forestry I'd gone to one of them places that, I could a had anything, cause I know where to go, that's the way you've got to do it. Yeah even at my time I'd tell em to run back along. Run around a lot of em. [He laughs.] Acquisition, they didn't think too well of taking two of us I think could buy. But we had practical experience in Forest Service. Had the backin of the Supervisor. Which wasn't quite enough, you know, you don't know who in hell to see anymore. The C.C. was practically all in competition. () Old Fred Brown was in then, I went down to talk with him, I wanted to get the hell out of forestry. Another two thousand dollars means a lot to anybody in them days.

After some more general discussion, Mr. Monahan spoke on other portions of his work career, including his time affiliated with the Civilian Conservation Corps:

I run the C.C. Camp, I was subaltern for the army and foreman for the supervisor, they combined the job. I took the whole thing. And that was at Laconia, Opechee Park. And I stayed there and we just shipped to those fellows we knew. They had this all figured right. Shipped em right into the army. I had some nice kids. I kind of hated to see em go, you know. I lived right there with them durin the day, and then there at night, there's another fella, this leader they would alternate, dedicate the responsibilities. But I enjoyed there.

And then of course the next move to the Allagash, I didn't go too much for that but, gees what the hell you gonna do? They call me in and says, and I had difficulty too with a part of a lung they'd taken out on account of I had pneumonia one winter. I had to do somethin different than what I was doin, see, the superintendent of logging. So that worked out better for me, I could pick. Somebody else doin the work, cause see I had to get it done. And get the wood in. Hell of a good fella that can follow the trend, but if you don't, you're gone.

I commented on one of the pictures he was showing me, a family portrait, and he remarked:

Yeah, we had some more somewhere along. That's an old time, my uncle, he was with Stone Webster, he always sent us clothing, I remember that. Yeah, I can even remember when I was little. He kept us, he was superintendent from Boston, he lived to be 98, so, and my other uncle lived to 96. My Dad died due to the fact that, my mother died comparatively young too, in the seventies, 65. So you're already, figured for a hundred, see. [He laughs.]

Another photograph showed the family at their camp on Carrigain Brook, and Mr. Monahan noted:

Of course [the Saunders] were bringin all these people to come up. My father probably spent a third of his time just goin around with hunters and, showin em around. I was tryin to find, you know when he passed on to heavenly rest, his obituary, but I couldn't seem to find it, but it told his, he had a lot more done with the company than I had realized. He was more or less, consultant to, capacity of takin care of those kind of people. And the Saunders sent everybody up there all the time. You see the old wagon didn't you? Is that it? Oh yeah, here we are. That's their coach. And they had a coachman, and they had a chauffeur, and a car. Of course the winters were kinda rough up there.

He told me that the mill operated throughout the year, and as for the woods operation:

Let's see now, we tried to, yeah we'd cut in the, mainly in the fall, and had it ready and we'd saw it out in the winter, and go back in the winter. We had some severe winters up there, if I remember. Course we had no facilities to handle stuff. My father and I rode tote team a lot of times, Livermore to Camp 7. It's seven miles, way back in. Four horses.

Camp 7 was at the headwaters of the Swift River, and of the operation there Mr. Monahan noted:

That's our last shot. To me it was too bad, even government pickin that up, because that could a been somethin for this valley. Right today we're cuttin, I think we cut, well after I went back in there, and Washburn bid on a lot in there, we cut 90,000 cords of pulp. In the Livermore valley. But we weren't clearcutting. Today they are. And of course if I said clearcutting you're done. They were, it was just like a religion

with those folks, Mr. Saunders. 500 feet back from all the watersheds. He was conservative. He was Harvard, he was a Harvard professor I guess.

I asked him why the Saunders were so conservative, when at the same time there were men like J.E. Henry who were clearcutting. He pondered the question, answering:

Well the Saunders, that's, nobody could ever stand, understand the situation there. They were real roughers. They and the Kelleys, Kelley the bulldog and Henry the bear and all the names they had for these rough fellas doin the business for them. Then Sherman Adams the only man couldn't carry an axe on his shoulder! [He laughs.] [Sherman Adams was rather stoop-shouldered.] Yeah we used to say there goes Sherm. We got to know him. And everywhere, he was everywhere. See what I think they done he was a congressman, you knew that and I think the company used him. You know, I mean if they get you down in Washington. I've been in some of this, this tradin horses and what not, and I think that's what they done with him. And I think they more or less controlled him. And he had a terrible temper. Oh, gee....

Oh, Christ we'd go down there. One time Mark Hamlin and I, I don't you know Mark, he was purchasing in the war, he worked for the Brown. When I come over there it was three of us. Pat Herr, you know Pat vice-president, John, he sort a new. So they called me in they said, "Why don't you, you're gonna take your retirement early." They started to make plans for it. "Why don't, we'll move you right down to Bartlett? And you take care of National Forest sales till this time comes up." Which I was damn glad to do because instead of go to Berlin. And there was three of us anyway. But I handled the thing just the way I had in the past. Only I didn't like the pulp. I never liked four-foot stuff, so I was a logger and it's an entirely different story. Pulp is see anybody can go and do that, but to buy quality wood, know what you're doin, you had to know what the hell is goin on.

Following up on his consideration of forest products, I asked, "Now did you work mostly, other than pulp with veneers or also with regular sawlogs?"

He replied:

Yeah, of course with veneer we didn't, I'd just buck it, veneer grade log, an eight-foot log, seven-foot, seven-foot-six. Not over two defects. Visible, or somethin like this, somethin to

that effect and strai-, it had to be reasonable straight, you know, so we could roll em.

God had good luck, I got up there with Pinkham. It's hard to get in with the Northern, you know. You're nothin, like a flatlander there, whatever you want to say. I call em flatlander, they got the money. But anyway we got up there, that's what they done with us, kept shiftin everybody, from one job to another. So I got in there and they said that hardwood was all dead. So I call Washburn back in I says. "Well," he says, "There's some money there in the bank, go hire an interpreter." Christ I was an Irishman and with a thousand Frenchmen all around me. So they, from when I went up there they talked to the Frenchmen and this interpreter.

So Pinkham, I know if I could, you know show em, if I could get a carload out a there. That's what licked us see, shippin. That far, Bangor and Aroostook, Maine Central and, Bangor and Aroostook see had three or four raises. My shippin cost more than the timber cost. Finally, I said, "Give me permission to go in there with a crew and cut down some of those great big birch." Jesus Christ. And of course I, they had the inside Techwood, remember the Techwood corporation? Yeah, well they had control of that more or less. They could a got in there but, they flew over. And I said, "Let me go in and see." By gee we got them down there's just bout that much rot on the outside, ring rot, and that son of a bitch is just as solid as the day it was growed. We take the top log, probably half a log off, about eight-six feet or eight, shit, nobody ever seed logs like that, Christ, big as sugar maples. Roll all day on them. And they were happy as hell with that.

Then they decided to get in with Pinkham, they came up then, top management. Talked it over and made arrangements, to get land there. I stayed right at Fort Kent, had an office. And then I'd run to Bangor, they'd take me back by plane in as far as the Allagash. Gee we ate good, a little bit early, have all kinds a deer meat. God, you can't miss. [He laughs.] Them days are, so many deer, never saw so many deer in all my life. You know we'd go up these roads, jees, you couldn't go ahead of them, frequent-, and they wouldn't, Tom Pinkham, he prac-, I don't know how one man could control the company but God damn he had the final say.

So we went, once up to Bangor, I think it was for Fersum or somebody like the head of, vice-president of woodlands. So he listened to our story, and he says, "You go ahead." And when I've gone out he says, "I think you and Tom will hit it off." We didn't hit it off too good. [He laughs.] But anyway we got along. See, my shipment he thought was rugged, and I thought some of his stuff was poor. Course it was the rainy shake and we had to watch for a lot of stuff. That he didn't know about. See that log was a log to him, whether it was good or bad or not. But he was one of the finest to be manager.

And then he got into the pine business. We thought that was bad. Take eight foot off the butt on those sons-of-bitches

just as sound as the butt. You could crawl up the butt of it. Isn't that strange to have a punky butt? So I learned a lot about wood. Another tough job I had I'd be Whitehall New York, Warrensburg and all up through Hudson. And I bought timber way up as far as Oh Christ way up to, bring some pine all them big companies. All through there. And I'd ship that to Fairhaven, we had a mill at Fairhaven first. Well, four years after that they decided to come to Stratford. They got a hold of that old mill up there. By God they done well there. We stayed there twenty years. Then Brown bought it out and then I stayed another five. With them.

I liked the Forest Service () really if I'd a stayed and, I guess I could have. So he called me in and said, "Well a lot of em want to go." You know, got an open gate, you know they were (). I said, "I hope so." So he laid out what I could do. But he said, "Why don't, tomorrow, Evans is comin, Regional Forester, you live in Fryeburg anyway." See there was one gang in control you know () I say. When he Evans come up they had a meeting with me and they, they wanted to take me out a technical forestry work, which they call technical. I called it good common sense by then. If I could make money for em I didn't see where they could kick too much and I was sellin a lot of stuff.

They wanted to try puttin me in charge of buyin stuff for the White and Green Mountain. We were combined, we were one combined then....We went up in Vermont and bought a lot of land. And then they established the National Forest. Well we tried the same trick in Maine, went up there to Grand Lakes, and up Washington County, gonna buy their whole goddamn country. And whoever was Governor said, "Get the hell out." That time the Governor, now I guess Christ they come in to predominate the country, don't they? Federal? The government, I guess if the state is against it, they wouldn't do it. But do we need any more land really, now they want to buy another big batch of land.

We discussed Forest policies briefly, and then Mr. Monahan chatted about quite a few different local Bartlett and Conway, as well as state-wide, political matters, concluding, "Course we know everybody in the valley, but we were away for twenty years. Christ we come back strangers practically. I thought they were gonna call me a flatlander," he said with a laugh.

He talked a bit more about work on the Megantic and with the Forest Service:

When I was on this little mountain over here [Mount Pequawket], I was up one summer. That was part of the Forest guard. That's all he ever done. But the next month he might be over buildin a telephone line, or doin somethin else. And then we had no hours, no nothin. Nary put me in charge on them, they moved so many rangers I just was acting ranger for three or four years. And I had some fellas, so Graham called us in, "Gees those fellows drink so, they take those trucks," you know, that's been goin on for a hundred years before I got there. I says, "Well I'm not stayin too long, Cliff," I said, "You make the changes." Just, big government.

Today's it's a monstrosity, isn't it? I think the ranger when I was, that's a year-round thirty, I got, the highest I ever got was seven or eight, I was there all those years. But I got much, expenses was eight or ten dollars a day, which was big money then. I could live good on that, then. And that's the way they run the thing. I think I've talked with this Bruce down here think he said he was gettin thirty-four thousand. And he's got an assistant. But the way he shows me he sits there on the planning idea. Jack does this, Joe does that, Jim does this. I don't imagine he spends much time in the field, do you? No. And it looks to me so a man really should get out there.

When I was out there here at the, Howard was gone, and he went away, he got sup-, and they're just a steppin stone, those little rangers' jobs. And then they want to know if I want time to go to Philadel-. What the hell would I do in Philadelphia? You know I mean I'm just a woodsman. I'll damn go down there. I told em what I thought. Well, you know you could go round and travel different, I guess it's mostly traveling. But by God, I've got all the travelin I want. From Three Rivers Quebec to Allagash River and back and forth and up down.

Yeah I used to travel 500 miles lots a days, 400, yeah. Just to, depend on your contacts and where your wood slowed up. You'd go in Monday mornin and see where the, and that was you went before the high tribunal there, no pressy-porcy. Give Mr. Salter a date, say, "Yup. It's okay, okay. Any help, any more help you need? Any more money you need? How's your car?" That's what you're paid to do. Christ you'd wear out a car in a year. Just sailin down. But finally, first I was on mileage, but that was tremendous I must say they got, "We can't pay you," then I think it's only a dime. For 500 miles quite a lot of you know, and then meals, they never questioned anything.

Mr. Monahan pointed out another photo, one of the old mill. He added, "That's a pond. Yeah. See we had the pond, there's the chute we piled up the log. We lived up here, I think, at the end. First we lived down in the valley part. They had a Main Street, I'll show you Main Street here somewhere."

While he looked for another photo, I asked about Carrigain Street, a reference I had seen. He replied:

No, we had, Carrigain Brook's about two miles beyond the mill north up there, going up towards Camp 7. See, the railroad run. First, they've changed the Livermore road. We used to go a little higher up with the railroad, but they didn't go high enough. Then they started followin the watersheds, that's where you make a hell of a mistake in this country. And our town road was the same. Every two or three years it, along right down by the river. Wash out.

And that's, I think, and then when Saunders died, his son was to take it, Charles Saunders. I can remember Mr. Saunders. He was a real real old timer. He died at a hundred I guess. And he was still around there. Wonderful now. He died and Charles, they thought it was a ninety-day wonder. He was a lawyer and all that but he, he'd delegate that to, say like my father this section and somebody else. He never bothered people. As long as you got the work done. And he died, comparative young. Then they got Nash in. I think it was he was a broker in Beacon Street in Boston. That was the end. It killed all that beautiful mill.

I asked what sort of fellow Nash was, and he observed:

Of course he just catered to the three of em, the ladies were still alive, that owned it. Miss Saunders. Mary and Edith and Annie. They'd sit there and just, go down in the garden, pick a few flowers. I don't know what he told em or nobody knows I don't think, really. And then of course they were very anxious to keep that mill goin. And, my God he kept it out. Then they claim, when they died, that he sold, for 260 thousand that entire Livermore valley and give it to charity. Now whether he did that's in the paper there and I don't know if it's true or not. I doubt that, but then, he could've. But he did sell that piece of land to Shackford. When he was very sick and, he had a sister in Somerville. We knew him as Nash, cause he used to come up to our house.

He went on to describe Nash's character a bit:

Well he was a, you know, not that type of fella for that. No he was just a, wasn't a, it looked to me he was just a broker or somethin. I mean all he, he'd come up and walk through the place and come over to the house and. And then one day () he could still come back there and then he got quite, quite bad off you know. Jesus Christ he was, 85 or 90 he'd like, get so he couldn't know where the hell he was. Wasn't his fault, just time marched on. And they claimed he chased people, and stuff like

that. Now he lived there down the cellar, and then this Shackford bought that outfit, and he tore it down finally.

But it was a real life of people which the railroad fella there, what's his name he wrote an article there, but all they mention's the railroad and the engines. But to live right there with the people is the answer we had. We knew the people, knew the management and we lived there, worked for them. Yeah. My sister worked in the local store, post office. We had a post office. Oh yeah we'd everything. Yeah.

They had, had a fine old, if you couldn't, we were, happened to be Catholics so they brought us down here to church at first. Then they set aside a buildin up there for, for anybody wanted to go to church. So it was all, and of course we had to, bonded most of them men, my father'd go up and get a load of them. Pay so much, can't take em back, I don't think they ever, many of em ever went back, they'd run away or somethin.

I asked Mr. Monahan for more details on that arrangement, and he explained:

That was Canadian government, bonded. You paid a fee. Well, you figure a man worth ten bucks. That's how good any of us is. [He laughs.] That's the truth of the men too and they'd get, haul em all down there. Then, after the war, the thing come, they ship em from Boston then, these Finns, Golden and Largey and all them big out-, employment agencies, ship em out, no shoes, or just shoes, to go in the woods. And they'd land at the, we had a Depot Camp, which was a big storeroom. Christ they'd take a look at them, they might as well send em back. Then they lost the fare, see. They paid for that, Largey and all that crowd. They didn't send nobody up here unless you paid, in advance.

Course Saunders was good for anything they, they done or the same with the Brown. You could go anywhere with Brown. Then we got in the spin there after Brown, I guess they, family died out, and then we got Gulf and Western. Bunch of other, I don't know what the hell they. Sold all our holdings, we didn't own a compartment. We don't know what's goin on anymore. [He laughs.]

Mr. Monahan then went on to speak at length about his varied experiences working in the Allagash country, as well as on the Megantic and in the North Stratford area. He then remarked:

But I've met a lot of people since I've been here. That, let's see now what is that crowd down to Durham there, they were around more or less. Then I went in with Tin Mountain up here a couple of years ago. We had a little gatherin into Livermore that I took a crew of em around. Of course we were in

my own happy huntin ground. Somebody says, "Where's the sewer system?" "In the river," I said. I couldn't find no sewer system. [He laughs.] Isn't it funny how people would be lookin for stuff that, you'd never think. Way back in that rock pile, now, same as up here on Bear Mountain. When these mountains are way back here, where's the sewer system? There's none. We had barrels and everything else.

He went on to discuss other matters, such as Conway politics, condominiums, and his own house:

This old house is, my dad had it, and my brother come back here, my sister. We put a little plywood around, you know, keep warm. Chop wood when I get mad....My father picked this up I think it was for \$1200. The whole thing: house, five acres of land. I got about two left or three. We sold some over here to, which is a nice guy. I said if I ever get broke again if I can find an acre of land and get anything for it the hell with everybody.

But we got this, I kept this for my son someday might, some of my family, piece, clean that off, Christ there's another half-acre of land I can clean off, used to be cleaned off, my brother done it but when I come back I figured I wanted to get in the woods again so. Yup. Oh he worked for the state for 45 years. My sister in the post office that died. So we're natives, you know. Born here. Lucky to get those kind of jobs. I stayed, wise enough to stay in government when hard times, they begin to stay. Yeah. See went in in '33, I forget if it was '31, '32, '33. My Dad died, and finally we've got out of Livermore. But I used to come home up here, and it was, my, over in Rutland I married Phyllis my wife, we were stationed there. But I did get out. A lot of country behind me.

He mentioned some of that country, both far afield, such as the Adirondacks and the Grand Lakes, and places nearer to home, such as Passaconaway. He pointed out another one of his Livermore photographs, and I asked him about the mill fire. He responded, sifting through some other photos, "Yeah, yeah, the first couple burned, usually." He laughed, and then added, "But that was back and then, we had some real mills at the end here, probably. I'll show you them. Oh here, why don't we look at this one....That was the new mill. That's the one we never do so much in. He wouldn't, Nash had really taken over

by then." He did not recall the date of the new mill's construction, though he remarked, "By golly, I should too."

He added:

They had two, two burned. That one there of course was, mostly lumber burnt too. He was a strange man, Mr. Saunders. They used to come in, these dealers, and by Christ we had miles and miles of wood, you know, piled up, in piles, and dried, kiln dried we called it. And he'd say, they'd give em all kinds of deal. "Well," Mr. Saunders says, "Man who'll steal for me, will steal from me. Go on to sell." Really, he's a funny man. Just, it's the way they operated.

But Nash, I don't know where they found anybody like that, I didn't think that. But he was a friend of Charles, see. And he must have went to college with him. Of course they were, came from Lawrence, he was mayor there, Charles Saunders. And the Saunders like that really made the company. You know, you look back in the old Brown family, by gees they were somethin. I got to know those people just to chat with but, by God that was a lot I learnt. More than I did from a lot of people. I never had any chance to you know to get the top dog stuff, but I didn't ever wanted it, really. Happy doin what you're doin. The only, different, my wife had to take care of my, bring up my kids, that made it tough, didn't you bring up all my children?

With these last words he turned to his wife, who was just then passing through the room. She replied, "Mostly, you were never home."

He remarked simply, "Okay dear."

She added, "They were afraid of me but they weren't afraid of him."

He noted, "Ma says I'm a talker."

I picked up one of the threads of our conversation in asking him, "So do you remember the fires? Were you up in town?"

He replied:

No, no I can't really. No that was, I can't remember that. But I know that they were small, then first part of it, when they got the big mill there, Saunders house. The big, the old Saunders house burnt too. Somewhere I got all that stuff for you. You look in there and you'll see. Now probably I'm a way

ahead of you and that's why we want to know somethin different. But.

I suggested he just keep going along, and we turned to a few pictures of the mill. He recalled:

We employed probably 60, 70 people. More than that with the woods operation. And we kept going. We got as far as Camp 7. The way I understood the thing was the Saunders won this end of the heighth of land on the Livermore side, usin Kancamagus as a base, and J.E. Henry got the other. That was the lawsuit between lawyers. When they came here they came to get this land and that was it. And it's done everywhere. That was even the Brown, Kennett, look at Kennett Company.

Mr. Monahan then went on to talk about some other forest workers he had known, as well as political topics and Forest Service policies. He observed:

I seen a lot of changes, by golly, a hell of a lot of changes. No it's just, I never thought the time would come when they'd call me back to sell my old town that I'd been brought up in. That's what they done. I went back and Jim Scott called me up. Course I knew that, where the lines were, covered the entire. That's a tough country in around Carrigain Notch, up through there. Gees!...

Another time they sent a fella up to make a re-survey, the Livermore valley. We had the old maps. Jesus, the Saunders had the original maps of that goddam outfit! And he says, "I tell ya, by gees you and I are gonna." They sent me up then I don't know why. But anyway I went up. And he was a southerner, a real southerner. But he was a keen, you know I could tell when he'd, use those instruments, what in hell he wanted to know. He said, "I think you and I can do this and not ever do too much." [He laughs.] He said, "I'm gonna--." By God he sent that back in.

There was some argument between Washington and whoever in hell Laconia, some of those outfits or Philadelphia it could have been we had the regional office. And I'll be goddamned if he didn't tie that in within one percent. And I don't know what the hell he done, I didn't do a goddamn thing. [He laughs.] Just go down and get a few groceries. He lived, I think we lived in one of the depot camps, in that Livermore was slidin out. Had the old camp there. And he stayed up there some.

Mr. Monahan then ranged over a wide variety of topics, including work at the Grand Lakes, work for the Forest Service, politics, family and such. He wound up his comments, saying, "Today we don't know

what in hell's goin on. But you and I are tough and we can survive this thing. We hope." He laughed, then added, "Yeah we went to school there, worked for the family and that's about what we done for em."

He then showed me some cards that "they used to send us in the fall. These here those, see they'd go back the city and they'd send us up stuff." The cards were sent by "the Saunders. Oh yeah, you know the different ones would, they had maids work for em and the chauffeur, Joe Leonard, I knew him well. And they had, they had the best, you know. And then a fella come one time I forgot he offered me a tremendous price for those. He said they're old and see you don't see cards like that anymore. No. No, just happened to be that. We kept em all."

He asked me where I was from, and I said I had come originally from Massachusetts, near Boston. He declared:

I lived in Somerville a while. I was into a, plannin to go into grocery business, Reed Murdock, they were lookin for, you go in in the factory and learn from the factory up. The labelin department I guess I worked in there a while. What you'd end up is kind of a distributor for them, you know. Take an area and, take care of their orders. I didn't go for that. You know I had always worked up at Sawyer River, so. [He laughs.] But I had enough there so I, when I put the applic-, they accepted it anyway.

He went on to range over a host of subjects, including doctors, politics, neighbors, work on the Washburn operation, the Fish and Game Commission, and many more.

He talked a bit about fishing in the Sawyer River country, though nowadays he travels less on the trails and more on the road. He remarked:

You know they built a road in there when we logged. We logged, we built that road. 'Forty-one.... right through the bridge, we built that bridge. Well the government built the bridge....over Carrigain Brook and then continue into where Sawyer Pond Trail is, you know where that is. Then you go straight ahead there. Or, Jesus, you go out this way, five miles you come right around to Carrigain Brook again. Christ I, now I get mixed up in there, goddamnit. And I know that country.

He continued:

Another time I went in back of that goddamned Sawyer Pond. I don't know what the hell I was doin in there. And I got mixed up. Goddamn trail in there. And that was a, quite a, quite a country in there, in back of that pond. That's a big. They, of course it's, whether it's true or false, the story goes that years ago that used that crossing, two sled, and they claim some went down and the water was so deep they never know, never saved nothin. Now that's the truth, what they say.

Now that was the sayin years ago. They'd have a sluice and, you know we had these high places, mountains and some what, and somebody'd say, "Did they save the horses?" [He laughs.] Well they just as much said the hell with everybody else. But that's the way I think the old time lumber probably was.

The fella they put in charge was the guy that, Kelley over there for J.E. Henry. They said old J.E. now this is a story that got, took him down south finally, in his dyin days, or pretty near the end of the trail, and they hung him up by the thumbs cause he never wanted to pay his bills. [He laughs.] But they'd tell all that stuff, you know, which I never believed but, I guess he was a hard man. The stories they, whether they're true or false, I never heard none of his stories in my talks with them.

But another time, as I told you this Mark Hamlin and I went down from Brown, see that's when the Brown took over. And he was a kind of, you know, between, I don't know what the hell he was, he was a buyer, or a head to buyin, in that division. Which he didn't like me too more because I was straight for down here to the big wood companies. And he'd been there all his life, but of course I planned to retire. And there's a story goes he didn't like what was goin on out there but he couldn't do nothin about it. So he's goin in, talk to Sherm Adams.

So Sherm had a red house on that side, you know where his home is, you know where Sherm Adams lived?

"Down in Lincoln?" I responded, and he resumed:

Yeah, Lincoln. Well he lived there. And they had horses. She did. We knew her, we could talk to her too. So, he says, "I know him well enough so we can get in." "I'd, I'd rather not go in. Cause I know Sherm too." [He laughs.] Not, not that well but

I didn't want to get in on anything like that. So he says, "We'll go in and have a little chat with him." And I'll be goddamned he didn't listen to () that.

I could tell right off. We weren't too goddamn welcome there. Then he introduced me. "I know him." Gees I didn't, goddamn knew me or not. I was just as ornery as that buzzard. So he just said, "I know him." Then we left. Whatever story he had, that's the way he was. "That's no story you bring here, I don't want to know nothin about it, that's the end." And he practically walked to the door, so. I'd say good-bye and go out.

That's, and then I saw him at that, over there at that one time, Henry Waldo was over there. Remember when they had the old hotel over there? In Lincoln? Yeah, well we had a hotel there in Lincoln at the time, we used to call it the drunk, drunkard's headquarters. [He laughs.] Anyway they'd all go there, the woodsmen. Then when he got to move em out, and I was down there twice, I saw him twice. But he was quite sick at the end. You know, what would happen to everybody, but.

Where did I. Then one time he wanted to see me, oh it was a Forest Service deal. And I was in charge of sellin the stumpage off this place. It was somewhere near Lincoln. Well, I usually go through Henry. You know, he was woods manager. And remember they had an old fellow who was a loggin boss and, well anyway. We went back, they were sendin this wood in, and by God we didn't like it. And I told em, I said, "I represent the Forest Service here. I can't accept no deal like that." You know. And he was big, too. I don't know what they done. Next day, I got a call that they'd handle it at the Supervisor's. That kind of makes you lame, but not that lame. I don't work for Sherman Adams.

But that's the way he was. I understood when he wanted that whole valley out there he just said, "Here, I want this. I want that." And by God he was a power over you for years and years. He got this Bear Mountain Road. Him and not Bass who the hell was it, congressman. Every year we built four or five miles the goddamn thing we got the eight miles finally crossin, which I wish they didn't have at times, still. [He laughs.] And it's a poor one, for traffic. It's either build a road and fix it, or.

Mr. Monahan went on to consider snowmobiling, aspects of

National Forest policy, skiing, condominiums, and then his own house:

I think these old houses just as concrete, don't you? I think they're good shape. We lowered the ceilin. And I put in some plywood when I was in the plywood business. Fixed the house, we got the same amount it's just a little house, but its satisfactory. And then at least I can walk on my own National Forest. I was gonna sell that. The Forest Service wanted to extend right here to the thing but I, gonna keep it. It's only three acres anyway. And they tell you what, "Save your land,

save your land." By God there's nothin to save here in the valley. They haven't got any land here.

Mr. Monahan ranged over a number of topics, including expansions at Loon Mountain and Waterville Valley ski areas, the Passaconaway Ranger Station, the Grand Lakes, and town valuation:

But the valuation, how the hell does anybody know about valuations, actually? They send on their old line, we looked over there, by God's sake it was useless, a lot of it. Miles and miles of just, well we just, wrote, mapped it in, Carrigain, I couldn't get up, I by God done there, I said, "I'm not goin up to no Nancy Brook. I been up there once." [He laughs.] We went in as far as the Nancy Trail there, said, "Let's map this thing in." It's all plateaus and all that big pine is still up there. Well durin the war, they wouldn't tackle that, with equipment. They didn't want to put the money in it. The Army wanted it, apparently they didn't want to put the money in it.

But that could a been goin today, the Livermore, you know, it could a been the way we do down to, we've got a little peg mill here, the only one in the United States in fact. But that could have been runnin, to Livermore. That's one thing I think, been just as well to saw a little there, and give at least fifty people some, other than, this is gonna be hard goin to just live off tourists.

I followed up this comment by asking him, "What do you figure brought it down, in the long run, the Livermore mill?"

He replied:

Well, I don't. The management, I thought. You know, I may be wrong, but, I thought. See my Dad goin out, course he was just one of them. Donahue owned the Pines down here in Bartlett. He was superintendent, he bought that, we bought this. Bought anything you could from them days. And their plan was to come here when they retired, within ten years or so. We looked down the road. Today by gees they're runnin down the road. [He laughs.]

Mr. Monahan then went on to review a number of matters: a local newspaper publisher, political patronage, the C.C.C., work on the Megantic, local politics, and others, and then said:

No I was glad to come back here and wait it out. My father, you know, he was like that too. My brother, we weren't out for the kill or get killed or out there, that's the answer. No,

we liked that old Livermore valley. We lived there and never knew the difference. Christ I've lived, probably as good as I'll ever live. Yeah they always would say give him a few dollars, they paid us. Oh yeah, a few cents, they'd give us. And then as I said I got a chance to go in and eat with the bluebloods. Who does that? Yeah, they were just kind people. Three old ladies who'd just, very very old. The afternoon my mother'd go down and prepare the menu. They had maids, the goddamndest stuff you ever saw. I thought I was in the Pentagon. [He laughs.] Gees, get away, can't get me a job like that.

I asked him, "Did they spend a lot of time up there? The Saunders sisters?"

He responded:

All summers, just the summer. Yeah. And there's of course, as he got in there, the mill, everything was dying, and of course Charles was a big setback to them. And then Nash, I don't know whether he told them anything or, or just says, "This isn't for you." And of course they had millions of dollars anyway. If you got a million you ain't got to hurry like you and I around trying to find the next dollar. So that's the way they operated. A big mill like that. Which was a good mill, too, one of the finest. Gees, they got anything that money could buy....

They tore it down finally. Yep. No that one they just kept tearin away at it. Sellin different things. Oh he wasn't known for that at all. He'd come up, probably a week, two weeks, and he stayed there now. He used to come up and eat with us. At our home. And then he stayed there in the house, he'd got. And of course I don't know, course we went away then, after, when they acquisitioned there, worked the Willey Camps.

My uncle had a concession. We had that for I think eight years. I made some money there. I worked for Standard Oil. And I was goin to school. Had, just summer of course. The only thing they made pumps there, you had to paint em green. But Standard Oil would say, "Oh, we're gonna have weird pumps." You know how Stanford [sic] Oil is. Carpen come up, he told me. By gees, I made some money. That goddamn oil was thick as grass. You remember that old (green oil)? And gas was pretty good, I made a dime I guess or a nickel. But gees I sold tremendous -- and pumped it by hand. In fact I done so much I hired a kid, to help me. All day long we pumped that, you know people come up.

