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The Boys of the Island : P.I.'s in the Maine Lumberwoods

Edward D. Ives

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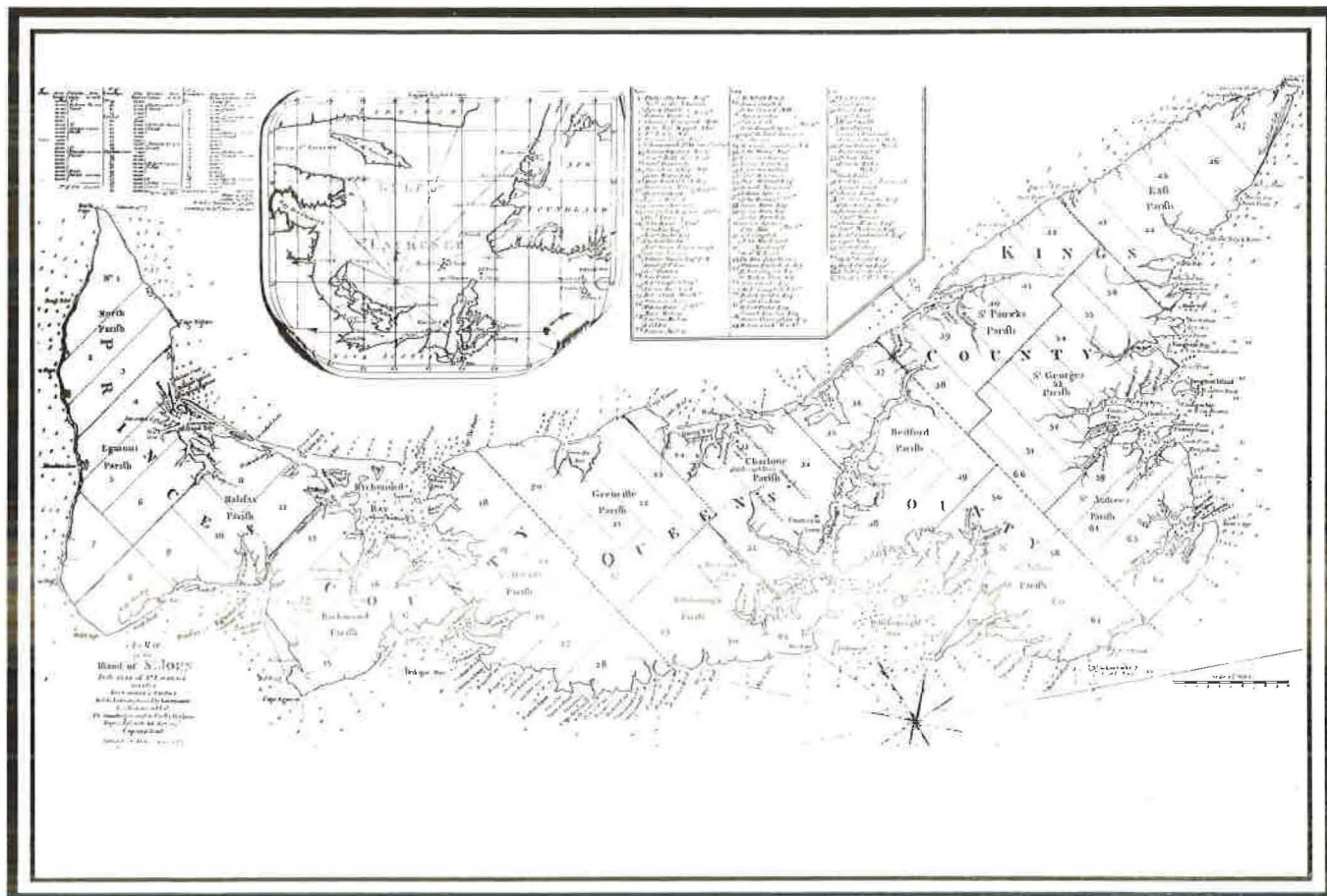
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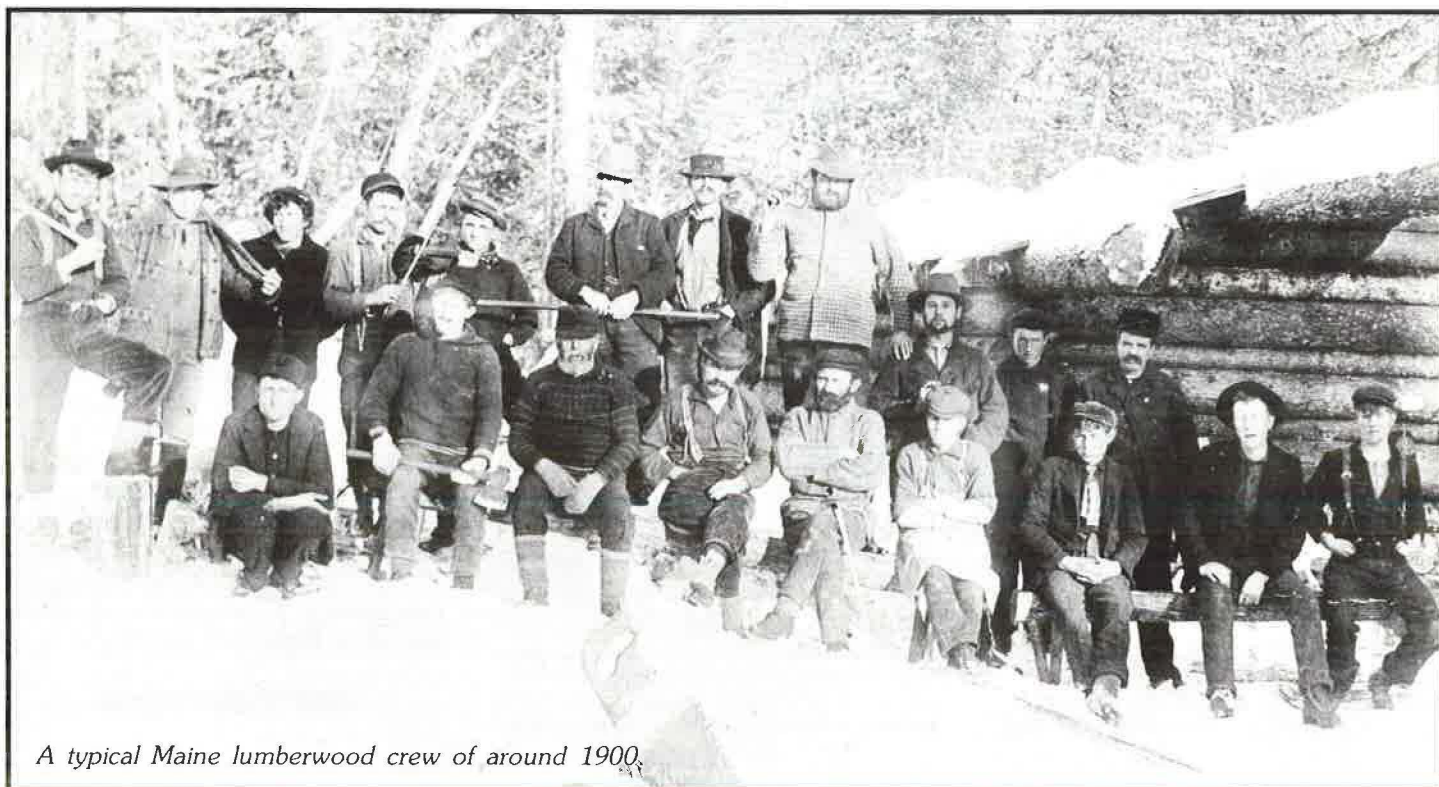
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THE BOYS OF THE ISLAND

