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# **“If We Don’t Joke with Each Other, We Won’t Have No Fun, Will We?” Storytelling in the Richard Family of Rangeley, Maine**

**Margaret Yocom**

*Margaret Yocom discusses the storytelling repertoire of members of a family of Maine woodsmen, the Richards. Sample tales of both male and female family members are given and the tales are discussed as an interrelated part of an entire family corpus of tale-telling.*

## **The Richard Family Tales**

In the family of western Maine loggers and woodcarvers, homemakers and knitters whom I first met in 1975, storytelling can erupt at just about any time and in just about any place. Stories about work in this mountain region, stories about carving and knitting, and stories about relatives and townspeople—the Richards tell them all. The family is the “social base” of folklore, as Karen Baldwin reminded us in 1975; it is that “first folk group, the group in which important primary folkloric socialization takes place and individual aesthetic preference patterns for folkloric exchange are set.”<sup>1</sup> Exploring a family as a site of tradition also allows us to see how interwoven stories become, since stories from different workplaces get told at home, and they mix with stories from the town, from the wider family, and from a family member’s own personal experiences. Because of this mixture, William Wilson—writing of his mother’s tales—counsels

us to think of one story in relation to all the other stories in a family: “Really to understand one of these stories, then, one has to have heard them all and has to bring to the telling of a single story the countless associations formed from hearing all the stories.”<sup>2</sup> Listening in on a family storytelling session also teaches how the intimacy of a home setting influences the way a story gets told. Finally, my presence as a willing listener with—and without—a tape recorder also makes itself felt in these stories. So, all these elements combine—occupation, region, family, outsider story collector—to influence the way a story gets told. We see this rich melding happen in the Richard family.

William and Rodney Richard, like other fathers and sons of the timber woods, exchanged stories with their workmates and then brought the stories—or at least some of them—home to their families. When William (who lived from 1900 to 1993) worked the woods in New Brunswick and Maine, he and others lived in winter-long logging camps. By Rodney’s time (1929–), woods work meant daily trips to the stands of spruce and fir—with, sometimes, a week or a weekend away from home.

William remembered clearly the evening after work in the woods at the Gray Farm near Phil-

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lips when he first heard Steve Smith of Lewiston tell about Henry Mayeux, an unusually strong French logger whose power waxed and waned with the moon. It was 1921. William had just come with his cousin Steve to the United States from their Acadian hometown of Village Ste. Pierre, New Brunswick. As the years passed, William would listen to others tell about Henry who, in the end, was killed by loggers who feared his uncanny strength. Rodney remembers first hearing the stories when he and William worked together in the woods. Rodney's three sons can hardly remember a time when they didn't know about Henry. I, too, remember

when I first heard this cycle of legends from William. They are not stories that any of us can easily forget, especially since, like objects of memory that recall a treasured person now dead, they remind us of William, who kept the tales alive for so long.<sup>3</sup>

In 1984, in the living room of Rodney and Lucille's home, I turned on my tape recorder and asked William to tell us the tales again. All ears turned his way as he began with one of his favorites, "Henry Mayeux and the fight like to kill 'em all." We joined in with questions and comments, the way we always did when William told his tales:

He worked round *Rangeley* here for years, down to *Kennebago*,<sup>4</sup>  
over to *Oquossoc*—  
years ago,  
as far as I know.

Peggy: Yeah.

The night that he had the big fight like to kill 'em all,  
that was, uh, over to *Bemis*.

Rodney: *Oh!* Is that *right?*

Yeah, it was a lumber *camp* there.

I'm telling you *just* the way I heard it.  
There was an *old man*<sup>5</sup>  
work up the farm, uh, *Gray Farm*, with us.  
And,  
somebody mentioned Henry Mayeux.  
He said, "Yes," he said, "I know that *man*."  
He said, "I was taking *charge*  
of a certain place there in, uh—

*Bemis*.

And," he said, "I had *half* Irishmen  
and *half* French.

