

AMERICAN FOLKLORE  
FOR PROFESSOR IVES  
DECEMBER 12, 1959  
BY HARRIET S. BURKE  
ROBBINSTON, MAINE

# CONTENTS

Picture

History (brief) Town of Robbinston.....1-4

Song.....5-6

Folktales and Legends.....7-30

Brief Biography of each Informant.....31-32

Evaluation.....33

Addendum by Steve Robbins.....34-38



Harriet Stanhope Burke

I collected most of my material in my home town. Robbinston, Washington County. Robbinston is located on Route 1 between Perry and Calais. It is situated at the mouth of the beautiful St. Croix River, on the west side. For many years it was included in the territory called Passamaquoddy. "In the collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society there is an account of inhabitants scattered along the coast in 1688 mentioning Passamaquoddy and the St. Croix as having perhaps 45 souls." It was not until the war of independence was closed with the treaty of 1783, that American emigration to Passamaquoddy began.

Edward H. Robbins and his brother Nathaniel J. Robbins of Milton, Mass. became interested in Maine and its settlement. They employed Col. Jonathan Eddy of Sharon, Mass. to survey four townships on the St. Croix River. He recommended the purchase of township No. 4 south of Calais. In October 1786 they purchased this township. They were attracted to this township by the beautiful view, and the dense forests of pine, spruce and hardwood. Mr. Robbins immediately began to settle the place.

The first settler built a house, a store and a mill. It was a tide mill for lumber and grist, and was built on the stream near the present bridge at Mill Cove. The house was built at the north point of Mill Cove on a track of land including Liberty Point. This was the only portion of the township which Mr. Robbins retained. It is still known as the "Robbins Place."

It is thought that Jacob Boyden may have been living at the time of the settlement on the shores of the lake that bears his name (Boyden Lake) and known as Nashick by the Indians. He was much beloved by the settlers. Some of the first settlers in the township were: Jacob Boyden (no family), William Bugby, Widow Fausett, John Johnson, Job Johnson, John Brewer, Samuel Jones, Samuel Lehure, Donal McDonald, Joseph Forter, DanialSomes, Thomas Vose, Edmund Rose and Obadiah Allen.

Samuel Jones was an excellent citizen and a member of the Congregational Church. Meetings were held in each others homes. until a large log schoolhouse was built which answered for school and meetinghouse. Mr. Jones and Mr Bugby (Bugbee) read for the others for some time. There was always someone who could sing. Mr. Robbins sent each of the readers a suit of black broadcloth and a military hat. so that on Sundays they might appear in becoming ministerial garments. In 1811 a Congregational Church was formed with a membership of six. This church burned and a new church was built, known as the Sewell Memorial Church. There is a large brass bound clock presented by Mr. Robbins to the First Congregational Church, having the inscription, "This town settled in 1786 by the first proprietor Hon. Edward H. Robbins, of Milton, Mass." This clock was saved from the old church which was built in 1840 , and is in the present church.

3

Quite near this church is the Episcopal Chapel, and not far away was a little Catholic Church. A Methodist Church was organized in 1811. and in February of that year Robbinston was incorporated as a town. The Methodist meeting house is a large white building built in 1885. It sits on a hill on the Ridge Road overlooking the St. Croix River and the Passamaquoddy Bay.

The first schoolhouse was log. It was later replaced by better buildings. one of them brick. The school I am teaching in every day is over a hundred years old. On January 1, 1960 it is being replaced by an ultra modern grade school.

Because of the dense forests of this township, one of the early industries was lumbering. Concerning the wooden columns in the State House at Boston, Deacon Peter Vose, grandson of Thomas Vose wrote:" My grandfather, Thomas Vose of Robbinston cut and furnished trees from which the columns which ornament the front of the second story of the Massachusetts State House, as well as those which support the roof of the great hall in the same, were made." I have been told, by Leonard Shattuck of Red Beach, that these trees grew near West Maguerrawock Lake.