And then there's a fella by the name of McCaffer there, he was kind of a mechanic. When they'd hit that air, you see, the goddamn things were rolled down like chu-chu-chu-chu, they'd be () then he'd come out, and roll em around. That's the way it's all done. I mean, I can remember that, a kid, I'd say, "Gee, why can't I get a job like Caffer." [He laughs.] Instead of pumpin that goddam oil and gas (). But he stayed there a

while at his, and Hamlin finally was () he was a mail clerk and Donahue had a store. He was my uncle....

So then my uncle, cousin wanted us to go to Florida, and stay with them down there but shit, what the hell would we do down in Florida? We got our kids here, huh? We're big time Christmas, Thanksgiving. I can still if they bring the turkey I can help em eat it. [He laughs.] I bought them turkeys for years. Oh, we had a big Thanksgivin. Every year they bring a, goddamndest, I have a belly ache for a week afterwards. [He laughs.] But we all get together, and my family's here. I guess it's all, what it's all about.

We ranged over other topics for a while, such as Mount Washington, his pension, Washburn, and work at Tupper Lake in the Adirondacks. Of camp life, he claimed, "Christ I ate better in the camps than I did in the hotel. Five kinds of pie. I tell my wife when I come home I start kickin on the grub." In the Depression era, he noted, "There was nothin in it them days was it to, () work for nothin."

He went on, saying, "What I say about the lumber company up there (), 'You want to work, work here for this outfit.' For nothin really, just they're feedin me. Where would I'd gone? Then I finally got into that, when they sold, that put me upstairs cause Jim Scott was Supervisor, later Regional Forester. 'Put im up there. You'll lay that program on.'" Mr. Monahan then ranged over his experiences with Washburn, at Fort Kent, with Gulf and Western, and in North Stratford. "I knew that I was in for, to do entirely different work. But I was expectin it cause I had done, I had the basic training right in the Livermore valley. You know, in a little way." He spoke more about the Grand Lakes and Vermont, then added:

But when old Bob [Monahan] and I and old Sherman Adams get goin, it was good days. I'd like to be back them days. Give em all hell, and not have no hard feelins. You could say what you wanted to old Bob. Him and I would go up. You can't tell me he was a good Republican, I says, "Christ, the hell you, where in

hell did you ever find a good one?" You know, someday oh Gees, that's all I had to say.

After a bit more loose conversation about his firewood business, we looked at a picture of the Livermore school class, taken by the store, across from the engine shed. He said, "Right there, that's me, right there. Them days they let me have a white shirt on." Another picture, of a wagon and horses, led him to remark:

Yeah, yeah, that was way back. See there's the coach they had to ride in. See, and they had hook these horses. Usually had four horses. They lived quite a establishment. We lived down in what is a way of life, you know what I mean. You either have it or you don't. There's unloadin the logs on the sidin. See we'd come in with these cars, and they dump em in the pond. Yeah. And that's a shot of the valley. It was just like all lumber camps. It was no better, no worse.

Seeing another photo, I asked him, "That was the last schoolhouse there?"

He replied:

Yeah that's the new one. That other one there, where you seen us, the family, sitting, there. Did you see that one? There it is right up above you there. Now that's a, quite a story. See how well dressed we were. And we used to go up there, the old schoolhouse, they used it for other purposes you know they had a little, in that old school, they'd go in there and build a fire and take your lunch.

I asked about the shed behind the schoolhouse in the picture, and he informed me:

That was where you had the plant, we had a electric plant. We had our own electricity. We're real style, boy. But we had electricity most of the time from the mill. Till we had to, well in fact part of the peg mill down here is what we had for a motor. Old, old watt right there goes up and down. We had that at, they bought it from them. And I think they bought that old pipe too from them.

He also mentioned another building, saying, "And then we had an

old Parker House we kept for years and years up there. That thing fell over."

I asked where the Parker House was, and he told me it was, "Up, just above the school. It was a real old building. Goddamn that thing stayed there. Like some of these old ones, like this fella's garage next door....this was right on the Sawyer River, the Sawyer River. See the Sawyer River run down here, and we're up on the hill there. See all the rocks there, goddamnit. But we had paths, apparently, or did we jump over the rocks. That's the way. There's Carrigain. On top of Carrigain."

He showed me a picture of the then crude lookout tower atop the mountain, and I asked him, "Did you take many trips up there?"

He responded:

I run that damn line up there, that ground line. Me and Pearly Garry. Yeah. They got away from that trees, we used to hang the old thing on the trees, you know, to get the, send a fella up there every summer you know. I never got on that one. I did on Pequawket. Then I got in with that file, you know, the fire. Of course I knew em at Twin Mountain. "Goddamn, Tom, I'm glad you're up here." He says, "You're gonna live like a king. You really got the job." He'd fly over every day, drop me the newspapers, my groceries. [He laughs.] I'd leave. See then, when a certain time, we'd take turns goin. Some didn't like it, but by God, after we've got up there we lived downstairs.

Then there's the old original, now they're buildin a real one, the government gonna go up there somethin gonna fix that Pequawket. And we lived downstairs in that goddamn thing. And I'd go down and get my water, live downstairs and we had the fire-finder upstairs, on another tower, you go up about four or five steps....But we didn't spend much time there. You could see the whole goddamn thing. Gees, I was a proud man. They'd call me ranger, bring me food, gosh there'd be fifty people there in the day. Gees I'd hate to see em goin at night. Christ, where am I goin with all of this food. I had more animals around me there. Christ they'd leave me all the damndest stuff. They'd come up and they'd cook their dinner. "Ranger, you want some dinner?" I said, "Yeah, sure."....Why not?

And that's the best damn job there is. Of course you couldn't stay there too long, either, some did. Once in a while they took it for a (noble) man but they'd take us fellows once in a while, ship us up there, weekend the other fella had a whole week. Jack Marsh and I went up there (). "Jack," I met him, "By God I don't want no more of those K-rations either, Goddamnit." See they allowed you twenty dollars. Stay there for three days. And I'd order just the top. I wasn't married then, so I said, "Bring me a couple a beers. Don't tell the boss." [He laughs.] So that was the way that. But I liked that there, isn't that funny? Life in a lookout. Who would like that? Henry Waldo was on one. And Pat Herr. That's how bad things were.

Mr. Monahan said that that had been the way things were in 1931. After that he was made a Forest Dispatcher. He went on to range over various aspects of his Forest Service experience, spoke for a moment about newspapers, and he then recalled the newspaper obituary for his father. The obituary had stated that one of his father's responsibilities had been to take company guests hunting and fishing. I asked if he had done that as well as run the railroad, and he told me:

Yeah. And he was buildin, planning out the railroad. And they'd build a mile a year. Of course that's a lot of work. Go a mile a year with. And we got finally into Camp 7. But I was kind of sorry to see it go due to the fact, as I mentioned to you, I think we'd a done better for a few people, like the peg mill, I'd like to see it stay. In fact he's out. Just about makin it. Cause he got a little wood in there now. I bought a little wood from them for a while. The butts are the best. Gees you send anything other than a white birch boy, you're a goner. [He laughs.] Six inches. God, they couldn't use it, they claimed. Now, look at we're usin beech, soft maple. Well they don't know the damn difference, do they? Say they couldn't polish them.

Mr. Monahan talked about a number of other things, including the Washburn operation, the firewood business, the C.C.C., the Forest Service, his pension, retirement, doctors, colleagues from the past, and Robert Shackford. He noted:

I knew about everybody in the valley. They'd know I was in that goddamn, I'd wished I was never in Livermore ().

And this fella come in, and I could tell right off he didn't. He was from Boston Globe. And I said, "Gees, I'm sorry but I've run out of air, I haven't got any more." He'd come in and he wanted to know all about, if the Saunders, and then, Gallup or some other, he got back to Boston sent up some of the relatives. Cousins or somethin. So they come and I told em I said, "Gees, I can just rem-. We worked there, we worked for the Saunders." What else could I say? We were used good. And I can remember gettin a small pay, but Christ I've got it ever since so I'm not lying. [He laughs.]

But that's the way they operated. The Saunders family. You were part of the family. We were. That close. My mother was with them. My father, they'd say, "John, tomorrow we got some four or five hunters coming up." If I can find that I'm lookin everywhere I'll let you read that see what he did. He done most of his time he spent just visitin and buildin up the business here.

Why I remember I was lookin out there for half-a-mile at the lumber piled up. We could see it there all around, you know. They done well there. And then of course he was from Boston, he shipped that back and built homes, apparently.

He had mentioned electricity in the village, and I asked him for more details on that arrangement. He said:

Yeah well they didn't, we had lights. On the street. We're damn poor. Like I got one out here. For twenty years I tried to get one to come halfway up again. But they gave you mostly everything, the company as much as. And I can remember them shipping in their stuff. They bought us Armour's and Swift's and all that. They bought a good product. They had a special car for that. We didn't have no passenger cars but we had freight cars built for, two doors and, well you can see them I got some pictures here somewhere. I could show you some. Backed right into the tracks here. Yup. I don't know as some of this here. But anyway we got, all that stuff was from a way back in the Livermore family. They shipped stuff out. They lived here durin the summer and get out of here in the winter. Then send us all those cards. But it's a different ball game today, isn't it?

After discussion on several other topics, we slowly wrapped up our interesting afternoon together.

It took a little bit of doing to trace a path through Tom Monahan's life after his wide ranging, even rambling interview. While I would stop short of calling it chaotic, there were times when it seemed

to be flowing along a rather idiosyncratic stream of consciousness. Still, many important threads might be detected.

Tom Monahan was born in Bartlett in 1907, and lived in Livermore until the age of 17. He attended school in the village, and worked a bit in basic positions for the company, such as hauling mail, helping his brother in the store, and helping out in the mill with such jobs as scaling -- "we scaled butt and top and we didn't know what the hell was goin on." He attended school in Portland, worked briefly in Somerville, Massachusetts, and returned to the North Country, working with other family members at the Willey Camps in Crawford Notch.

He then was employed by the U.S. Forest Service in a variety of positions. One of his first jobs was to assist the survey crew which worked on the government acquisition of Livermore. He also served as a Forest Guard, which included firetower duty and other related tasks such as stringing a telephone wire to the Mount Carrigain lookout. He worked on property acquisition for the Green Mountain and White Mountain National Forests. He also was involved in preliminary survey work for a proposed National Forest on the Grand Lakes of Maine. And he worked in a supervisory position at the Civilian Conservation Corps camp in Laconia.

He entered the Forest Service in the early 'thirties (circa 1931-1934), and left to enter private industry in 1945. This work included such responsibilities as scaling and procurement for Great Northern Paper on the Allagash, for the Reuben Washburn mill, based in North Stratford, New Hampshire, and for the Brown Company (later purchased

by Gulf and Western, and then by James River). After retirement, he did some consulting work for Megantic Manufacturing.

Mr. Monahan's busy work career required extensive traveling, and left him comparatively little time at home with his family. Yet it is evident from his comments and stories that he is proud of his work and of his accomplishments. For instance, on one occasion while working for Great Northern he could persevere and find that an extensive stand of birch that others had considered rotten proved to be valuable veneer stock. He also could hold his own against the likes of the formidable and temperamental Sherman Adams. While he didn't seek confrontation, he stood his ground when his duty demanded. Though he wasn't backed up by his employer, he made his point: "That kind of makes you lame, but not that lame." Though keenly aware of political considerations, he did not let them overshadow his competence or his integrity.

He still has an interest in the ongoing affairs of his former employers, especially those of his "neighbor," the U.S. Forest Service.

With his rich and varied experiences in the region and with his adult accomplishments it is perhaps understandable that Mr. Monahan should become a little weary of inquiries which may focus solely on what went on when he was a mere child. Maybe, too, there is some ambivalence regarding his childhood, when his father (though he died relatively early) was a regular presence, and his later family life when he was often away from his own children. Yet his memories of Livermore are accessible and informative.

His roots in Livermore go back to his father's arrival there in 1887, although he knew very little about the earlier days of the town. He recalled the Saunders with interest, respect, and even affection. They were "the bluebloods," and they helped provide a livelihood for the people of the White Mountain village: "They made it possible for somebody to get a job." There was the strange, but worthy Daniel Saunders, whose dedication to conservative logging practices Mr. Monahan respected. There was his son Charles, "the 90 day wonder," who sadly proved "a big setback to them." And there were the three sisters, whom he usually refers to as "the ladies" (rather than the more common "the old maids"). He remembered dinners with the ladies when he was a restless child, and casts images of them picking flowers or riding in their coach.

Mr. Monahan put Clinton Nash in a decidedly unfavorable light. When he came on the scene, "That was the end. It killed all that beautiful mill." He recounted the tale that Nash gave the proceeds from the sale of the Livermore land to charity but added, "I doubt it." He was also willing to repeat the allegations that Nash lived in his cellar and chased people away, certainly not a complimentary image. "I don't know where they found anybody like that," he declared. Mr. Monahan lay the lion's share of the blame for the decline of the mill, and of the town, on Nash's shoulders. The mill could still be running today, and giving jobs to people, if not for his managerial incompetence.

Mr. Monahan also had pleasant memories of Livermore and its people. He recalled the church building, the road and the railroad, where his father worked, when he was not guiding company visitors on

hunting and fishing trips. He recounted the mill operation, and the store and post office, where his brother and sister worked. He spoke with great respect of the school, both of its fine equipment, including typewriters and moving pictures, and of the excellent education he received there. He remembered the houses -- the simple ones on Main Street, the better ones up the hill, and the old, abandoned Parker house. He related that the town enjoyed "good people" -- the Lanes, Potters, and Ramsdells. He remembered, too, other people who worked for the company, the Canadian or other bonded laborers who were in tough straits, needing work yet terribly unsuited for woods employment.

Mr. Monahan offered occasional vignettes from the legendry of the area. Some tales had a local brand, such as that of the loaded team lost in Sawyer Pond. Others have the flavor of the broader logging era, tales of J.E. Henry, of Kelley the Bulldog, and of the days when employers asked, "Did they save the horses?"

One of Mr. Monahan's summaries testified that he saw life in Livermore as "a real life of people, which the railroad fella there....all they's mention's the railroad and the engines. But to live right there with the people is the answer we had. We knew the people, knew the management and we lived there, worked for them." "We worked there, we worked for the Saunders. What else can I say? We were used good."

Section 2. More Glimpses of Tom Monahan's Livermore

Subsequent to the interview related in Section 1 of this chapter, I met with Mr. Monahan on two occasions. On the first of these two

follow-up visits I, frankly, hoped to find that the conversational manner Mr. Monahan had displayed during our initial meeting would be transformed somehow into a clearer elucidation of his recollections of his life in and knowledge of Livermore. But such was not to be, as our second interview proceeded in the same rather eclectic, outwardly disjointed fashion as the first. It seemed that this was simply Mr. Monahan's complex way of discussing his varied past. His reminiscences of Livermore were not about to be presented separately from his total life experience, for his youth in the mill village had formed a deep foundation upon which all his later life was constructed. The connection between Livermore and the rest of the world, sometimes subtle, sometimes perplexing to the observer, must be integral in Mr. Monahan's consciousness.

The third meeting I enjoyed with Mr. Monahan was arranged primarily to allow me to make some rough copies of his old photographs of Livermore, its houses, camps, and residents, including his own family. During the course of the photo session, with his kitchen table as my copystand and his overhead fluorescent as my feeble light, we chatted about the subjects of the particular photographs, as well as about many other topics.

This second section of this chapter features extensively edited segments from my second and third meetings with Mr. Monahan. The textual material is grouped more-or-less according to main subject, but there is often substantial overlap within groups, and there is also some repetition of material which, I would contend, underscores topics of significance to Mr. Monahan.

It is obvious that a presentation of this material in such a synthetic form overlooks the context in which it was given, but I trust that the reader will understand that the basic context was quite similar to that evident in Section 1 of this chapter.

These texts and text segments are offered not to alter the meaning or significance of the interview recounted in Section 1, but to add to the available store of information about Livermore, its people, and their ways of life. If an attempt were made to have these texts stand wholly on their own, they could not be deemed representative of Mr. Monahan's recollections or of his individual narrative style. As an adjunct to Section 1, however, they can serve a useful purpose. Indeed, even in these truncated segments we can see more than a hint of Mr. Monahan's dense web of inter-relationships.

An Overview

But this Livermore thing I think it's history, don't you? Saunders that came here from, see he was mayor of Lawrence, you know that. You got that information. And he brought up his son who was Charles who was an attorney. He got in with this Nash apparently. And this, well this Nash was wasn't a lumberman and I don't think he was anything, he just probably tried his, they said when he sold the Livermore valley now this is vague after 20 some million, or 20 somethin or whatever in hell he got, 270 thousand it might have been, he give it to charity.

And he died in his sister's house one. Shackford told me about him dyin there he went down to see him he was dyin then he was very sick. And he'd come up here and they say he'd chase the hell out of a lot of people when he was livin in the bottom part of the house. Now whether he did or didn't I don't know. You know, I didn't bother goin up. Course after we got out of there you know we were, had different angles to our, course we lived here. My sister used to go up there, we'd ride up to Livermore (cause Christ we'd still talk like we lived up there). So we used to go up there quite often.

And then it got to be, you know National Forest picked it up, which was I think a good thing. But I didn't think they should've cut it like that. We wouldn't done it as a lumber

business. But they might have finally too. Cut closer to the mill. See they went a way back, they were there they were workin for a long term. Cut away back and then, every year, get closer and cleaned up the sides of those mountains, over there where we had the water, you know there's an upright, that's where we had our water system. You know, that stuff. They were, they were good to people generally, you know but they had to have some tough bosses. They only hit you once and that was it. [He laughs.] But they had some tough, really tough men.

His Family, His Life, and His Work

Well we had an uncle worked for Stone and Webster. We never wanted for clothing, winter clothing. By God he'd come, he had a big engine, he was an engineer. He'd bring us all the goddamndest stuff. Fit us all out, have us fit out. Gee I'd have nice hats and coats. Just like Mount Washington. Gees I was outside all the time. That's why I wanted to be a forester. Well we had a good life, you know. Never, really never wanted for anything. But that's the life you live. We didn't have a lot of money. I don't think anybody today has got any volume of money.

He recalled one of his first jobs, saying, "I used to go down with that two wheel gig and get the mail, at the train and come back. That's a long time ago." I asked if he had been paid for that, and he said, with a laugh, "Oh sure, a dollar a day. That's good enough for any man." I remarked that a dollar went a lot farther then, and he continued, saying, "Well we didn't really know the difference in life then. You lived then, it was all company stuff. My dad didn't get much pay but we had a good thing there. You had a roof over your head. Today if you've got a roof over your head, sittin in here and not worried too much about that. I'm the luckiest man in town."

Turning to a family portrait, Mr. Monahan remarked, "There were the old houses we had. There's us, my, we were a little bigger then. And there's me and old Dan. We called the horse, I was going to call him Daniel Saunders but I didn't dare to," he said with a laugh. "Does

that look any image of me? No? That's quite a while," and he laughed again. "That's a long time ago. Let's see we're born, I was about 12 or 14, well I went to work at 12 or 14, and Christ that was old to be going to work. Old Mr. Saunders'd say," he clears this throat, "turned to father, 'John. Those boys can come out and work around the mill and barn,' you know, between the mill and with the orders and different dimensions and what like. We didn't work much, but my brother was in the post, in the clerk in the store, my sister in the post office."

He recalled, "And I had to laugh they claim once this inspector came in, and all the money was in the same drawer." He laughed deeply, then continued, "A quick way to do it. And they'd say yeah, 'By goddamn, I never seen anything run like that.' Mr. Saunders said, 'This is all taken care of in Washington.' Never heard of him again. That was an inspector."

It was his work hauling mail from Sawyer's River to Livermore, year-round, that led him on to another job. He noted, "That's how I got, when I got to eighteen they gave me a job on the railway mail, a fellow liked me and, that was all done that way then. So I'd ride from Portland to Boston, then I learned to prep all the mail and the sacks, and all." He continued:

You know, in the train. But that was nothing I really wanted to do long. Then when I got to Portland I worked in the terminal down there and that gave me a chance to pay for my schooling. My uncle was the head of the Elks so I got to go down to the Elks, go down there to Boston, Portland, there to the Expo, and what a time we had there watching them fights and all damn stuff. So I got an education, with my own working there enough to pay for my meals and stuff. My aunt, she didn't

care too much for that (). Jesus Christ I smoked those good cigars boy, that's better than black coffee! [He laughs.]

But I had a life that nobody else had there, and never will, cause they can't do all those things, like I done.

I asked Mr. Monahan if he had ever worked in the mill at Livermore. He told me:

No, I was mostly clerking, outside, I was young, and I scaled, with the scaler, what they called, the piles, see they'd come in by truckloads, rolled over the bank, the yard, what they called it, you went and measured it it was. I didn't know what the hell was going on, I measured the butt and top, and that was the way it was done, who the hell would know, actually. What we know is what we know today.

Living in the Village

I asked Mr. Monahan who had lived on Main Street in Livermore, and he answered, "Well, people who worked in the mill, mostly, just regular people who worked year-round, like all of us we started there, and after vacancy come we grabbed it, we stayed there permanently it was just a little better house, that's all. Course you had the heat from that, that was it you had the heat from that system, we had a heating system, surplus steam from the mill, I guess that's what that stack was up there for, now I can remember."

Mr. Monahan remarked on the houses up the hill from the mill area, saying, "Beyond the school by the mill, there was seven buildings on top, we finally we called it we graduated from down the hill....We lived at first in the lower end of the town and then they gradually got up to, up the hill there. Yeah, I lived in, I think it was the second one." In the first one lived "that man there was taking those pictures and stuff. He come up for the summer. He just use it for the summer.

So I figure that's pretty classy, picking up one of them summer homes." He ended with a laugh.

Mr. Monahan didn't know the man's name, but remembered that "he was some executive with the company. He came from Massachusetts. Not Nash, he lived in the big house, he stayed right there till he nearl-, pretty well fell down. That house was leaking and everything when he bought it there, Shackford, now I mean who could keep it, I think it had a dozen bathrooms....Jesus Christ, boy, you go in there, you get style."

Mr. Monahan recalled the earlier residents of the house, the Saunders sisters:

It was given to them and they lived with what was given to them. Gees, I can remember Miss Mary Saunders she was in her nineties there, really way up there, they died around a hundred, they'd come and they'd go down to their garden, back then they had these beautiful gardens, they had a garden out back of the stone wall, you know where Shackford's camp is, well that was all there, in there, that was all their garden.

I asked if that had been a flower or a vegetable garden, and he told me, "Mine was vegetables, theirs was flowers. We used to have a little vegetable garden but not much. We could buy cheap, of course, we got wholesale....We were working in there, I think we paid, oh ten cents for a loaf of bread."

One of his photos showed some of the workers' housing down Main Street. He commented, "There's where we lived. Down hill. Then we finally got up with the four hundreds, you know. Got up there with the Paynes and all them gang up on top. But we lived up, when my Dad, see they called this Main Street. But I did get beyond Main

Street. But as I look back what the hell I, it's a funny life, ain't it. What the hell you're goin you don't know."

At another time he noted, "Then I got up there with the swells....But see the Paynes went away and all them, you know people, family, with the Saunderses so they become more or less reserved those five houses along there on that side north of the school."

I asked him about the references to boarding houses I had seen, and he noted, "Yeah, we had two, one up on the hill and one down below. We lived close to that the first time (halfway down)." I asked who stayed in them, and he told me:

Stayed in them? We had, kept, mill crews and the loggers too, so you had one up above, but mainly we got them in the camps loggers, that was the object of that. In the spring we had this crowd coming out, and then they'd say, well, "I rocked him in the cradle, the hell, he's a hundred percent," and (put them right through it), that was true, that was really the truth, make him a citizen, shit, () he could become a citizen automatically. But they done that to get the head tax, see, five dollars (what they'd do) for five dollars. But that's true, they said they had that old lawyer there they had the (he was crooked as a) goddamn snake, he had to be to survive. Then they sent these old horses and stuff go down to the railroad and the railroad had to pay running over them. [He laughs.] They had, they told the goddamndest stories.

He offered another overview of the Livermore scene:

But the company like that, they had their own people, and they appointed them of course, they spoke to the legislature, you'd do this, he'd give you a call, gees at Town Meetin and they'd say, "Let's keep the Canadians over till the first of April and collect head tax." That was head tax, then let em go the next day. [He laughs.] And then there'd be some argument (on that one, I don't know). And they had to make out some how but they'd say well they had a. Now this is a story they had a cradle out there and they'd rock a fellow, "Christ, I rocked him in the cradle." "Good enough." And that's what they today, too. You don't know what the hell's goin on. [He laughs.] I'm gonna tell that before the governor and council some day if I get down. Christ's sake, my grandfather wasn't even anything, they rocked him in the cradle and when he got out of there he was a citizen.

[He laughs.] Christ any more things goin on like that in the state you might want to tell me about it.

Mr. Monahan made a reference to cows in the village, and I asked who had kept them. He told me, "Well the Saunders, they kept cows. They had a barn you know, quite a big barn too." He started to explain where it had been, noting, "That's down near the river there, see if I can show it to you." He pointed to a photo, and said, "Look see, that didn't look too bad there, this is the backing up, that's going to Little Canada, that, this is the main line here. See we had two lines, and there's the way we trucked in by, car loads, we'd load them on cars, and that was done by hand, think of that, loading them goddamn things by hand. We had good and bad days, I'd imagine, some of them people worked like dogs."

The cement stanchions now visible on the Sawyer River served the water system, as "across the river there, we got our water from over on the other side of the mountain." Mr. Monahan believed it served the whole town; he noted, "Yes, I think it did, yeah. We had water in our house anyway."

That was cold and hot water, as Mr. Monahan noted, "We had stoves then, made with coils in them and you had a tank, on an upgrade, and your water just, same as you do today, only you had wood instead, and we had hot water, oh sure. And that old tub, you took a bath in that, old big tub. Throw them all in at once, five." He laughed at that image of all his brothers and sisters in one tub, then added, "As you look back, what the hell, we'd have never known the difference, we could have stayed there probably, they'd have kept that thing going, the rest of our lives. There's some people here in Bartlett

probably never been within thirty miles of here I wouldn't doubt it, I bet, would you?"

He also looked at another photo, saying, "There was that family there that, I think there's the last house we were in up there, and this was that Caleb Saunders or something, he was a nephew, he done all this work on that house on the same side of the road, on the upper side." The photo bore the caption, "Mrs. Payne's Garden," and Mr. Monahan observed:

Yeah, Mrs. Payne, there you are, Paynes. He was one of these, () you saw him at that machine, he was a great, he was in the family somehow. He had a type of, but he was a hell of a good guy, I remember him, you know, he was younger than they. But I remember Daniel Saunders, he was pretty near down to the ground, a hundred years old, that was the old father snow white hair, way down his back, right up () till the end of time.

The School

On the subject of the schoolhouse, Mr. Monahan remarked:

God they built the new one under this tax structure, and Christ, I never walked into a school like that, it was a Pentagon I called it. Brought in typewriters, movies in the afternoon, everything. They made their own electricity. But of course the tax structure, the old man got entangled with the tax structure in Concord, and by gees he says, "I'll put the money in education." By God he did. Which helped us (because it was like a) regular high school or better. Had everything. Books and all these things, Christ. I felt like a professor....Electric lights, running water.

I asked Mr. Monahan about political life in Livermore, and he told me:

No, we, that was all done by the management. The school, they got in a tussle with the commissioners. But I can remember, that education thing, that McCann girl referring back to her she's lucky you got some people down there once in a while you are, heat them up, and that was it. But we had to get them up here. He had dinner with us.

My mother thought that was an awful thing to have them children walk those two miles of road, and they were doing everything else, and she was smart enough to know that, everybody else worked.

Little Canada

Mr. Monahan mentioned that there used to be "edgings and stuff" stored near the mill, and also at a place across the river: "Well we just ran that up on a siding there's houses up in there." Who lived in those houses? "Oh, people lived up the other side of the brook, of course it finally flooded out and they had to walk out about a mile but they, we used to call that Little Canaday, that's where the Canadians wanted to be, four or five of these big boarding houses."

The inhabitants "worked mostly woods see, they'd leave home and come up here wives, cabin, farm see, this was cash, in them days. Today, don't go up there for any benefits."

Mr. Monahan remarked, "The Canaday, that's where we got into trouble, on account of the water coming, see, the floods, see, that was coming in from that angle coming from, we used to back our engines up in there and get water, up beyond there, and have the edging piles up in there."

Medical Care and Other Matters

Mr. Monahan recalled the state of medical care in Livermore:

And most all of them claim that Dr. Shedd and those doctors we had up there, we survived it all right, you know. We'd go down there, this was all winter probably. We survived all of that mess. And all over the year we'd just get. But I never remember any great dis-, only the flu that killed whole families but that was, a different time I remember a family dyin with the flu. But as far as any diseases in camp they might get pneumonia. He says, "Christ nothin wrong with the man," or Dr. Shedd would come up, and he'd say, "He's a goner," or somethin.

Or try to get him down to the station or somethin like that. It was the same with the railroad....

Again speaking of Dr. Shedd, Mr. Monahan related that if someone were sick in the village, "He came up, every day." I asked if he came up by train, but he told me:

No no no, we, see he'd come as far as Sawyer River Station, from North Conway, on the train, that's the Maine Central, right by, we hooked in there you know, we had a siding, well they'd come there or other time he'd come up to Bartlett or come up by sleigh, he had a horse. And then when Morton got, he had one of these snow things he'd come in, he was the one that originally started that snowmobile stuff yeah over here to Jackson, he could ride in that. But he got up there, and he didn't care if he walked part way. Then we had another doctor later, Dr. Bean, and then we, so my dad had apparently this structure, bridge, or something, he got this hernia, and I guess they didn't catch it, got strangulated. He was only two days in North Conway hospital, he died.

And my brother died in five days after he left he was pretty near 80. He had worked for the state. And he just had this thing come on, and they got him down there, and the urine wouldn't work and they wanted to wire him up and he called me he said, "Don't let them do anything to me, I just want to." And he died of a heart attack. And I think he was in the Veterans', he died in the Veterans'.

I asked Mr. Monahan if he could tell me anything about the smallpox epidemic that had been reported for Livermore. He answered:

Livermore, well they didn't know what caused it, no more than they did flu, remember when they all died with the flu, one of our friends there, there were five men, they died in a week, and the smallpox was, they claim, I don't know what they got it from, but they weren't trained for it, like measles today and all, they used to call it, all that stuff, but this was smallpox, add it to the other pox you had and you had a lot of pox. [He laughs.]

And Dr. Shedd used to come up, we had him, and then men would die around 50, 55, die, just wore out, gone, the whole system killed them, or the poor food they blamed on the camps, or some goddamned thing, I mean, you're gonna die anyway.

But I mean, just the idea and I never could find out what the hell he always give he say, "Tom, I think you're full of shit," and I say, "I know I am doc." He'd give me a pill and I'd shit for a week and I was all right, and I lived all these years. [He laughs.] And that was Dr. Shedd. He was one of the greatest, Christ, but there was nothing he could do, he right off, the swelling and all this kind of, he knew, no hope. [This seems to

be a reference to the fatal illness of his father.] We had him up there. But he was the one, English wrote about, backed the train up when they were having a baby up in the Notch. The Evans family in fact, sure. And we had the same situation, about the same. He covered this the best we could. And we had a priest and a minister come up and see us once a month or something.