P.I.'s in the Maine Lumberwoods



A typical Maine lumberwood crew of around 1900.

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by Edward "Sandy" Ives

On the evening of March 19, 1984, a large crowd of Island folklore enthusiasts braved a snowy night and the threat of a power blackout to attend a lecture by "Sandy" Ives, author of books on Island folksong makers Larry Gorman and Lawrence Doyle. The event was memorable; Professor Ives shared his subject with new friends and old, told the stories and sang the songs.

The lecture was part of the Second Annual Island Lecture Series, "Leaving Home: Migration from P.E.I."

It is always a pleasure for me to come up to the Island, for whatever reason I may have or for no reason at all. From my first trip back in 1957 in search of information on Larry Gorman to my present visit to speak to you tonight, it's been a quarter century of pleasant and productive sojourns — countless hours of conversation over cups of tea in farm kitchens and parlours with new friends (soon to become old friends) from Tignish to Souris and beyond — and I've loved

every minute of it. I have been asked to talk tonight on the theme of migration from Prince Edward Island to the Maine woods during the latter years of the great lumber boom, say from 1870 to 1920. That's going to be fun for me. Over the years I have become more and more aware of the close ties bred between those two areas, and I do have some thoughts that I can share with you. I can also use the occasion to celebrate an art form whose practitioners — quietly and without great fuss — have enriched the cultural life of both places.