It is said that at one time Robbinston had the largest ship building industry in the country. There are several paintings of the vessels built in Robbinston in the dining room of the St. Croix Masonic Hall at Calais. Two of the vessels are the brig CALAIS of Calais launched at Robbinston September 7, 1841 and the CHALLENGE, built at Robbinston in 1836.

Today the only industry in the town is the sardine factory which operates seasonally. Most of the men work in the woods, aboard lobster and fishing boats, at carpenter work or operate small farms.

The population of the town is approximately 600.

We love thee, dear Robbinston  
Set by the sea;  
And follow with interest,  
Thy long history  
Thy founding and settling  
Were done by strong men;  
We're gladly recounting  
Thy story again.

This spot on the St. Croix,  
A prospect so fair,  
DeMonte and Champlain must have  
visioned it there.  
The Governor Robbins next  
purchased the place,  
And made it to prosper,  
With God's help and grace,  
He sent men with families,  
Here to abide.  
Who built their homes  
On the rivers west side.  
And then came the shipyards,  
White sails on the sea,  
Which later became a  
Great Industry.



So fair were thy hillsides,  
Thy fields and try streams  
Our founders beheld,  
The fullfillment of dreams.  
And then, as we follow the  
fleeting years down,  
We find, on the river, a prosperous  
town.

But then came the wars, and prosperity fled  
And felt them to laurel  
The graves of their dead.  
With courage undanted  
They turned to the plow  
And tilled their broad acres from  
then until now.

And we, their descendants will ever prove true,  
According them honor  
Where honor is due.  
And therefore we love thee  
O, Robbinston dear,  
Our love will grow deeper with  
each passing year.

Note: This song was written by Mrs. Leonora Harvell  
for a pagent which school children presented. Many  
of the students that took part were descendants of the  
first settlers. (Tune -- Flow Gently Sweet Afton)..

## The Story of Bill Johnson

Well, Bill was a sailor from town here(Robbinston). that was gone for such a long time on one trip was given up for lost. After some time he showed up at home and this is the story he told. He claimed he had been torn apart by sharks in the southern seas and had survived to tell about it. His body and face was covered by scars, but nobody could hardly believe him. After he told his story everyone around town started calling him Sharky Bill.

Years later a fella from town(Robbinston, whose name I would rather not mention) was eating in a restaurant in New York. Seamen used to eat there and this fella got to talking to this stranger. When the stranger found out where this fella was from, he asked if he happened to know a Bill Johnson. When he was told that Bill was alive and said he had been a shipmate of Bills on the southern trip when he fell overboard, and this is the story he told. Before we got Bill aboard sharks attacked and badly mauled him. Nobody believed he would live as his body had been torn almost in two. As Bill was still alive we did the best we could. We tied his body together with baling wire. When we reached port he was still breathing so he was rushed to a hospital. Until the meeting with the fella from Robbinston, his shipmate never knew what happened to him.

Note: This is a true story told to me by Allen Bearman.

## INDIAN LEGEND 700 A.D.

The devil preached a sermon to the fish on Pulpit Rock at Robbinston. The devil did not like the attitude of the haddock. He jumped in the water and caught one with his thumb and finger. To this day the haddock has dirty marks on each side of its neck where the thumb and finger touched, and marks on its side where the haddock was scratched as it was trying to get away.

Note: Pulpit Rock is a rock the shape of a pulpit in the St. Croix River off Robbinston. This is the Indian Legend Mr. Sherman told me about it. As a small child, my mother Marion Gray Stanhope had told me the same story.

## Robbinston's Pulpit Rock



**ROBBINSTON'S FLOWER POT**—Peta Marie Christensen and Ann Crowley of Eastport add decoration to the chunk of eroded red sandstone known locally as "Pulpit Rock," shown above. It has been used as a beacon for mariners for generations. It is shaped something like a flowerpot, and actually has an assortment of bushes and flowers growing on top. It is on private land and can only be approached closely by boat by the general public.