I asked him where the priest would say Mass, and he told me, "They had a building down town finally. We used to come down here, they furnished us travel, back and forth." I asked if they would make the journey on the train, and he answered:

No, we just rode on the pung, down to the church here, that was a long ways, of course only six miles when you figure it, but that's quite a while in the winter. They give four horses and they give a pung like, you've seen these, with the sides built on to them, what they'd call the old pungs, years ago, and they'd take you to church, and denomination, it didn't make a difference, that's the way they were. And they [the Saunders] went to the High Church of England when they were here in the summer and they'd, Bretton Woods there you know, that's the Mount Washington Hotel, just before you enter. Why I used to drive then up some, I used to like to drive that old Cadillac...boom...goddamn side on the thing.

"They used to drive up from Lawrence?" I asked.

Mr. Monahan replied:

Sure, we could drive them up, anybody that was could drive. I never really learned how to drive other than the chauffeur they had, he used to take me down learn me how to back that thing up, go down to the station with it. But they were awful keen on that stuff. They had that all dressed up and they'd go on these four horses, and ride in these coaches, they liked that better. But Christ riding in them days you had a duster on, and a hat went down over your ears, there were no lines to follow, now today I got to have the lines to follow. [He laughs.] But it was a great life, just the same. I didn't know any different. In fact now I don't know what's going on, so. [He laughs.]

The Parker House

He also considered the old house above the schoolhouse, the Parker House:

Oh well first, it was these Parkers, well, they might have been on one of these (sicklists some), but anyway they were up there, I don't know, but there was a Parker house, and they lived there these Parkers apparently, it was, it wasn't very far from that, was it, from probably. But I can remember the Parker house, Christ I went by that a good many, then I said, "If I ever find that foundation I think I know where there's some gold," but I don't know if there was gold or not, everybody dug out there, Christ the place was, for years, cans and bottles, Christ there was people up there, Christ, instead of going up like you and I if we could get in there and just take that Carrigain Brook and get a pan dish out some of that gold now those Harvard students were there every summer I was there, but I see they won't let them in there, National Forest, they don't let them, they've got a petition in there to get in.

The matter of the Parker house came up again, and he remarked:

A story went with that, I'm not too familiar, now these Parkers were somethin else, you know like you'll see once in a while see somebody go separate and apparently that was the story on that they were there in the Parker place they call it, I remember that, faintly, then, before that even, they were there when the thing started, I guess, see it started in 1876, my Dad went there about that time then he worked originally for Parker and Young well, Henry.

The Mill

"How many trains did you have coming out of the mill?" I asked, and he replied:

Well, we shipped out four or five cars a week, we wasn't that big, probably ten cars at the most a week. But we just backed them in on a spur and they picked them up. We didn't actually go on the Maine Central railroad, they'd give us a siding, you know, so we were parallel with the track and they could back in there and pick it up. They had freight, you know, pick up freight.

A photo of the mill spurred the comment, "That's the chute that goes up, see they're feeding the logs from the pond up, that's what they do." A chain on the chute "took the logs up, see it's a chain goin continuous and then, the fellow down here push the log on and it go up and it go right through the mill." The log was hooked on the chain

with "prongs on em and they'd take the log up and then the saw, put em right on the machine." He referred to a still-running mill elsewhere in the state, and then stated, "We had it there in Livermore. That's why I said they could have made some money. We had the spruce, what they wanted. Christ half of these companies, places built here all green lumber, five years you'll be lookin right out through." He laughed.

Continuing on about the photo of the Livermore mill, he said, "This is the log pile, see. That was dumped down into here [the mill pond]. Course that had to be clean, you know. Why we had the pond was to wash the mud off, the dirt off the logs. Before you put em in the saw, you know. And that was the reason they done that. See they rolled off, then the edgings and stuff went off as you say there's Little Canaday we called it."

He remarked:

It was mostly 16 footers. That was for the money ones, and they'd cut the board in two, two eights, see. That's what they asked for. Had to give em what they wanted. Random, we'd run random for a while if we didn't have any orders, but then by Jesus they had an order, you'd meet that. 2 by 4's, so many, 2 by 3's, and so on. All the way they operated. They knew what they were doin. Course they had the best men there. Fred Lane came from Conway. He was in the engineering department. Never miss a train, know how to back that stuff in. And then they had this other, his name was Donahue, Big Jim Donahue, and he looked after the operations. And they had to do the job or get out there. No halfway. And the woods boss he had to be tough.

Jim Donahue "was superintendent. Of operations. The whole thing. Right through, he had to see that, they wanted five million, he got it. He didn't care how he got it but he got it." He laughed.

And he spoke more about "the old double mill. That was what they had originally":

See what they called this, sawed it here and resawed there and planers and everything. It was quite a process.

Yeah we worked around the mill, did things up there. Mostly Mr. Saunders'd come up and say, about time that one of us could go to work. My mother'd go over at night and set up, we'd get a chance to eat some of em nuts to squirrels there. They'd take us in. They'd eat in candlelight. And they had that big mansion. And they'd have us children up there. And I'd sit there with my, all dolled up, a little tot. [He laughs.] We'd want to get the hell out of there, you know. And Miss Saunders'd say, "You may go, Thomas." It was three old maids. When we first started there and they dwindled down to one finally to one. Before we got out of there. But they died, all of them. And he took over, Nash. Then the thing died completely. She kept the thing, skeleton crew. People'd work the night time and still keep into it, pretty good.

There was no retirement then. No unemployment, no nothing. But we'd work the Willey Camps and all that different state. (That thing, boy, when it's over you can) next spring unless you could find somethin shovelin snow or somethin by God on the railroad (which was a good place) they'd let you go in there and clean out the yard and somethin. That's what you had for work, nothin else. And then the Forest Service when I first worked for them I had to work for a year I guess or two I got a temporary appointment.

The Mill and the Flood

Referring to one of the reputed causes of the decline of the mill, I asked Mr. Monahan how bad the 1927 flood had been in Livermore. He responded:

Well, it was bad but it wasn't that bad. See what they done, once in a while, see, to get to that Canaday thing is another mess to cross over there. Left that damn bridge there and that plugged the water, if they'd a got, put, down the road a ways, we left that Carrigain Brook bridge, too, remember where Carrigain Brook was off across, you follow up the river, up toward Sawyer Pond, well shit the same thing happened there. They had an old road and bridge and the damn thing fell into the river and that's what backed up and backed up....

Of course, it was expensive damage that they had the river was on the damn track it just rolled it over that was a bad situation where we followed too close. See now, up originally up where we're going now up to Sawyer Pond that's all, but we followed more or less on the river, the railroad part, river, that's all, but we followed more or less on the railroad part and you had to get the cars in there to unload them and get them so they followed.

We were cutting that side of Green's Cliff, we called it into the Sawyer Pond, and they built it for one way and they forgot about the other apparently it was wrong anyway, and after the Forest Service come in and sent them fellows up there they changed it. We come in to where we are at the store, on the original railroad bed, just a little bit above, from then on, and they could have been going, same as the peg mill, they're going on the wing of a prayer, I was up to see him the other day, I like to visit him, he's a nice guy, you know him, well you ought to go up some day and just say hello to him.

Work, Workers, and the Camps

I asked Mr. Monahan about the old charcoal kilns, and he responded, "Coal Kiln Hill? That was up in back of the camp we called it, coal hill, we logged there, we had a lot of accidents on that one. See, it was so damned steep the story was in them days they'd say, "Did they save the horses? The hell with the men." He laughed, and continued:

That was a story, which I never believed. They were, watch every penny-wise. They'd come through there, he could walk through there, old man Saunders and know what the hell was goin on. They had a edger there, different men were training there in them days the laths, save out anything we could sell for laths. We used to use them for cribbins, put the putty on, I mean to plaster these old houses. Oh yeah if a man put an edgin in there or vice-versa he was up to trouble. Oh that old man.

Shippin, all your lumber was sawed and left to kil-dried we called it leave it out five, six months then they could, then the old man could dicker, and he was hard I think he, he knew what he was doin all the time....Course that thing was only thirty dollars, think of that a thousand feet of spruce.

And of course we had men moving all the time. They'd ship them in and they'd run off. That must have cost the company a bundle, you know, but old man Saunders, and Nash, he was death on them any of them anyway, he didn't want them anyway, but he had nothing to say because Saunders, he wasn't in the picture until he died and the whole thing went to pieces. That mill could be running up there today.

A lot of people from here worked there. They were sawmill people anyway. You know you learned one thing, you done it, so you were resaw man or, then they sawed on carriages. It was

any job you, any ordinary man could a done most, most of the jobs there. You know (it wasn't technical or anything). You done one thing and you learned to do that good. Resaw. A lot of people lose their fingers. [He laughs.] Them days they, old man they'd say, they'd have a wreck up on the mountain, loggin, you know, it's steep, horses would (and some steered badly. They say, "Hope you recover) the horses, to hell with the men." [He laughs.] They did all the work. And I remember gettin men up here by God (as they able?) lyin up here, my father'd go up and get em all.

And they were comin, they were bonded they'd call it, you'd write a bond, they just signed em, it's like a (human) they're so many that they just signed, so let em go. They'd get them in the camps, and they'd stay, or run away over to Lincoln, a lot of em never made it across there. In them days if you didn't work, you had to get out of the camp. No law protected you. One time there was an insurance man but he was lookin for this guy, see. And they had to open up some kind of a path and then, (knowing) so they went across and they found this man dead. There were several. I guess they, the others had no insurance they weren't lookin for them. This family wanted to know where their father was (over there).

Then Golden and Largey, and all those shippin in Boston, they shipped in people after the war. No boots, no nothin. Just dress em up, throw em into some boxcar and ship em up to Sawyer River. Yeah they pick em up down here off the train here then they put em in them boxcars (drag em out in their coats). That big old store there, where is that big old, the big old store? [He looks at a photo.] This was the office, main office and the store. They'd take em in there. Then they'd ship em to the camps, see. Then that was railroadin most of it. See they could run that railroad at the end in winter, just as good as you, that railroad pretty well off. They weren't, they had to ship that stuff out in the carload lots. The lumber.

I asked him, "Did the runaways figure they'd get a better paycheck over in Lincoln? That they headed over that way?" He replied:

No, they'd bounce em out. They wouldn't be satisfactory. See they had these camp bosses. There weren't no foolin. No. Lincoln was just as bad. They called em Kelley the bull dog, and Kelley the bear and all them over there. They had a bunch of son of a bitches. They were these rough, when them men would come over they were like, somebody'd come up and see how you were. You'd go into the system. And I remember we didn't have nothing to, you know Christ, we had the better part, we'd ride up there with the stuff and Christ they'd dump it all, you and I, hit a cant dog you start over the head I didn't waste time. And I done more or less the clerkin, shippin. Just let them check it

off, the cook. The cook was the boss up there, in the kitchen. Had no talkin at the table....

And they had this long long camp....All their heat they had was just a pipe, right straight across, you know. And they were rough days, they were really. When I went from the woods here to the Great Northern I didn't stay in any one of those camps, I had a little camp here, but that was heat and we had the wood put up there ahead....The business I was in, had a lot of long days walkin, and then the acquisition....If your compass froze in one of them swamps you'd end up over in north noplac and that's goodbye....

Somebody had to do it, see. Just happened to walk in at a good time. I was very goddamn glad to get that instead of going out on them cedar swamps up in Maine. First time that needle stuck in there. I claim it's something to do with it. The transit wouldn't work. And you keep goin there, and the other fella you saw him two miles away and he's supposed to be within four chains or ten chains of you, we went ten chains. Christ couldn't hear him to say well gees I'm goin the wrong way gotta go back. No goin back, you didn't know where the hell you were....

We stayed there durin the winter months which was bad comin across them Grand Lakes in a canoe. But we had a guide, but, he got us by. I don't know how Jesus Christ I'd look at him I'd say, "Gees () son of a bitch you'd never get out of here...."

A man is just what he is today. Two cents. Let him go. But those woodsmen got a rough going. And they sent them up there Golden Largey, they just said give ten dollars a head. And they pulled them off the car down there. And they got their ten dollars, all they want. They get the hell back to Boston. Then we got em....

Then my father, didn't have much to do with them. He was more or less, he was on the other end, he'd take em, go up and see how the things were goin. He was the go between, he had pretty good, for that. But he worked hard. Long days. No eight hours. Ten, ten hours.

I also asked Mr. Monahan about an alleged shooting incident which involved an escaping bonded laborer. He responded:

That's up to Saund-, that's up Livermore, yeah. He started to go down the road he, you'd know he'd come up and, jumpin bail. It was the same as jumpin bail. Golden Largey had collected on this man, this had on him really it's a head tax. That's a good deal. Got him a job. And then it's up to the company what the hell to do with him. So he'd go in and build a, be over to get some rubbers, boots and everything, and run away. This fellow. But somebody went and hired a cop I guess, didn't mean to shoot him, I guess just scare him, see but gees he shot him. Cost the company a lot of money but that was settled out of court of course....

But no, in them days that I when I was in there you settled for what was right on the end of the cant dog stock on the top of your head. Oh they used to knock the hell out of em. And then they said they had fights, with corked boots and everything flying. No holds barred. The boss, see, he was supposed to be able to lick anybody in the camp, I guess he would try his luck gettin at it.

Course they made their own home brew. You go in there Sunday and didn't see no smoke you could get the hell out of that camp. They were all in there, they had it Saturday night probably. That's what the stories were about stuff which I never did see. We'd go into the camps to straighten them out afterwards.

I asked if camp life was pretty much separate from village life, and Mr. Monahan told me:

Oh, yeah, the camps were run as a separate unit. Their cook, cookee. They had no recreation of any sort. Just work. Daylight to dark. You'd go out at daylight. Course in winter, January and February, get a little longer day but they'd work there till dark. They had no savin system at all. And if they owed the company you paid or else. I don't think that fellow really intended. I remember the incident, but they did, dressed him all up. Made him, swore him in as, but they had to pay, I know that, I don't know who got what. Anyway he shot the man. But I think the life of a man was figured a hundred dollars....

That was, they liked that trail you know. You'd leave Camp 7 there and go to that Carrigain Notch. That's eight miles across there in the winter. He just didn't make it. Nobody found out on the other end where the hell you were. That's how bad it. And in the spring they had a way to, go up and make a settlement up there with the government. It was all government, supposedly. Say you had fifty men you had to show them where the hell they were. But if they disappeared you could write em off, like a, tax write-off. [He laughs.]

As to horses in the town, he recalled, "We had horses all together, logged all together with horses. You see them there, [referring to a photo] that's what we call a tote team, we hauled those supplies into the camp." There were seven camps, and they ran "within about a mile or so, or two, whatever, the easiest way to keep the operation working. See they probably cut three million or two million

[board feet] in the fall and then operated in the winter or vice-versa whatever was the best. And they had the business, see."

I asked if the camps ran year-round, and Mr. Monahan recalled, "No, they kept the camps, there was somebody there all the time, but not fully. They'd pull the woods crew out in the spring."

As for the rough and tumble nature of life in the woods camps, "When we had these camps over in Sawyer River boy you're lucky to get in them and out."

Livermore Spring

Mr. Monahan remembered another landmark in the town, saying:

You know where the Saunders house is, Main Street, we followed the river down there for the main road, the road wasn't up where it is now, so we just followed, yet you can walk down there and pick up, the Livermore Spring you come right by that,...that's down this, pretty near the road....On the original Livermore Road, yeah. That's nice water, purest water, ice cold....Take that road and follow right straight back and you'll come right to this, where you can see the water, just watch there, and the water crosses the road, still there, same damn spring I drank from probably sixty years ago. That was considered one of the, testin for water, the best in the country.

Mount Carrigain Fire Tower and Fire Detection

Mr. Monahan recalled the tower on Mount Carrigain, and I asked if he had known the lookout. He replied, "Did I know who was there, yeah, a fellow was there for fifty years, built the line and everything up there....Murray his name was, Dave Murray. He just died soon after that, he was here for a while, they let him stay right up there. Not all winter, but he'd stay, he'd go up in the spring, build, fix up the telephone line, then finally we laid a line, a ground one, a ground one, that's the way to do it anyway."

There was an awareness of fire danger in Livermore, as Mr. Monahan related, "We had the Timberland Owners Association back when I worked at Sawyer River for them, see that's a long time, a few business men got together and said we'll put a patrolmen in on these, a patrolman they knew nothing, open sparks, burning wood."

Forestry Practices

About forestry practices, he declared:

Well of course see the Saunders had a different idea up here. But they finally went back in there and clearcut that after we'd cut it over again. Washburn went in there, the company I worked went in up there and cut....Then they let somebody in then and clearcut across that....That came just a few years ago, within the last twenty-five years. But I couldn't see that, and if old Saunders could jump out of his grave he'd chase them down the road. Gees they'd cut right along the river....

He referred back to his days in the Forest Service, recalling:

The Forest Service was a training program not a producing, you see, they didn't have to produce too much. But finally they said, "Now look you fellows () with a million acres of land now finally cut some of it off." So the pressure was put from the outside. And they just loosened up. Cause I tried to stop some two, three sales that I thought was wrong you know this cut, clearcut, and right of ways, and on the watershed, course Mr. Saunders wouldn't let us do any of that, my father, he had a fit if he cut a log within a quarter of a mile of the railroad or somethin....That's to save the water that's there.

Passing on his Story

He spoke too about publicity, saying, "But I never really got a story on, which I hope to, go down to someday with Tom [Eastman, publisher of a local newspaper] there sit down and just write a story about my own life in the Forest Service and the private enterprise."

He later added, speaking about inquirers:

But when they come to me I could tell that, what he wasn't talkin about I didn't know what the hell he was talkin about. And if you come to somebody you know, like you want to say, "Well, I'd like to know about Livermore." I bet I've done this more than any livin man. But, I said to Mr. Howard, "Don't send anybody else. I'm sendin back to you." "Well," he says, "You know all that Livermore Valley." There'd be somebody'd knew the family and drive through. Even some of their descendants, I should a got close to them and found out more about them. They came here once, the family. You know way back, another generation. And they won't know, the Saunders. That time I could have got them more information then if I got some for myself.

His Family

We came right back see my father and mother lived here, then my sister, my brother died here, now we're here, family in this house, and I think their uncle previous to me. So there's over a hundred years of people spending, in and out of this building. And that's the way it goes. And probably my son might come to live here someday when we leave it, if we have anything to leave for anything like that. We'd pass it on to the next generation. And they'd got a bit of, if they want to build something better go out in the field there, clean it all. Slash away. But that's of course what's left of all families, don't you think in the end.

I was eighty five last week. You know, you never know, I had part of a lung out too, and that cut my career quite a lot cause I was going into supervisory entirely for the company just on operations, chief of operations for the logging industry but they found I better get back into procurement where I'd be traveling, had somebody else do that, and that's how I got the job really when I. But they put me all through that I couldn't move my goddamn arm for a month, for a year I went through that they take that out of your, that son of a bitch out of your. Then he comes up with the idea, (consultation of doctors). And it's just a bit of your life, just when you were getting somewhere....

If I had stayed with the Forest Service I could have got what I wanted out of them all right, cause you beat the racket there, that's political anyway, if you get the right people, that time the Saunders knew somebody, if I wanted to go, course they'd gone, when they sold out, cause none of them, they claimed Nash took that 200 or 200 or 400 dollars, he gave it to charity, whether he did or he didn't, it's in Shackford's story, now I didn't know that. I know that he was a very strange person. He didn't do us any good, as individuals.

But we knew to get the hell out of there, so we got into the state concession up there the Willey Camps, my uncle bid that in. We stayed there five, six summers, then we got in to

other stuff. It was plenty of work back them days but no money, you didn't need as much.

The Good Old Days

"Them were the good old days boy. Normally I wouldn't call them the good days. You know somebody'd say, 'You like to go -- ?' I don't want to go back any. The only thing I'd want to go is here. You know what I mean, survivin. Know what I can have."

"I had a good life. I had more good days than bad, so we'd settle for that. Yeah a good life, thank the Lord. I lost part of my lung too, pneumonia I had once. That set me back some."

"And a lot of people come to see me about, about Livermore. You know."

Chapter 9

Lawrence Ramsdell

Raymond Evans of Twin Mountain had recommended that I get in touch with Lawrence Ramsdell of Dalton about Livermore. Ray knew that Mr. Ramsdell had spent some time in Livermore as a child, as his family had lived there for a short period. Ray also mentioned Lawrence Ramsdell's brother George, who had passed away a few years ago. I wrote and then telephoned Mr. Ramsdell, who was happy to offer what help he could, though he contended that he had been quite young when he was in Livermore. He had a few photographs of the town, and he could get a copy of a videotape that his sister-in-law had of his late brother talking about the town. We arranged an afternoon meeting at his home in Dalton. At lunchtime and dinnertime he went to Whitefield to help his wife, Edla, who was living in a nursing home there, so our meeting would be between these twice-daily visits.

Mr. Ramsdell lived in an isolated hill-top spot on a back road in Dalton in an old Cape Cod style farmhouse, which was being partially "modernized" -- it sported a few new windows and a new front door. I parked across the narrow dirt road by his barn, and found that I was interrupting Mr. Ramsdell as he was finishing up a late lunch in his roomy, cluttered kitchen.

We chatted for a bit about Marguerite Jefferson, whom Mr. Ramsdell had known as Margaret McCann. I mentioned that she had lost her husband, and two of her three children within the last year, and he commented, "Well, that happens you know when you get a certain age, it's just like I told my wife, we all lived to a pretty good age

and, and I told her right along when it starts it's gonna be, probably come fast. One of her sisters and two of my brothers within the last, two or three years have died. But. That's the way it goes." He admitted that old age has its impact, saying, "Well, it slows you up. I'm eighty. I don't do the things I used to do. I was thinkin of that too. There's not gonna be too many people left that lived in Livermore."

I told him that I had talked with Tom Monahan, and he observed, "Yeah, Tom would be the fella that would know. See he was older than I was and he lived there longer than I did. I wasn't that old when I lived there."

He said that when he lived in Livermore he was "five or six I guess, seven maybe." He added, "My father died when we lived there. He was only thirty-seven."

"Awful young," I remarked, and he continued, telling me, "He had appendicitis and they didn't know what hit him. Till it broke. Cause back then they didn't have any penicillin or any of that stuff and once your appendix broke you had gangrene set in."

I remarked, "I imagine they didn't have much in the way of medical facilities there either."

"No," he said, "No he died down in Conway hospital. So that left Ma with quite a bunch of kids. I lived with my uncle there for a while. Then we all came back up here."

His family was originally from the Dalton area. His mother's brother lived in Livermore, as did their father, which led Mr. Ramsdell's family to move there. His mother had been born a Grant, and her brother, Bert Grant, worked in the mill in Livermore. Mr. Ramsdell

told me, "After my father died I lived with him for quite a while. They had us all out to different places you know. Bert Grant was her [brother] and Nelson Grant was her father. He lived down there and worked in the mill, too."

Mr. Ramsdell cleaned up his lunch dishes, and remarked, "I don't really need quite such a big a place as this but. I've always lived here most of my life, and the state's threatening to take it away from me."

I asked him why, and he summed it up in one word, "Medicaid." He elaborated:

You pay what you can and then if you have anything left that isn't money they try to get that. Ohh, they do things different now I guess, and they change things on the way. You know how you, if you have to go to a nursin home and you think you're gonna get Medicaid, they want to know every cent you've got. They can split it down the middle. Half you spend on her, down to twenty five hundred dollars, and then you ask for Medicaid.

And at the time that they did that, I asked em about the place and they said that, just wanted to know if my wife's name was on it. And I said my wife's name on everything. They told me, "You take her name off, we'll not touch it." So I did, she was able to sign. She deeded her half to me. It was just a business deal to try to save it. But then eight months later they claimed they changed the law down in Concord that give em a right to put a lien on it and after I die they are gonna try to collect everything they spend on her. I've been fightin with em for two years.

"I can't blame you," I remarked, and he continued, saying:

Wouldn't think you'd ever win though. No they're gonna hold me out of the ground I guess until they make sure they get the place. But I don't want em. We think, I think we were down seventy thousand dollars before we asked for Medicaid. Take 85 dollars a day out there and I don't feel like givin them the place on top of that. I got two hundred and twenty-five acres of land with it and, I'm gonna try to hang on to it, I think. Now what they're threatening is after I die see, to put a lien on it.

I asked if he had any children. He has two. I commented, "It just seems that, if anyone wants to work hard so that their kids'll have somethin after em and."

Mr. Ramsdell resumed:

That's what I wanted to do, I wanted to. That's what I'm tryin to find out now. I have found out that I can sell it. And they can't touch the money. The lawyer says they'll ask you for it, but you don't have to give it to em. So then I asked, it's a woman I asked her about deedin it to my kids. She said she didn't know. She'd find out about it. But see the damn laws the way they got em they got you cornered all ways. If you know that this is gonna happen, and you deed your property over three years before you have to ask for Medicaid, they can't touch it. But who knows it's gonna happen? You always figure this is something happens to somebody else. But hey, that's enough about me, let's go in there and I got some stuff in here.

He added, with a laugh, "If I told you all about my life here it wouldn't be printable so let's go on to somethin else."

We adjourned to his small sitting room, which had two upholstered chairs, a settee, a television, and a low table. The room was decorated with family photos and with paintings and other wall hangings, most with deer or geese as their subjects. He told me, "I dug out some stuff I thought you might be interested in. And that's the tape, we can see if we can play that afterwards, my brother made."

The stuff Mr. Ramsdell had dug out included a few family photos and a newspaper article about Livermore, written by a reporter from nearby Groveton. I mentioned this fact, and Mr. Ramsdell remarked, "Some of the people from Livermore went to Groveton, to live there, Platts, didn't they?...There was a John Platt down there that lived in Livermore. And then after he come out of here, I'm not sure maybe he had a brother up in Groveton. Some Platts turned up up there. And

then they were either the originals or the others. Well you've probably seen these pictures of the family and things."

He showed me the few photos he had. One was of Main Street in Livermore, looking up towards the Saunders mansion. He didn't recall exactly where he had lived there, though he thought that he had moved while there, and had lived on both sides of the street. He pointed out a house, "what they used to call the old maids' house, the old women that owned it there, see that castle like there. The old boardin house I think used to be down here below the picture. And we lived in this neighborhood here somewhere. That's what we used to call em, probably somebody told you, the maids. The railroad track run right behind the buildin."

He showed me another photo, of a small rail car on the Sawyer River Railroad. He remarked:

It was all downhill from right down to the main line of the Maine Central Railroad. So that when we'd go up to camp there, if we wanted to go up fishin they had an old horse and he'd hook on to one of these and take everything up, and they'd just turn him loose and he'd come back himself because it was all downhill with a car. But that's the way any of the mill would, we'd take the car. And up behind the houses from the track was downhill they had these chutes. That's what they'd throw the wood was, they're probably gonna shoot it down those chutes to the house.

Firewood for the individual houses would be sluiced down the chutes, allowing residents to work it up right by their houses.

He showed me another photograph, of two rough woods buildings. He read the caption, saying, "That is what, Camp Seven? That is awful close to the Kancamagus Highway. When I was young I can remember

em talkin about goin into Lily Pond just for fishin. And you ride right by it now on the Kancamagus, you look right into it."

I asked if it had been a very remote place back then, and he responded, "Oh yeah, you had to hike in to get to it. I never got to it." He then showed me a photo of a man and a deer, and remarked, "That's my father."

"Looks like he'd been doin some huntin," I commented.

"Yeah he was known for it. We all were," he said, and then, showing another photo of several children and one adult, told me, "There's the whole school at the time we were there."

I asked about what year the picture was taken, and he sought an answer, saying, "Hmm, how old am I there? Ahh, say what, seven, eight years? And I'm eighty, that would've been, seventy years ago. Time goes, don't it. It don't stop. It goes faster as you get older."

The picture included his brother George, Kenneth and Katherine, their brother and sister who were twins, a boy identified only as a Lane, a girl believed to be Tommy Monahan's sister, called Bunch, whose given name was Clara, and Tommy Monahan himself, as well as Mr. Ramsdell. He commented further, saying, "Now this guy, I think that may be a girl, I'm not sure about one or two of these, these two here. I almost think his name was Lane. I think the engineer of the old engine that used to haul em I think was his father."

As for the teacher, Mr. Ramsdell recalled, "Yeah, she came from Twin Mountain in fact I'm not sure if she's got a brother still livin there or not. Ohh, don't ask me quick but I'll think of it sometime. My brain won't even work any more. Ah, oh Fahey. Annie Fahey was her

name. And the Fahey out there has got a motel and cabins, I think it's her brother."

I asked him if she had been a good teacher, and he commented frankly and with a laugh, "Well, as much as I remember, I guess probably they'd all been better teachers if I'd been better at school, maybe."

I asked about the girl in the middle of the photo, and he remarked:

That's Tommy's sister, Mary Monahan. She's dead now, I'm quite sure. I think she married and went down Conway way too. My brother kept track of them for quite a long. Well I ran into Tommy after he came up here. And he lived up, I think North Stratford or Groveton up there somewhere. And after I bought this place I cut quite a lot of timber off, to help pay for it. Seemed like a lot of money at that time. To go in debt for. And he was buyin lumber for, I think it was Washburn Mill, up in North Stratford. Funny how things will end up like that. So he come down here, I didn't even know he was back, he bought some of my logs, for the mill up there.

He pointed out the edge of a building in one of the photos, remarking that he thought it was of the store. I asked him if he had any recollections of it, and he said, "About the only thing I can remember about that, I can remember the woodsmen goin in there and they'd buy extract, you know, like vanilla. Take the cork out and down it would go. That was it." He laughed.

He turned to another photo of a man on horseback, crossing the Sawyer River at Livermore. He explained, "That's my father again, ridin the old horse across the river. They probably were loggin up, on the other side of the river there, and he probably was comin back there."

At this point Mr. Ramsdell decided we should take a look at the video which featured his late brother George being interviewed about

Livermore. The segment had been filmed for "New Hampshire Crossroads," produced by New Hampshire Public Television. On the segment, historian Bradford Smith commented generally on abandoned towns of New Hampshire, and then the scene shifted to the remains of the mill at Livermore, where George Ramsdell was being interviewed about life in the town. He answered a question about the basic operations of the sawmill and the shipment of lumber out to the Maine Central. He was asked about the brick remains of the mill powerhouse. He mentioned, "They had a Negro watchman they called him. And he used to invite the whole town all of the kids up there and he'd cook suppers and feed us."

Lawrence Ramsdell turned to me and said, "I'll tell you in a minute how he used to do that."

The tape rolled on, with George Ramsdell adding, "Every once in a while he'd go out to the city. He'd come back in. He'd bring candy for the kids, boxes of chocolates for the women, and cigars for all the men."

While the tape played, Lawrence Ramsdell explained to me, "Where they delivered wood down into the furnaces, there used to be a big metal plate. Well when he's talkin about cookin the, he'd put em on that metal plate like you would on the top of a stove."