They don't EAT TOGETHER.

Peggy: *Oh!*

They *fight*."

So,  
the Irish—  
the *cook* was Irish.  
And, uh, they had *half* the table,  
one end the table  
for the *Irish* and half for  
the *French*.

So Henry come *in*,  
for to work.  
He sat on the *end* of the *table*,

and there weren't hardly anything to *eat* on their end of the table and on the *other end* they had EVERYTHING.

And he done let that go for one meal, you know?

And he asked the fellows *why* they was acting THAT way.

"Well, the *Irishmen*," they said,

"don't want us,

"don't want 'ssociate with us at *all*. That's *all*."

"And they want everything their own way."

"*Oh, oh, oh*," he said. "*Now I know*," he said, "what the trouble *is*."

He said, "TONIGHT we're going to have something to EAT or NONE at all."

So,

when he set on the table on the *end*, 'twas just the same.

He hollered to one them other fellows there,

"*Irish*, pass me certain *thing* there."

"If you *want it*, *come and GET IT!*"

"OK!" He gets right up and walks on the table, went over *there*. Of course by the time he got *there*, everybody's *off the table*,

Peggy: [Laughs ^^]

*fighting*.

And he *told* the *French*, he said,

"*Hide* all the things that they could *reach*,

so they won't *get* it.

They won't *hit* us then."

There was a *bench* back the *camp there*, the *long window*.

Just as soon's he got over there, by jeez, he begin to throw 'em right through that window,

just as fast as he could grab 'em.

Well,

*some* of them got *away*.

When they see what he was *doin'*,

they got *away*.

And,

they called up the—

*Rumford*,

for the *police*,

to come *up*.

He *like* to kill *some* of them, you know.

Well, they *deserved* it anyway.

Peggy: Ummm.

But, uh,

the *police* come *up* and got 'em.

Took 'em to *Rumford*.

Went before the *judge*.

The judge asked him WHY he had that *fight*.

Well, he *told* them the *whole work*.

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"Well," he said, "I don't *blame* you, but," he said, "you shouldn't have *done* what you *did*! You, you almost *killed some of 'em*."

"*Too BAD*," he said, "I didn't *KILL 'EM ALL!*"

Peggy: ^^

^^ So,

the judge *told* him, he said,

"*Don't do that again*," he said. "I'm gonna let you go *free*

because—you didn't kill anybody. But,"

he said, "the story you told me,"

he said, "is hard take it."

So that's the way—the old man who was tellin' us that he was shakin' all over, he was so scared.

He wasn't an Irishman, he was an American.

He was the *boss!*

Peggy: Oh?

Oh, yeah!

And I *know* it come—*straight* from *that* because he was the *boss*.

He *worked* with us, oh,

pretty near a *month*.

He was loadin' *cars*—

and he was *shovelin'* a little *snow*. He was an *old man*, anyway.

And *that's* the way I *heard* it about Henry Mayeux.<sup>6</sup>

In another story, William told how Henry saved a 400-pound hog—a winter's supply of pork for a logging camp—from death by fire, and how Henry lifted a boulder-sized rock for a road crew in Rumford. As William himself said of Henry at different times, "Oh, he was *something!* Weren't *nothing* that he couldn't do."<sup>7</sup> He was a *man* all right."<sup>8</sup>

"But," William added, hinting at why the loggers grew wary of Henry, "nobody knew how he done it."<sup>9</sup> Some, William explained, thought Henry got his strength from the devil; others said it was the moon. William talked on that afternoon, telling about Henry's murder and then reviving him again, through words, to share with us Henry's other adventures among the loggers of the western Maine mountains.