10  
At the time Quebec was settled and the year of the great earthquake in Canada, about 1634, an Indian Chief made an invocation to the Great Spirit to help the Micmac Tribe.

Oh, thou great spirit of the universe,  
Good and powerful as thou art.

Whose power is displayed in the splendor of the noon day sun,

The glories of the night,  
The foliage of the forest,  
And the rippling of the rivers,  
And the great waters of the deep,  
Look down from thy majestic throne of grace,  
And shed thy bounty upon all red men.

Note: Mr. Sherman sat back in his chair and recited this verse. He was quite concerned over this as he cannot find the name of the Indian Chief who made this invocation. He really did not want this published, but I felt it was very good so I decided to share it.

19

This story took place at the time of the first log house.

Obediah Allen, my great great grandfather lived up on the hill above our house. One winter night when they were all in bed he heard a terrible commotion down in the pig pen. Grandpa in his wooley-wooley night shirt took for the pen. He grabed a pitch fork and sure enough there was a bear after the pigs. He took at the bear with the fork and the bear turned and took after him. Grandpa ran as fast as he could and turned toward the house where Grandma was sitting with the door open. She didn't get the door shut in time and the bear took Grandpa's wooley night shirt right off his back.

Note: This story was told to me by David Sherman

In the old days, you know, they hunted bees and robbed them of their honey for winter. They used a compass to follow the bees. Once they started to trail them, they never left their course.

Obediah Allen was doing just this. He was trailing a bee when he came to a big stub broke off. He climbed up, looked down, and in he fell. Of course, he couldn't get out, and there he was in the sticky mess of honey. He was there for some time when the top of the hole started getting dark. The next thing he realized a bear was coming down backward. He got ahold of the bears tail and gave a holla. The bear climbed up the stump and pulled poor Obediah out.

Note: This story was told to me by David Sherman.

12

Obediah Allen was a man who would swear all day and pray all night. This terrible storm came and there was so much snow you had to go upstairs to see out. They were getting short of food, so Obediah was praying for food. He thought if he prayed the Lord would supply him. While he was down praying a neighbor's dog came along with a beef bone in his mouth. He ran out, grabbed the bone and made a soup out of it. "There by God. I knew my prayers would be answered."

His descendents always said when they had a big feed, "there Obediah's dog has been around."

Note: This story was told to me by Harvey Bearman of Robbinston. This was told as a true story.



We used to live down the Robbinston in the old Moholland house that they are tearing down. That house was built in 1807, and used as English headquarters in the War of 1812. There was a sargent shot in the pantry during the war.

Every once in a while the door latches would snap and open. The house was old and settling and the sills probably breaking. I atributed it to that.

At this point Mrs. Sherman claimed that the doors opened at a certain time each month, and since they have been tearing the house down she informed Mr. Moholland that the sills were still in good condition.

**Note: This story was told to me by David Sherman.**

14

Around the years 1899-1808 an English ship came up here in the river (St. Croix) and laid off St. Andrews. She had smallpox aboard and the crew was dying right and left. When one died they threw him overboard into the river. It is said that they brought a negro, who had smallpox, to Washburns Hill and buried him alive.

The Dunn house down there (Robbinston) on the hill was haunted. An Irish family lived under the hill. Phil came home drinking this nite; got out of money. His mother wouldn't give him any, so he beat her and took some away from her. He started up to O'Brians where they sold booze. Old Biddy Dunn, who had been dead a great many years, appeared to him from under Mill Cove Briske. Phil went up, Old Mrs. O'Brian was tending bar, so he started talking to her. Phil said, "I saw Biddy Dunn when I came up."

Old Mrs O'Brian said, "sure Phil, sure you did. And what did she say to you Phil?"

"The back of my hand to you for beating your poor mother. And what did you say to her, Phil?"