A still photo of the Livermore mill pond flashed on the screen, and Lawrence Ramsdell said to me, "I'll tell you afterwards. (I fell) through them logs. I can remember that, cause I didn't dare to go home."

George Ramsdell, in the video, answered a question about recreation, saying that the townspeople would "go round different houses, play cards, visit. My brother and I we used to jump in these snowshoes and take off, be gone all day before we'd come back."

George Ramsdell answered a final question about the demise of the town, stating the end came "in 1930 somewhere. I don't remember just what year. But the last year they operated in here was in 1925. I came down and worked in the mill that summer."

Another segment of "New Hampshire Crossroads" came on, blaring in the background, and Mr. Ramsdell turned to me and said, "Those logs on that pond there, see them guys standin on them you could get out on them, if the pond was full you could go right across from the railroad tracks. They separated and in I went then I didn't dare to go home till I got dried out. Tom Monahan could tell you he used to feed the iogs into the mill there."

"No, he didn't mention that," I said, and he continued, saying, "Well he did but anyway, so I went over and stayed with him and I didn't go home till I dried off. Daren't go home."

I asked if he had feared a thrashing, but he stated, "I'd a got a talking to. Good way to get drowned though. Kids don't ever worry about that you know."

We chatted for a while on a variety of topics. Mr. Ramsdell hadn't turned off the video, so occasionally he would comment on whatever segment was playing. He talked, also, about Margaret McCann, about Tom Monahan, about Medicare and doctors, and about his wife and her situation. He had kept her at home as long as possible, but

after she broke her hip he realized that he was no longer able to give her the care she needed. A Perry Como Christmas Special started to play on the tape, and Mr. Ramsdell turned it off.

Since the hunting decor of his sitting room was unmistakable, I asked if he did a lot of hunting. He said he used to, and I asked him if he had started his hunting career back in Livermore. He said that he hadn't been quite old enough at the time, but that he did fish a little then. I asked if he might have gone up to Sawyer's Pond, and he replied:

Not so much the Pond as, Bert, there, Grant, some of them they had camps back up in a little ways up in, and his was on one of the side streams that run into, that run into Livermore, into Sawyer's River. I don't remember what the name of it was. And we'd take the car there and the horse and a bunch of grub and they'd haul you up there and then we'd fish the brook, come down. That was about, and that was our excitement.

I asked if he had stayed out overnight at the camp; he recalled:

No I don't remember that we did but after we moved up here, a bunch of us went down, my brother was one of em, some fellows from here, Tommy Monahan's father had a camp there. ...We went back down after we'd lived up here quite a while and when we went up we stayed overnight up in his camp. I imagine them camps are all gone now, fell down.

He talked about a friend who had had a camp, who had passed away recently, and returned to topics of health and illness, and to his wife, and her, and their, affliction with Alzheimer's Disease, and visits to her in the nursing home.

We then returned to the matter of Livermore, and I asked him what it was that his father had been doing in Livermore. "I think he mainly he worked in the woods of course, but I think he mainly took care of the horses," he said. He then referred to his brother George

by his nickname, saying, "If Bub was livin he would know, but I'm quite sure that's what he did cause I can remember that he used to go over and feed em and take care of em. But he did work in the woods too. Because I had an uncle that worked there too and they'd stay, sometimes stayed at a camp for a time."

That uncle was not a Grant, as "he was a Ramsdell, this was another one, this was my father's brother. He died a few years ago. He lived till he was, eighty-four."

I asked if there had been a lot of horses around the town at that time, and Mr. Ramsdell assured me, "Yeah that's the way they did all their loggin back then you know. It was all horses back in them times, they didn't have skidders at that time. Yeah I wouldn't, I don't know how many, they used to have a regular barn they kept them in there."

I asked him if his father went out to the logging camps, and he recalled:

Not too often but I can remember goin to the camp because you always got somethin to drink and one of their old big raised doughnuts the cook used to make there. Did you ever see em? They make em out of some kind of a dough, must be like bread dough. So one of em'll make you a meal. Yeah we used to go to camp, any time you went they'd give you somethin to eat.

I asked if there had been good food there, and he commented, "Yeah. And of course I suppose to kids anything's, if it's food it's good."

He hadn't made too many trips up to the camps, though he recalled that to get there, "You could get on the train, they'd let you ride up on the old engine there." He noted, though, that sometimes the

engine would run wild. "It would run away with them every once in a while, you know, and then go off the track and, and I think there was pictures once in a while the track would, they'd have a wash-out on it or a big gully'd come down take the track out."

I asked if there had been bad accidents, and he remembered, "Well, I think once they lost the brakes, I don't believe the fellas got killed, they'd just bail out and let er go. Pretty crooked track, when it got goin fast enough oh, over she'd go. I'm quite sure that in Ma's pictures there were some pictures of the old engines there, that went off the track. They had these old, well you see that one there, these old masts I guess that was to keep sparks from flyin wasn't it and settin fires in the woods?"

He recalled, somewhat abruptly, "If you wanted to cut beech nuts they'd cut the beech tree right down. I can remember doin it some things you'd remember you know that. Too bad the business like that, I think that was supposed to be one of the biggest sawmills in the country, warn't it, or the world, you know."

I remarked that, even by looking at the foundation, you can see that it was a big mill, and he commented, "It's a wonder we didn't get killed, goddamn kids. The lumber, you know, the way they'd take it from one floor to the other, they had these chutes, come out on rollers, down the chute. We'd get in there and, run around and jump into them chutes and we'd run through and slide down onto the next one." Those activities were done "at night, there was nobody there. See they run just days."

"It must have been a long day for them to work back then?" I asked, and he replied, "I don't know, I don't remember. How long. I think 7 to 4, 7 to 5 somethin like that." He continued, saying, "But when he was talkin about the black guy there cookin meals, of course he had to, they had to have somebody there right around the clock to keep the steam up, keep the fire goin. That was what he was talkin about, this black guy he took care of the steam plant, the steam, keep that up."

He didn't recall where that black man had come from, but did recall the meals, which he would cook "right on the hearth of the open hole where you fed the wood in." He wasn't sure of his full name, but recalled, "Acland was all I ever heard him called, I think probably was his first name?" He admitted that having a black man in the town struck some as an oddity, but added, "I think they liked him. Like they always talked about him, he was a nice guy. Most of em, well I don't know,...too many of em get together in the cities now, I think is what turns em then, I don't know. An awful lot of crime. Money, they don't, they don't have any job, or have any money and they're gonna get it t'one way or another and then a lot of em get on dope. The whole country don't get any better. Only I don't see how it's gonna. Excuse me for sayin it."

I asked if there had been any similar troubles back in Livermore, and he responded:

Not that I have known about. The only troubles they ever had there was tryin to keep the help. They'd go I think it was Portland I'm not sure but they'd go and hire these guys to come in to the, I mean I've got an idea that probably, did Tommy ever tell you about em, that probably some of em never worked in the

woods, but they'd furnish em with their outfit and pay their way in there, and then once they'd get in there they didn't like it and they'd try to skip out you know.

They had a, they called him a town cop there and that was his job, try to keep them fellas workin long enough to, they used to go over through some notch and they'd come out down to Lincoln. I suppose probably there's some of these Appalachian trails there, used to have them. They'd get a bunch of them in there and then try to get em to stay long enough to pay for what it cost to get em in there and that was a problem.

When the workers escaped, "They'd try to catch em, bring em back." But they weren't always successful. Mr. Ramsdell recalled, "I guess they got some of em, brought em back in again. More job to get em to work out what it cost to get em in there." Those men had worked in the woods, and while Mr. Ramsdell wasn't sure of how many loggers were employed there then, he did state, "There had to be quite a few to keep the amount of lumber goin in to the mill there. You know, to keep it goin."

I asked if they would all work out of one camp, and he declared:

I don't think so because they, I can remember they had one place they called Camp 3, and Camp 7 and, no I don't think, in fact I'm quite sure they didn't because there used to be one bunch of logs come down on one side of the pond, by the train, and I can remember on the other side of the pond they used to twitch em down I guess there'd be an awful log pile there you know, where they'd, there was a bank there where they'd come down and let em go down over the bank and there'd be a huge pile of logs there so they had to be loggin in two places.

Carrigain Brook I think they called that, one of the camp sites, where there was loggin back in there. Must have been some pretty nice timber back in there, too. You see the size of them logs in the pond there in that picture, where it probably is now is National Forest.

I asked what came out of the mill, and he told me, "Just lumber, boards. I don't know if they sawed anything besides boards, if they sawed 2 by 4's or that stuff or anything. The only thing I can remember now is boards. I didn't know that they, accordin to him they

loaded em into boxcars didn't they, on that piece there." He was referring to what his late brother had related in the video. He went on, saying, "And then took em down to two miles I think down to Sawyer's River to the Maine Central Railroad there. These McCann girls didn't their father, wasn't he the station agent there at the Sawyer's River?"

I said that I thought he was, and that Marguerite had said that she and her sister Dot had gone to school in Livermore for a while. He spoke for a moment about the McCanns. I asked him also about the Platts, and he recalled, "One of em stuttered I know. It was kind of an oddity there. And I almost think that even after the village got pretty near gone, I think one of them stayed there for a long time after that, just like kind of, didn't he. Did Tommy say anything about that, kind of a caretaker or something?"

I said that I thought that Joe did stay on, and tried to elicit more information on him, but without success. I mentioned that I had also talked with Fay Ward, who had been Fay Lane, and Mr. Ramsdell remarked, "There's two of them, Fay and Irene. Two sisters. They're still livin?"

"Irene passed away I guess a few years ago," I told him, and added, "but Fay is, she's I guess about 86."

He replied, "I was gonna say she's gotta be, because she was, full grown I guess. I can remember that she was a lot older than I was. Yeah, I had forgotten about the two girls." He added, "I think always think one of married someone who was livin there, they used to go together. My uncle had a car. Not too many of em had cars back

then, you know. Every Saturday night we went to Bartlett to the movies. That was a big treat."

I asked if they had gone year-round, and he considered the question, answering:

Probably not. Probably not. Cause back then I can remember they used to have serials you know and you'd see a couple of reels of it each week you'd have to. I remember we had to go to see that. And I, no I don't, no couldn't have gone in the winter, cause they. I don't know as they even plowed the roads back there in them days.

Same as even main roads they never, I can remember since we lived here, the road would get plugged from here to Whitefield. So that the plow, course they didn't plow em regular, and they were town roads then and they'd hire, Lunenburg had a plow, hire somebody to plow em out, and I remember once, just where you get to Whitefield it's quite a hill there, that got drifted in there so that, well I worked helped em doin it there to shovel to begin with before the plow could get through. With all them drifts on it. God, people now don't know what a hand shovel is any more. [He laughs.]

I asked him if he had used a hand shovel back in Livermore, and he declared:

I wasn't old enough to use one then. But I have, boy I have since. Well, I don't know but it was better then than it is now. You had to work then if you wanted somethin, you didn't expect somebody to give it to you. If you found a job you took it. If there was any money in it 'tall. Now they want to know how much money we gonna get.

I worked durin the Depression there, there wasn't any work but we'd put help on the railroads you know, spare hands in the summertime. I worked two years at, well Ray Evans' folks lived there at the house in the mountains there. I've got a story on that I think in the, oh what is that magazine that comes out every two months or so. I stayed down there with them, in that house two summers and then one summer I got a they sent me down to it was just, summer work they sent me down to Sebago Lake to work down there one summer.

He recalled the magazine, Magnetic North, and started looking through a small stack of magazines to see if he could find the issue in mind. He found it, an issue with an excerpt from Life by the Tracks, a

book about the Evans family. I asked, "So you lived with them for a couple of years?"

He replied, "Stayed there durin the summer, yeah. His mother took care of the, boarded the help there. The buildin I guess belonged to the Maine Central I think it was built for that purpose. And there was another one down at the Willey House where the crew stayed. Yeah I worked there two summers. In fact Raymond's sister graduated from Whitefield with me. She's dead now, Enola."

I asked what sort of work he had done for the Maine Central, and he told me:

Oh, put in ties and that was the biggest part in summertime. Take out the old ties and put in new ones. Then on weekends we'd take turns, I think we only worked four days, they kept cuttin down, you know. But on, we'd take turns there was three of us there on weekends we'd get the full week inspectin the track. Somebody'd have to go over that every day. If they got a bad storm you'd have to get up and go over it at night. Stones would roll down and get on the track.

I mentioned some other people I had met who had lived along the line through Crawford Notch, Doris Monahan and Pauline Gardner. He recognized their names, but had not known them well. Of Pauline Gardner, he commented,

I never, my brother knew her awful well cause he, what did he do, I'm not sure but he worked on the railroad that Sawyer's River how he come to get. Wasn't her husband the, he was the foreman on the section there wasn't he?....At Sawyer's River I think he was a foreman and I guess Bub, my brother, I guess how come he used to be well, they were great friends, he and Bob Gardner. And I'm not sure but what he worked on the railroad and probably stayed there, with him.

I asked Mr. Ramsdell how many years he had attended school in Livermore, and he replied, "I wouldn't dare to say, I don't know how long we stayed there, to tell you the truth. Could be three, four, five.

We didn't stay there long after dad died. My dad's brother stepped in and helped us, get goin and, and then they moved back here."

I asked how his mother had managed after his father's death, and he informed me, "Oh, we didn't stay there long after dad died I'm sure but what is it they used to have some state program Ladies' Aid I think they called it you know. They used to have then you could get so much for each kid. Now they got a welfare program for everything. Makes some people lazy."

I remarked that, in Livermore, it sounded like people had to work pretty hard, and he said, "Well back then you expected to work for a livin. You got so many nowadays that don't expect to. The world owes em a livin."

I asked if he recalled any other of the mill workers, but he did not. He did, though, recall a childhood experience of Tom Monahan, saying, "Old Dr. Bean was from Bartlett, vaccinate us you know in school,...and when they come to, fetch I think Tommy he was curled up under the bed, he'd come out and, 'No sir that damn horse doctor weren't gonna,' you know, couldn't touch him." He laughed, then added, "He's the doctor my father had. Didn't know that he had appendicitis. Finally they got another doctor come up from Conway and right off he said, 'You've got appendicitis,' he said, 'your appendix is broken.'"

That doctor from Conway was Dr. Shedd, who certainly sounded like a better doctor to me. Mr. Ramsdell admitted:

Well he knew appendicitis when he see it. Yeah, back then it was no, it wasn't no big deal to have it operated on if you'd get it but I don't know how long he, four or five days I think, and of course his appendix broke. He kept tellin Dad his, he had eaten some ice cream and I guess that night was when he

started havin his pain. He told him that it chilled his bowels or some stupid thing like that, you know. Another doctor do that today he wouldn't last long would he?

I had to agree with him on that comment, and he continued:

That's probably the way it was meant to be. Yeah, he moved out after that and I run into him again, by mistake. Went down to Sebago Lake. The year that I was down there to work on the railroad we were playin ball, another kid and I, and I got belted in the back of the leg there with it and it turned pretty black. They told me there was a doctor there and I went to see him and I'll be damned if it weren't the damned doctor that Dad had when he was in Livermore.

I asked him how he had reacted to that, and he said, "Oh he give me some salve to put on it, I don't know as he really knew who I was, but I knew who he was." He paused.

After a respectful silence, I commented, "It sounds like it was pretty tough if anyone ever got sick or injured up there."

"Yes, it must have been hard to get the doctor in there," he responded.

I asked him if there had ever been accidents at the mill, and he replied, "I never knew of an, then it seems's though they must have they always have accidents in places like that but there were none that I knew of."

As for accidents in the woods, he didn't know of any there, though he admitted that he hadn't had much contact with the loggers. I brought up the matter of the village boarding house, whose residents Mr. Ramsdell believed were most likely mill workers. He told me, "I know Ma used to do washins for some of the men, in there. Prices warn't very high. I can remember, fifty cents I think to do their washin for a week, for one of em."

He added:

And fifty cents was a lot of money back then. I bought this place, when I moved here, it had 225 acres of land with it. And it come up to settle an estate. And they wanted eight thousand dollars for it. And I'm gonna tell you that scared me some to buy that and go in debt for it back then. Now they got me valued for three hundred and thirty some odd thousand. Real estate's goin the other way now though. It went crazy there for a while. But I don't know what I'll do with it I don't intend to give it to the state.

While we were on a subject related to land ownership, I asked who had owned Livermore, and Mr. Ramsdell told me, "These three sisters owned it. The old maids, they called em there....The name was Saunders, wasn't it?....And they had this, they had this fella I can remember him there that, his name was Nash. Didn't Tommy tell you? That he managed it for them?"

I asked him what he remembered of Nash, and he stated, "Nothin except to see him and know what his name was. Yeah you see em in that picture there [a still photo in the video], remember the old big wagon there, well that was the old maids in that, apparently."

Mr. Ramsdell's curiosity was piqued, and he turned on the television and attempted to re-play the video to take another look at the photo which might have showed the old maids. He noted, "I'm pretty sure there was three of them. Did Tommy say? I think there was three sisters. Well I guess, I don't know if they I guess they never married probably. They used to call em the old maids anyway."

I asked if he had ever visited them at their residence in Livermore, and he replied, "Don't know as anybody ever got in there. I don't remember ever. They had a big wall that went right around it."

"So they never invited you over for supper?" I asked. His response, said with a laugh, was a simple, "No."

Mr. Ramsdell spent quite a bit of time trying to get the VCR to re-play the video, but met with no success. Eventually I began to ask him a few questions in the times when he was waiting for the machine to complete a rewind and such. I asked what he remembered of the houses in the village, and he told me, "If I remember right they weren't too, too good. Cause all our plumbin was inside [sic], you didn't have any inside plumbin." He did, though, recall running water in the houses.

For the next few minutes our conversation wandered a bit, interrupted by attempts to get the video running again and punctuated by a television soap opera that would come on now and again during Mr. Ramsdell's efforts with the VCR. He mentioned a little bit about his work career, in a paper mill across the river in Gilman, Vermont, where he had worked for forty years. Eventually he had served as a foreman there, and he remembered that he had started at 28 cents an hour, though at that time five dollars would buy a week's groceries. He asked me about how Tom Monahan was, and I responded that he seemed to be doing well, and was still getting out fishing. From there Mr. Ramsdell turned the conversation turned to another outdoor pursuit, hunting, and talked about that sport for a moment.

We returned to the subject of houses in Livermore, and I stated that I assumed they used wood stoves for cooking and heating. He remarked, "That's all they had back then. No furnace. In fact I'm not even sure there was a cellar under the places. I don't know if there was or not." Had there been any electricity? "No. Couldn't a been," he replied. For lights they used "old lanterns and lamps. There were

lamps with the chimneys, well, of course it was because I can remember having them after we moved back up here. Cause you were always breakin a chimney and had to go get a new one, you know. For the lamps."

His family didn't have a telephone, and he remarked, "I don't think very many people did. Probably'd be places like the store would be the only place I would expect. We never had any booths like you do now or any public telephones to use and there, there was none in the houses that I can remember."

He didn't recall much else about the store, though he believed the post office was also there. He added, "Tommy used to carry the mail, Now that I think about it."

I said that Mr. Monahan had told me about carrying the mail with his horse and wagon, and Mr. Ramsdell echoed, "Yeah, a horse and wagon cause I now remember, the train didn't always stop down there. Did Tommy tell you about these rigs where they'd catch the mail bag on the fly?"

I told him that he hadn't, and he elaborated on the subject, saying:

I know once in a while they'd miss it and t'would get under the wheels and I had, people didn't get their mail, a lot of em. Well, I been down there with him, you know, warn't nothin for us to run back and forth. And on each end of that mailbag there was a ring, and you had these two posts, one of em must have been solid and you hooked the ring on one and you brought this other post up and hooked the other end of the ring in, I wish Tommy had told you about it. If you see him again ask him about it. He'll explain it to you.

And that mailbag was hooked between them two posts stuck out there towards the train. And they had this well it was like a hook, you run it from the inside, and as you got to that the train didn't stop they just push this handle and this arm come

up and it propped on to that mailbag and brought it right back and, I don't know how it worked for sure how they got it in from the car after they clamped it. You ask Tommy about it he'll tell you about it, that was always interestin to me. Yeah they'd catch it on the fly, they never stopped the train unless it had to stop for.

I asked if it had mattered what direction they were going, and he said, "Now the one, I don't know if they had arms on both sides of that car or not. But as I remember as we went down to Sawyer's River station the one that I remember seein was, as you looked up the tracks it was on the left hand side. Seems though they'd have to have one on both sides, wouldn't they?...I don't know. You'll have to talk with Tom about that, he'd tell you."

I asked about the times the device didn't work the way it was supposed to, and he commented, "Once in a while if I remember right they'd miss it, it would go under the wheels of the train I think. You ask Tom. Yeah their dad used to carry, he used to take that back and forth."

I asked him what the road out to Sawyer's River had been like, and he recalled, "Just a narrow dirt road. They've widened it a lot since, loggin in there and all of that stuff. I wonder some day if they won't put that road right through to the Kancamagus, Kancamaggus, whatever they call it. Good road back in there now."

I agreed that it was, and he added, "Two years ago when Edla and I was in there last, and she was all right then you know, she knew where we were and what we were doin." He paused a spell, then commented, "Should a gone more I guess." He paused again.

After a silence, I remarked, "Going in there now it's hard to

envision the mill being there and the people, all the people living there."

Mr. Ramsdell responded, "Ahh, I never think of it any more. Too much water under the dam since then I guess. I did most of my schoolin here in Dalton. Used to have these little schools scattered round the towns, you know. I think there was three or four schools right in this town here, good schools. No school buses, you didn't get ridin to school, you walked. It'd be better if they did a little more walkin now."

The Livermore school didn't require much walking to get to. "School warn't too far away there. The old foundation must still be there where it was. I don't know if anybody could make it out or not. You went up through the village and then you went to the right of the mill I know, and the school was right up in there somewhere."

I asked him about some of the other foundations up the hill near the schoolhouse. He recalled that one was used by Jim Donahue, "the superintendent of the place," saying, "He lived in a house by himself up yeah. That's right there was, some of them houses were for the special people. I'm sure that he had one of em." He also dimly recalled another resident there, saying, "But I, and I think the Bob Lane, can't no, I can't remember, Bob Lane was the son of the guy that run the train up there, the engineer, for a while. And I run onto him, a lot of things happen funny. The year that I went to Sebago Lake he lived down there. Can't remember what his father's name was."

I admitted that I had heard of a Fred Lane, and he responded, "There probably was, well that was probably who it was. He was a

handy man on the engine. And one of them boys in that picture of the schoolhouse is his son."

He also remembered the Monahans as living up the hill, and believed some Turgeons lived there at one time. He remarked:

I don't know if people stayed there very long. The more I think about it. Did Tom ever say if they did? I think mainly the people that I do remember are people that did stay there a while. I think it was, quite a place for people to move around, I'm not sure. There always was some vacant houses I remember. Yeah well how I got to thinkin about that you see Fred I think he had a house one of them better houses up on the, by himself. They were bigger and better houses up in there.

I asked if he had ever visited any of those houses, and he then recalled, "Well, come to think about it I guess my uncle lived in one of them too. One of them houses up there. Now that I think about it I know he did. He lived there and his father lived with him, my grandfather. And I stayed with him for I don't know I wouldn't dare to say how long. A while after my father died I lived with Bert and Ethel."

Bert, at the time, served as a millwright, and his responsibilities included all matters relating to the operation of the mill, except for the powerhouse. Mr. Ramsdell assumed that someone else had overseen the powerhouse, since it required round-the-clock tending. In addition to the mill, store, and houses, he also recalled a blacksmith's shop, and he abruptly recalled another Livermore family, the McDonalds, saying, "There was a fellow and his father. And they was the only two. The upper part of that you went up the track quite a ways and they called it Little Canada."

I asked if that was across the river, and he echoed, "You did

cross the river after you got up there and they called it Little Canada. And they, McDonald and his father they lived there, as far as I remember it all alone. And that buildin was off away from the town. Beyond the mill a little bit." I asked what the McDonalds did in the town, and Mr. Ramsdell surmised, "I guess he must a worked for the woods, probably. I almost think Tommy's father worked on the rail-, the railroad part of it. Did he ever say?"

I told him I had gotten the impression that he worked on the railroad, and he commented, "Yeah I think he did. Used to pick his teeth with his jackknife....I remember we lived on that side of the road, and they lived on the other side below us. As I remember it, yeah. He'd eat his meal, he'd come out the road there pickin his teeth. With his jackknife." He laughed at the vignette of Mr. Monahan cleaning his teeth with his knife.

I asked about his other neighbors, and the only ones he recalled were the Platts and the Monahans, adding, "Like I said I don't think that people stayed there too steady." He also included the superintendent, Donahue, reflecting, "I was thinkin that he owned the place down to Bartlett too. The Pines. Seems though it was called. Before you went into Bartlett you went up a hill. Didn't Donahue own a place in there too?"

I acknowledged that this rang a bell with me, and he responded:

Well, I don't know it seems to me that he, things are pretty vague with me mostly, well as people mention them then I can remember that it was so. No, too long ago. I'm gettin so now I can't remember anything anyway. My sister in law worries herself sick you know she, course as you get older you don't remember as well, no matter who it was. Scared to death she's gonna, same thing that happened to my wife's gonna happen to

her. Oh one thing will be just like her she'll say and I tell her, "Keep worryin and maybe you will."

I agreed that worrying doesn't make things better, and he continued:

No. I tell her that, you know, but she was sick there at first and I knew she was worryin and I'd say, "Don't worry Evelyn." "Well what do you worry for?" I used to tell her, "I'll worry enough for both of us." No I, I don't think that there was too many families really that stayed there steady. As I think about it I think that most of the people was in the boardin house and in the camp. Quite a few houses up through there, wasn't there. I never did count em. Let's see. No, I had my first pair of skis that I ever had down there.... My uncle bought em for me.

He used the skis on the hills round about Livermore, noting, "That was back before ski areas were ever heard of." I asked him if he had spent a lot of time in the woods as a child, and he told me, "Not as much as I did after I got older and old enough to have a gun of my own." At Livermore, he didn't think that too many of the men hunted, though his relatives, including his father and his uncle, did, mostly for deer. There wasn't much bear hunting, as he related, "Bear used to, back then you shot one if you see im but it warn't like they hunt em now with they have packs of dogs and stuff like that. That hadn't got goin back then. Well now anyway huntin's got to be a business instead of a sport."

I asked Mr. Ramsdell about the mill fire, and his recollection was only sketchy, as he said, "I don't think that happened while I was there. But I wouldn't dare to say. But only what I've heard, like you say, you've heard of it too. I think one of the mills did burn down and they, I almost think the mill that was there when I was there was the one that they had built afterwards." He had moved out of Livermore by

the time of the 1927 flood, and had no knowledge of its effects there.

As to what finally brought on the demise of the town, which occurred a few years after he left, he confessed, "I never really knew. Never, don't know as I ever heard why it went and closed. I never thought much about it. Why did it I wonder?"

We considered some of the possible causes, such as the Depression and the mill fire, and Mr. Ramsdell picked up the old newspaper article to see if it offered any clues. He read through it, occasionally aloud. On reading that the town had 150 persons, he remarked, "Must a mostly been in the woods." He guessed that the village had only about "a dozen or fifteen but there probably was more than that." When I asked if he had heard anything of the older Saunders, he said "never"; the only ones he had heard of were the three women. The newspaper article referred to the mill fire and the devastating effects of the 1927 flood, which Mr. Ramsdell concluded must have been the reason for the closing up of the mill and the town.

We chatted on a number of topics for a few moments, but as the time was coming for Mr. Ramsdell to visit his wife again at the nursing home I wrapped up with a few more direct questions about Livermore. I asked him about the naming of Hayshed Field, and he wasn't sure how it had gotten that name; he also thought there might be some story associated with Green's Cliff, but didn't know it himself. He did recall, though, that "there used to be a couple of places where they'd fill the engine up with water. The boiler to, they'd stop and have a hose or pipes some way back in the brooks there where they'd top em

off." As far as he knew, though, they took care of the refueling of the engine in town.

He also recalled that the railroad had a man who "followed the train in dry times....I almost think they did had a watchman and that was his job to see that, if it set any fires as it went through."

Mr. Ramsdell allowed me to borrow his few photos for copying. One of them was a photo postcard, showing Camp 7. On the back was a get-well message from him addressed to his brother Chester in the Whitefield Hospital. He had died from rheumatic fever shortly afterwards. I said that it must have been terribly hard on his mother, to lose both her husband and her son. Mr. Ramsdell remarked, "He died one year and dad died the next year, and the next year I ended up in Whitefield with appendicitis. Made up her mind it was gonna be three in a row I guess, but. I fooled her."

Though he had spent only a few years in Livermore, and that at a rather young age, Lawrence Ramsdell did have some clearly remembered images of the village and its residents, and of his time there. Certain memories seemed more prominent: his unplanned dip in the mill pond; the black night watchman Acland cooking meals in the powerhouse; playing in the sawmill; bringing the mail to Sawyer's River for a pick-up by the train (if all went well); John Monahan cleaning his teeth with a jackknife. Other snippets of life in Livermore surfaced, too, such as taking a rail car for fishing trips, getting a doughnut at a logging camp, trips to Bartlett to see the movie serials, Tom Monahan escaping a vaccination by hiding under his bed, and

unhappy woodworkers escaping the rigors of employment, whether by swigging vanilla extract or by hoofing it away from camp through the wilderness. He recalled, too, the rough, cellarless house that he and his family inhabited, and the "bigger and better houses" up the hill where "special people" made their homes.

Mr. Ramsdell remembered the close family connections that brought him to Livermore, with his grandfather and two uncles living and working there. But a tragedy befell his family there, the death of his father at an early age, due in part to appendicitis but ultimately attributed to the incompetent diagnosis of a country doctor. He could not relate this without an obvious and understandable bitterness. Mr. Ramsdell noted that many residents of Livermore were transients, and indeed, due to the force of circumstances, he and his family joined the number of those who only stayed a little while in the mill village.

A striking and unanticipated aspect of our encounter was the effect of the videotape which included his late brother George. Though the video, and Mr. Ramsdell's struggling with the VCR, were distracting, the tape introduced at least the superficial presence of George Ramsdell to our meeting. Lawrence Ramsdell was reminded of some incidents related to his life in Livermore by his brother's taped comments. Though deceased, his words, recorded years ago, affected our own communication.

Though Lawrence Ramsdell spent some of his formative years in Livermore, the old mill village seems not to be much on his mind these days. As he asserted, "Ahh, I never think of it any more. Too much water under the dam since then I guess." Though he and his family

did suffer a great loss there, he is more sharply afflicted by other burdens now. Alzheimer's Disease has taken, and continues to take, his wife from him. Each day's duties present him again with the sadness of her inexorable deterioration. Though a bungling "horse doctor" once took his father from him, today incompetent, greedy state bureaucrats add to his family's troubles by threatening to take away his house and land, perhaps all that he has left to pass on to his children. For some, contemplation of a childhood in a White Mountain village might provide a pleasing distraction in later years, but for Lawrence Ramsdell -- he has too many present worries to luxuriate in such distant reflections.

Chapter 10

Conclusion

What are some of the observations we can make from this exploration into Livermore and its role in the experience, recollection, and narration of our witnesses? Even with our comparatively few narrators it is difficult to make claims that are applicable in every case, yet a few broad generalizations can be offered.