### Chain Saw Dangers

Like other woodsmen,<sup>10</sup> William and Rodney also tell stories about their own experiences working in the timber woods, especially stories about the tools

they have used—the same tools they have featured in their woodcarvings of tools and of loggers holding tools that stand from five inches to larger-than-life size. Although Rodney values the old-time tools as his heritage, chain saws have enabled him to work better and more comfortably. They have given him a scare or two, but they have not cost him—or any in his family—life or limb. Hearing, yes, but not life or limb. He is also aware of how he identifies, even merges with, his power machines: "Some people have no feel. . . . You know, they don't . . . have that feel for the machinery, that [you're] a part of the machine and if that breaks, it hurts, you know, that's the way it is." Perhaps because woodsmen literally put their lives in their own hands when they use chain saws, stories about the early ones emphasize danger and survival. These tales also combine admiration for what the tool can do with recognition of the tool's trickster-like nature. One snowy February night in 1985, Rodney told William, Rodney Jr., and me about working with chain saws:

Rodney: And then I bought [that 12A Mall]. We were working up on Day Mountain down in Strong [cutting timber spruce]; and Phil Caron had that 12A Mall before I did, remember?

William (asks, his hearing bad from his many years spent around screeching factory and woods

he

equipment): Who?

Rodney (speaks noticeably louder and slower): Phil Caron.

The thing kicked,  
and it come out,  
and it cut him right across both legs.  
Almost ruined the family jewels in the process.  
And put him in the hospital.  
And while he was in the hospital,  
I bought the saw because he said he wasn't ever going to use it again.  
Brand new chain saw.  
He had it a month.

And I didn't have that son of a bitch much more than a month,  
and it kicked back and it caught—

William: Took your pants right off! ^^^

Rodney: ^^^Whooo! Did it ever!

It caught in the clips on my boots—  
you know?  
Those hooks that you hook your lacings in?  
And tore one right out.  
And it bent two more,  
and it punched a hole the whole length of my leg,  
and it got caught in my pant leg,  
and it turned end for end  
and drove in my groin—

Peggy: God!

and I was sitting on my ass on the ground, just—  
bang—  
like that.  
So goddamned quick you wouldn't hardly know which end you was standing on.  
And—  
I sit there, you know,  
and turn the chain backwards until I got my pant leg out of it,  
and I got up,  
and I sawed the tree up,  
and I threw that goddamned saw just as far as I could throw it,  
down the mountain—

William (his voice heavy with disgust for chain saws): Oh, Jesus.

And I had to walk,  
Christ, half,  
three-quarters of a mile down to camp.  
Jesus Christ.  
I couldn't sit in the chair and pick my leg up—

William (easing himself and his son out of the memories of what could have been a fatal accident):  
That was close to, that pond there [Day Mountain Pond]?

Rodney: Well no. We were . . . going the other way. Remember that big clump of timber spruce—

William: Yeah.

Rodney: —we had up there—

William: Yeah.

Rodney: —that we cut? The steady pile all the way up, just a tassel on the top? And that was the  
year I got drafted into the army. That was like the fall of '50, that happened.<sup>11</sup>

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**Hunting Stories**

Like chain saw tales, hunting stories also tell of dangers in the woods. In the Richard family, though, such narratives also tell of peoples' relationships with one another, their appreciation for the animals around them, and their admiration for the skills that have to be learned if one is to bring home food. Hunting and trapping for William were necessities; he kept food on his family table and brought in some much-needed money during the Great Depression. Rodney and his brothers added to the family larder, but Rodney's sons have not turned toward hunting. Their animal tales feature traveling the roads, looking for wildlife. Rodney Jr. and Stephen tell of seeing moose or red fox; John delights in remembering the time he locked his brothers outside when they watched the bears at

the town dump amble closer and closer to the car.

One evening, William and Rodney told Rodney Jr., Lucille, and me about their hunting adventures, and, as usual, between the two of them with their friendly banter, they hammered the stories together, remembering when Rodney shot his first deer, a rite of passage in a young man's life. Rodney worked hard in this storytelling session to get the facts down right: he wanted his father to remember this event exactly as he, Rodney, did. They questioned each other, yelled out the same words at the same time, shared the spotlight, and competed for attention—all within about five minutes' time. These stories are born from the comfortable telling of two people who are used to team-telling their stories to this family audience and an interested newcomer or two.