"The back of my hand to you Miss Dunn."

Note: These stories were told to me as true stories by David Sherman of Baring.

16

One of the old Allens went out back here in the woods and met a bear. The bear was coming right at him with his mouth open. He drove his hand right down his throat and turned him wrong side out. Then he was going the other way.

Note: This story was told to me by Harvey Bearman of Robbinston.

### CAMPMEETING JOHN

John was a minister who used to hold campmeetings. When he was down praying some of the boys thought they would have some fun with him. They got him by the heels and started hauling him out under the tent just as he was saying " Lord have mercy on these poor sinners as the Devil has me by the heels."

Note: This is supposed to be true. It was told to me by Allen Bearman of Robbinston

## 612.44 How The Ridge Cemetery Got Started

The Allens were very tough people. Some relative of Obediah Allen, who was the oldest man in town, was knocked in the head to start the Pumpkin Ridge Cemery

Pumpkin Ridge, as it is still called today by the old timers, got its name because Edgar Waterman raised so many pimpkins.

**Note: This story was told to me by Allen Bearman of Robbinston.**

I was in camp 43 years ago. George Magoon used to come in and stay a day or two at a time.

Years ago, there was no deer in this area, so George, Will Tarbell and Wilber Day used to go over around the Machias River to hunt. A fire had burned in the area, but the deer came into the valleys where it did not burn. They made a business of shipping the meat to Massachusetts.

I heard my Grandfather say that Day came over (to Robbinston) and wanted him to go over to get some meat. So he went and got 20 barrels, marked potatoes, and brought them over here and shipped them from the warf up here while everyone was to the town meeting.

Note: This story was told to me by Mr. A. This was a true story

You know George Magoon was a hard man to catch, very hard. He heard that a man was coming after him, so he went down in the pasture and lopped down some scrubby spruce. When he saw the fella coming he took for the felled spruce. There was a little snow on the ground, but they couldn't track him for he was going over and under them spruce so fast. Before they got started George was way ahead of them. He looked back and yelled, "you got a long way to go yet." Of course, the wardens gave up and went home.

Note: This story was told to me by Mr. A. of Robbinston. This George Magoon story was told as a true story.

Minneapolis April the 17 1865

My Dear Cousin,

The topic of the day President Lincolns death. It is not terrible never has men felt - so sorrowfull as now. Saturday at half past three news came that he was dead and at four every store was closed and draped with crape the flag at half mast draped heavily with crape, and bitter tears was shed for our noble President. Sunday every church in our town preached a funeral sermon. Every alter, organ, windows and doors in every church in our little town was draped with crape and the people was the mourners.

. A dark day has dawned for the Rebellious south - They have Old Andy Johnson now to deal with - The avenging song will be sung with more energy. Victory is certain for fraberious hopes can never render

That for which he died  
Hear the oaths our people utter -  
For him our nations pride.  
By our hope of your bright leave  
By the Land we love  
By the God who rules and love us  
We'll avenge thy blood.

Note; Writen by Cordelic Stanchfield to her cousin Ruth Allen Sherman. This letter is in the possession of Allen Bearman of Robbinston. It is believed that the writer composed the verse as she was writing the letter. The envelope was sealed with a piece of black

lace in the flap. ( Professor Ives found this interesting)

There is a small piece of lace in the flap. ( Professor Ives found this interesting)

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The Bearmans were coming down from Calais when a terrible blizzard struck. It snowed so hard they had a hard time getting through Red Beach. When they got down to Robbinston , they couldn't find the No. 3 Road for quite some time, so they decided to tie their horse to a post and walk the rest of the way home. After a while, they found Norman Murphy's house, so they went in and got warm. Then they walked home. The next morning the snow had receded, so they came back out to get the horse. At this time they discovered that they had hitched the horse to the church steeple.