Conspicuous in its absence in most testimonies is information about "old time" Livermore, the village, its residents, and their lives before the 'teens of this century. Knowledge of the early Saunders family is scant and far from prominent in the recollections of most of our informants, with Tom Monahan being a partial exception. Tales of the founding of Livermore, of the Saunders/Henry disputes, of loggers' lore, are missing from most of our interviews. Details of logging or milling technology, or of daily living in the days before the personal experiences of the individual informants are almost non-existent. Thus census and other archival data, shadowy as they may be, could be about all that is left to us of the earliest years of the Livermore community.

Such information was perhaps never known to most of our speakers, though it seems likely that at least some material was passed on by family, friends, or neighbors. Others, closer to Livermore in place and time, may have "forgotten" some prior knowledge, with such material displaced by other details more relevant to their own evolving lives. The lack of such information, too, may in part be an artifact of the particular interview situation. Another time or place, a different

audience, other sights, sounds, and smells could stimulate a flow of detail kept pent-up during the discussions recounted in this work. We dare not make the claim that such lore is irretrievably lost, but at very least it seems well hidden, both to the researcher and perhaps also to those who hold such tales deep within their store of memory.

Only a few fragments of the earliest characters and events from Livermore remain: Tom Monahan's faint recollection of the curious family who inhabited the Parker house, and of Daniel Saunders in his later years; Tom Monahan's and Al Henn's mentions of the loss of a loaded team in Sawyer Pond; Al's passing on of Saunders' saying about age and drink (perhaps peculiarly relevant to an aging liquor salesman). These are only a few tiny brush strokes hearkening back to what was once a bright canvas of a living, working community.

While tales of Livermore of the distant past are exceptionally rare, some of our narrators were able to recall images of Livermore from their own youthful experiences. Yet those bent on forging sweeping historical pronouncements from such recollections would be disappointed to find that even those pictures which survive are rather sketchy, often demonstrating peculiar details that some outside observers might deem insignificant. Those who seek a rich telling of life in Livermore's logging camps, or of the mechanics of the hamlet's mill, will find that the octogenarian narrators of today recall, not what some would consider the vital socio-economic facts or prominent events of the 'teens and 'twenties, but the odd fragments that somehow lodge in a youngster's memory and persist for decades and decades. None of our narrators clearly recalled the fire which destroyed the Livermore

mill, or the specific impact of the 1927 flood on the Sawyer River Railroad. Yet Tom Monahan remembered, fondly and with humor, the awkward scene of dinner with the Saunders sisters. Maggie Jefferson remembered the dangerous thrill of gypsy visits to Sawyer's River, and frozen lunches and hot cocoa as a Livermore schoolchild. Fay Ward reflected on riding with her father in the cab of his locomotive, and Lawrence Ramsdell recounted having toasted sandwiches with Acland Outerbridge, and drying out after his ill-considered trek part-way across the Livermore mill pond.

For a child in Livermore -- indeed, perhaps for anyone anywhere -- it may not be so much the grand "historic" events that affect one's life most deeply, but rather the evolving human and individual drama that forces notice, such as the death of a father that both Tom Monahan and Lawrence Ramsdell suffered, or the loss of a mother that both Fay Ward and Maggie Jefferson dared not mention.

Fortunately not all human stories are sad ones, and our narrators, in reflecting on their relationships with Livermore and its people, recalled happier times as well. Though, as I write these words, Pauline Gardner has just been admitted to a nursing home, I have to believe that she still smiles, perhaps even chuckles, when the stray thought of Joe Platt and his butter enters her mind. And even for those who suffered pain or confusion in the case of one parent, there has been some compensation by the other, as Fay Ward's enduring respect for her father's work and family ethic, and Maggie Jefferson's recollection of her father's generous and hospitable nature, are readily apparent from the stories they shared with me.

Other informants, less intimately associated with the living community of Livermore, were nonetheless moved to relate tales of their own personal connections with the town, its personalities, or its remains. Even those with a prominent antiquarian interest in discrete aspects of Livermore's past, such as the Sawyer River Railroad, were stirred to relate seemingly minor yet personally significant accounts. Hence Fran Belcher's alternately humorous and pathetic portraits of Clinton Nash, chasing berry-pickers or sitting forlorn in a derelict mansion, or Ben English's self-consciously recalling the wonder of a boy's visit to a supposed ghost town.

We might note that even an essential local occurrence -- the decline of the village of Livermore -- is not the prominent subject of narrative focus. Livermore was once a small, but healthy and working village. Almost two hundred people were resident in the township. It now consists of nothing but trees and cellarholes, but the transition from the one status to the other does not seem to be the node of much rumination. A few observers have established working assumptions to explain how the settlement perished. Fay Ward states that all the trees were cut down. Fran Belcher, though he cites Nash's ranting about punitive taxation, places blame on the 1927 flood. Tom Monahan points the finger at Nash's managerial ineptitude. Others seem to harbor no clear notion for the abandoning of Livermore; Lawrence Ramsdell relied on a recent newspaper account to explicate the town's demise. Some possible factors, such as the Depression, are barely mentioned.

One potential malefactor in the decline of Livermore is never identified as such, namely the United States government. Though the

government purchased essentially the entire township in the late 1930's no evidence surfaced to suggest that federal authorities are rumored to have acted maliciously or unkindly in the dissolution of the village. No narrators hinted that the government barged in and destroyed a thriving White Mountain community, even though several informants offered other consideration or criticism of other government actions or policies. Bob Shackford, for instance, related his stand-off with tax-hungry Lincoln. Harry Dodge, first reluctantly but then more freely, discussed some of his C.C.C. experiences. Homer Emery discussed at length his work for the U.S. Forest Service. Tom Monahan regularly returned to comments on local, state, and federal politics, from Sherman Adams to the present Granite State governor. There was ample opportunity to castigate and condemn the government for the fall of Livermore, but apparently the seed of such a rumor had never been planted, and thus could never prosper.

However, a related motif which did recur in several interviews concerned the uncertain land and property titles in Livermore, and the alleged mis-handling of the situation by the Forest Service which resulted in an inappropriate auction of what was still private property by the government. As would be expected in such a legend, there is no "correct" version, only individual variants. The gist, though, suggests not a cruel or omnipotent government but a bungling bureaucratic agency which made an error for which eventually it had to make amends. (The "official record" is not conclusive on the matter, but a reasonable interpretation suggests at least that the clouded title situation was a real concern.)

One must wonder if other similar contemporary legends exist which ambivalently reflect on the nature and activities of government. Just as tales abound today of automobiles and franchise-fried food, shouldn't we expect to find more rumors or legends of bureaucratic incompetence, sometimes associated with modern technology, but perhaps also, as in this case, attributed to government action from decades past?¹

At issue here is not the novelty of a thousand-dollar toilet or a mouse in a soda bottle, but rather individual and community reflection on the nature and role of authority within a society. Order is necessary. How is it to be maintained? The question is not just theoretical. Bob Shackford had to ask it when his Saunders mansion was vandalized. Dot Clemons was faced with a similar quandary when viewing the wreckage of the Willey House Post Office. Norm Boisvert saw with disgust what happens to a favorite spot in the wilderness when people fail to act responsibly.

Questions regarding the maintenance of order within the human community are easily asked, but not so readily answered. Echoing Lévi-Strauss' comment on totems, such serious issues are not good to eat -- they cannot really be digested; they are good to think, necessary to ponder. Answers, or accuracy, are not the goals of such pondering, as human experience is varied. This is one reason why "belief," sometimes held to be a characteristic of legend, is indeterminate, as belief is an evolving, changing attribute of an individual's relationship with the subjects of legendry. The important matters are not resolved simply for once and for all, but play out over one's entire life.

Thus Harry Dodge can report the government's demolition of the Livermore store, perhaps a wanton and needless act of destruction, but also can admit a warmth of feeling regarding his days working in the appreciated government C.C.C. program. Robert Shackford was threatened by a greedy government bureaucracy and recounted the bungled Livermore auction, but worked amicably with Forest Service representatives. Homer Emery kept a secret -- the Forest Service that he had enjoyed working for for many years was the same federal agency that had erred in selling surplus public property, making him a clandestine Livermore landowner. Lawrence Ramsdell was relying on the state to pay for his ailing wife's care, as tending her had progressed beyond his powers, yet the same state was threatening to usurp his property.

To live with a government is to live with a more distant representative of society as a whole. Like Zeno's paradox, the dilemma of living in a society is best solved in action. Friends, neighbors, and family form a network that helps the individual manage and survive such a challenge.

Among our narrators, there seemed a closer connection between men and their experience in work and in recreation to resolve the pressing questions of life. Al Henn escaped the jungle of New York City to find a haven in the woods of New Hampshire, helped by a generous community and by his acceptance of the need to live by the sweat of his brow. Bob Shackford, though in a discussion of Livermore, shared tales of his travels in the Canadian north, a place where he had found respect for nature and for others, not always prevalent in

the Sawyer River valley. Norm Boisvert betrayed an esthetic pleasure in the baying of beagles over the snowy, moon-lit landscape. Homer Emery, in his narratives, built a link between his own forest work and that of woodsmen of the past. Tom Monahan, ranging far and wide, as was his wont, over his work and other experiences, had the sensitivity to subtly link the tales of earlier woodsmen -- refugees from the harsh employment in the Livermore camps and then lost in the winter woods -- to his own fears of a frozen compass in the cedar swamps of Maine. Unlike the bonded laborers of yore, he had a guide, and trusted colleagues, to assist him in his plight.

There seemed perhaps to be a greater appreciation among our women narrators for the importance of family and friends in meeting life's challenges. Pauline Gardner's tales of her clan, and Fay Ward's reverence for her father, and for her husband, are exemplary. Maggie Jefferson's and Dot Clemons' tales are of a similar sort. Family connections are not exclusively female, however. Witness Norm Boisvert's following in his father's footsteps, in going to Livermore, in staying at the Glidden house, and in maintaining his French heritage; and Ben English's quirky relation of his grandfather's excursion on the cold water tank of the Sawyer River Railroad, which helped link him not only to the past of Livermore but to his own familial past.

There were a few subjects whose mention was often able to elicit some comment. One was that of the graves north of Sawyer's River, a sad reminder of the failure of friends, neighbors, and family to care adequately for their loved ones; a negative example to learn from. Two particular Livermore characters, Clinton Nash and Joe Platt, also often

drew notice. Nash's personality was remarkable, but drew mixed comments. Some informants detested him, some sympathized with him. Joe Platt, with his stutter, was considered a bit comic, but was generally likable. Both, in a sense, "went down with the ship" of Livermore; neither had close family ties.

Sometimes the very structure of discussion is revealing, as when Ben and Judy English sought to re-capture the faint rumors of Mrs. Morey helping the people at Livermore. They, too, were helping each other re-kindle the memory of this past event, showing that "communal re-creation" is not a primitive rite, for it can be a way in which people work together to forge meaning out of sometimes disjointed recollections. What is most significant in such an occurrence is not the product, but the process; not the accuracy of the "facts," but the agreement in the transformation of separate memories to a single tale.²

These issues are heady and complex, yet all essentially arose out of a single question: "Could you tell me about Livermore?" The varied narratives evolving from the deceptively simple inquiry reflect the range and depth of human experience, reflection on it, and communication of that reflection to another. It would be too much to claim that Livermore was an emotive seed for all these meditations, but the long-gone village did serve as an affective locus near which other more personally significant seeds could flourish.

In the end, we know only a little more about such "prominent" people as Daniel Saunders or Big Jim Donahue. We are privileged, though, to know much more about Tom Monahan, Pauline Gardner, and

the others who generously shared of their time, their experiences, and their feelings.

Epilogue

Jim Clemons and John Murphy

There are times when you hope that things will happen and they don't, and there are times that things just happen. Jim Clemons, 68, is a fellow Bartlett resident, brother to Mrs. Pauline Gardner, and a retired Forest Service employee. I had spoken with him, very briefly, about Livermore, and about getting together sometime for a lengthier chat. But Jim calls himself "a great put-er off-er," and he was always busy with something else -- cutting firewood, visiting his brother in the New Hampshire Veterans' Home, or repairing his roof, among other things. But one day he knocked at my door, accompanied by another man, John Murphy, also a Bartlett resident. Jim had been talking with John, somehow Livermore had come up, and John had told him that he had had a great aunt die in a train accident up there. He had a yellowed newspaper clipping about it in an old family Bible somewhere. So Jim, knowing I'd be interested, brought him over to my house.

The subject of Livermore got Jim going. He recalled the time he was at the abandoned store at Livermore, and he and his brother Donny opened the old safe. After a real struggle, Jim said,

We finally got it open. Now I don't remember whether we hit the combination or maybe it was just a faulty safe. But the old maps, now that's what I was gonna tell you if I can see Don I can, I should go over and see him, cause otherwise I'll just see him here to talk with him doesn't amount to any-. But we had some old maps of the loggin up in through Livermore, and at that time it didn't mean anything to me, "Ah so what, these old maps," you know. And they had contours, some had contours on

em and everything. But Donny said, "Well, if you don't want em I'll keep em." Now if he's still got em I think I can talk im out of em, and give em to you Peter.

Bowled over by this revelation, I uttered, "Oh gosh, even just take a look at em." And John Murphy chimed in, "The old safe's still there."

Jim returned:

That safe, you know how we got that? Donny was workin for the telephone company. So we take the safe, it was, weighed umpteen thousand pounds, you know. Donny says, "How'we gonna get rid of this?" I said, "I don't know." So we had Everett Ward's truck, we anchored the truck out the further end then we, there was a tree beyond it. So we anchored the truck to the tree. Then Donny had a se-, big set of come-along and we kept goin like this. [Gestures, cranking come-along.] Finally we got to the edge and broom! down it went. The old safe and now that's where it went and it's still right there.

Jim laughed, John laughed, and if I recall correctly, I laughed too. Jim was about to continue, but only "But" escaped his lips before John revealed, "I worked for the loggin outfit that tore the mill down. And the old mill is right up there across from Tommy Monahan's you know, that state buildin? Now that's the mill that was up in Livermore."

I confessed I didn't know that, and John continued:

Yeah we tore that down in 1953, and we brought it down and rebuilt it again across from Tommy Monahan's and they were, they had five million feet to cut up there. And they were gonna, they were gonna have a sawmill right here in Bartlett. Then they went bankrupt. They never did, they never even cut the five million feet of timber. But that, that's the buildin right there. That's the old mill.

"Wow," I remarked, "I've looked through some of the Forest Service records and I was wondering what happened to that, they never really said."

"That's it right there. Yeah," John affirmed.

Jim came in, saying, "But they like you're sayin across the river, when I was a little kid it was called Little Canada. And the reason it was Little Canada because that, it was all Canadians, you know where the Canadians come down to log it, and they set up their own village. And there was quite a village up in there."

John joined in, adding, "Well they were, I guess they were pretty great for that, lot of crowd like that would get together and they'd build their own little, little. Well what was that called up by, up by the old reservoir, the, all the -- ."

"Bumblebee," Jim stated, exhibiting his knowledge of Bartlett lore.

"What was that?" John asked.

Jim explained, saying, "Well the old Bumblebee family, they had the big, like a boardin house up there. And that was up in near the reservoir, the original one, then the other one they built was way down by Mackey Boyd's place there."

John asked, "Weren't they at the a certain class of people that was lived in all those places up there?" Looking at me, he advised, "Elsie Hodgkins now she's a, she's another good one for, maybe you should take to some time it's Fred Hodgkins', there's not too many left that are up in age ("That's it," overlapped Jim.) that remember all of this stuff you know that."

Jim told John, "And that's what Peter's findin out he's goin to different places."

John averred, "You know we're really just a little too young to remember all of the history you need that 15 years more. Now Elsie,

Elsie does remember an awful awful lot of this stuff. And she's probably what is she eighty--"

"Oh she must be close to ninety--," rejoined Jim.

"Eighty-five, eighty-six or somethin like that but," John said.

"But I," Jim interjected.

"She knows an awful lot --," John tried to conclude, but Jim overruled him, recounting:

I started tellin Peter one day about, remember John and I used to work for this Jim Donahoo. At the store, up at Mallet's store? Old Jim used to live up in Livermore. When he was a little kid, you know. And, Old Jim, he said that they shut down the mill on a Friday night and them old guys'd go down under the mill, and play poker, get drunk, stay drunk all weekend, play poker, lose all their money, turn around, they'd start in, they'd go back to work again, you know, and they wouldn't get paid until next month, see. But they'd do the same thing over and over again.

He had also hinted at another story on an earlier occasion, and I asked him about the freight house. He complied, saying, "Oh yeah, that was the freight house down over here though."

"Yeah," I remarked briefly, hoping not to lose the momentum.

He looked to John, and began:

The time that, you must remember that, Jim tellin about that. Jim used to like to tell these old stories. But they had the freight that went into Livermore, they had to let it off here at Bartlett. And then they'd come down with a team, that's before they'd transport with the train, you know. So the guys up there, they'd come down with a team and they'd get barrels of whiskey and flour and sugar and all this and that. But it come in, somebody was workin and I can't remember down here at the freight house that used to unload the freight and put it in different places.

And, [He laughs.] they, one time they got in a bunch of, I don't know a bunch of barrels like flour and so forth, but there was several barrels of whiskey. And this guy, there was two of em, and they rolled the barrels right in that corner right there, [He points out a corner.] you know. And then they got a hold of

the guys up in Livermore, someone went up and got a hold of them that night.

And they come down with a team and they, where this guy put it, and there was a crawl space like this underneath the platform, you remember where you used to go in there when we was kids. [He looks to John for agreement; John utters, "Yeah, Yeah."] They took an auger bored right up through there. [He contorts his body as if drilling a hole with a brace and bit.] There's a big washtub they brought down from Livermore, from the old store and so forth. They bored right through the [He laughs.] the floor, right through the barrels. Here come the, [He mimics holding up a washtub.], course they lost a lot but they got a heck of a lot of the whiskey right out of the washtubs. [He laughs.] Ahh. They were characters back then.

While we were on the subject of characters, John remarked, "At the end of the Nash crowd there in Livermore they had the two caretakers up there. And those guys were there for years. And they wouldn't even speak to one another. McDonald and Platt."

"I was tellin im about Bill McDonald and Joe Platt," said Jim with a laugh, referring to one of our partial conversations.

John continued, "But when one of em was you know, drive down to Bartlett but he wouldn't give the other fella a ride down."

"No," agreed Jim.

"Make him waik, you know," resumed John.

"And the other guy, he had a bicycle," said Jim.

John offered, "And here they are workin together up there."

Jim continued, "Eventually he got a bicycle, remember, ("Yeah," John said.) Bill McDonald. But old Joe he'd be goin, Bill'd be goin back with a big pack on his back with his food, then like John said, they wouldn't even speak to each other. One, one was a Republican, and the other one Democrat."

John laughed at that one, and Jim carried on, saying, "So old Joe, he'd come down to town, get his beer and so forth. Old Bill would

be walkin up here above Sawyer River somewhere, above Silver Spring. Joe would go right by him. Not even give him a ride." He ended with a laugh.

John echoed the earlier sentiment, testifying, "They were some characters around Bartlett back then."

Jim declared, "I was just tellin John well, I told you about it anyway."

John stated, "We hauled groceries in there at the end of it though from, for those guys up there, you know, with Donahoo, the store. You delivered all the groceries to everyone in those days."

"Oh yeah," Jim agreed, "We'd go around, all around town."

"All around town, the women would just bring in their order for the week. Then you'd deliver it to all the houses, and so on and so forth," explained John.

"Go up and deliver it up at Madame Morey's," added Jim.

"Everywhere, yeah," said John.

"The Inn Unique," said Jim, referring again to Madame Morey's, "Then go up into Livermore and these two old guys there. Finally Old Bill, he got so bad he couldn't stay up there so he went down, what now is the --."

"Villager," John filled in.

"Villager Motel he lived," continued Jim.

"The house there, he owned that house," said John.

Jim followed, declaring, "Yeah, he owned that and he lived there for, until he died."

"Till he died," echoed John.

Jim went on, saying:

That's where he died right there. But I was tellin Peter about the, when I was just a little kid when Pauline and Bob lived across the railroad track. Now Peter went and see Pauline but she says, like a horse but I remember so help me God I remember after loggin, closed down, you know, the old engine like I was tellin you was down that Fred Washburn brought down I'd be up there and I'd hear the clunk clunk clunk clunk, look out and there'd be like I remember at least three or four horses runnin around out there. They just let the horses go wild. You know.

"Yeah, yeah," said John.

Jim resumed, "And they'd come down and, at that time, from Pauline's house comin this way, there was a big field then, you know."

John went into greater detail, stating:

That was the end of the, the horses, that outfit I worked for they had thirteen loggin horses and they had em right up there by Livermore. And they never, never did cut the timber there. They're just tryin to get in the road so those horses, right in the barn for the entire winter and never worked worked em at all. And they brought a brand new bulldozer and that's where I started in construction was, was runnin that bulldozer. A guy showed me how to run it a little bit's here in town, Clint Burke, and then the railroad called him back to work and he told em I was, had been runnin it. So that's how I got started in the construction business was right there. But those horses, they never used them that whole damn winter. Then the followin year they went bankrupt and they lost everything.

Jim apparently preferred iron horses to logging horses, as he said:

Did I, didn't I tell you about you know that, of course the old engine I told you that we used to set there and play at and make believe we was engineers and so forth. But we, what they called was a lorry car. Now, what, same thing would be over here on the Maine Central was just a flat car that had the four wheels that the crew put their tools on and push it along the track. Well this lorry car wasn't quite as heavy as the old, and we'd push that thing up the track headin right up in towards Livermore you know. And we'd get up there, I don't remember how far, but we'd get up there. And then we'd take a, a big pole like this and use it for a brake, you know. And once in a while you'd lose a pole and when you did you went so fast and then

you jumped off. Crash, bang, thing would go out through the woods. We done it a number of times, and we'd work like, two or three different days we'd go up there off an on. And to get that thing back out of the woods and back on the track again. [He laughs.]

But with Jim Donahoo, like I was tellin Peter once, if he was alive, boy couldn't he tell him the stories.

John agreed, saying, "Yeah, he'd tell you stories about all those people up there, you see they're all gone. Tommy Monahan's probably the only one that, around here now, that never, left that lived there in the village up. I think he is the only one. I don't know, but I think he is."

I admitted that I had found a couple of other people who had lived there briefly, and then Jim continued, remarking, "But that, like John said there it's too bad because it's gone now, I mean the old people are gone that. Now my Aunt Henrietta, Trecarten, she lived up there too."

"She did," said John, though his intonation was somewhere between a statement and a question.

"Yeah, oh yeah," confirmed Jim, "and I can remember Uncle Walter and Jim Donahoo sittin around."

John declared, "Not too many of em in this town that there isn't that either lived there or Carrigain village. Then they all moved down here when the loggin stopped, you know. Yeah it's too bad a lot of that history was all thrown away, you know."

We talked for a moment about old newspaper clippings, and Jim noted that Jim Donahoo at the store was related to but not the same as "Big Jim" from Livermore. I allowed as to how news from Livermore

seemed seldom to make it into the local newspapers. Jim opted to continue about Joe Platt, saying:

Old Joe Platt, the old fella, I think I told Peter about, you know how he was boy, he was kind of an arrogant old guy you know but, Bill and I, course I was just a young kid and Bill and I were goin up there fishin, goin to Sawyer Pond one day. So, drove up and, went down in by the, you know, remember where the old carriage shed used to be? And old Joe comes out every time you drive in there. So Bill would ask him, he'd say, "Well Joe, do you mind if I park over there? You know we want to go to Sawyer Pond." "Well," you know he'd kind of stutter-hammer, you know, "Yeah, all right."

So we went up there one time I remember and I used to go with Bill a lot. Go up there and old Joe, "Come out comin out," and this is like, seven or eight o'clock in the mornin, you know? He said to Joe he said, "Can I park over there?" "Yeah, Yeah." He says, "Joe," he says, "I know it's kind of early," but he says, "Would you like a drink?" Of course old Joe he used to love to drink, you know. "Well," he'd slap his hand, leg remember how he used to, "M-m-maybe I'll have a little one." So, the old him, course I was just a little guy, I didn't drink but they had a couple of drinks right there the first thing in the mornin, you know.

And he said, "Well Joe," he said, "If you don't mind," he says, "we'll leave the car right there. We're goin to go in to Sawyer Pond fishin." "Jjjjjjjjjjust a minute," he said. He went over to the old carriage shed, opened up the doors, he took the buggy, he says, "Give me a hand." We pulled this buggy up, one of them old buggies and pulled it off to one side. He says, "You can put your car right in there." [We all laugh.] And just like that and then, from that day on, Bill and Joe Platt were just like that. And then it's like my father used to say, "Many a time a drink would buy a lot more than a ten dollar bill would." And that's what done it right there. That Joe Platt. Put your thing right there, your car right in there.

I asked Jim, "Whatever happened to Joe?"

Jim replied earnestly, "I don't know if he died there or not, I don't remember Peter."

John didn't know either, as he said, "I, I don't. But wasn't he from up around Twin Mountain?"

"Twin Mountain, yeah," confirmed Jim. "He's probably buried up there."

John observed, "Old Nash, old Nash used to come up there after he died. Nash lived longer than the, old Joe did." He thought about the matter a bit more, then added, "Yeah, yeah yeah, I think you would find that he's buried, that's where he's buried is up there, down to Twin Mountain."

Jim gave his assent to this assertion, and John continued, saying:

There's always a tremendous amount of people around here that, before they come down around the village of Bartlett itself there was a lot that crowd that crowd that, they all lived in Jefferson and Twin Mountain before they came down here. An awful lot of em did. Yeah. Just like the McCanns, like John McCann was up there, the section foreman, and Frank McCann, and they're both buried in Twin Mountain. That's where they were, originally were from, lived, you know. And then they got a job down this way, with the railroad, so they come down here but, and a lot of the loggin crowd was the same way. They was up, they was all up north first then they just kept siftin down this way you know to work with Janes an'.

Jim chimed in, saying, "I often wondered if it was part of Livermore stuff that was across Sawyer River. Remember I showed you the old pile of bricks?"

"Yeah, yeah," recalled John, and Jim continued:

Across Sawyer River, right from the house there you know? You go out in there quite a way () there's a pile of brick, oh, good size and there's pieces of iron there, you know, well, my, my sister Pauline said that, well no, it was actually Bob he said that, he thought there was like an old blacksmith's shop in there. But he couldn't remember from what it was for but there it is. That's some place I ought to take you and you look at the, you go pawin around there.

He addressed this last statement to me, and I asked him, "So how do you get there again?"

"You have to go across the river," he explained. "You know where their house is up there at Sawyer River. Go right across the

river there. Then the, you'd have to have somebody knows where it is."

"So did people used to get there from the other side of the river?" I asked.

Jim answered, "Yeah. And then how they heck they were there, I don't know."

I then pulled out the article on the Sawyer River Railroad by Harold Walker that referred to the fatal accident regarding the canvasser, Gallaher. I asked John what relation she would have been to him. He responded:

I would, I'm not positive but I thought she was my grandmother's sister. But I'm not sure of that. But, see this, my my my aunt which this would have been in her Bible, this clippin, see this woman would have been her aunt. You see. Really, when it come down to it. Yeah, yeah. Huh. But I've, I've kept that I've still got that matter of fact I, pretty sure I just see it the other day so, and it's a whole clippin about this long, [He indicates a clipping several inches in length.] you know, that was in the paper. Now I don't know whether that paper was, was in, from up in Jefferson or up there, paper up that way or what the heck the paper was from, what paper.

There's some of the old pictures that shows em like there right at Sawyer's River where they're ridin on the cowcatcher, comin down that's how they got back and forth, they just hauled the lumber down so if you wanted to get back and forth that's how you rode back and forth from Livermore village, if you wanted to ride, and you rode right on the engine. Heh heh yeah, yeah.

I took the opportunity to pull out the 1920 census list and read a few names to Jim and John. A few, like Lane, rang bells, but not too many. John remarked, "You've talked with Tommy Monahan?"

I said I had spent a few afternoons with him, and he declared, "See here's the one that's, and if he wants to, he's funny some times

but he's, they've got more information up there if they want to dig it out."

"If they want to dig it out, yeah," echoed Jim, and John continued:

But it's kind of hard to get im to do it too there, really, but. Christ almighty, I laughed at im the other day there, oh what's his, Lewis Mead, Lewis Mead's been tryin to get him to, give him his whole family history, Tommy's, you know, for the future and so forth. But he got talkin about like in that Northwoods Echoes book about you know Van Dyke there, George Van Dyke was a he was a big logger back in way back and but. Then Tommy thought that's who Lewis was talkin about but he, he's got a ten dollar bill, and that goddamn ten dollar bill is right on the Colebrook Bank up there in Colebrook? And the president of that bank was George Van Dyke's brother, Claude. And it's right on it, "The Colebrook National Bank, Claude Van Dyke," and it's a ten dollar bill he's got. So Tommy, you know it's like, where I say as far as, "Yeah," he says, "I got about five, six hundred dollars worth of old bills." Honest to Christ! See he's got all of this stuff.

"Yeah, I'd like to see his stuff," said Jim.

"He won't tell ya, he won't tell ya what he's got, you know what I mean?" said John. "And there he had that ten dollar bill there. And he thought that was, the one that was the logger well it wasn't it would a been his brother. George was the logger, and Claude was the, Claude was the president of the Colebrook Bank, yeah. That's somethin. Well, I gotta go."

John had to go back to mowing his lawn, and Jim had other chores which he had to do.

A day or so later, John Murphy called out to me as I passed near his house. He went inside, came back out with an old family

prayer book, and from its pages drew a tattered, yellowed newspaper clipping.

The clipping, according to the words inked onto it, was from the Catholic Review of March 30, 1889. It referred to the tragic death of Katie Gallagher, of Avalanche, a tiny settlement in Crawford Notch. She had been born in St. Sylvester, Quebec, twenty-two years before. The clipping told that:

She was selected by Father Plante [of Whitefield] to be a contestant for a gold watch, at a coming bazaar. Here and there she went collecting, soliciting votes, not for a selfish motive, but to aid her esteemed pastor in clearing a church debt. Her journey between Sawyer River and Livermore station was her last. A leap from a wildly rushing engine robbed her of life, and hurled her body to the four winds.

Katie Gallagher had been overlooked by those who kept track of the vital statistics reports of Livermore, but she was remembered by her grand-nephew, a man who was born decades after her fatal journey to the mill village on her errand of piety.

My sudden, too brief, and marvelous encounter with Jim Clemons, John Murphy, and their vivid remembrance of things past was refreshing. From talking with people "who should know," I had received some uncertain signals. At times I wondered if I was just digging up a really dead past, trying to blow some life into dying embers. But the unexpected session with Jim and John demonstrated that, at least from time to time, the flames of memory of Livermore and its people can still glow warmly and brightly.

