

BEALS HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER



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BEALS ISLAND MEMORIES

by *Erroll Woodward*

It might have a little more explanation than you need as I'm sure you remember the granite path from Uncle Oscar's store to Edgar's former home where you grew up? I hope I got the right house. So the drop off you must have experienced. Edgar and I were so close that we really seldom had to discuss what we were going to do. We just did it; throw rocks, run through a puddle, whatever...it just seemed we had one mind to share. Well, on to your story.

First, try to keep in mind that my cousin and closest playmate, Edgar Drisko, was somehow addicted to mishaps. He could always manage to do something that came back to bite him. We were in our mid-teens and spent most evenings just wandering around Beals Island looking for games with others or I maybe even looking for some pretty girl to spend the evening with.

Early one evening I walked over to Edgar's to do whatever we would. Before we could get out of Edgar's house, his father, Don Drisko, said, "Edgar, take the wheel barrow and go get that lobster crate full of clams I left at Uriah's wharf."

Edgar was not happy as he wanted to be about our teen age business. He took the old, wooden framed wheelbarrow and away we went. Edgar was sputtering, "I'll go get his stinking clams....."

He muttered and fussed all the way to the clams and back. Seems like the closer to home we got with the heavily loaded wheelbarrow, the more agitated and upset, Edgar became.

On the way to and from the wharf there is a very long outcropping of granite ledge that was part of the path to Edgar's home. It was a nice gradual slope and at the end of that path was a drop of perhaps 12" from the ledge to the ground. We got perhaps 20 feet from the drop to the ground when Edgar made his final statement...."I'll deliver his clams..... I'll give him his clams.." and he began to run toward the end of that ledge path.

The clams were heavy, the wheelbarrow was old and tired. The two of them flew off the path like an airplane taking off. The wheelbarrow wheel hit the ground with cousin Edgar running full speed, the wheelbarrow wooden frame broke, the barrow folded up, and the handles with the platform turned into a pole vault catching Edgar somewhere between his chest and stomach. Away he flew into the dusk of the early evening, head over heels, and landed somewhere beyond the broken wheelbarrow and crate of clams.

Eventually he gathered himself together, viewed the wreckage, and in a very quiet voice of repentance, said softly, "Daddy will kill me!"

PERSONALIZED BRICKS

Any time is a good time to purchase personalized bricks for either the Veteran's Monument Park or the Patio. For the 4"x 8" brick, you have three lines each with 21 letters and spaces for \$75. The 8"x8" brick offers four lines with 21 letters and spaces for \$125. The Veteran's brick information includes the rank, name, branch of service, war and years served. You can be creative with the Patio brick. It can be your favorite Beal's Island memory, memorialize your loved ones, honor the living, a school memory, etc. It's your choice with the patio brick. Please find the personalized brick application attached. Thank you!

2024 MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL OR NEW

With the new year, comes the time to renew your BHS membership. As you will notice on the attached membership application, the dues have not increased and the fee is very minimal. Annual membership dues are utilized for the general operation costs. We hope you will continue to support BHS as it is a most worthy nonprofit organization! We appreciate your support! Please feel free to share the newsletter with your family and friends! Thank you!



BHS Heritage Center Hours:
Monday – Friday
9:30AM to 1:30PM

GEORGE O. BEAL, BUSINESS AND FAMILY MAN OF JONESPORT, MAINE

by *Erroll George Woodward*

My family is not known for its historical record keeping through diaries, journals, or photos. Therefore, I must do this all from memory and thinking back over my 88 years since 1931. May I interject here and now that it is my opinion that every family should keep the best family records it can as one day someone will want that information.

A recent project of making a model boat for each of my children and grandchildren brought me to searching for a photograph of "The Fly", the ferry boat my grandfather, George O. Beal, operated until the early 1940s. That led me to the Beals Heritage Society and Carol Davis who expressed an interest in having something written about "Pups", as we grandchildren called him.

Pups, was very much a lover and spoiler of the family's children. He and Grandmother Almeda had six of them and they were all girls. Girls surely ran in the family as their first grandchild was also a girl. I wonder if I might not have enjoyed a little special attention as I was the first male to arrive and break the trend.

My early school years were lived in Jonesport close to my grandfather's wharf where the various aspects of his business were headquartered. Because of the fishing industry, Pups catered to the fishermen. He was a fish and lobster dealer, doing pretty much what lobster dealers do today. However, his business extended into selling fishing supplies of all sorts. Since he had access to cod fish livers, he set up an unused part of the ice house for processing cod liver oil. I recall he had advertising pencils or pens made with a see-through chamber filled with the clear, transparent oil.