Note: This story was told to Anne Slack of Robbinston by William Bearman. Mr. Bearman, who has many of these stories, passed away only a few weeks ago. The No. 3 Road mentioned in this story was a road which they started to build to Township No. 3. Because of the rough going and steep hills the road did not get out of Robbinston.

## THE MONEYMAKER LAKE

This incident took place around the years 1808-1812 in the town of Robbinston at a small body of water known as Moneymaker Lake. Situated at the foot of an immense precipice, surrounded by dense forests, it presents even on the sunniest day a wild, wierd, lonesome appearance. Near the top of this hill is a large cave which seemed to be the very spot for the unlawful, secret work of the counterfeit moneymakers.

It was in the summer that a surveyor named Samuel Jones, from Robbinston and his two assistance, Bohanon and McFarland were running the boundry town line between Robbinston and Calais. While working in the vacinity of a small lake they noticed smoke near the top of a small mountain. Upon investigating they discovered two men busily at work making money. They were duplicating coins rather than paper money. There were several kegs of silver dollars in their posession, and an equal amount of coins which appeared to be identical, but contained little silver. It is said that some wealthy shipping men in the town were shipping vast quanities to the West Indies in exchange for goods. Real money was at that time little known there. These men identified themselves as Ebeneza Ball and John Hall. They begged Jones and his assistants not to expose them. At first they refused, but on finding that they intended to kill them if they did not promise, they consented never to tell on them.

Ball and Hall were not satisfied with a verbal promise. They imagined it would be more binding were it written. Cutting a gash in the arm of each of the surveyors they compelled them to write their promise in blood. If one should reveal the secret the arm from which they drew the blood to sign the agreement would shrivel. After signing their promise they went on their way, leaving Ball and Hall to their work.

A few days later the counterfitters were surprised to hear voices not far distance. The next instant the truth flashed upon them. They were discovered. The surveyors had proved untrue. They had notified the best lawmen. George Downes of Calais, who was 21 yrs. of age and the first sheriff of Washington County, obtained a warrent and with others went after the lawbreakers. Hastily hiding their money they started to make their escape. Hall escaped by hiring an Indian at Perry to row him to Deer Island; from there he went to Nova Scotia. Ball was chased up and down the river ( St. Croix) for several days. Downes finally caught him in a valley near Brooks at Robbinston. Ball, who was carrying a rifle, did not want to be taken into custody. He warned Downes not to come over the fence there or he would shoot. Downes , determined to capture Ball, crossed the fence and Ball shot him. Before he died he said, "don't kill Ball, he's been a man."

At that time Castine was the High Court seat, so Ebeneza Ball was taken there to the jail. The largest building was the church, so the murder trial was held there. There was not much said in Balls favor, but the tale of killing Sheriff Downes and the

crime of counterfeiting was told. Ball was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged. An appeal was made to the Governor of Massachusetts, but he refused.

Everyone for miles around attended the execution. The military formed a square with Ball, the town's ministers and officers in the middle. They all marched up to Fort George where the gallows had been erected. This was the first legal hanging in Maine.

At the same time the arm of McFarland began to shrivel. It is believed that he was the surveyor that went back on his word.

Several years later, two men from Nova Scotia came to Red Beach and went out to Moneymaker Lake. They didn't stay long and they never came back again. It is not known if they were sent by John Hall or not, or if they found what they were looking for.

What the counterfeiter did with their money when they were discovered has greatly agitated many people. Huge rocks have been overturned and the earth dug up beneath them in search of the hidden treasure. They have dug and probed on the hill, in the cave and in depths of the lake. The earth about roots of large trees has been removed but it was all of no avail. If there was any treasure to begin with, presumably it is still where Ebenezer Ball and John Hall hid it when they left Moneymaker Lake.

Note: Since I was a child, I have been told the story of MoneyMaker Lake. As I talked with several people about traditional stories each one told me his version of this story. I have taken the information that each person gave me and written this story. I believe there was a short article in the paper a number of years ago, although I have never read it. I do believe that this is an important folklore story and my paper would not be complete if I did not include it.