Jim offered a splendid story of the thirsty men of Livermore using their wits to get an early start on the whiskey stored in the

Bartlett freight shed. No, it's not an original story, as Ernest Bisbee related a similar tale in which hungry men from Bartlett drilled through the floor of Colonel Whipple's corncrib in Jefferson to steal his grain in the late 1700's. But it was a good story then, and it still is today.³

Jim's recounting of his friend Bill's morning drink with Joe Platt was another engaging tale. Perhaps not as traditional in content as the freight shed tale, it was nonetheless a fine example of a multivalent personal narrative. Not only did it relate an experience, it also describes the peculiar traits of a local character and, as a worthy coda, reverently employs a saying that Jim's father passed down to him, "Many a time a drink would buy a lot more than a ten dollar bill."

As Sam Schrager has noted, after Dell Hymes, "tradition...becomes the process of creating and recounting meanings that persons share with one another." This recognition allows our interests to go beyond strictly tales of codified content or structure to "the limits of actual living as people inscribe it in memory."⁴ Sometimes that inscription is written as a local legend, or in its mere remnants as a rumor. Sometimes it bears a physical cue, as a re-built mill, a pile of bricks, a faded clipping. Other times it may become more prominent as a give and take conversation between friends, as between Jim and John, as they strive to re-create their image of the past in words and to pass on their traditions to those of the next generation.

¹Jan Brunvand briefly considers "Government Legends," both from the U.S. and abroad, in The Choking Doberman and Other "New" Urban Legends, (New York: W.W. Norton, 1984), pp. 194-199. He notes

that the stories current regarding government ineptitude "merely fulfill expectations we already have that were honed to a fine edge by our own encounters with government and by news stories about waste in high places."

²Linda Dégh has noted the drama-like performance of legends, with parts "separated into roles," similar to Ben and Judy English's recounting of both the Mrs. Morey and Dr. Eudy legends ("Processes of Legend Formation," International Congress for Folk Narrative Research. Lectures and Reports (Athens: International Society for Folk Narrative Research, 1965), pp. 77-87; pp. 85-86.

³Ernest E. Bisbee, The White Mountain Scrap Book, (1938; reprinted Lancaster, New Hampshire: North Country Publishing Co., N.D.), p. (30).

⁴Samuel Schrager, "The Early Days:" Narrative and Symbolism of Logging Life in the Inland Northwest. Unpublished doctoral dissertation, University of Pennsylvania, 1983, pp. 14-15.

Appendix:

Legends and Legendary Material

The purpose of this appendix is to provide a preliminary guide to the legends and legendary material to be found in the interviews with our informants, as well as the few instances of such items in cited printed sources. I use the term "legend" as an heuristic device, recognizing that it is an often used term that is somewhat ill-defined. For instance, Robert Georges, in considering "The General Concept of Legend," could handily define a legend as "a story or narrative, set in the recent or historical past, that is believed to be true by those by whom and to whom it is communicated." Yet Georges thus defined legend as a straw man which he quickly rent asunder for, even in scholarly usage, a legend may or may not be any or all of these things.¹

For the purpose of this appendix, I have singled out several subjects or motifs which are particularly prominent or which recur in a number of interviews. I have also included a few noteworthy local characters as well as place-names in this consideration. For the most part, I have not singled out idiosyncratic personal experience narratives, as significant as they are in considering individual narrators and their experiences; here I seek primarily to highlight items shared by several informants which could also have links with material presented by others not identified or contacted in this study, and which might also bear resemblances to material from other similar projects.

By and large, the existing type and motif indices contain few specific analogues. Ernest Baughman's work does bear a few items of

interest². His Type 1913 (the same as Motif X 1381) is "The Side Hill Beast," a creature mentioned as the **sidehill gouger** by Marguerite Jefferson (p. 332-333), though she also mentions **whiffaboomers**, not mentioned by Baughman.³

Baughman also has a Type 1920 N, "**Mean Men**," and there are several references to harsh employers: Butts (p. 63) notes the tale of the **stern taskmaster** who, oblivious to his men's safety, didn't want them to "hold back"; both Tom Monahan (pp. 412, 440, 441) and Harry Dodge (p. 153) noted that in the hey-day of logging activity, bosses considered **horses more valuable than men**. Harry Dodge alleged that the **residents of Livermore were kept in the town** by a gate on the road (p. 141), and both Pauline Gardner (p. 317) and Tom Monahan (p. 399) pointedly referred to the hold the **company store** was fabled to have had on a company's employees. Tom Monahan also mentioned the time that **J.E. Henry**, known as an uncompromising boss, was "strung up by his thumbs" for not paying his bills (p. 412).⁴

Motif K130, "Means of Entering House or Treasury," could well apply to the **brace-and-bit entry of the drinkers of Livermore into the Bartlett freight shed** related by Jim Clemons (pp. 491-492). Though Livermore is noted as a purported "ghost town" by several informants -- Norm Boisvert (p. 223), Homer Emery (pp. 232-233), and Ben English (pp. 253-254) -- the bare reference is hardly enough to assign it Baughman Motif E 281, "Ghosts haunt house." Similarly, the regular references to the high quality of the Saunders mansion may not be enough to qualify it for Motif F 770, "**Extraordinary Building and Furnishings**." While lacking in magical content, one might wish to apply

Motif N 410, "**Lucky Business Venture**," both to Robert Shackford's purchase of his Livermore holding from Clinton Nash (as Nash wanted to sell the parcel to a native)(p. 160), and to Homer Emery's purchase of the Livermore schoolhouse *and lot* from the Forest Service (pp. 236-237). S 123, "**Burial Alive**," can be applied to the tale of Dr. Eudy related by Batchellor (p. 45) and also told by Pauline Gardner (p. 326) and by Ben and Judy English (pp. 260-261).

For the most part, though, prominent subjects seem to be unindexed. Some of these are specific to an individual or place; others are associated with a more general theme. Among these subjects are the **graves by the Sawyer River Station**. These are mentioned by Morris (p. 44) and Pike (p. 73), and comments about them could be elicited from Harry Dodge (pp. 137-138, 152), Ben and Judy English (pp. 260-261), C. Francis Belcher (p. 275), Doris Clemons (p. 287), Pauline Gardner (p. 326), and Marguerite Jefferson (pp. 349-350, 354).

Other place-specific comments include mention of **Hayshed Field** by Harry Dodge (p. 149), Robert Shackford (p. 171), and Homer Emery (pp. 242, 245-246); and of **Little Canada** by Harry Dodge (pp. 153-154), Marguerite Jefferson (p. 348), Lawrence Ramsdell (pp. 472-473), Jim Clemons (p. 490), and Tom Monahan (pp. 432, 434, 438, 439), and, as "Frenchville," by Robert Shackford (pp. 168-169). **Little Livermore** was noted by Ben English (p. 258) and by Homer Emery (p. 249). Another tale associated with a particular place was that regarding the loaded **team that was lost in Sawyer Pond**, offered by both Al Henn (pp. 197-198) and Tom Monahan (p. 412).

Obviously the village of Livermore was regularly referred to, but one of the most noteworthy tales regarding its abandonment was told by Harry Dodge, who contended that at least the **village store was collapsed with its contents intact** (pp. 134, 149, 152), though other claims are offered by Al Henn (pp. 181-182, 184) and Jim Clemons (pp. 488-489). A recurring reference is to the **auction** of some of the property remaining in the town; some claim a serious Forest Service error for the auction (such as Harry Dodge, pp. 134-135; Robert Shackford, p. 161; Al Henn, pp. 186-187; Homer Emery, pp. 233-234). Maggie Jefferson states that Nash himself held the auction (pp. 335-336), though Doris Clemons states that Nash did so somewhat unwittingly (p. 283). Fran Belcher does not refer specifically to the auction, but does admit that there was at best a clouded property title (pp. 267-268). Homer Emery extends the tale to include another Forest Service error, that of **selling him the schoolhouse lot** (pp. 236-237).

Even more important than places in our interviews are people. The **Saunders** clan, while often mentioned, are seldom given legendary stature. Both Al Henn (in his reference to age and drink, p. 193), and Tom Monahan (in quoting "a man who'll steal for me will steal from me," p. 409), have perpetuated **proverbial sayings of Daniel Saunders Jr.** What has the air of a literary legend is noted by Dorgan (p. 31) who claims that the house of Daniel Saunders Sr. was used as a **"station" on the underground railroad**. Tales of the **disputes between the Saunders and J.E. Henry** are noted in print by Belcher (p. 68) and Conway (p. 68), and surface in the interviews with Al Henn (pp. 187, 193), Fran Belcher (p. 273) and Tom Monahan (p. 410). More common are

discussions of the **Livermore school**, which was noted to be of high quality and which some say was made a showcase by Saunders (Robert Shackford, p. 167; Al Henn, pp. 182, 191; Tom Monahan, pp. 397-398, 417, 433; Marguerite Jefferson, pp. 334-335, 347-348; Pauline Gardner, p. 310). Somewhat less complimentary to the Saunders are tales of the **bonded laborers**, and especially their **escape attempts**, noted by Tom Monahan (pp. 397, 407, 440-443), Marguerite Jefferson (pp. 339, 341), Fay Ward (p. 387), and Lawrence Ramsdell (pp. 460-461).

The peculiar character of **Clinton Nash** was commented upon by several of our informants. Robert Shackford hinted that he **gave to charity** the money gained in his sale of the Livermore lands (p. 161); although Tom Monahan noted this allegation, he expressed doubt of its truth (pp. 406, 426). Nash's "good side" was suggested by Robert Shackford, who, of course, was pleased that he had made it a point to sell the Livermore parcel to a native (pp. 160, 174), but he also passed on the tale that Nash had gone out of his way to keep **town residents employed in cutting cordwood**, primarily as an act of charity (pp. 164, 173-174). Nash's **odd characteristics**, not often likable, were noted by many informants (Robert Shackford, pp. 161, 163-165; Homer Emery, pp. 233, 246-247; C. Francis Belcher, pp. 267-269; Pauline Gardner, pp. 318-319; Marguerite Jefferson, p. 335; Fay Ward, p. 378; Tom Monahan, pp. 406-407, 409). C. Francis Belcher (pp. 268-269), Doris Clemons (pp. 282, 300), and Tom Monahan (pp. 406, 426) all referred to incidents where Nash sought **to expel alleged trespassers**. Both C. Francis Belcher (p. 267) and Tom Monahan (pp. 407, 426, 430) referred to Nash **living in the derelict mansion**.

Among the other personalities noted by some of our narrators are **Joe Platt**, renowned for his **stutter** (including Ben English, pp. 262-263; Pauline Gardner, pp. 309-310, 313, 315, 316, including her stories about the picture book, the platform rocker, and the butter; Jim Clemons, pp. 492-493, 496, which includes his relationship with Bill McDonald and Jim's story about parking in Joe's garage; and Doris Clemons, who admitted Joe was "different...a bit eccentric," pp. 285-286). **Florence Morey**, and her help to the people of Livermore in a time of need, was recalled by several informants, including C. Francis Belcher (pp. 275-276), Doris Clemons (p. 294), Robert Shackford (pp. 164-165) and Ben and Judy English (pp. 257, 261-262). **Acland Outerbridge**, the black Bermudan, was noted by Marguerite Jefferson (pp. 354-355), Lawrence Ramsdell (pp. 455, 459) and faintly remembered by Fay Ward (p. 387). The odd **Parkers** and their house was mentioned by Tom Monahan alone (pp. 417-418, 436-437). (At a brief remove from the Sawyer River country, Homer Emery related two tales of **blind Will Simpson**, pp. 244-245.)

Other subjects of note included Marguerite Jefferson's recounting of visits of **tramps** (pp. 345-347) and **gypsies** (pp. 345-346) and the occasional mention of **train accidents** on the Sawyer River Railroad, noted in print by Walker (pp. 104, 128) and Belcher (p. 128), and in person by Pauline Gardner (pp. 320-321), Fay Ward (p. 381), John Murphy (pp. 498-500), and Lawrence Ramsdell (p. 459). "**Lost**" **railroad equipment** is noted by Harry Dodge (pp. 136, 148-149, 150-151; an engine) and Homer Emery (a lost engine on p. 240; abandoned rails on pp. 241-242).

Rounding up our consideration of prominent subjects are the good and the bad, with Homer Emery relating the claim that **Livermore lumber** was the best available in the area (p. 235) and Tom Monahan admitting some of the ploys used to increase poll taxes (by **rocking grown men in the cradle**, p. 431) and to gain fraudulent insurance claims by having **old horses run over by trains** (p. 431). The zenith of the bad in Livermore is the rural parallel of urban victimization tales, with Robert Shackford (pp. 161-163, 166, 170, 172), Al Henn (p. 185), Marguerite Jefferson (p. 336) and Norm Boisvert (p. 214) referring to **vandalism** and the like in Livermore village or in the area; associated with this, of course, is Doris Clemons' recounting of the vandalism of the Willey House Post Office (pp. 303-305).

¹Robert A. Georges, "The General Concept of Legend: Some Assumptions to be Reexamined and Reassessed," in Wayland D. Hand, editor, American Folk Legend. A Symposium (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1971), pp. 1-20; p. 5.

²Ernest A. Baughman, Type and Motif Index of the Folktales of England and North America (The Hague: Mouton, 1966).

³Richard M. Dorson also writes of the "Sidehill Dodger" in Man and Beast in American Comic Legend (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1982), pp. 29-35.

⁴A similar incident is reported by B.A. Botkin in A Treasury of New England Folklore (1947; reprinted New York: Bonanza Books, 1965), p. 307.

Bibliography

- Abrahams, Roger. "Story and History: A Folklorist's View." Oral History Review, 9 (1981), pp. 1-11.
- Allen, Barbara. "Re-creating the Past: The Narrator's Perspective in Oral History." Oral History Review, 12 (1984), pp. 1-12.
- Allen, Barbara. Talking About the Past: A Folkloristic Study of Orally Communicated History. Unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, UCLA, 1980.
- Allen, Willis Boyd. Cloud and Cliff, or Summer Days at the White Mountains. Boston: D. Lothrop Company, 1889.
- Appalachian Mountain Club. Guide to Paths and Camps in the White Mountains. Boston: Appalachian Mountain Club, 1907 and subsequent editions. (Editions of 1928 and later are titled The A.M.C. White Mountain Guide.)
- Anonymous. Charles G. Saunders Obituary. Appalachia, XIV, Number 3 (June 1918), pp. 287-288.
- Armstrong, John Borden. Factory Under the Elms. A History of Harrisville, New Hampshire, 1774-1969. Cambridge: M.I.T. Press, 1969.
- Atkinson, J. Brooks. Skyline Promenades: A Potpourri. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925.
- Bahros, Nicholas. History of the White Mountain National Forest. Unpublished M.A. thesis, University of New Hampshire, 1959.
- Bailey, Sarah Loring. Historical Sketches of Andover. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, 1880.
- Baird, Iris W., and Chris Haartz. A Field Guide to New Hampshire Firetowers. Lancaster, New Hampshire: Iris W. Baird, 1992.
- Baird, Iris W. Unpublished notes on Mount Carrigain Firetower.
- Bancroft, Charles P. "The Pemigewasset Wilderness in 1889." Appalachia, XX, 3 & 4, (November 1935), pp. 299-317.
- Bardwell, John D., and Ronald P. Bergeron. The White Mountains of New Hampshire. Norfolk: The Donning Company, 1989.
- Bartlett Land and Lumber Company. Plaintiff in Error, vs. Daniel Saunders. Supreme Court of the United States, Number 251. In error to the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of New Hampshire. Washington, 1878.

- Batchellor, Albert Stillman. "The Profession of Medicine." History of Littleton, New Hampshire. Ed. James R. Jackson. Littleton: Town of Littleton, 1905. II, pp. 88-137.
- Batchellor, Albert Stillman. "Town Charters," Volume II, pp. 268-272, s.v "Livermore." Provincial and State Papers Volume XXV. Concord: Edward N. Pearson, 1895.
- Baughman, Ernest A. Type and Motif Index of the Folktales of England and North America. The Hague: Mouton, 1966.
- Beecher, Ned. Outdoor Explorations in the Mt. Washington Valley. Conway, New Hampshire: Tin Mountain Conservation Center, 1989.
- Belcher, C. Francis. "Book Review. Robert E. Pike, Tall Trees, Tough Men." Appalachia, XXXVI, 4 (December 1967), p. 775.
- Belcher, C. Francis. Logging Railroads of the White Mountains. Boston: Appalachian Mountain Club, 1980.
- Belcher, C. Francis. Photographs Assembled in Preparation of Logging Railroads of the White Mountains. Special Collections, Dartmouth College Library, Hanover, New Hampshire.
- Bicentennial Commemorative Book of the Town of Lincoln, New Hampshire, 1764-1964. Lincoln: Lincoln Bicentennial Book Committee, 1964.
- Billings, Marland P., et. al. The Geology of the Mount Washington Quadrangle, New Hampshire. Concord: New Hampshire Department of Resources and Economic Development, 1979.
- Biographical Review. Volume XXVIII. Containing Life Sketches of Leading Citizens of Essex County, Massachusetts. Boston: Biographical Review Publishing Company, 1898.
- Biographical Sketches of Leading Citizens of Grafton County, New Hampshire. Buffalo: Biographical Publishing Company, 1897.
- Bisbee, Ernest. The White Mountain Scrap Book. 1938; reprint Lancaster, New Hampshire: North Country Publishing Company, N.D.
- Boisvert, Richard A. "Prehistory in the White Mountains." Unpublished paper presented at North Conway, New Hampshire, June 19, 1992.
- Botkin, B.A. A Treasury of New England Folklore. 1947; reprint New York: Bonanza Books, 1965.
- Brashler, Janet G. "When Daddy Was a Shanty Boy: The Role of Gender in the Organization of the Logging Industry in Highland West Virginia." Historical Archaeology, 25, Number 4 (1991), pp. 54-68.

- Brown, William R. Our Forest Heritage: A History of Forestry and Recreation in New Hampshire. Concord: New Hampshire Historical Society, 1958.
- Bruns, Paul E. A New Hampshire Everlasting and Unfallen. Concord: Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, 1969.
- Brunvand, Jan. The Choking Doberman and Other "New" Urban Legends. New York: W.W. Norton, 1984.
- Bryant, Ralph Clement. Logging: The Principles and General Methods of Operation in the United States. New York: John Wiley & Sons, 1913.
- Bulkley, Peter B. A History of the White Mountain Tourist Industry. Unpublished M.A. thesis, University of New Hampshire, 1958.
- Bulkley, Peter B. "Identifying the White Mountain Tourist, 1853-1854: Origin, Occupation, and Wealth as a Definition of the Early Hotel Trade." Historical New Hampshire, XXXV, 2 (Summer 1980), pp. 107-162.
- Bulkley, Peter B. "Horace Fabyan, Founder of the White Mountain Grand Hotel." Historical New Hampshire, XXX, 2 (Summer 1975), pp. 53-78.
- Burt, F. Allen. The Story of Mount Washington. Hanover: Dartmouth Publications, 1960.
- Butts, Mary F. "The White Mountains in Winter." The New England Magazine, N.S. I, Number 6, (February 1890), pp. 595-609.
- Calloway, Colin G. The Western Abenakis of Vermont, 1600-1800. War, Migration, and the Survival of an Indian People. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1990.
- Carroll, Aileen. M. Bartlett, New Hampshire...In The Valley of the Saco. Bartlett, New Hampshire: Bartlett Public Library, 1990.
- Carroll, Charles F. The Timber Economy of Puritan New England. Providence: Brown University Press, 1973.
- Child, Hamilton. Gazetteer of Grafton County, N.H. 1709-1886. Syracuse: The Syracuse Journal Company, 1886.
- Chisholm's White Mountain Guidebook. Portland: Chisholm Brothers, 1880.
- Chittenden, Alfred K. Forest Conditions of Northern New Hampshire. U.S. Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Forestry Bulletin Number 55. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1905.

- "C.L.A." "Sketch of the Life of Edward St. Loe Livermore."
Contributions of the Old Residents' Association (Lowell,
Massachusetts), 11, Number 1 (November 1, 1880), pp. 74-82.
- Cogbill, Charles. Hubbard Brook Revisited: Land Use History of the
Hubbard Brook Valley, New Hampshire. Unpublished typescript,
June 1989.
- Colby, Fred Myron. "Holderness and the Livermores." Granite Monthly,
IV, Number 5 (February 1881), pp. 175-181.
- Conway, Thomas W. Livermore, New Hampshire. Unpublished typescript
in New Hampshire State Library, Concord. 1936.
- Cooper, Albert W. and T.S. Woolsey Jr.. "Lumbering in New Hampshire."
Forestry and Irrigation, VIII, Number 5 (May 1902), pp. 210-214.
- Cooper, J.M. "The New Zealand Notch. Unfamiliar Nooks of White
Mountain Scenery." Granite Monthly, XXIV, Number 3 (March
1898), pp. 165-169.
- Cowley, Charles. A History of Lowell. Second Edition. Boston: Lee and
Shepard, 1868.
- Cronon, William. Changes in the Land. Indians, Colonists, and the
Ecology of New England. New York: Hill and Wang, 1983.
- Cutter, William Richard. Historic Homes and Places and Genealogical and
Personal Memoirs Relating to the Families of Middlesex County,
Massachusetts. New York: Lewis Historical Publishing Company,
1908.
- Danielson, Larry. "The Folklorist, the Oral Historian, and Oral History."
Oral History Review, 8 (1980), pp. 62-72.
- Davis, William T. Bench and Bar of the Commonwealth of
Massachusetts. Volume II. Boston: The Boston History Company,
1895.
- Day, Gordon M. "Western Abenaki." Handbook of North American
Indians. Volume 15, Northeast. Ed. Bruce G. Trigger. Washington:
Smithsonian Institution Press, 1978, pp. 148-159.
- Defebaugh, James Elliott. History of the Lumber Industry in America.
Chicago: The American Lumberman, 1906-1907.
- Dégh, Linda. "Processes of Legend Formation, "International Congress
for Folk Narrative Research. Lectures and Reports Athens:
International Society for Folk Narrative Research, 1965, pp. 77-87.
- Dorgan, Maurice B. History of Lawrence, Massachusetts. N.P.: Published
by the author, 1924.

- Dorson, Richard M. "The Debate over the Trustworthiness of Oral History." 1968; reprinted in Folklore: Selected Essays. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1972, pp. 199-224.
- Dorson, Richard M. "Local History and Folklore." American Folklore and the Historian. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1971, pp. 145-156.
- Dorson, Richard M. Man and Beast in American Comic Legend. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1982.
- Downs, Virginia C. Life by the Tracks. Canaan, New Hampshire: Phoenix, 1983.
- Drake, Samuel Adams. The Heart of the White Mountains. Their Legend and Scenery. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1882.
- Draves, David. Builder of Men. Life in C.C.C. Camps in New Hampshire. Portsmouth: Peter E. Randall, 1992.
- Early, Kevin. "Forgotten Towns Reveal This Region's Past." Northern Light, 28 May 1990, pp. 1, 8.
- Eastman, Tom. "Livermore, A Town From the Past." The Mountain Ear (Conway, New Hampshire), 3 September 1982, pp. 12-14.
- Egleston, Thomas. "The Manufacture of Charcoal in Kilns." Transactions of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, 6 (May 1879), pp. 373-397.
- The Enterprise of the North Country of New Hampshire. Lancaster, New Hampshire: White Mountains Region Association, 1982.
- Fay, Charles E. "Mount Carrigain." Appalachia, II, 2 (July 1880), pp. 108-117.
- Fobes, Charles B. "The White Mountain Club of Portland, Maine. 1873-1884." Appalachia, XXX, 3 (15 June 1955), pp. 380-395.
- Franzen, John G. "Northern Michigan Logging Camps: Material Culture and Worker Adaptation on the Industrial Frontier." Historical Archaeology, 26, Number 2 (1992), pp. 74-98.
- Frye, Glenn. "A Certain Simon Schama." Harvard Magazine, 94, Number 2 (November-December 1991), pp. 46-53.
- Garvin, Donna Belle, and James L. Garvin. On the Road North of Boston: New Hampshire Taverns and Turnpikes, 1700-1900. Concord: New Hampshire Historical Society, 1988.

- Georges, Robert A. "The General Concept of Legend: Some Assumptions to be Reexamined and Reassessed," in Wayland D. Hand, editor, American Folk Legend. A Symposium. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1971, pp. 1-20.
- Glassie, Henry. Passing the Time in Ballymenone: Culture and History of an Ulster Community. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1982.
- Goldthwait, J. W. "A Town That Has Gone Downhill." Geographical Review, XVII, 4 (October 1927), pp. 527-552.
- Grafton County, New Hampshire. Records of the Registry of Deeds, Woodsville, New Hampshire.
- Grafton County, New Hampshire. Records of the Registry of Probate, Woodsville, New Hampshire.
- Grant, S. Hastings. "With Professor Guyot on Mounts Washington and Carrigain in 1857." Appalachia, XI, 3 (July 1907), pp. 229-239.
- Grele, Ronald. Envelopes of Sound: The Art of Oral History. Second Edition. New York: Praeger, 1991
- Hale, Edward Everett. Poems and Fancies. Boston: Little, Brown & Company, 1901.
- Harrington. Karl Pomeroy. Walks and Climbs in the White Mountains. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1926.
- Hastings, Scott E. The Last Yankees: Folkways in Eastern Vermont and the Border Country. Hanover: University Press of New England, 1990.
- Haviland, William A., and Marjory W. Power. The Original Vermonters. Native Inhabitants Past and Present. Hanover: University Press of New England, 1981.
- Hayes, J.F.C. History of the City of Lawrence. Lawrence: E.D. Green, 1868.
- Henderson, Donald M. and Marland P. Billings, John Creasy, and Sally Anne Wood. Geology of the Crawford Notch Quadrangle, New Hampshire. Concord: New Hampshire Department of Resources and Economic Development, 1977.
- Henderson, Richard, and Edward M. Bacon. Men of Progress: One Thousand Biographical Sketches and Portraits of Leaders in Business and Professional Life in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Boston: New England Magazine, 1896.

- Henry, James E. II. "J.E. Henry, Founder of Henryville." Bicentennial Commemorative Book of the Town Of Lincoln, New Hampshire 1764-1964. Lincoln: Lincoln Bicentennial Book Committee, 1964, pp. 25-33.
- Hitchcock, Charles H. The Geology Of New Hampshire. Volume 1. Concord: Edward A. Jenks, 1874.
- Holbrook, Stewart H. Holy Old Mackinaw: A Natural History of the American Lumberjack. 1938; rpt. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1954.
- Holbrook, Stewart H. Yankee Exodus: An Account of Migration from New England. New York: Macmillan, 1950.
- Holbrook, Stewart H. Yankee Loggers: A Recollection of Woodsmen, Cooks, and River Drivers. New York: International Paper Company, 1961.
- Hoover, Earl E., editor. Biological Survey of the Androscoggin, Saco, and Coastal Watersheds. Survey Report Number 2. Concord: New Hampshire Fish and Game Department, December 1937.
- Horwitz, Richard P. Anthropology Toward History. Culture and Work in a 19th Century Maine Town. Middletown: Wesleyan University Press, 1978.
- Hounsell, Janet. "Livermore...A Town that Disappeared into Valley History." The Reporter (North Conway, New Hampshire), 7 December 1977, p. 1A.
- Hounsell, Janet. "Livermore, The Valley Town that Is No More." The Reporter (North Conway, New Hampshire), 24 November 1982, p. 6B.
- Hunt, Rev. Orrin Robbins. "A Winter in a Logging Camp." Granite Monthly, XX, Number 2 (February 1896), pp. 99-106.
- Hurd, Hamilton. History of Essex County Massachusetts, with Biographical Sketches of Many of its Pioneers and Prominent Men. Philadelphia: J.W. Lewis & Company, 1888.
- Irland, Lloyd C. Wildlands and Woodlots: The Story of New England's Forests. Hanover: University Press of New England, 1982.
- Ives, Edward D. George Magoon and the Downeast Game War: History, Folklore, and the Law. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1988.
- Ives, Edward D. "Larry Gorman and 'Old Henry.'" Northeast Folklore, 2, Number 3 (Fall 1959), pp. 40-46.

- Ives, Edward D. Joe Scott, The Woodsman Songmaker. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1978.
- Ives, Edward D. The Tape Recorded Interview. A Manual for Field Workers in Folklore and Oral History. Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1980.
- Jackson, Bruce. Fieldwork. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1987.
- Johnson, Ron, editor. Maine Central R.R. Mountain Division. South Portland: 470 Railroad Club, N.D. (circa 1986).
- Jones, Page Helm. Evolution of a Valley: The Androscoggin Story. Canaan, New Hampshire: Phoenix, 1975.
- Jorgensen, Neil. A Guide to New England's Landscape. Chester, Connecticut: The Globe Pequot Press, 1977.
- Joyner, Charles W. "Oral History as Communicative Event: A Folkloristic Perspective." Oral History Review, 7 (1981), pp. 47-52.
- Kilbourne, Frederick W. Chronicles of the White Mountains. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916.
- Lawless, Elaine J. "Comment: Truth and Deep Roots." Interpreting Local Culture and History, Eds. J. Sanford Rikoon and Judith Austin. Boise: Idaho State Historical Society, 1991, pp. 119-122.
- Lewis, George A. "Population Change in Northern New England." Annals of the American Association of Geographers, 62 (1972), pp. 307-322.
- Livermore, Town of. Annual Reports, 1921-1937. New Hampshire Historical Society and New Hampshire State Library, Concord.
- Livermore, Town of. Inventory of the polls and ratable property of the inhabitants of Livermore, 1906-1936. New Hampshire State Records and Archives, Concord.
- Livermore, Town of. Town Record Book, 1914-1936. New Hampshire State Records and Archives, Concord.
- Livermore, Town Of. Vital Statistics. Marriages (1879-1934), Births (1878-1920), Deaths (1878-1935). New Hampshire State Records and Archives, Concord.
- MacCannell, Dean. The Tourist. A New Theory of the Leisure Class. New York: Schocken Books, 1976.
- Massachusetts, State of. Files of the Office of Records and Vital Statistics. Boston.

- Matthews, David. "Exploring Ghost Towns in the White Mountains." Magnetic North, I (Autumn 1983), pp. 33-39.
- McKenney, C. Ross. Language of the Forest. Portsmouth: Peter E. Randall, 1991.
- Meador, J.W. The Merrimack River. Its Sources and Tributaries. Boston: B.B. Russell, 1869.
- Middlesex County, Massachusetts. Records of the Registry of Probate. Cambridge.
- Montell, William Lynwood. The Saga of Coe Ridge: A Study in Oral History. New York: Harper & Row, 1972.
- Morris, George F. Reminiscences of a Yankee Jurist: An Autobiography. Littleton, New Hampshire: Courier Publishing Co. 1953.
- Morrison, Kenneth M. The Embattled Northeast. The Elusive Ideal of Alliance in Abenaki-Euramerican Relations. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1984.
- Morrow, James F. Jr. "Forever Livermore." Yankee, November 1969, pp. 168-175.
- Morse, Stearns, editor. Lucy Crawford's History of the White Mountains. 1846; reprint Boston: Appalachian Mountain Club, 1978.
- Moses, George H. "Pullman, New Hampshire: A Lumber Camp." Granite Monthly, XVIII, Number 5 (May 1895), pp. 320-327.
- Mullen, Patrick B. "Modern Legend and Rumor Theory." Journal of the Folklore Institute, 9 (1972), pp. 95-109.
- The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography. Volumes II (1892), XI (1901), XVII (1920), XVIII (1922), XXIV (1935). New York: James T. White & Co.
- New Hampshire Forestry Commission. Annual Report of the New Hampshire Forestry Commission. Concord: Edward N. Pearson, 1894 and subsequent years (became biennial in 1896).
- The New Hampshire Register and Farmer's Almanac. Claremont: Claremont Manufacturing Company, 1879 and subsequent years.
- New Hampshire, State of, Annual Report relating to the registration and return of births, marriages, divorces, and deaths in New Hampshire. Concord: State of New Hampshire, 1880 and subsequent years.