I mentioned the close ties between Maine and Prince Edward Island. I first became conscious of them late in 1956 as I began to talk to Maine people "from the Island" (Prince Edward Island! What other Island is there?) about Larry Gorman and heard how they talked about "down home" with real nostalgia and faraway looks in their eyes. Joe McKenna of Rumford, Maine, in a wonderful and little known book, *The Sign of the Stag*, that tells the story of his and his two brothers' search for their roots in



"Sandy" Ives.

both the Island and Ireland, told about hearing the old folks talking about it:

After a while — perhaps from the age of five — I could vaguely conceptualize it. My parents came from Downhome. It was a place far away. I would never get there. It was a place like heaven or the garden behind the moon.

I knew that I would have to go there sometime (I got there ten years before Joe McKenna did, by the way), and I could hardly wait. But I was worried. I knew that reality usually didn't measure up to dream, and perhaps all my Island friends had overprepared me. But as I drove off the ferry and saw what I saw beyond that big "Welcome to P.E.I." painted on a nearby shed roof, I knew I needn't worry. The drive to Charlottetown that sunny misty day in early June with the apple blossoms full and blowing made me understand what my friends had meant, and with Joe McKenna I could say, "I feel cheated that all my life I had never known the beauty of this island." From that moment on the myth became part of me — for myths are real and we shape our world by them — and I understood how it was that Island families in places like Rumford, Maine, never really left home, for the garden behind the moon was within them. In the quarter century since that time, I have of course found the harsh quotidian realities that forced people to emigrate, but the myth remains, as real and compelling as ever.

First of all, when we speak of a "migration," we should establish just what it was took place. The great pine era was over in the woods of the Northeast, and the depression following the Panic of 1873 lingered on well into the eighties in Maine. Wages were depressed, and Maine woodsmen and river-drivers were being attracted further west by offers of better wages, thus creating a vacuum in the Maine woods into which rushed thousands upon thousands of young men from the Maritime Provinces. To be sure, plenty of them had come over earlier, but now they came in a steady stream. "In 1881," David Smith points out in his *A History of Lumbering in Maine 1861-1960*, "handbills were printed and scattered throughout the Maritimes in hope of raising the one thousand men needed on Maine rivers." The call was successful, and the Provincemen kept coming for many years. Of course,

there was some adverse comment by the locals that the bluenoses were the cause of the problem rather than an innocent response to it, that they were the ones responsible for the low wages being paid in the woods. The following quotation from *The Industrial Journal* (January 16, 1885), a local periodical that published studies and commentaries on Maine enterprises, is quite typical:

Prince Edward Island boys have poured into Bangor by the hundreds this season looking for employment, and they have put wages down and kept them there. Think of a stout young man swinging an axe all winter for \$10 to \$15 a month and his board! These are the wages accepted by many of the Prince Edward Island loggers. There was a time in the days of big pines, near by, when a woodsman was looked upon as a man who had learned a trade, but now-a-days almost anybody is a logger.

That such comments were not entirely fair is of course true, but name me a time when that complaint has not been levelled at immigrant labour. The simple fact was that these young men were willing to work and work hard for what was being paid. "The hiring of Provincemen was a regular business," says Smith. "Bangor boarding houses recruited them, housed and fed them, and then contracted them out to Penobscot operators." An excerpt from the *Bangor Daily Commercial* for February 2, 1886, gives us the picture very well:

"Two hundred and eighty-six men have gone from this house into the woods the past season," said the proprietor of the Washington street House to-day. Two hundred and fifty of these were P.E.I. boys, who come to Bangor regularly. The men are getting from \$15 to \$26 a month this winter, or an average of \$4 a month more than last season. . . . These P.E.I. boys work in our Penobscot woods during the winter, loaf in Bangor a week or two in the spring, after they come out, then go to Gloucester, from which port they sail as fishermen all summer, and then come back to Bangor in the fall to hire out for the woods again.