### HAUNTED GRAVE

After George Downs was shot someone found a grave dug, as if something had been taken out. Some think the counterfeiters had money buried there and came back and dug it up. There is a pole stuck in one corner and the grave is filled with water. We were always cautioned not to go near that pole. When you are walking thru the woods and get so you can see the pole, it starts swaying. We always called it the Haunted Grave.

Note; Mr. Sherman was the only person to tell me this story in connection with the MoneyMaker Lake story.

They tell of trading and bartering back in 1890 thru 1905. Money was very scarce during this period.

A lad came to Maine from Massachusetts and went to work in the woods. At the end of the month he went to the office for his pay and the clerk gave him some axe handles. He wanted money but had to take the handles for his pay. He went to town and, thinking the clerk was making a fool of him, went first to a bar room and arched a glass of gin. He passed the bar keeper an axe handle and was surprised what he got for change, one hammer handle and two hatchet handles.

Octave was caught skinning out a deer in closed season. When a warden saw him, Octave started running with the warden in HOT PURSUIT. The warden shouted for him to stop and after awhile Octave hollered back "STOP YOURSELF , NOBODY'S CHASING YOU."

Note: These stories were told to me by Hazen Walker of Ashland, Maine.

Octave was the woods cook. When he got a meal ready he wanted everyone to come and eat. One night Sam, the story teller, got started on a yarn before supper and when the cooker rang the cow bell the men waited for Sam to finish his yarn. Octave got all riled up. Stepping to the bunk house door he yelled."

WHAT'S THE MATTER WID YOU FELLERS --  
DON'T YOU HEAR DAT BELL BLOW? ARE YOU  
ALL BLIND?"

The first time Octave talked on a telephone his wife called from home to tell him about his new baby. "A ten pound boy, by gar," he said. " Dass de first time I know de telephone, she talk French jist so good lak she talk Henglish."

Note: These stories were told to me by Hazen Walker.

A guide by the name of Cale, tells of his first double-barrel shot gun. He loaded both barrels with buck shot and went hunting for caribou. The first thing he saw was a panther, stretched out on one of them limbs of a tall pine tree, 60 feet above the ground. He fired just as the panther sprang from the limb. When he got half way down, he seen I had a double-barrel gun, and I'm a blue nose if the varmit didn't whirl around in the air right back onto that limb.

Sam tells of a friend of his by the name of Jed Palmer. He could eat more vittles than any husky man. He was at a reunion, and they had special feed, consisting of whole roast pigs, with potatoes, turnips and all the trimmings. After eating for about an hour some one asked him if he'd like anything else, " Why yes," he says. "If you have got any more of them small hogs, you can pitch me another one."

Note; These stories were told to me by Hazen Walker of Ashland, Maine.



Corn Bradley had been working in the woods in Oregon. He started back to Maine and ran out of money in New York state. " So I got me a job with a farmer driving their punkin crop down the river to market. We wus gitting along all right too, until another farmer run in ahead of us from a branch stream with a drive if crookneck squash. YOU TALK ABOUT A JAM...."

Old Ben said, " this trouble with Corn was he lied so, ye couldn't believe half what he said."

A French Canadian was telling about the bad luck he had raising geese. He said," Das a jonny ring. Over in Canadah I raise every year over a hundred geoses. But since I move to Maine, de best I can do, is raise one geese."

Note: These stories were told to me by Hazen Walker.

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF EACH INFORMANT

### MRS. LEONORA HARVELL

Mrs. Harvell was born in Robbinston and spent her entire life here. She is the great grand daughter of Thomas Vose, son of the first settlers to come to Robbinston. She is a retired school teacher and has written many songs and poems for school children. She is in hopes of having some of these published. She has also written verses as tribute to members of her family and her close friends, many of whom are still living. She is a very interesting person to talk with.