Rodney: I never did *that* much trapping, . . . I never got turned on to *trapping*. I used to *hunt* quite a lot. Why, I started hunting when I was—(Rodney turns to William, and speaks very loud).

How *old* was I when I started hunting? I wasn't more than *nine* years old, *was* I, when I took the .22 and went *down* in the *pasture* *there*?

William: Oh, the time you was gonna go get a *rabbit*—

Rodney: Yeah— ^

William: —and [you] come back, and you said, "I got you a *rabbit*?" ^  
And I said, "Yes," I said, "a rabbit that *high*?" ^^^

(William raises his hand four feet off the floor).

He had a *deer*! ^^

He *hollered* back the house—That was *closed season*, you know?

He *hollered* back the house—The *weeds* was way up.

And he dropped him in there.

And, Mortimer, I guess, went over to get it.

^ [Rodney] had set [the deer] *right* on a *hornets' nest*! ^^

Rodney: ^^^^

William: Oh, *you're* the one they *chased*?!

Rodney: I don't remember.

William: [Rodney] was scared of hornets, but, uh—

Rodney and William (together): *Mortimer wasn't*!

Rodney: Yeah, it was amazing.

William: [Mortimer] could sit *right side* of a *nest* and *tear* it all out, you know. They *wouldn't sting* him.

Rodney: Yeah, but *before* that, when I *first hunted*—I used to take the .22 and go down the, oh, jeez—

William: Well, that's the *one* I mean.

Rodney: Yeah, but—When I *first* went *hunting*, I didn't *shoot* anything for a year.

^^ I was *only* about nine years *old*.

William: Yeah. Well, I guess so.

Rodney: Yeah. . . .

William (to Peggy): You know what? The first deer he ever shot?

ccident):

spruce—

was the

Peggy: Huh?

William: He and Mortimer went up in the orchard above the house—

Rodney: Unhh, I was *alone* that *time*. Mortimer—The time *he* went with me is the time he got *buck fever* and *jacked* the *shells* out of the *gun*.

Remember the *first* one *I shot*? I took your *.33*, and you *only* give me *five shells*.

William: Who was with *you* when you shot your *first deer*?

Rodney: *Nobody*. I was *alone*.

William: He *hollered*, and I went up to *get* him—To *help* him. He was dragging him by *hind feet*.^^

Rodney: ^^^ He gave me *five shells* and the *big rifle*—*first time* I'd ever *hunted* with the *big rifle*. And—

he said, "If you can't hit it with *five shots*, *forget* it." ^^

So I went *up*, and I *shot* the *deer*.

And the *first* shot, I just *wounded* him.

And then, the *next* shot,

he started *running*,

and I *shot* him in the *back*

and *broke* his *back* so he couldn't *go*.

And then I *run* up there and I *filled* him *full of lead*.

And then I took, ^^ I took my *knife* cut him full of holes ^^^ to make *sure* he was dead.

A great, *nice big buck*, ^^ you know?

And *then* I started *dragging* it down the hill by the *hind feet*. ^^^^

I was so *excited*! ^^ They could hear me *hollering* half a mile across to the house, ^^ there. Oh, *jeez!*<sup>12</sup>

"You've heard of *bobcats*, huh?" William asked me, as he went on with several more hunting tales. Not all of the Richards' stories of men and animals in the wild are laced with danger, however. Some have the soft edges of a man very

much in love with the beauty of the land around him. A month later, in March of 1985, as William and I sat in his apartment in his son Lewis' home, he told me about the day he held a baby beaver in his arms:

I used to go over *there* [to a pond, down the Weld Road] and get a few fish, you know?

Peggy: "You did?"

So one day I went over *there*—

and—

I see something on the shore.

Course, it was a kind of *rainy*, wet day. So—

I was looking for *greens*.

*Fiddleheads*.

So—

I got over there, and I see where's a beaver hauled a *limb* to use the water,

with *leaves* on it, you know.