They began coming in the lean years of the seventies and eighties and kept

coming as the times improved. And the times did improve; in fact there came a boom as impressive as anything seen in the great pine era as the nascent pulp and paper industry began to make its demands felt. By then, though, these "P.I.'s and Miramichi-I's" were solid fixtures in the Maine woods scene.

Back in 1965, 83-year-old John Dignan of Howlan recounted for me his first experience in the Maine lumberwoods just after the turn of the century:

I had a cousin; we were both 19, and of course green in the woods, you know. Not as green as the city boys. We were used to doing woods work here, getting firewood and stuff like a that. . . . We left [Howlan] at seven o'clock in the morning. We got on the train at O'Leary, went to Summerside. . . . Went across in the boat, and we left at seven in the morning and about the same time the next morning we were in Portland. Then we stayed there possibly two hours and got on a car on the Grand Trunk. . . . that went up through that country. Went to Berlin Falls, had our dinner there. Hired to go to the woods in the Berlin Mills office. And went — oh what did they call that, the express wagon, the team of horses? — but we went up to what they call the Brown Farm. Stayed there overnight. Walked into the woods, a distance of about 12 miles, in the morning. That was Sunday morning.

And plus walking 12 miles, the telephone line [went] up to the camp. . . . and they advised us to follow it. And in the summer months they [had] worked up in the pulpwoods further up, and the telephone line [to there] was still up. We walked and walked, walked until four o'clock, and it was beginning to get dark then. The shades of night were falling fast anyway. And then we met the boss driving a four-horse team and a big wagon with stoves and different things on it they were bringing [back] from the pulpwoods down to the logging camp. So that's how I got there. And we stayed there 'til — I think about the last of March it broke up. . . .

Spring came and my mother was sick at home, and the boss wanted me to stay in down on the drive. . . . He wanted me to stay with him cooking. I cooked. He told me I wouldn't have to carry any lunches, only stay in the cookroom and help

put up lunches. But I didn't stay. . . .

We walked out, quite a bunch of us, perhaps 20, 25 men, heading for Berlin Falls. We stayed over Sunday down there, and Monday came — some went to Boston, some went here and there and everywhere. And a lot of the chaps you worked with all winter you wouldn't know them when they got dressed up!

"I liked the woods," Dignan said. "I liked the crowd, but when I got out I never wanted to go back." Joe Walsh of Morell Rear also tried it, for a couple of years only around 1914. He vividly remembered his first trip to Maine. He was 17, and he, his father, and two other fellows from Morell headed off together. Like John Dignan, they too went first to Portland and headed up the Grand Trunk, but instead of going on to Berlin they got off at Gilead, Maine. "I don't know why we got off there," Joe said. He and his friends inquired at the local spool mill about employment, without success:

I know the first night [he continued], 'twas in the fall of the year, there was a hotel there — it was a cold, cold night. My God, we had one sheet — cold and dark, and I near froze to death in that old hotel! I guess there wasn't anyone in it either before or since!

Next morning the man who ran the spool mill came looking for the men who'd inquired the night before:

There was two more fellows [with us] — Gaines was their name from up west of the Island — we all went together. Well, some of his crew didn't show up or quit or got on the drunk or something and he was tearing around the next morning, and he says, "Anyone see them six men around here, hire them!" So we went to work there. . . .

We worked there for a while, and then he had a logging place up about five miles in the woods. He had a crew up there, and he sent us up there. . . . I'll never forget it. We went up there, and the boss was on a drunk and there was two great big able men, and they were paralyzed drunk — wanted to fight and all. We sat on the old bench there. One fella came in. . . . He come in from the cookhouse. He kind of staggered over agin the stove; he turned around and he hauled off and he hit



Joe Walsh, Morell Rear.

turn around or nothing. . . . We got the old pipes and cooled them and put them back on again. That was my first experience in the lumberwoods.

Island men may have been drawn to the Maine woods by the higher wages they could get there, but it should be remembered that they were also encouraged to make the move by the hard times they found at home. Though it is clearly a politically partisan poem, expressing the sentiments of an outspoken Grit, Lawrence Doyle's song, "Prince Edward Isle, Adieu,"* written around 1880, pretty well expresses the mood of the times:

the stovepipe. And he drove one link underneath the bunk and the other up in the bunk — smoke pouring out of the thing. We got some old rags — he just kept on going, he didn't even

* Not all Island folklorists agree that Doyle wrote "Prince Edward Isle, Adieu." For another theory, see "James H. Fitzgerald and 'Prince Edward Isle, Adieu'" by John Cousins, *The Island Magazine*, Number Eight, 1980, pp. 27-31.