New Hampshire, State of. Laws of the State of New Hampshire. Concord. 1867, Chapter CXXIX; 1874, Chapter CLXXXVII; 1875, Chapter CXI; 1876, Chapter V; 1897, Chapter 135; 1901, Chapter 28; 1909, Chapter 314; 1937, Chapter 298; 1951, Chapter 247.

Osborne, Maurice M. "Some Unconventional Walks in Livermore, 1912." Appalachia, XXX, 1 (15 June 1954), pp. 60-65.

Packard, Winthrop. White Mountain Trails. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company, 1912.

Pike, Robert E. Spiked Boots. 1959; reprint Dublin, New Hampshire: Yankee Publishing, 1987.

Pike, Robert E. "Folk Songs from Pittsburg, New Hampshire." Journal of American Folklore, 48 (1935), pp. 337-352.

Pike, Robert E. Tall Trees, Tough Men. New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 1967.

Raymo, Chet, and Maureen Raymo. Written in Stone. A Geological and Natural History of the Northeastern United States. Chester, Connecticut: The Globe Pequot Press, 1989.

The Reporter. (Published weekly.) North Conway. New Hampshire.

Robertson, Edwin B., and Benjamin W. English Jr. A Century of Railroading in Crawford Notch. Updated (Third) Edition. Westbrook, Maine: Edwin B. Robertson, 1987.

Robinson, William F. Mountain New England, Life Past and Present. Boston: Little, Brown & Company, 1988.

Rolando, Victor. 200 Years of Soot and Sweat. The History and Archaeology of Vermont's Iron, Charcoal, and Lime Industries. Burlington: Vermont Archaeological Society, 1992

Russell, Ernest. "The Wood-Butchers: A Concrete Example of the Nation's Problem." Collier's, XLIII, Number 7 (8 May 1909), pp. 19-20.

Russell, Howard S. A Long Deep Furrow: Three Centuries of Farming in New England. Hanover: University Press of New England, 1976.

Russell, Howard S. Indian New England Before the Mayflower. Hanover: University Press of New England, 1980.

Sawyer River Railroad Timetable. Circa 1880-1888. In the Private Collection of Douglas Philbrook, Gorham, New Hampshire.

- Schrager, Samuel. "The Early Days:" Narrative and Symbolism of Logging Life in the Inland Northwest. Unpublished Doctoral Dissertation, University of Pennsylvania, 1983
- Slade, Marilyn Myers. "Lost Places." New Hampshire Profiles, XXXIV, 8 (August 1985), pp. 20 ff.
- Smith, Bradford R. "Zealand and Carrigain: Two of the North Country's 'Lost Places.'" Magnetic North, 3 (Fall 1985), pp. 16-18, 44-46.
- Smith, David C. A History of Lumbering in Maine, 1861-1960. Orono: University of Maine Press, 1972.
- Smith, Dick. "Ghost Town." New Hampshire Profiles, V, Number 10, (October 1956), pp. 18-19.
- Smith, Steven D. Bretton Woods Natural History: A Brief Introduction Unpublished Typescript, N.D. (circa 1982).
- Smyth, Lawrence T. "The Lumber Industry in Maine." New England Magazine, XXV, Number 5 (January 1902), pp. 629-648.
- Sperry, Roger S. "Excursions: Notchland, N.H." Appalachia, XIX, Number 3 (June 1933), pp. 480-481.
- Springer, John S. Forest Life and Forest Trees. 1851; reprint Somersworth, N.H.: New Hampshire Publishing Co., 1971.
- Stahl, Sandra K.D. "The Oral Personal Narrative in its Generic Context." Fabula, 18 (1977), pp. 18-39.
- Sweetser, Moses F. Chisholm's White Mountain Guidebook. Portland: Chisholm Brothers, 1880.
- Sweetser, Moses F, The White Mountains: A Handbook for Travellers. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company, 1876 and subsequent editions.
- Taylor, William L. "Archeo-History in New Hampshire - What Can a Working Synthesis Achieve?" Historical New Hampshire, XL, Numbers 1 & 2, (Spring and Summer 1985), pp. 9-17.
- Taylor, William L. "Getting There." Shaping the Land We Call New Hampshire. A Land Use History. Ed. Richard Ober. Concord: New Hampshire Historical Society/Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, 1992, pp. 25-35.
- Taylor, William L. "The Nineteenth Century Hill Town: Images and Reality." Historical New Hampshire, XXXVII, 4 (Winter 1982), pp. 283-309.

- Tetreault, Barbara. "Livermore: Town Closed When Company Closed Down." New Hampshire Sunday News, 14 November 1982, p. 2A.
- Thomson, Betty Flanders. The Changing Face of New England. 1958; reprint Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1977.
- Town and City Atlas of the State of New Hampshire. Boston: D.H. Hurd & Company, 1892.
- United States Bureau of the Census. Population Schedules, Livermore, Grafton County, New Hampshire. Washington, 1800, 1900, 1910, 1920.
- United States Bureau of the Census. Special Schedules of Manufactures, Numbers 5 and 6 (Products of Industry) Lumber Mills and Saw-Mills, Grafton County, New Hampshire: Bethlehem and Livermore, Washington, 1880.
- United States Forest Service, White Mountain National Forest. Cultural Resource Management Files on Sawyer River Road, Livermore Civilian Conservation Corps Camp, Livermore (including photographs). Supervisor's Office, Laconia.
- United States Forest Service, White Mountain National Forest. Land Acquisition Files, Town of Livermore (Schoolhouse Lot) and Saunders Tracts. Supervisor's Office, Laconia.
- United States Postal Service, Office of the Postmaster General. Cardlist of Postmasters, 1890-1950; Site Location Reports, 1880, 1915; Livermore, New Hampshire. National Archives, Civil Reference Branch, Washington.
- Upham, Warren. "The East Branch of the Pemigewasset." Appalachia, I, Number 1 (June 1876), pp. 29-35.
- Van Diver, Bradford B. Roadside Geology of Vermont and New Hampshire. Missoula: Mountain Press, 1977.
- Vansina, Jan. Oral Tradition as History. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1985.
- Wadsworth, H(orace) A(ndrew). Quarter Centennial History of Lawrence, Massachusetts. Lawrence: Hammon Read, 1878.
- Waldo, Henry. "A Short History of Lincoln." Forest Notes, Number 67 (Fall 1960), pp. 3-6, and Number 68 (Winter 1960-61), pp. 24-28.
- Walker, Harold S. "Sawyer River Railroad." Bulletin Number 46, Railway and Locomotive Historical Society (Boston, Massachusetts), (April 1938), pp. 30-31.

- Wallace, R. Stuart. "A Social History of the White Mountains." The White Mountains: Place and Perceptions. (Donald D. Keyes, editor) Hanover: University Press of New England, 1980, pp. 17-38.
- Walling, H.F., and Charles H. Hitchcock. Walling's Atlas of the State of New Hampshire. New York: Comstock and Cline, 1877.
- Waterman, Laura, and Guy Waterman. Forest and Crag: A History of Hiking, Trailblazing, and Adventure in the Northeast Mountains. Boston: Appalachian Mountain Club, 1989.
- Wells, Webster. "A Three-Days' Trip Over the Hancock-Carrigain Range." Appalachia, II, Number 2, (July 1880), pp. 164-166.
- The White Mountain Guide Book. Concord: Edson C. Eastman & Company, 1858 and subsequent editions.
- Whittlesey, Derwent. "Coast Land and Mountain Valley: A Geographical Study of Two Typical Localities in Northern New England." New England's Prospect: 1933. Ed. John K. Wright. New York: American Geographical Society, 1933, pp. 446-458.
- Wight, D.B. The Wild River Wilderness. Camden, Maine: Down East, 1971.
- Will, Thomas Elmer. "Editorial. Practical Forestry." Forestry and Irrigation, XIV, 2 (February 1908), p. 65.
- Willey, Benjamin G. Incidents in White Mountain History. Boston: Nathaniel Noyes, 1856.
- Wilson, Harold Fisher. The Hill Country of Northern New England: Its Social and Economic History. New York: Columbia University Press, 1936.
- Wood, Richard G. A History of Lumbering in Maine, 1820-1861. Orono: University of Maine Press, 1935.

Illustrations

Map of Livermore, New Hampshire, and Environs

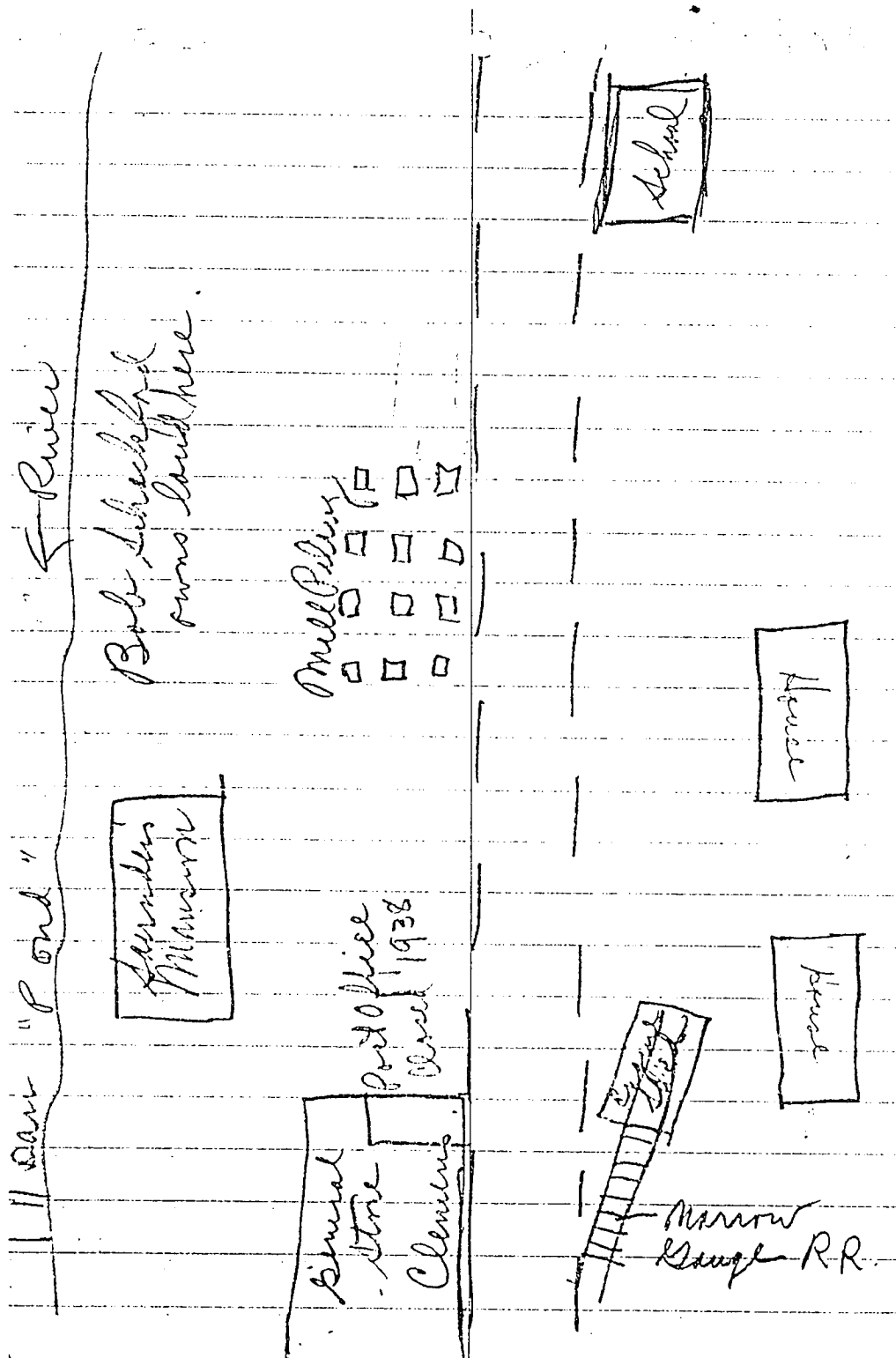
Sketch map of Livermore circa 1949 by Al Henn

Sawyer River Railroad Timetable, 1880's

Photographs

Photographs of Livermore of the past have been graciously provided from a number of sources: C. Francis Belcher (CFB); Norman Boisvert (NB); Tom Monahan (TM); Lawrence Ramsdell (LR) and the Robert Shackford Collection, courtesy Bessie Shackford and William Belcher (RS).

The photographs from these sources are rarely dated, so any dates given should be considered very rough approximations.

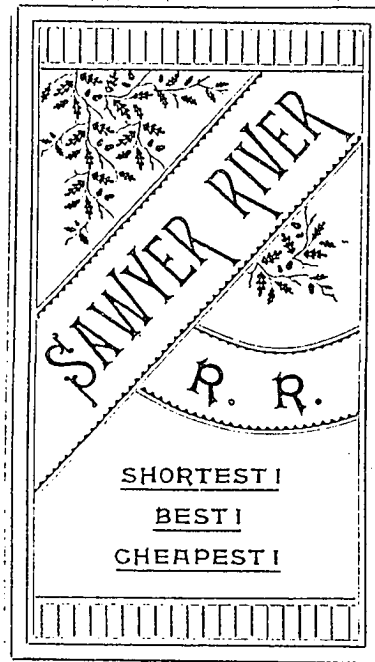


Sketch Map of Livermore circa 1949, by Al Henn.

NOTICE.

This Company has recently, at great expense, put the NELSON PHOTOGRAPHIC CRANK on all its engines.

C. W. SAUNDERS,
 "Manufact and Dealer in
LUMBER
 LOWELL, MASS.
Reten Office, 93 Mide St., Room 60.
Thorough Lumber Saved to Order at
Short Notice.



Trains going West.

LEAVE.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
*Livermore June.	7.00	11.20		4.30
Belmont Springs.	7.08	11.28		4.38
Pallades.	7.15	11.35		4.45
Ausolick.	7.23	11.43		4.53
Carbondale.	7.28	11.48		4.58
†Livermore.	7.30	11.52 Ar	1.00 L.	5.02
Milton.	7.30 1/2		1.01 1/2	5.01 1/2
West Livermore.	7.35		1.04	5.06
Cold Spring.	7.48		1.15	5.17
Devl's Door Step.	7.50		1.17	5.19
John's Bridge.	8.00		1.25	5.29
Spruce Landing.	8.10		1.37	5.39
§Sawyer's Pond Sta.	8.15		1.42	5.44
Buscherry.	8.21		1.50	5.52
¶Log Landing.	8.29		1.50	5.58

*Connects here with all trains on the PENN ROAN going North or South.

†Passengers can be conveyed from this point by a pair of Trotters to Castle McCall, Gratton Hall, Whiteface Pool, Huey's, and other fashionable summer resorts.

‡Passengers can be conveyed from this station to the Pond free of charge by Shanks' mare.

§Passengers will find Mr. Ford's horse in readiness to convey them from this point to Waterville, Trout Point, The Gulch, etc.

Trains going East.

LEAVE.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Log Landing.		8.40	2.30	6.00
Buscherry.		8.40	2.30	6.06
Sawyer's Pond Sta.		8.54	2.44	6.14
Spruce Landing.		9.01	2.51	6.21
John's Bridge.		9.11	3.01	6.31
Devl's Door Step.		9.21	3.11	6.41
Cold Spring.		9.25	3.15	6.45
West Livermore.		9.34	3.24	6.54
Milton.		9.38	3.28	6.58
Livermore.	0.00	9.40	3.30	7.00 Ar
Carbondale.	0.03	9.44	3.34	
Ausolick.	0.05	9.47	3.37	
Pallades.	0.15	9.57	3.47	
Belmont Springs.	0.21	10.04	3.54	
Livermore June.	0.30	10.12	4.02	

N. B. The Company reserves the right to change this time when more convenient.

COLLISION IMPOSSIBLE on this Line.

Special attention paid to Amateur Photographers.

ASSHIE LAURE CARS (a great improvement over the Pullman Cars) will be furnished at all hours on application to Mr. MARLOW, Passenger Agt.

For further particulars apply to

W. G. HULL, Resident Supt.

Sawyer River Railroad Timetable, 1880's.



Harry Dodge, North Conway, New Hampshire.

Norman Boisvert, Newmarket, New Hampshire.





Norman Boisvert's father and friends, looking up Main Street,
Livermore, 1918 (NB).

Norman Boisvert's father and friends, Livermore, 1918; sawmill visible
in background (NB).





Saunders' Mansion, Livermore, circa 1910 (RS).

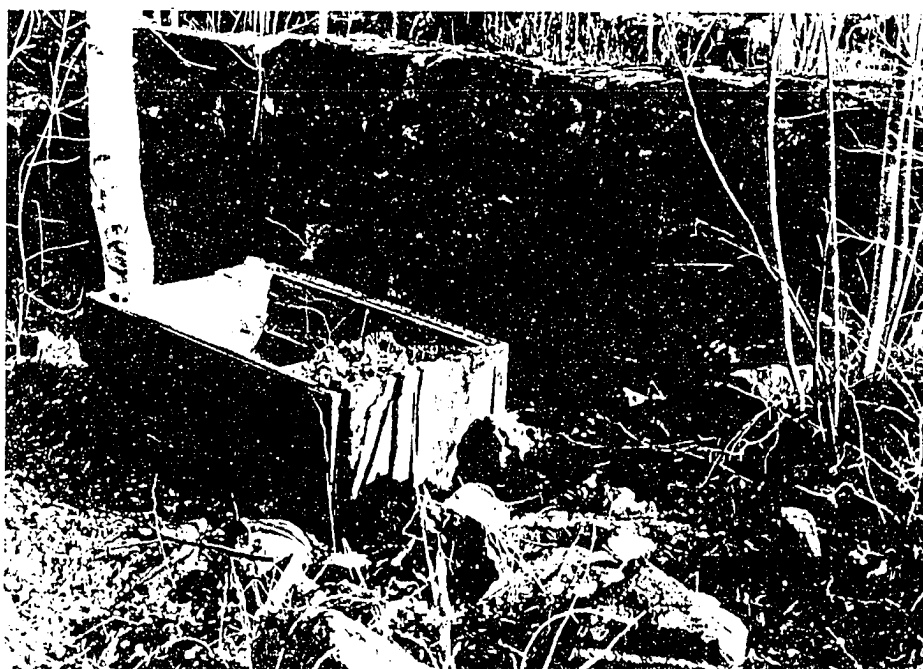
Shackford Camp, Livermore, 1992.

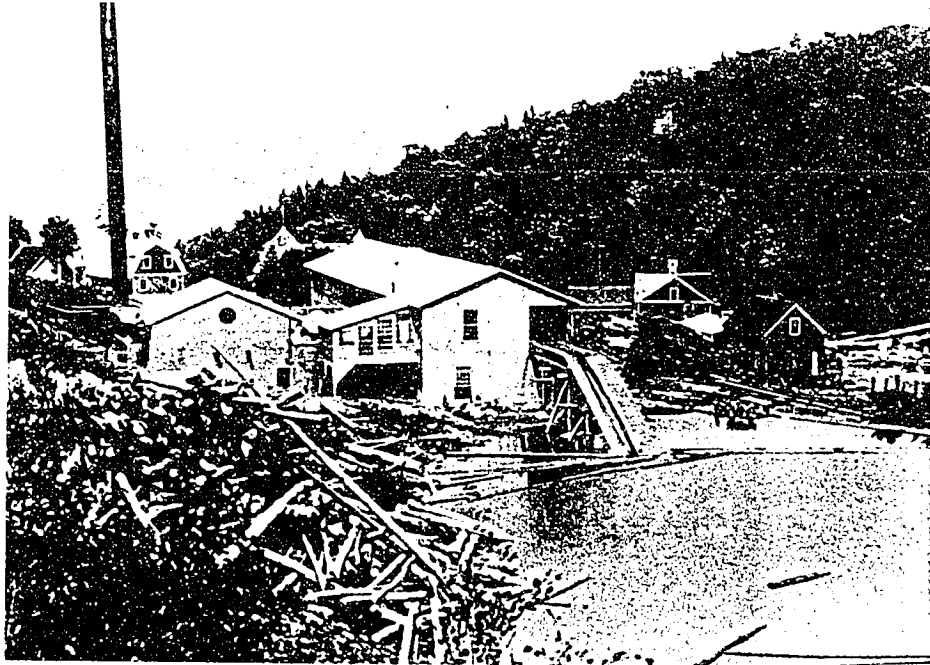




The Store, Livermore, circa 1920 (RS).

Safe in remains of Store cellar, 1992.





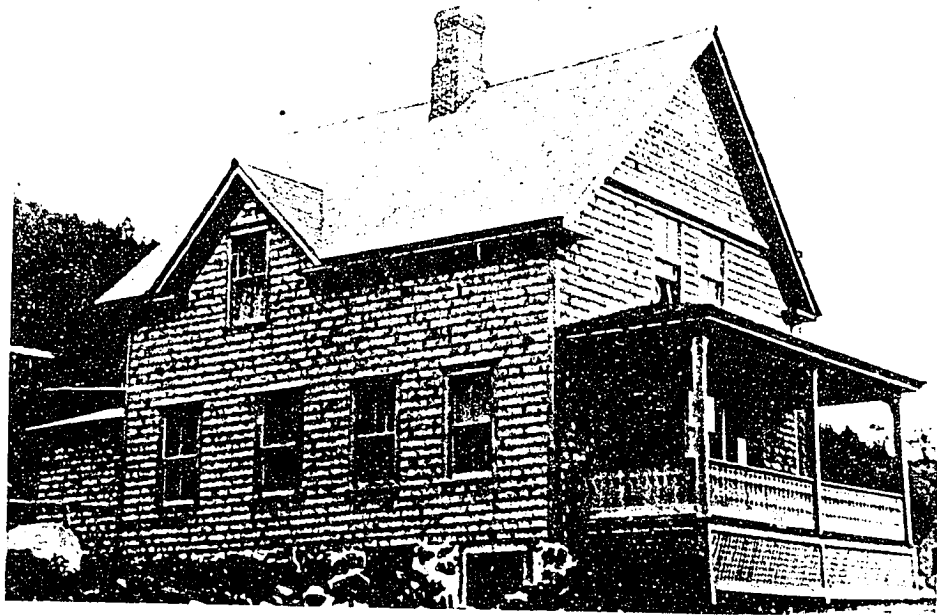
Millpond, Sawmill and Powerhouse, Livermore, (looking downstream),
circa 1920 (RS).

Portion of Sawmill foundation, 1992.



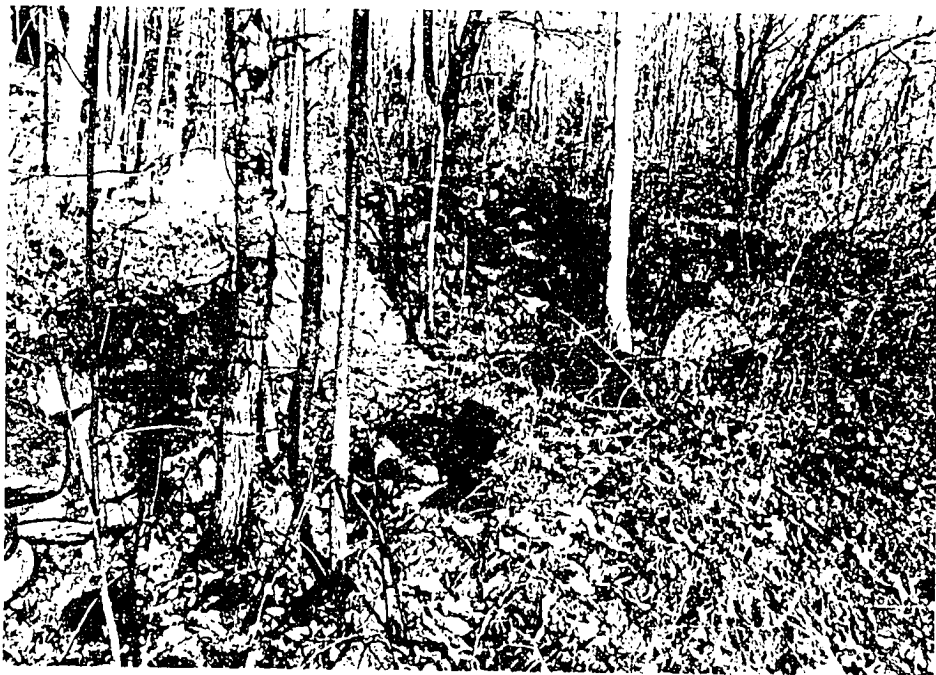


Portion of Foundations for Powerhouse and for Smokestack, 1992.



J.C. Donahue House, Livermore, circa 1910 (RS).

Foundation of J.C Donahue House, (looking towards northeast), 1992.





L.D. Golding House, Livermore, circa 1910 (RS).

Sawyer River and Dam just above Livermore, buildings in "Little Canada" on left, circa 1910 (RS).





Homer Emery, Glen, New Hampshire

Doris Clemons, Bartlett, New Hampshire.





Pauline Gardner,
Bartlett, New Hampshire.

Platform Rocker given to
Robert Gardner by
Joe Platt.





Fay Ward, Bartlett, New Hampshire.

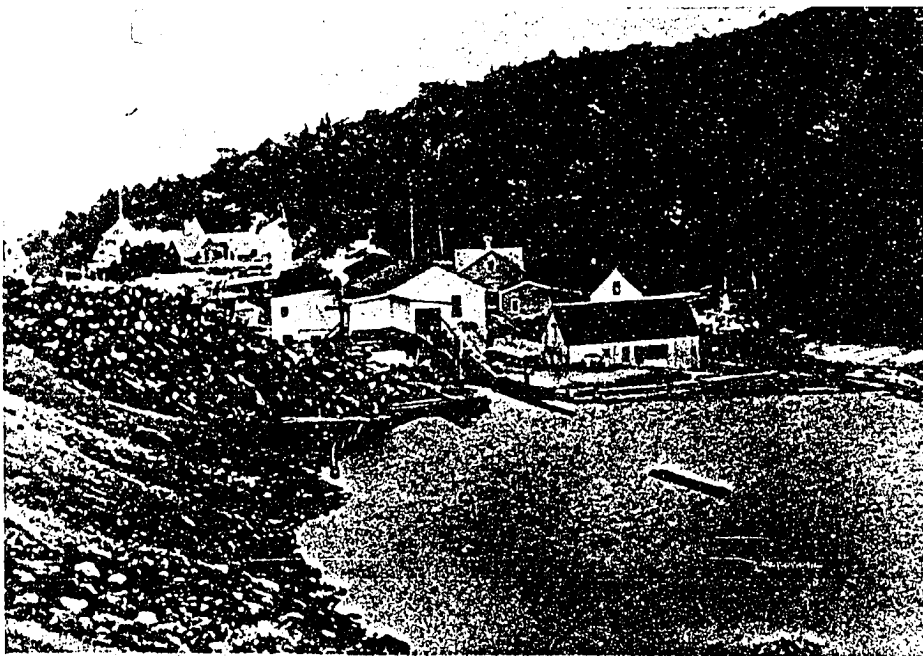
Marguerite Jefferson, Intervale, New Hampshire.





C. Francis Belcher, Melrose, Massachusetts.

Sawmill, Livermore, (looking downstream), circa 1910 (RS).





Saunders' Mansion, Livermore, (front), circa 1890 (CFB).

Saunders' Mansion, Livermore, (rear), circa 1910 (RS).





Sawyer River Railroad, trestle along Sawyer River, circa 1920 (RS).

The *C.W. Saunders* on the Sawyer River Railroad, circa 1890 (RS).

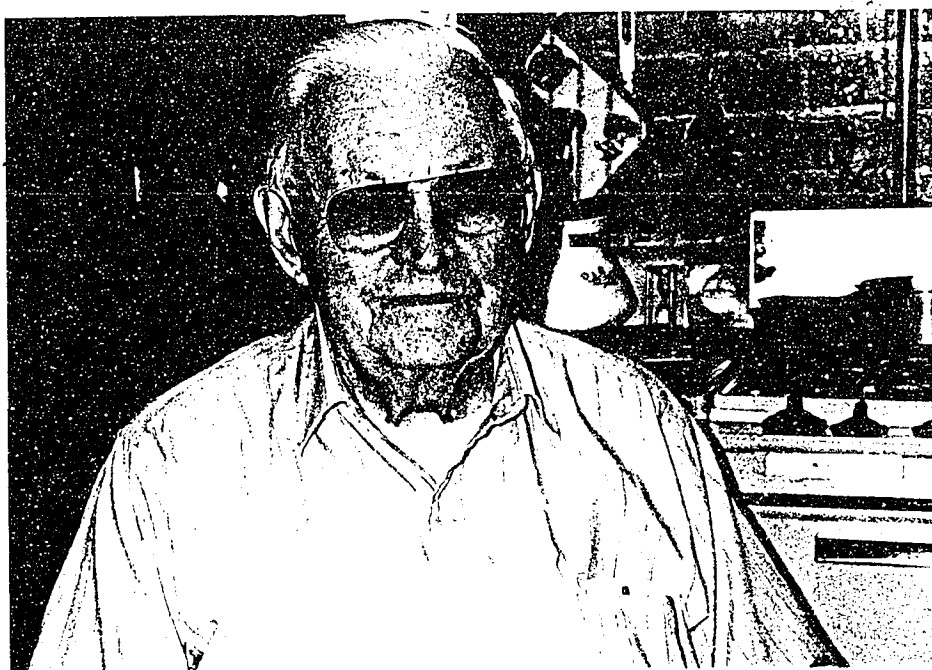




Winter view of Livermore, circa 1924 (Schoolhouse(s) on left) (CFB).

Sawmill and mill crew, Livermore, circa 1885 (TM).





Tom Monahan, Bartlett, New Hampshire.

Tom Monahan and his two-wheel gig, Main Street, Livermore, circa 1924
(TM).





Mary, Nellie, Matthew, John, Tom, and Clara Monahan, Livermore, circa 1913 (TM).

Tom, Mary, Charlie, Clara, and Matthew Monahan, circa 1921 (TM).