And there was *five little beaver*,

just about that long,

(William spreads his hands a foot apart)

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eatin' on there. When they saw me they never moved,  
they sat right there.  
I went over there and *picked* one up,  
and *held* him in my arm.  
*He was lookin'* at me, you know.  
And the others never moved.

So after a while I thought I better put him down or the old woman might come over and  
*chew my heel*.

So I,  
I put that one down and I,  
I took off slow, you know.  
And they kept lookin' at me, and when I got far ^ enough,  
they went ^^ for the water.

Peggy: ^^

But they can have their swim when they're little,  
they'll turn on their *back* ^ and every *which* way.  
But, of course, that's *natural* for them *anyway*.  
But they was just about that long.  
*Cunningest* damn things ^ you ever saw.

"They look just like that," William told me as he pointed to a beaver that Rodney had chainsawed  
for him out of a piece of white pine.<sup>13</sup>

### Lucille's Stories of Knitting

In the Richard family, live animals and carvings, stories and artwork mesh together easily. Lucille, too, a knitter especially of dolls and children's clothes, used a story to tell me why she favors making knit goods for the small ones, rather than adults. It has

to do, she said, with her memories of her mother and sitting by her side, learning to knit as a young girl on a rural Maine farm with her six sisters and two brothers. Lucille's story about the time her family's house burned down and she saved her one big doll emphasizes the importance of dolls in her life:

Because I remember *sitting* with my *mother*. . . She used to knit our mittens and she used to knit sweaters without patterns. . . She *often* did make *cloth dolls*—[the baby-doll type]—and *dolls' clothes* FOR ME because most of my sisters liked the outdoor work, and they really could care less about dolls. . .

And [my mother] had no *patterns* or anything. She did everything by *newspapers*. . . She would just take *newspapers* . . . and make the shape of the doll's *head*, and the *arms*, and *legs*. I think she made them all *separate* and then sewed the *legs* on, and the *arms* on, and the *head* on. But she would use an *old sheet* . . . for the doll.

And I *really* don't remember what we used for *stuffing*. It was probably some *old* cotton, like maybe old pillowcases or sheets, again.

She would *embroidery* the face, and then she would take *yarn* for the *hair*, and she would either make the *curls* or the *pig tails*.

They were *quite big*.

We *might* have used some small *baby* clothes because it was—

I remember *one* in *particular*.

It was a pretty *big* one,  
so it might have even  
taken,  
you know, six-months or baby-sized clothes.

'Cause I remember we had a *fire* at our house, and ^  
my mother ^ never got over it—

ne big rifle.

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s William  
vis' home,  
beaver in

that was the *first* thing I *grabbed* of all ^^  
the things to grab  
to save, ah!

*The doll,*  
the big doll was the thing that I *picked up first.* ^^  
Oh!

And my *father* either: (in a high, shrill voice) "Of *all* the *things* to save, you *saved that thing!*"  
Oh!

But I *suppose* maybe I hadn't *had* it that long *either.* ^  
You know, maybe she hadn't *made* it that long ago.  
That was *quite* a number of years ago.<sup>14</sup>

The worlds of knitting and logging often intertwine. William took yarn to the logging camps so he could mend mittens, and Rodney learned to knit from his mother. Their friend Elijah "Tiger" White of Carthage—former logger and river driver—swears that knitted mittens saved his life when they

stuck fast to the wet edge of an ice shelf the day he fell through Weld Pond.<sup>15</sup> Knitters also raise money for injured woodsmen: in 1988, Lucille told me how she donated a teddy bear with a knit outfit for a raffle to benefit her nephew Randy Brackett, who was almost killed two years earlier in a logging accident:

I had the little teddy bear, and I dressed it.  
A little knitted suit.  
It seems like it was in the fall,  
near a holiday season,  
and I made his outfit out of red or green.