### ALLEN AND HARVEY BEARMAN

The Bearmans are decendents of Obadiah Allen, one of the first settlers. They were born in Robbinston and lived here th  
eir entire life. They both enjoy telling stories. Their brother, William, who passed away only a few weeks ago, was an excellent storyteller.

### DAVID SHERMAN

Mr. Sherman was born in Robbinston and has lived here most of his life. At present he makes his home in Baring, Maine, but is looking forward to moving back to his beloved home town. Mr. Sherman is the great grand son of Obadiah Allen, one of the first settlers. He is 85 years of age and has spent

most of his life doing carpenter work. He is spry and keen, works in his shop every day. He is interested in history. As you will notice, he dated every story he told me. He is a noted storyteller.

#### Mr. A. (Oscar Johnson)

Mr. A. was born in Robbinston and has lived here all his life. He is 68 years of age. He spent some time in a lumber camp and was personally acquainted with George Magoon. He told me that he didn't know any stories and before he got through talking he told me two which I included in this paper. He is not a noted storyteller, but I felt that if I could have talked with him again, he may have told me more.

#### HAZEN WALKER

Mr. Walker is a resident of Ashland, Maine and has lived there all his life. He is an excellent storyteller.

When I started collecting traditional material I did not feel this area was very rich in folklore. When I started getting the stories together I changed my mind. I also discovered that there are many stories of haunted houses and buried treasure which have been collected and published in the local paper.

Of all the people I know, Mr. Robert Golding has the best collection of stories. I did not use any of his stories as he asked me not to take notes while he was talking. Therefore, I felt I could not do justice to his stories. He is a known storyteller.

I did find that note-taking was very difficult and got in the way.

I also found it hard to get information for the brief biography of each informant.

[Edward Allen Bearman was called "Allen". He was born 27 December 1902 in Robbinston, Maine, the son of George B. Bearman and Amy (Sharman) Bearman. "Allen" never married, and died on 08 April 1986 in Calais, Maine. In the 1970s he lived with his sister Annie (Bearman) (Dodge) Lyons and his cousin Oscar Sherman in the "Calvin Sharman" house on Sharman Hill (also called Bearman Hill) in Robbinston, Maine. "Allen" raised vegetables and peddled them door-to-door in Calais, Maine.]

[Addendum by Steve Robbins. "Campmeeting John" Allen has appears in the oral traditions in the Bearman and Sharman families. I have heard my grandmother, Minerva (Sharman) Gray (1896-2000) mention him. But I have not yet found a genealogical connection between "Campmeeting John" Allen and the Allen family of Robbinston, Maine. L. Austin Gray, Junior, of Wesley, Maine, transcribed the following newspaper account and sent it to Steve Robbins in November 2001.

(From the Machias Union, August 28, 1883)

" 'Campmeeting John Allen,' wishes to correct the statement made in several papers in regard to the number of campmeetings he has attended -- They say 135 but in reality he has attended 337 in all. He wishes also to say that in 1814 of the war of 1812 the whole Regiment of which Joseph Fairbanks was Colonel was called out, of which said John Allen was a member and faithfully served his country five days; at the expiration of that time a draft was ordered; He not being drafted was discharged, and is now the only man living (to his **knowledge**) **that composed the Regiment.**"

[Burke3.rtf ; last modified 21 February 2004]

## Harvey Bearman's Stories

*As told by Harvey Bearman to Harriet Burke, Fall 1959*

[Steve Robbins' introductory notes (below), and his notes and additions within the stories' texts, are enclosed within square brackets, "[ ]".]

[Citation requested by Maine Folklife Center: Harriet S. Burke Collection, NA24, Maine Folklife Center, University of Maine.]

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[Harvey David Bearman was born 19 May 1897 in Robbinston, Maine, the son of George B. Bearman and Amy (Sharman) Bearman. Harvey died on 02 December 1975. He married Julia I. Blood on 24 June 1925. Harvey Bearman served in World War I. He and his wife had 2 sons and lived in East Holden, Maine. Harvey was a civilian worker at Dow Air Force Base in Bangor, Maine (which was not built until the time of World War Two). Harvey and Julia Bearman were buried in Brewer Cemetery, Robbinston, Maine.]