Grandfather, became the Northeast Distributor for Gray Marine engines. On the wharf and next to his ice house, he built a new building to display the Gray Marine line of both gasoline and diesel engines. In later years this building became Hans Taubenberger's machine shop. On the inside of the door to his office where my mother worked as bookkeeper, were signs and pictures. One picture was of Pups serving in some capacity at the New York Motorboat Show, perhaps in 1939. One of the signs posed the question, "Who is the big fish and engine man of Jonesport, Maine? His name answered the question. Pups was interested in all things mechanical and electric. He shaved with a Schick electric shaver that sounded much like an outboard motor for loudness. He could hardly wait to try anything new. He was an excellent mechanic having attended automotive school in Boston early in his career. I recall his working much of the night to seal a cracked engine block so the owner could be out and not lose the day's fishing.

In his cellar, he used the same method to seal a copper pipe I had ruptured with a Christmas dart. He was also an excellent teacher and patiently taped around the hole with a ball pen hammer while water sprayed him until the leak was sealed. His next words to me were, "There now, Sonny, (my nickname)

what have you learned." He expected me to answer with a new found knowledge. By the age of eight, I understood the workings of a diesel's injectors and how to determine if a port were plugged.

The wharf was a busy place and many nights I could see the glow from the flame of his lobster boiling equipment. Watching the ice crusher do its work at the ice house was fascinating even from the cranking the engine to removing the sawdust from the ice block and seeing the crushed ice fill the fish shipping boxes.

My first employment was assembling those boxes and stenciling his business name on the sides of them. At 4 cents each, I felt like a rich 10-year-old.

The refrigerated Chevy truck used to transport fish and lobsters, was retired and stored in a little shed garage near our house. Last registered in 1933, Pups allowed me to revive it and use it from 1948 until I entered the Navy. It went back into the garage and was later sold to make into a firewood sawing machine.

Whenever President Franklin Roosevelt's yacht would arrive in Moosabec Reach, Pups went out to attend to their needs, often times personally delivering groceries, lobsters, or fresh fish. I assume on those occasions, it was the "Fly" that transported him and the supplies for the president.

Pups was a very human and jovial person. He could not resist a joke or on occasion, a harmless prank. I cannot resist closing this by relating a couple of my favorites.

Years ago, salesmen, called Drummers, came to businesses to display their products and receive the orders for their company. Pups had one real problem. He just hated changing into and breaking in a new pair of shoes. He would wear an old comfortable shoe until it disintegrated. One such shoe had a loose sole and Pups had to kind of throw his foot ahead as he stepped making a flap/slap sound with each step. As he and a Drummer was walking together; Pups noticed the Drummer was captivated with the flapping sole and watching as casually as he could without being obvious. Pups took notice and commented off handedly, "I see you noticed my shoe. I really need a new pair, but my wife said I had to wear these out first".

When the paper money size was changed from the large size to the smaller, it gave Pups the opportunity for a prank. He delivered some goods to an anchored yacht. The crewman that received it, passed a bill or bills to pay for the supplies. Pups saw that they were the new smaller sized bills and, wanting to play the part of the unknowing country hick, let them slip through his fingers into the water. The crewman began to thrash about for the boathook while shouting, "Money".

Grandfather's reply was, "Money? Oh, I've got to get home quick. I thought they were coupons and I've been giving them to my wife!"

Pups suffered a stroke in 1946 and at age 67, he passed away over the Christmas season of 1953. In all this, he never lost his sense of humor or love for family.

Beals Heritage Center



Beals Historical Society Membership Application

Please check one: Renewal New

Name(s) as you wish it to appear on membership card and member roll on website:

(Please type or print clearly)

Your mailing address: Street or Post Office Box: _____
City: _____ State _____ ZIP: _____

E-mail address: _____

Type of membership (Please review all types and check the one that applies)

- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Individual Annual | \$10 annually |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Individual/Life | \$200 one-time payment |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Couple Annual | \$15 annually |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Couple/Life | \$300 one-time payment |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Senior/65 Annual | \$5 annually |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Senior couple/65 Annual | \$7.50 annually |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Student | \$5 annually |

Over and above dues, I wish to donate _____ for __operating expenses, __building fund, or __ endowment fund. Receipt and membership card will be sent to you.

**Instructions: Please print, complete and mail this application, together with tax-deductible check or money order payable to Beals Historical Society to:
Membership Chairperson, Beals Historical Society, P.O. Box 280, Beals, ME 04611**

Annual memberships are for the calendar year and expire Dec. 31.