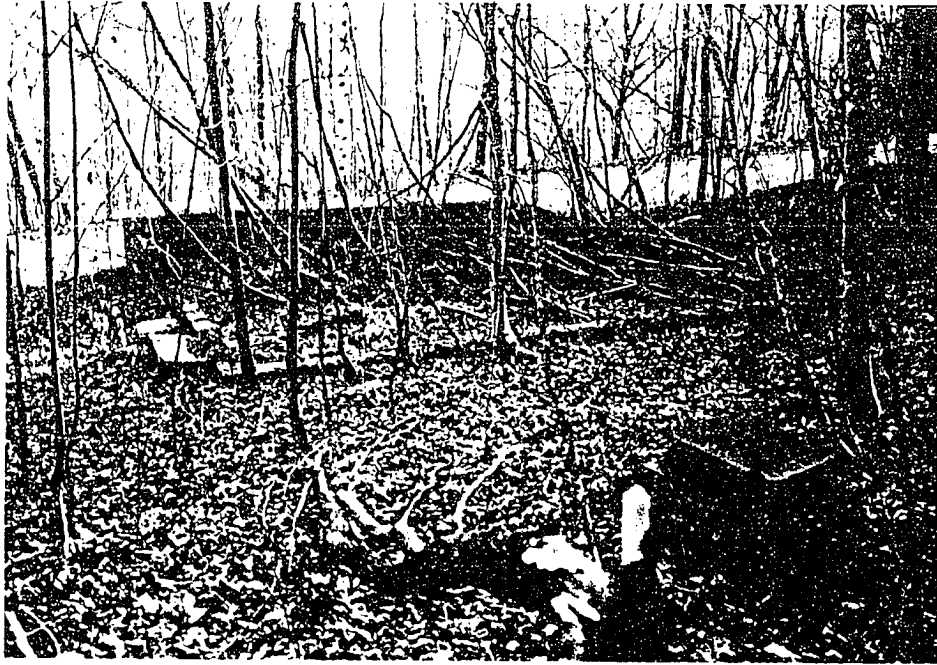


The Schoolhouse - Livermore N.H.

The Old Schoolhouse, Livermore, circa 1920 (TM).

The New Schoolhouse, Livermore, circa 1925 (TM).





New Schoolhouse
Foundation,
Livermore, 1992.

U.S. Forest Service
Survey Crew,
Livermore, circa 1935.
Store in background;
Tom Monahan lower left
(TM).

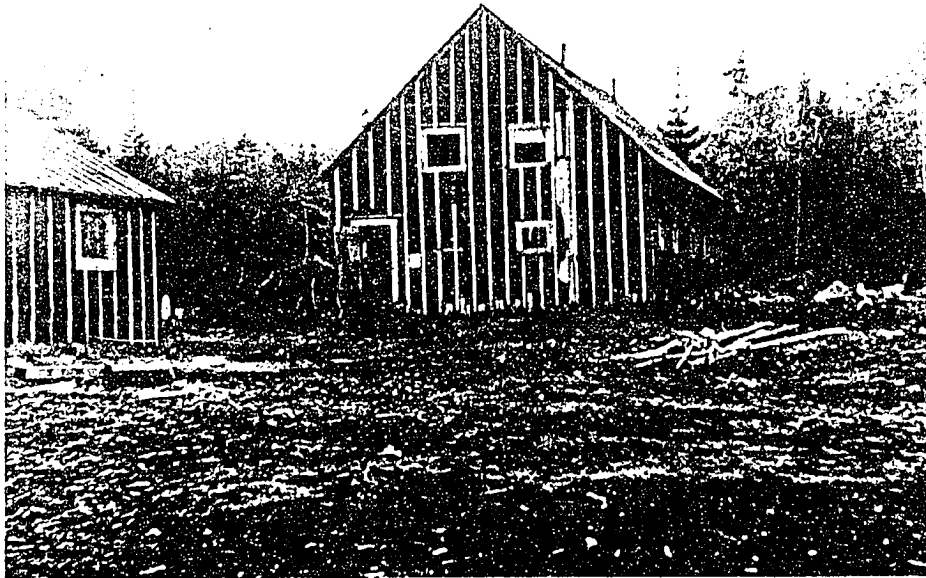




Lawrence Ramsdell,
Dalton, New Hampshire.

Class Photo, Livermore,
circa 1922.
Lawrence Ramsdell,
upper left;
Tom Monahan,
lower right
(LR).





Camp Seven, Livermore, circa 1920. Note pigpen on right (LR).

Looking up Main Street, Livermore, with mill workers' residences, circa 1920. Saunders' Mansion is at top of hill on left (LR).



Main Street, Livermore, N.H.

Index to Text

- Abenaki, 23, 24
- Abrahams, Roger, 9
- Accidents, 138, 468
 - logging, 343
 - railroad, 152, 295, 307, 313, 321, 322, 383, 384, 460, 490, 500, 502
 - team in Sawyer Pond, 199, 413, 480
- Adams, Sherman, 176, 177, 181, 278, 281, 402, 413, 414, 418, 424, 484
- Allen Spring, 302
- Allen, Barbara, 14, 15, 16, 17
- Allen, Willis Boyd, 62, 66
- Appalachian Mountain Club, 44, 89, 120, 133, 253, 266, 271, 272, 298
 - excursions to Livermore, 44, 45, 272
- Apple trees, 174, 231
- Armstrong, John, 3
- Atkinson, J. Brooks, 113, 114

- Bartlett, 1, 21, 24, 48, 100, 124, 125, 189, 193, 199, 208, 216, 226, 229, 235, 244, 253, 260, 267, 290, 301, 306, 308, 313, 318, 321, 322, 328, 330, 331, 333, 335, 339, 349, 351, 354, 361, 365, 370, 374, 376, 383, 393, 403, 415, 435, 464, 489, 491, 492, 495, 499, 503
 - bars, 199
 - freight house, 493
 - life in, 371, 374, 378, 379, 385, 494
- Bartlett Land and Lumber Company, 41, 46
- Beals, (Robert), 244
- Bean, Dr., 438, 466, 467
- Bear Notch Road, 125, 216, 235, 414
- Bears, 324, 344, 477
- Belcher, C. Francis, 37, 58, 72, 100, 104, 132, 482, 483
 - and railroad records, 271, 273, 280
 - interview, 266-280
 - meets with Sherman Adams, 278
 - visits Nash, 267, 268, 273, 282
- Bermuda, 106, 356, 357, 389
- Bohannan, Paul, 8
- Boisvert, Norm, 131, 485
 - at Glidden house, 217, 218, 220
 - father's visits to Livermore, 210, 212, 217, 218, 228
 - interview, 209-228
 - trips to Canada, 221, 229
 - visits to Livermore area, 214, 215, 216, 219
- Boisvert, Richard, 23
- Bonded laborers, 340, 389, 397, 407, 426, 446, 461, 462, 487
 - shooting, 342, 446
- Boston and Maine Railroad, 266, 270, 280
- Brooklyn, 181, 189, 197, 202, 204, 298
- Butts, Mary F., 66, 67, 68, 69

- Camping, 209, 213, 215, 218, 226, 228
- Canadian woodworkers, 183, 199, 222, 408, 437, 491
- Carrigain, 292, 303, 327, 497
- Center Conway, 158
- Chittenden, Alfred K., 90
- Civilian Conservation Corps, 147, 484, 486
 - camp at Blackberry Crossing, 240
 - Evans Notch road work, 147
 - Hastings camp, 150
 - work projects, 148
 - Laconia, 400
 - Livermore camp, 124, 141, 143, 145, 148, 153, 230, 279, 303, 328, 332
 - work projects, 148

- Mountain Pond cabin, 151
 Willey House camp, 303
 Clemons family, 182
 Clemons, Bruce, 182, 184, 199, 200, 204, 206
 Clemons, Donny, 490, 491
 Clemons, Doris, 132, 205, 258, 262, 281, 465, 485, 487
 and tourists, 302
 family, 296, 297
 interview, 280-307
 on Clinton Nash, 282, 284, 300
 on Joe Platt, 285, 286
 on Livermore, 283, 286, 298, 300
 Clemons, Jim, 184, 489
 interview, 488-502
 on Bartlett freight shed 491, 492
 on Joe Platt 492, 496
 on Livermore store 488, 489
 Clemons, Ralph, 182, 205, 281, 287
 Cobb cemetery, 137
 Cobb farm, 139
 Company store, 134, 319, 399
 Conservation movement, 89, 91, 96, 98
 Context, 6
 Conway, Thomas, 73
 Covered Bridge, 146, 158
 C.C.C. building excavation, 146, 158
 Cows, 346, 434
 Crawford Notch, 1, 2, 21, 23, 24, 27, 38, 41, 47, 282, 284, 296, 297, 302, 307, 308, 309, 353, 378, 386, 400
 Crawford Notch State Park, 289, 297, 400, 416
 Dalton, 448, 450
 Danielson, Larry, 10
 Depression, 121, 141, 354, 464, 479, 483
 Dismal Pool, 152
 Doctors, 343, 371, 385, 437, 467
 Dodge, Harry, 131, 181, 184, 207, 484, 485
 C.C.C. experiences, 143, 145, 158
 interview, 133-157
 on history, 153, 158
 visits Livermore, 141
 Dogs, 220, 228
 Donahue, James, 92, 101, 108, 109, 320, 339, 354, 366, 367, 380, 384, 415, 441, 473, 476, 489, 493, 495, 497
 Dorgan, Maurice B., 33
 Dorson, Richard, 8, 11, 12
 Drake, Samuel Adams, 55, 56, 57, 114
 Dry River, 151, 239, 290, 304, 325
 Elkins Grant, 37, 43
 Emery, Homer, 131, 484, 486, 487
 dismantles Livermore mill, 230
 interview, 229-252
 on Will Simpson, 245
 purchases brick from Nash, 233
 purchases Livermore schoolhouse, 231, 232, 236, 237, 486
 winter trip to Mount Carrigain, 249, 252
 English Jack, 298
 English, Ben, 132, 308, 360, 488
 grandfather visits Livermore, 255, 265, 487
 interview, 253-265
 visits Little Livermore, 258
 visits Livermore, 255, 259, 265, 482
 English, Judy, 360, 488
 as informant, 263
 Epidemics, 48, 138, 153, 257, 261, 327, 437, 438, 349, 351
 Essex Company, 33
 Eudy, Dr. Leonard, 48, 328
 Evans family, 294, 296, 439, 464
 Evans Notch, 140, 143
 C.C.C. road work, 147
 Evans, Raymond, 281, 289, 297, 448, 464

- Fay, Charles E., 44, 45
 Fishing, 1, 133, 186, 209, 212, 215, 216, 218, 221, 228, 243, 284, 324, 343, 396, 412, 421, 452, 470
 Flood of 1927, 111, 170, 175, 183, 277, 279, 295, 312, 351, 376, 379, 442, 479, 481, 483
 Folk history, 11, 12
 Folklore, 6, 12
 salvage folklore, 6
 Forest fires, 96, 97, 112, 115
 Frankenstein Trestle, 293, 294, 301, 302, 386
 French Canadian woodworkers, 183, 222, 389
 French heritage, 222, 229, 487
 Frenchville, 170, 180
- Gallagher, Katie, 502
 Gardner, Pauline, 132, 257, 308, 331, 354, 373, 465, 482, 487, 489, 496
 father's railroad work, 312, 321
 interview, 308-330
 on Clinton Nash, 318
 on Joe Platt 309, 310, 313, 315, 316
 on Livermore, 311-319
 Gardner, Robert, 206, 308, 309, 318, 328, 354, 465
 builds house, 326
 hunting, 324
 work, 312
 Garland, Jean, 260
 Geology, 19, 20, 21
 Glassie, Henry, 9
 Goffman, Erving, 62
 Golding, L.D., 82, 366, 367, 381
 house, 170, 365
 Grafton County Lumber Company, 40, 45, 62, 166
 Grant, Bert, 107, 365, 450, 458, 474
 Grant, S. Hastings, 38
 Gravesites, Sawyer's River, 48, 137, 138, 153, 261, 276, 299, 327, 351, 488
 Grele, Ronald, 7
 Guyot, Arnold, 38
 Gypsies, 345, 346, 481
- Harris, Annie Fahey, 168, 257, 333, 349, 454
 Harrisville, 3
 Hart's Location, 1, 41, 117, 123, 137, 140, 299, 335, 355
 Hastings, 139, 140, 143, 147, 148, 150, 154, 158
 Hayshed Field, 150, 172, 243, 246, 274, 479
 Henn, Al, 131, 134, 136, 137, 149, 150, 154, 229, 480, 486
 and horse logging, 201, 202
 and work, 198, 193, 203, 205, 208
 interview, 181-208
 moves to Bartlett, 189
 works for Maine Central Railroad, 197, 206
 works for U.S. Forest Service, 189
 Henry, J.E., 72, 89, 90, 97, 133, 274, 275, 402, 411, 479
 strung up, 413
 Hill, Warren, 144, 146, 158
 Hippies, 163, 185, 215, 228
 Hitchcock, C.H., 39
 Horses, 100, 110, 154, 170, 172, 178, 200, 338, 339, 355, 376, 402, 413, 418, 430, 438, 447, 452, 455, 458, 459, 471, 496
 Hull, William G., 59, 62, 70
 Hunting, 133, 175, 192, 209, 211, 216, 218, 219, 220, 221, 228, 284, 318, 323, 324, 343, 351, 421, 453, 457, 477
 Hymes, Dell, 503
- Ice cutting, 196
 on Sawyer Pond, 185
 Intervale, 229, 331, 343, 352, 385
 Ives, Edward D., 7, 9, 13, 17
- Jackson, Bruce, 6
 Jefferson, Marguerite, 132, 310, 320, 325, 331, 360, 392, 448, 457, 463, 481, 487
 and gypsies, 345, 346
 interview, 331-359
 on Acland Outerbridge, 354, 355

- on Clinton Nash, 335, 352
 - on Joe Platt 336, 345
 - on Livermore, 332, 334-348
- Jericho, 229, 245, 251, 252
- Johnson, 361
- Joyner, Charles, 11
- Klug, Emily, 298, 308
- Lane family, 32
- Lane, Albert, 357, 360, 382, 386, 392
- Lane, Fred, 168, 350, 357, 360, 362, 363, 365, 366, 370, 373, 379, 380, 384, 385, 391, 397, 399, 441, 454, 474
- Lawless, Elaine, 9
- Lawrence, 2, 32, 33, 34, 104, 396, 429, 439
- Legends, 6, 8, 16, 17, 485
- Limmer's, 229, 235
- Lincoln, 37, 72, 73, 89, 97, 115, 117, 176, 181, 188, 255, 256, 273, 361, 413, 414, 483
- Little Canada, 155, 170, 180, 346, 350, 382, 435, 436, 441, 475, 476, 491
- Little Livermore, 250, 253, 258, 264
- Livermore
 - acquired by Saunders family, 166
 - acquired by U.S. Forest Service, 116, 120, 121, 122
 - as ghost town, 134, 224, 229, 233, 251, 254, 265, 482
 - auction, 135, 162, 186, 188, 234, 284, 336, 338, 484, 486
 - boarding house, 111, 118, 155, 169, 275, 278, 341, 344, 365, 369, 433, 437, 452, 468, 477
 - buildings, 43, 56, 102, 112, 119, 129, 154, 155, 169, 214, 275
 - abandoned, 134, 140, 142, 157
 - demolishing, 126, 133, 134, 149, 150, 154, 157, 171, 210

- camps, 46, 68, 85, 106, 107, 143, 154, 169, 173, 199, 279, 311, 338, 340, 341, 365, 384, 402, 410, 437, 438, 446, 447, 453, 458, 459, 462, 480
 - caretakers, 127, 141, 286, 337
 - census records
 - 1880, 49, 50, 52, 53, 54
 - 1890, 70
 - 1900, 81, 82, 83, 84, 86
 - 1910, 92, 93
 - 1920, 105, 106, 107
 - 1930, 117
 - 1940, 127
 - charcoal kilns, 278
 - church, 64, 169, 180, 311, 316, 328, 341, 342, 389, 407, 439
 - company records, 143, 166
 - decline, 110, 111, 112, 116, 118, 123, 320, 354, 407, 415, 426, 456, 460, 479, 483
 - electricity, 168, 178, 185, 368, 419, 422, 436, 470
 - families, 345, 355, 365, 369, 390, 397, 399, 436, 473, 474
 - founding, 40
 - gardens, 107, 165, 170, 231, 252, 337, 345, 407, 433
 - houses, 119, 126, 168, 170, 171, 182, 186, 192, 200, 211, 224, 231, 311, 319, 344, 345, 365, 432, 433, 453, 470, 474, 477
 - description of Lane house, 367
 - incorporated, 43
 - inventories, 87, 88, 99, 101, 109, 112, 118
 - land titles, 4, 45, 58, 72, 74, 128, 130, 135, 188, 194, 208, 268, 274, 484
 - life in, 2, 5, 47, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 62, 71, 82, 83, 84, 86, 92, 93, 94, 106, 107, 109, 114, 367, 368, 370, 375, 381, 383, 384, 390, 399, 402, 407, 416, 418, 422, 426, 430, 432, 433, 434, 435, 456, 460, 464, 466, 468, 470, 481, 493, 494

logging, 45, 50, 55, 56, 90,
 91, 101, 102, 121, 134, 142,
 147, 160, 179, 182, 188, 233,
 250, 270, 279, 339, 402, 429,
 447, 448, 459, 490, 491, 496
 lumber, 110, 235, 251, 356,
 384, 422, 441, 463
 mill, 100, 103, 109, 110, 129,
 134, 155, 160, 170, 178, 182,
 183, 211, 223, 259, 279, 287,
 314, 343, 346, 364, 365, 367,
 383, 384, 390, 396, 406, 415,
 440, 441, 442, 450, 456, 460,
 462, 491
 constructed, 42, 45, 109
 demolished, 230, 232
 description, 49, 62, 64,
 65, 223, 228, 236, 251
 fire, 42, 100, 111, 211,
 276, 349, 364, 379, 409,
 478, 481
 season, 200
 mill pond, 160, 183, 236, 346,
 406, 441, 456, 457, 481
 millworkers, 226
 name, 43, 166
 polls, 101, 112, 119
 post office, 118, 159, 169,
 183, 373, 407, 430, 470
 established, 59
 window, 259, 260
 schoolhouse, 64, 67, 113, 120,
 122, 123, 131, 168, 182, 192,
 211, 213, 225, 229, 275, 299,
 320, 333, 336, 349, 382, 398,
 418, 436, 454, 466, 473, 481
 closed, 310
 moving pictures, 168, 311,
 398, 436
 purchased by Emery, 232,
 236, 237
 quality, 168, 182, 349,
 398, 426, 436
 used by U.S. Forest
 Service, 128, 192, 349
 store, 119, 134, 136, 142,
 146, 154, 155, 178, 181, 183,
 184, 195, 210, 231, 234, 312,
 332, 355, 370, 373, 396, 397,
 407, 430, 455
 demolishing, 159, 184, 485
 description, 185
 safe, 147, 150, 156, 159,
 216, 234, 248, 490, 491
 unincorporated, 131
 water system, 159, 165, 181,
 212, 226, 227, 408, 435, 469
 woodworkers, 69, 169, 183,
 340, 341, 397, 410, 434, 446,
 455, 458, 462
 Livermore Mills, 70, 99, 101,
 104, 109, 118
 Livermore Spring, 447
 Livermore, Mary Jane, 34
 Logging, 26, 27, 36, 37, 50, 89,
 90, 179, 188, 201, 233, 239, 240,
 245, 250, 270, 279, 290, 311, 315,
 321, 339, 368, 403, 404, 414, 454,
 455
 Lowell, 32, 35, 36, 71, 104, 117

 MacCannell, Dean, 62
 Maine Central Railroad, 47, 59,
 103, 124, 132, 137, 153, 183, 184,
 196, 197, 204, 255, 267, 270, 278,
 281, 292, 300, 308, 313, 321, 363,
 365, 376, 378, 384, 391, 438, 440,
 463, 465, 496
 accidents, 295, 321, 322
 army patrols, 294, 307
 section work, 292, 300, 309,
 465
 McCann family, 289, 290, 299,
 306, 350, 436
 McCann, John, 270, 281, 285,
 286, 301, 310, 325, 331, 332, 347,
 349, 351, 352, 463, 499
 McDonald, Bill, 127, 129, 150,
 248, 254, 278, 281, 283, 285, 307,
 317, 338, 350, 474, 476, 494
 Meader, J.W., 36
 Mementos
 of logging camps, 156, 158,
 240, 244
 of railroad, 211, 225, 228,
 241, 242
 Merrimack River, 32, 33, 36, 37
 Monahan family, 32, 94, 108,
 171, 172, 310, 316, 339, 388, 389,
 397, 429, 435, 450, 454, 476
 Monahan, Charles, 373
 Monahan, Clara, 339, 453

Monahan, John, 86, 117, 160, 313, 338, 396, 399, 401, 415, 421, 422, 430, 438, 458, 476
 Monahan, Joseph, 291, 292
 Monahan, Mary, 382, 454
 Monahan, Matthew, 332, 373, 376
 Monahan, Robert, 144, 418
 Monahan, Thomas, 132, 158, 159, 160, 164, 166, 172, 180, 205, 286, 302, 310, 326, 332, 333, 338, 365, 369, 373, 379, 382, 383, 449, 453, 454, 457, 458, 461, 463, 466, 479, 480, 481, 483, 484, 487, 489, 491, 497, 501
 as informant, 393, 394, 427
 interview, 392-447
 Montell, William Lynwood, 11, 12
 Moose, 219, 222, 287, 324
 Morey family, 290
 Morey, Florence, 165, 180, 285, 294, 495
 and Clinton Nash, 165, 166, 276
 helps people of Livermore, 100, 257, 262, 264, 276, 488
 Morris, George, 47, 73, 276
 Morrow, James, 211, 344
 Mount Carrigain, 1, 21, 58, 102, 134, 143, 145, 149, 192, 252, 253, 317, 318, 321, 343, 350
 early ascents, 38, 39, 40, 45, 55
 fire tower, 96, 97, 98, 115, 124, 128, 133, 149, 248, 249, 343, 420, 423, 448
 Mount Crawford, 139
 Mount Willard, 139, 288, 290, 291, 294
 Mount Willard Section House, 281, 465
 burning, 196
 Mullen, Patrick, 16
 Murphy, John, 490, 502
 interview, 488-502
 Murray, David, 97, 448
 Nash, Clinton, 104, 110, 125, 126, 127, 129, 132, 131, 160, 186, 210, 213, 254, 271, 281, 284, 331, 336, 337, 359, 390, 416, 468, 483, 488, 499
 and Florence Morey, 165, 166, 276
 and U.S. Forest Service, 105, 116, 120, 121, 123, 128, 131, 165, 186, 187, 234, 251, 268
 character, 161, 164, 180, 251, 269, 270, 282, 301, 307, 319, 380, 407, 410, 426, 429, 488
 death, 164, 187, 429
 description, 247, 269
 gives proceeds of Livermore sale to charity, 161, 407, 429, 450
 has people cut cordwood, 164, 175, 277
 in derelict mansion, 268, 407, 429, 432, 482
 position, 166, 267, 269, 319, 354
 sells brick to Emery, 233
 sells property to Shackford, 160, 161, 176, 186
 Native Americans, 22, 23, 24
 New Hampshire Acts, 40, 41, 43, 74, 125, 131, 132
 Newmarket, 209, 210, 212, 223, 228
 Norcross, Nicholas G., 36, 37
 North Stratford, 393, 395, 408, 424, 454
 Oral history, 7, 10, 11
 Oral tradition, 8
 Osborne, Maurice M., 102
 Outerbridge, Acland, 106, 356, 357, 389, 456, 461, 480, 481
 Paradise Pool, 169
 Parker house, 420, 439, 440, 480
 Passaconaway, 125, 150, 172, 244
 Payne, George, 70, 83, 94, 274
 Payne, James, 49
 Pemigewasset River, 36, 90
 Pigs, 338, 346
 Pike, Robert, 36, 153
 Pitman, G.W., 41
 Platt family, 94, 107, 452, 476
 Platt, Joe, 107, 127, 129, 130, 150, 248, 254, 263, 270, 275, 278,

281, 283, 285, 286, 307, 310, 313,
 318, 330, 331, 337, 345, 346, 358,
 364, 376, 488, 494, 498, 503
 and butter, 317, 482
 gives book to Pauline
 Gardner, 310
 gives rocker to Robert
 Gardner, 316
 stutterer, 262, 309, 314, 316,
 463, 488, 498
 Portland and Ogdensburg
 Railroad, 27, 40, 42, 59
 Potter family, 397, 399
 Potter, Harold, 172, 180, 360
 Potter, Irene Lane, 168, 172,
 180, 360, 367, 379, 391, 463
 Potter, Sid, 168, 180, 360, 366

 Ramsdell family, 32, 107, 344,
 382, 383, 388, 389, 397, 454
 Ramsdell, George, 448, 455, 466,
 481
 Ramsdell, Lawrence, 132, 481,
 483, 486
 interview, 448-478
 on Acland Outerbridge, 455,
 460
 Raymo, Chet and Maureen, 19,
 22
 Rocky Branch, 363, 368, 370,
 383, 385, 392
 Russell, Ernest, 90

 Saunders
 ladies, 100, 104, 105, 110,
 120, 127, 160, 166, 187, 276,
 285, 301, 307, 311, 316, 317,
 331, 336, 337, 364, 369, 379,
 397, 399, 407, 416, 425,
 433, 442, 452, 468
 Saunders family, 2, 4, 32, 40,
 45, 49, 58, 61, 74, 90, 113, 160,
 181, 267, 381, 382, 396, 408, 425,
 448, 479
 acquires Livermore, 166
 at Livermore, 168, 416, 434,
 439, 442, 469
 mansion, 126, 135, 155, 159,
 182, 192, 213, 251, 253, 254,
 272, 282, 311, 410, 452
 burned by Shackford,
 162, 182
 description, 162, 167, 170,
 174, 183, 231, 234, 247,
 273, 284, 336
 vandalized, 162, 163, 167,
 171, 174, 182, 186, 485
 wills, 117, 119, 268
 Saunders, Annie G., 104, 127
 death, 129
 Saunders, Caleb, 33, 40, 41
 Saunders, Charles G., 34, 35,
 45, 71, 99, 105, 110, 126, 270,
 271, 278, 406, 410, 425, 429
 death, 104
 Saunders, Charles W., 33, 35,
 37, 70, 40, 41, 46, 126
 death, 71
 Saunders, Daniel Jr., 33, 34, 37,
 40, 41, 43, 48, 71, 91, 103, 110,
 168, 270, 402, 406, 425, 428, 430,
 436, 480, 489
 death, 104
 sayings, 194, 207, 410, 480
 Saunders, Daniel Sr., 32, 33, 35
 Saunders, Edith St. Loe, 35,
 104, 123, 126, 127, 129, 132
 Saunders, Mary L., 35, 104, 119
 death, 127
 Sawyer Pond, 1, 133, 151, 185,
 191, 207, 211, 212, 214, 218, 223,
 341, 413, 443, 458, 480
 accident with loaded team,
 199, 413, 480
 cutting ice, 194
 fishing, 186
 troubles, 151
 Sawyer River, 136, 155, 169, 458
 Sawyer River Railroad, 2, 44,
 58, 63, 102, 124, 125, 126, 132,
 136, 142, 152, 153, 158, 159, 168,
 170, 183, 191, 211, 215, 225, 228,
 230, 256, 257, 263, 266, 271, 277,
 278, 279, 280, 281, 308, 313, 338,
 361, 363, 365, 384, 421, 422, 440,
 443, 452, 459, 480, 481, 482, 488,
 497
 accidents, 313, 383, 384, 460,
 490, 500, 502
 C.W. Saunders locomotive,
 44, 113, 133, 159, 272

- constructed, 42, 44
- engine, 136, 150, 151, 152, 182, 306, 496
- engine shed, 182
- incorporated, 41
- Peggy locomotive, 113, 129, 133, 263, 264, 272, 277
- rails removed, 184, 213
- timetable, 59, 60, 61
- Sawyer River Road, 1, 3, 45, 125, 133, 131, 247, 274, 285, 381, 406, 472
 - construction, 130, 181, 184, 90, 191, 208, 412
- Sawyer's River Station, 44, 132, 256, 270, 308, 309, 320, 331, 342, 373, 438, 463, 471, 499
 - life at, 312, 315, 323, 325, 330, 332, 333, 346, 353, 359
 - tramps and gypsies, 346, 347
- Schama, Simon, 11
- Schrager, Sam, 503
- Shackford family, 268
- Shackford, Robert, 131, 134, 135, 228, 234, 238, 247, 254, 276, 277, 407, 429, 483, 485, 486
 - and hunting, 175
 - and taxes, 175, 177
 - burns Saunders mansion, 162, 182
 - camp, 134, 155, 159, 167, 185, 210, 337, 380, 396, 433
 - first visit to Livermore, 178, 180
 - illness, 158, 180, 397
 - interview, 448-478
 - purchases Livermore property, 132, 176, 186, 407
 - sells Livermore timber, 164, 178, 179
 - travels to the North, 174, 180, 487
- Shedd, Dr. Harold, 349, 385, 437, 439, 467
- Sidehill gouger, 332, 333
- Simpson, Lena, 245
- Simpson, Will, 245, 251
- Snowmobiles, 133, 175, 247, 249, 438
- Spruce gum, 326, 330, 352, 353, 359
- St. Johnsbury, 1, 290, 295, 307, 318, 322, 323, 331, 376
- Stahl, Sandra, 12
- Sutherland, Gideon M., 99
- Sweetser, Moses, 39
- Taxes, 73, 175, 177, 181, 238, 270, 398, 434, 483
- Thomas, Milton, 124
- Tramps, 346, 347
- Trapping, 220
- U.S. Forest Service, 104, 105, 115, 134, 131, 135, 136, 138, 139, 141, 144, 146, 148, 155, 156, 160, 179, 181, 182, 181, 183, 188, 189, 202, 213, 215, 229, 230, 233, 248, 250, 252, 268, 275, 277, 280, 336, 379, 392, 395, 396, 401, 403, 405, 414, 417, 421, 423, 424, 429, 449, 483, 486, 491
 - acquires Livermore, 124
 - and Clinton Nash, 105, 116, 121, 127, 128, 131, 160, 165, 186, 234, 251, 268
 - auctions Livermore property, 128, 162, 187, 234, 484
 - demolishes Livermore buildings, 171, 231, 284
 - Livermore survey, 411, 415, 423
 - logging near Livermore, 222
 - sells schoolhouse to Emery, 237, 486
 - uses Livermore schoolhouse, 127, 192, 349
- Upham, Warren, 39
- Vansina, Jan, 7
- Varney, Marion, 137, 138, 140, 145, 153
- Vose, George L., 39
- Ward, Fay Lane, 132, 360, 463, 481, 483, 487
 - and plane crash, 387, 391
 - interview, 360-391
 - on Clinton Nash, 378
 - on Livermore, 361, 363-369, 371, 374, 377-381, 385-387

Ward, Irving, 360, 372, 374, 377,
384
Weeks Act, 98
West, Don, 135
Whiffaboomer, 333
White Mountain Club, 39, 40
White Mountain National Forest,
98, 115
White Mountains
 development, 25
 Euro-American settlement, 24
 geology, 19, 20, 21
 natural history, 21
Whitefield, 290, 291, 307, 323,
344, 375, 376, 464
Will, Thomas Elmer, 91
Willey House, 205
Willey House Post Office, 132,
287, 289, 296, 303, 308
 vandalized, 304, 305, 306,
 308, 485
Willey House Station, 132, 282,
288, 289, 292, 296, 300, 309, 465
World War I, 294, 307
World War II, 144, 223, 227

Yankee, 211, 226, 230, 344

Zealand, 117, 139, 154, 352