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Interior of a bunkhouse, showing the two tiers of bunks.

Through want and care and
scanty fare,
The poor man drags along;
He hears a whistle loud and
shrill,
The "Iron Horse" speeds on;
He throws his pack upon his
back,
There's nothing left to do;
He boards the train for Bangor,
Maine,
Prince Edward Isle adieu.

But in this country of small farms and large families, we don't have to blame it all on hard times. I remember asking Charlie Gorman of Burton, Lot Seven, why he ever went to work in the woods and his answer was that woods work was a whole lot easier than farm work and besides you got paid for it, while on the farm it was dawn to dark for board and keep. Going into the woods was also a bit of an adventure — something like going to sea — for a young man, as that wonderful old song, "The Boys of the Island," makes clear:

Now the boys on the Island on
the farms are not happy,
They say, "Let us go; we are
doing no good!"
Their minds are uneasy,
continually crazy,
For to get o'er to Bangor and
work in the woods.
So a new suit of clothes is
prepared for the journey,
A new pair of boots made by
Sherlock or Clark,
A new Kennebecker well stuffed
with good homespun,
And then the young Islander, he
will embark.

A kennebecker, by the way, was about the same as what would be called a carpet bag elsewhere, and Ab Sherlock was a well-known shoemaker and tanner who lived in Alberton.

The next stanza shows an Island boy arriving in Bangor at the old European and North American Railroad Depot, a huge towered yellow brick building that stood at the foot of Exchange Street, right in the heart of Bangor's tenderloin. His sturdy new homespun made it only too clear what he was and where he was from:

When he gets to Bangor he gets
off at the station,
The bushmen look at him with a
very keen eye;

Just look at the clothes that the
youngster is wearing
And that will soon tell you he is
a P.I.

Upriver the harsh reality soon over-
whelmed the adventurer's dream:

A lumberman's life is a hard of
duration,
It's mingled with sorrow, hard
work, and bad rum;
And as the hereafter according
to scripture
The worst of his days are yet for
to come.

And downriver, out of the woods, new money in hand, he came to Bangor's famous "Devil's Half Acre," where the saloons were ready with the their worst rotgut (no good stuff for these lads) and the police were ever vigilant on the street:

In Bangor they'll poison the
youth with bad whiskey
To the devil they'll banish all
brandy and ale,
And then on the corner they find
the youth tipsy,
They'll send for Tim Leary and
march him to jail.

Bangor was, after all, a city especially constructed not only to saw and ship lumber but to fleece the woodsmen who cut and drove it and to get them upriver again before they knew what had hit them.

The plan was usually to go over to Bangor to work in the woods for the winter, perhaps come down on the drive in the spring, and then come back to the Island for summer farm work or fishing. But it didn't always work out that way, as the song suggests:

It's true I'm a native of Prince
Edward Island;
I left my old parents when
eighteen years old.
I started out early all for to do
better,
Return in the spring with two
hands full of gold.
It's true my brave boys I have
earned lots of money,
But the curse of all bushmen fell
on me also;
My money it went like the snow
in the June sun,
And back to the woods every fall
I must go.

No-one was more eloquent on this theme than that well-known boy from the Island Larry Gorman, known as "The Man Who Makes the Songs," who has left us an eloquent picture of this disillusionment from the point of view of those who went to work in the pulp mills in a poem called "Away to the States to Get Rich":

Young men of P.I., you can
hardly deny
That you've many times left a
good home;
A life on the farm for you has no
charm,
You all seemed determined to
roam,
Your harrows and plows, fine
horses and cows
And your sheep all may die in
the ditch;
Your jobs you will jack and your
trunks you will pack
And away to the States to get rich.

He went on to describe the hard work and terrible working conditions to be found in the mills, and living conditions were no better:

They must be content in some
leaky old rent
Away in behind someone's back
yard;
Mid the squealing of hogs and
the yelping of dogs.
There's many who'd think their
lot hard.
When the acid and bleach their
vitals will reach,
With rosin and sulphur and
pitch,
They will sneeze and say 'twas a
sorrowful day
That they came to the States to
get rich.