[Randy] drove a big truck.  
He had parked his truck,  
and it was on a little bit of ice,  
and when the sun came down in early afternoon,  
it [melted and] moved the truck.  
It was his big logging truck.  
And he went to jump down off'n it  
to keep it from rolling,  
and when he did,  
this big piece of wood from the guy loading (a man on the bucket loader was loading wood into the bed of the logging truck)  
struck the back of his head  
and knocked him down.

It was about an hour and a half before the ambulance could get there to get him to the hospital, then another two hours to drive him down.

He was really quite critical.  
They didn't expect him to live at first.  
And he still has a hearing problem to this day.  
Very bad.  
He hears very little.  
He mostly reads lips.  
But he's lucky to be alive because it cracked his skull in two places.

Must have been two years ago,  
at least two years ago.  
It was real serious.

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It was in Bemis,  
 way in the back shore of Bemis,  
 and it would have been harder except that they have radio towers,  
 and so there was somebody right there at the garage that they called right into to get the  
 ambulance started down,  
 otherwise you'd have to wait until somebody could get to a phone  
 or get somewhere to get help,  
 and it would have been many hours later.

It was a serious accident.<sup>16</sup>

### Story Audiences for the Richards

The Richards, of course, have many more stories. They also tell tales about their woodcarving and about the summer people who come to buy—or just look at—the animals and other objects that they bring out of Maine pine and cedar with their jackknives and chain saws. The woodcarvings themselves tell stories: Rodney's "Kind Woodsman," for example, shows a logger gently lifting a fallen baby bird back into its nest. Other stories also celebrate the extended family who gather at the Haley and Calden and Wing reunions as summer draws to a close in the north country.

Living in a town where a good story is savored as much as a tasty venison steak keeps the Richards in good storytelling practice. They tell stories about local characters, miraculous feats, sportsmen from "away" whom locals guide on the region's lakes and rivers: in Rangeley, stories are a way of life. Before, during, and after work,

at church, at the American Legion, at beano and cribbage, or at any number of local gathering places such as Fitzzy's Donut Shop, Pine Tree Frosty, Dockside, and the M&H Logging garage, Rangeley people share the news of the day and the tales of yesterday. One February day in 1985, over lunch at the Wagon Wheel Diner, owned by Lucille's sister Virginia and her husband, Ralph White, Rodney and his townsmen got to rehearsing the stories of the notorious Eldon Collins. Eldon had left for Alaska several years earlier, but not before leaving behind a whole cycle of stories that are enjoyed over and over again by those who work both in and out of the woods. One of the favorites tells of the time Eldon shot his bulldozer, but in the back-and-forth of one conversation, Rodney's friend Dick added a new piece of information that changed forever the way the story was told. Rodney set the group remembering:

Rodney: Eldon got over on the south shore there,  
 wasn't it?  
 Yeah, up in back of Dill's somewhere, wasn't it?  
 He was yarding wood up there.  
 I think it was up—  
 Oh, Jesus!  
 Yeah, it was up in back of Dill's there.  
 He came down off the mountain there.  
 Eldon got way the hell up in the woods there,  
 and he either lost the track off [his bulldozer],  
 or something.  
 And it was in the fall of the year.  
 He had a .45 revolver with him in case he saw a deer.  
 And he jumped out and wound a hole in the radiator with it,  
 and he had to sack the radiator out and get Perly Philbrick to solder it.  
 Dick Thompson: Eldon didn't sack it out.  
 Rodney: He didn't?  
 Dick: Perly Philbrick went right up there and fixed it.  
 Rodney: Perly went up there?  
 Dick: When I bought Perly's garage over there,  
 Perly told me.

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I was telling him about Eldon shooting his goddamned radiator with a .45,  
and Perly says, "That what happened to it?  
The son of a bitch told me he stuck a stub through it.  
Yeah," he said, "if I'd 've known that—  
it was 30 below that morning—  
I never would of gone up there and fixed it."