[David Bellevue Sharman chose to change his middle name to "Bernard" and the spelling of his surname to "Sherman". He was born 20 October 1875 in Robbinston, Maine, the son of William T. "Bill" Sharman and Ruth (Allen) Sharman. "Uncle Dave" Sherman died on 05 March 1964 in Calais, Maine. He and his first wife, Laura (Diffin), had six children before she died of tuberculosis in 1913. He had no children by his second wife, Jennie (Chambers).]

[Letter from Cordelia Stanchfield of Minneapolis, Minnesota to Ruth (Allen) Sharman of Robbinston, Maine, dated 17 April 1865. It was in the possession of Allen Bearman in the Fall of 1959, when it was transcribed by Harriet Burke.]

[This letter is transcribed, untitled, on page 23 in Burke's paper]

[Note by Steve Robbins: Cordelia Stinchfield (also spelled "Stanchfield") was probably the daughter of Roger Stinchfield and Fanny (Allen) Stinchfield. Fanny Allen was the daughter of Obediah Allen, Junior, and Ruth (Andrews) Allen of Robbinston, Maine.]

[Note by Steve Robbins: Ruth (Allen) Sharman was the daughter of William Allen and granddaughter of Obediah Allen, Junior. Ruth was also the grandmother of Allen Bearman.]

[Professor Sandy Ives wrote a note here: "Yes. Good."]

[Note by Steve Robbins: My grandmother, Minerva Gray said that when she was living in Wesley, Maine, she wrote a story about Moneymaker Lake which was published in the Machias newspaper. This was probably during the 1920s? I have not yet seen a copy of her story.]

[Professor Sandy Ives wrote notations in the page margins of this story, some of which may be standard folklore classifications and subject headings: "[P312], [M101.2], [N500], [A1617], Robbinston, Moneymaker Lake, Calais, West Indies, Perry, Deer Island, Nova Scotia, St. Croix R[iver], Brooks['], Castine, Fort George, Red Beach."]

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[Burke4.rtf ; last modified 21 February 2004]

## William Bearman's Story

*As told by William Bearman to Anne Slack. Anne Slack repeated the story to Harriet Burke, Fall 1959*

[Steve Robbins' introductory notes (below), and his notes and additions within the story text, are enclosed within square brackets, "[ ]".]

[Citation requested by Maine Folklife Center: Harriet S. Burke Collection, NA24, Maine Folklife Center, University of Maine.]

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[William Adam Bearman was born 28 December 1886 in Robbinston, Maine, the son of George B. Bearman and Amy (Sharman) Bearman. He was also called "Willie" and "Bill". He died on 22 September 1959 and is buried in Brewer Cemetery, Robbinston, Maine. "Willie" Bearman never married. On his gravestone: "William A. Bearman, Maine, PFC, Co. H, 73 Infantry, World War 1."]

[Addendum by Steve Robbins]

[Harvey Bearman told another humorous but fictional story about William Towers "Bill" Sharman, which was published as "37. Crow on the Steeple" in John K. Brooks' book "Our Scene" (Gardiner, Maine : Steele Pub. Co., c1989): page 73.

[It is obviously fictional because William T. Sharman died in 1885; Harvey Bearman, who told the story to John Brooks, said that the story took place in 1910. So Harvey Bearman probably did make up the whole story.]

["The Crow on the Steeple story. Grammie Gray [i.e., Minerva [(Sharman) Gray] says that most of this story was probably made up by Harvey Bearman. He was always joking and could embellish on the truth just to make a good story, and the people he was talking with knew it."

(Source: Letter, from Maxine (Gray) Robbins to Steve Robbins, 27 December 1995) ]