Then he ended it all on a bitter personal note:

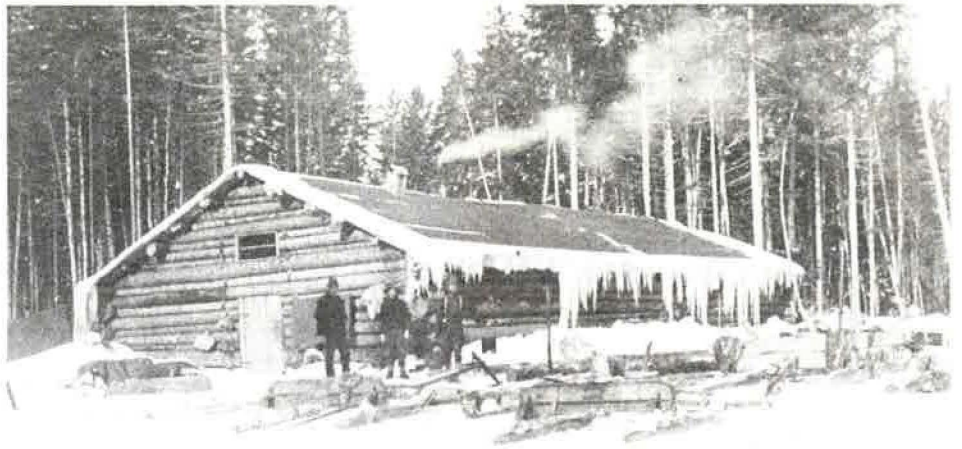
It's many a year since I first
landed here,
Being then in my youth and my
prime;
Though sorely belied and much
vilified,
I was never convicted of crime.
I am broke down in health and
possess little wealth,
In every trade there's a hitch;
Those folks who have wealth
must acquire it by stealth—
It's not by hard work they get
rich.

To be sure, the experience Gorman characterized in this poem was not the whole story. Many Island men went over to Maine, worked in the woods and on the drive, and then came back home to the farm, often following this pattern year after year. Others stayed a few years in Maine, doing farm and mill work during the summers and then returning to the Island to settle down. And still others settled down in Maine, marrying local girls or sending back home for their brides once they had established themselves. And while it is true that Maine woodsmen begrudged the presence of the Provincials, considering them the cause of depressed wages, it can't be said that Bangor did not seem to enjoy their presence. Claiming the P.I. had "become familiar to everybody in Bangor — even to the smallest child," a Bangor correspondent for the *Daily Commercial* for April 10, 1886, has left us the following description:

He is a Prince Edward Islander, always big and strong, and generally fat and good natured. He is very plenty, in common with New Brunswickers and Nova Scotians, in Bangor, some hundreds of them having "come down" in the past week or so, in company with a heterogeneous crowd of natives and all sorts of odd strangers. This particular man told the writer that he felt jolly and, after announcing that he left Charlottetown, P.E.I., last fall on account of the small-pox, he invited all hands to drink luck to his island and the West Branch [of the Penobscot River]. Then he wanted to sing, but there was so much drinking, so many other toasts and so many other songs that he was obliged to abandon the stage for the time being. . . .

[Later] there was a slight lull in the proceedings. . . but it was soon broken by the appearance on the scene of the jolly P.E.I., who, after treating his friends, numbers of whom came up with much haste, sang in a high tenor the following pathetic ballad:

I've lived in the woods
for a number of years,
With my dog and my gun
to drive away care,
I've a neat little cottage
and the roof is secure,
And if you'll look underneath
you'll find earth for the floor.



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Maine lumbercamp: bunkhouse at one end, cookroom at the other. In the foreground are several sets of sled runners.

When I am dead and buried
and mould'ring in the clay,
No artifice or ornament
describe on stone for me,
But simply say I'm an Island boy
who died in Mirimichi. [sic]

All present either cheered or
grunted applause at this effort. . . .

It was a hard life they had hired to. In to the woods they'd go in October or November to get the pine, spruce, and hemlock cut. They'd walk out from camp in the morning by lantern-light in order to be able to get started cutting by first dawn. All day they cut the tall spruce down, bucking them into log lengths, the horses twitching them out to the main logging road where they were piled up in great decks called yards. Then as the snow came along, they broke down the yards, and the teams hauled the logs on great two-sleds to the rivers, where they were repiled in huge landings on the banks in preparation for the spring drive. All this six days a week for something like a dollar a day and the privilege of eating beans 21 times a week and sleeping in a long log camp — overheated, lit by kerosene lamps, full of the sounds and sights and smells of maybe 50 tired men who had no time or occasion to wash. Four months of that for about a hundred dollars! Small wonder that once the logs were on the landings the men headed for Bangor for a few flaming hours at Barney Kelly's or Aunt Hat's place up in Veazie until there was nothing left but to let Pope McKinnon stand them for their room and board

until it was time to go back up on the drive.