Rodney: Jesus!  
One day down at Fitzzy's,  
just before Eldon went to Alaska,  
we were in there,  
and I said, "Eldon,  
sometime," I said,  
"I want to sit down with you with my tape recorder,  
and I'd like to get your version of the day you shot your bulldozer."  
And *Jesus*, I got thrown right out the goddamned door.  
*Bodily!*

"You son of a bitch," he said.  
He had a violent, violent temper.  
'N, just like that,  
he was over it, you know?

Stephen Richard: Yeah, he threw Pinky out the door.

Dick: Yeah. And Delbert Green—

Rodney: Delbert's the same way!

Dick: —the old tractor wouldn't start, and he took the chain saw and tried to saw the track off.

Rodney: Oh, yeah!

Stephen: And then there was the time Carl Searles. . . .<sup>17</sup>

On and on the stories go. It would be wrong, however, to see these tales as just being about logging or hunting or knitting or family. Instead, these narratives that live in one family's repertoire feature the valued confluence of family, friends, work, creativity, and place. They are, above all, stories of connection and relationship, of lives lived in partnership with others and with the land of lakes and mountains in western Maine.<sup>18</sup>

### Notes

1. Karen L. Baldwin, "Down on Bugger Run: Family Group and the Social Base of Folklore," Ph.D. diss. University of Pennsylvania, 1975.
2. William A. Wilson, "Personal Narratives: The Family Novel," *Western Folklore* 50:127-149, 1991.
3. For a discussion of objects of memory and the study of folklore, see Kirshenblatt-Gimblett.
4. In editing the Richards' stories, I've used several ethnopoetic practices. Line breaks

indicate that tellers paused in their telling; spaces between lines indicate longer pauses. *Italics* denote stressed words; CAPITALS, more loudly stressed words. Circumflex marks [^] [^^] indicate laughter, in varying intensities. I've edited out some false starts and some repetitions of single words.

5. In an earlier version of this story, William names the "old man" working on the Bemis operation with Henry Mayeux as Rowe Smith of Lewiston, Maine. [William Richard, interview by Stephen Richard, tape recording #T1525, Northeast Archive of Folklore and Oral History, Phillips, Maine, 22 July 1980].
6. William, Rodney, Lucille, Stephen, John Richard family, interview by author, tape recording WM1, Rangeley, Maine, 10 March 1985.
7. Richard family, interview, WM1.
8. Richard family, interview, WM5.
9. Richard family, interview, WM1.
10. Several articles and books record stories of families who also make their living in the timber woods. Stories often detail the

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relationships between fathers and sons—either as work partners or as people who did not get along with one another. They always describe the changing world of work as different technologies entered the woods. Many tales tell of accidents, often fatal ones, and men's stories and women's stories find their way into some of these studies, but often such tales are in the minority. Finally, some narratives show how much work in the woods meant to men who, like John Lamberton of Vermont, chose a sawmill stone as his tombstone. See Beck, Ives, James-Duguid, Meader, Mitchell, Perreault, and Roberts.

11. William, Rodney, Lucille, Rodney Jr. Stephen, and John Richard, interviews with author, tape recordings WM12 and T13, Rangeley, Maine, 13 February and March 1985.
12. William and Rodney Richard, interview with author, tape recording WM8, Rangeley, Maine, 16 February 1985.
13. William Richard, interview with author, tape recording WM9, Phillips, Maine, 6 March 1985.
14. Lucille Haley Richard, interview with author.
15. Elijah "Tiger" Calvin, Charles, and Wayne White, interview with author, tape recording EW-97-8-6, Carthage, Maine, August 1997.
16. Lucille Haley Richard, interview with author, tape recording LR-88-8-1-1, Rangeley, Maine, 1 August 1988.
17. Rodney Richard and a group of Rangeley residents at the Wagon Wheel Restaurant, interview with author, tape recording EP5, Dallas Plantation, Maine, 13 February 1985.
18. For longer discussions about storytelling and human relationships, see Narayan. On storytelling and people's relationship to the land, see Hufford.

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