Then in late April or May many of them would go back upriver to break in the landings and start logs on their long trip down to the great sorting and holding booms at Argyle and Pea Cove above Old Town. Armed with no more than peaveys and pickpoles, the drivers would keep those millions of logs moving like a wooden river. Men would be set to "tend out" at spots where the logs would be apt to jam, and batteau crews would always be ready to go out and pick off any jams that might form, while more men stumbled along the shore to keep the logs off the rocks and in the current. But try as they would to prevent them, dangerous jams would form that required all the skill and strength and daring the men had to offer. The logs kept moving, but all along Maine rivers and their tributaries are the sunken graves of men torn to unrecognizable shreds when they fell into that grinding mass of sawlogs as a jam hauled. But most of them made it through, and they'd be back in Bangor by Fourth of July.

There is no way to make of this life anything but what it was: grueling physical labour under the most primitive conditions imaginable — months on end of it! It is hard to imagine that out of this rough, all but brutalizing life there could rise anything resembling beauty and art, and certainly the lumberwoods was not the place where we would look for the symphonies of Haydn or the poetry of Yeats or Browning. So long as that is what we mean by art, we won't find it in the lumbercamp. There were

no Schubert song cycles sung or composed there, but that's taking a pretty narrow view of art. *Song there was*, though. Sometimes in the evenings along the deacon seat, in response to a friend's request, a man would raise his voice — hard and high and clear, getting the words out plain, carrying the air of his song out over the low talk until the talkers too were drawn into the singer's world as he told of "The Dark-Eyed Sailor" or "The Girl I Left Behind" or that old tale of slaving and piracy "The Flying Cloud." Sometimes the song might be of death on the drive, like that old favorite, "The Jam on Gerry's Rock," or it might tell of death from a hanging limb, like "The Woods of Michigan." There might even be songs made up right in one's own camp that

winter, like monicker songs that would name all the teamsters:

Oh Wright he drives the fiery team,
He calls them Tom and Clyde
He cracks his whip and cries aloud,
"They are the forest pride."

Next we come to O'Donnel
With old Dick and the carvel gray,
And if he's heavy loaded,
It's there he's got to stay.

Or there's that one the late Joe Walsh of Morell Rear taught me, telling of a crew's attempt to save a sick comrade's life:

Come listen to my story,
The truth I'll tell to you;
It is about a teamster
In Jack MacDonald's crew.

Our crew it was a merry one
Of eighteen men or more;
Our winter's work had scarce begun
When Death had darked our door.

We were talking after supper, when
One of the teamsters said,
"I hear young Stubbs complaining of
A pain that's in his head."

The night passed on and
morning came,
The sickness it grew worse;



River-drivers clearing a small jam.

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The Teamster in Jack MacDonald's Crew



We moved him from the lower
bunk
Into the upper berth.

And when we went to breakfast
We dared not leave him
alone;
We wrapped him up in his
blankets warm
All for to take him home.

Jack MacDonald and Tom
Proctor
Took a pair of trotty bays,
And before the stars had ceased
to shine
They were miles upon their
way.

They took him to his little home
In the town of Sherman Mills,
And to break the news unto his
wife
It did require great skill.

They sent for Dr. Harris, while
His wife and family cried,
But to rescue him from Death's
cold grasp
It was in vain they tried.

Here's to MacDonald and his
crew
Our blessing do we give;

And may their troubles they be
few
And happy may they live.

And when Death comes
knocking at our door
And we are called to go,
Let us pray that we will meet
Our Lord,
Let His mercy on us show.

That bit about the crew moving Stubbs
from the lower berth, which would have
been cold by morning, to a warm upper
berth is a nice touch that any woodsman
would have understood. If these songs
were art forms — and they were —
there were also artists, men like Larry
Gorman and Joe Scott, who were well
known for their skill at making songs.
Gorman's forte was satire and invective,
the rhymed insult or complaint, like his
song on the Henrys of New Hampshire:

Now for the grub, I'll give it a
rub,
And that it does deserve,
The cooks become so lazy
They'll allow the men to
starve;
For it's bread and beans, then
beans and bread,
Then bread and beans again,

Of grub we would sometimes
have a change
In that good old State of
Maine.

Our meat and fish is poorly
cooked,
The bread is sour and old;
The beans are dry and musty
And doughnuts are hard and
old;
To undertake to chew one,
That would give your jaws a
pain,
For they're not the kind we used
to find
In that good old State of
Maine.

Any man singing that song — either in
Henry's camp or in some other — was
able to express certain feelings he could
not easily express any other way, and
that's a way of thinking about art. Joe
Scott's songs told of tragic and violent
death, like that of poor Howard Carrick
from Grand Falls, New Brunswick:

Tonight I'm lying in a room
In the town of Rumford Falls,
My feverish eyes are rolling round
Upon its whitewashed walls;

The agony I undergo
I cannot long endure,
My limbs are weak and painful,
I am dying slow but sure.

My money it has long since fled
And my friends they are but
few,
I'll snap this tender thread of life,
I'll bid this world adieu;
I'll tie this cord unto the hinge
Upon my chamber door,
There's room enough for me to
hang
Beneath it and the floor.

The late Alden Nowlan called that ballad "a lament for everyone who has died miserably and young," and I agree. Joe's songs touched the sordid and commonplace with momentary dignity and worth, and that's a way of thinking about art too. The lumbercamp was one of the last bastions of this fine old artistic tradition of songs and singing; it's all but gone now, but here and there one still finds men who remember — and men who sing the old way.

What has all this to do with Prince Edward Island and the migration? Simply this: with the possible exception of Miramichi, there is no place where I have found better singers or more songs than here. Boys from the Island went to the Maine woods; there many of them learned the songs and brought them home with them, where others learned them and kept them alive. Joe Walsh of Morell Rear, for example, learned "The Teamster in Jack MacDonald's Crew" not in Maine (though he had been there to work) but at home here on the Island from a neighbour, who in turn had learned it from *his* neighbour, one of the men who made the song up in Maine out of his own experience. At home in Maine, I have learned songs about the woods from men who learned them back on the Island, and on the Island I have learned songs from men who themselves learned them in Maine. And never and nowhere, as I have already said, have I found better singers or men who cared more for these old songs than Islanders, whether they were living here at home or down in Maine. Billy Bell from Brewer, Maine, originally from Enmore, spent his last hours singing over the old songs — old friends that went as far down that road with him as any could. Joe Walsh loved them, and the same can be said of Wesley Smith of Victoria West, Charlie Gorman of Burton Lot Seven, Edmund and Long Joe Doucette of Miminegash, and John



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Wesley Smith, Victoria West.



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Edmund Doucette, Miminegash.



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Long Joe Doucette, Miminegash.



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John Miller, Morell.

Miller of Morell, to name only a few of those men who have at various times been my teachers.

Japan, an island half the world away, officially honours as "national treasures" certain people who do something extremely well. This Island could do worse than somehow to honour men who quietly kept an old tradition alive simply because they cared too much for these songs to let them die. For myself I can say to them, "Thank you, my friends, for showing me two things: that international borders are often no more than marks on a map, and that art is not something of the studio and concert hall but something that shines forth wherever and whenever men give it a chance, even half a chance, or, as in the Maine lumbercamps, little chance at all." And that, I suggest to you tonight, is good news for us all.

Sources

Ives' books, from which the songs contained in this article are quoted, are *Larry Gorman: The Man Who Made the Songs* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1964; reprinted Arno Press, 1977); *Lawrence Doyle: The Farmer-Poet of Prince Edward Island* (Maine Studies No. 92, Orono, Me.: University Press, 1971); *Joe Scott: The Woodsman Songmaker* (Champaign, Ill.: University of Illinois Press, 1978). Joe McKenna's *The Sign of the Stag* was privately printed (Rumford, Maine, 1973) and rather hard to find now, but it is worth looking for. For more on the Maine lumberwoods, see David Smith, *A History of Lumbering in Maine, 1861-1960* (Maine Studies No. 93, Orono, Me.: University Press, 1972). Newspapers and periodicals used in writing this article include *The Industrial Journal* and the *Bangor Daily Commercial*. The interviews with John Dignan and Joe Walsh are on file in the Northeast Archives of Folklore and Oral History, Department of Anthropology, South Stevens Hall, University of Maine, Orono, Maine 04469, as are the original recordings of all the songs.

