

*Submitted by:
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Memories of Eastport

Here's to Eastport of years ago

When we had lots of fog and a great deal of snow.

Where people were happy and drank Uno beer.

With the money they made working six weeks a year.

The streets in springtime were covered with mud.

John Saddler was Commissioner, the Mayor was pud.

Harry Follis was Marshal and took girls by the arm.

And guided them home to keep them from harm.

A locksmith from Sodam was known as the Bunk.

Another was always called Skunk.

Then there was Carlisle who was known as the Monk.

And Jim Collins' boy whom they always called Dunk.

The old town was dry, Prohibition was there.

But if you dry' tween North End and Bank Square.

You thought of the folks who had some wet goods hid.

Darky Collins, Faustina, Skilly, and Bid.

The guy in the pool room was always called Skip.

And one of our Barbers was best known as Rip.

The man in the wood yard, we all knew as Chinny.

And a Robinson fellow referred to as Skinny.

Three half brothers we had Mooney, Brandt, & a Kirk.

Chicken Rumery Beef Bowden & a fellow called Turk.

We had a dog and cats, Blanchard's goat, he was there.

And Sam Bogle you recall whose boy was a Bear.

We had Doctor Jonah and good old Doc Small.

One not worth a darn, and one no good at all.

Doc Patterson and Hodgkins, the both of them dead.

When they pulled your teeth, they near took your head.

Jack Crowley made sails, & Pet Doyle bought the rags.

And remember the Truckmen who drove the old nags.
The Irvings, Jim Henward. & Isaac McCoy.
Elmer Andrews, Dan Creary,& the FERGUSON BOY.

Asa was a Green and Charley was a Brown.
It seems all the Colors were there in the town.
Johnnie was Black, and Alice was Bright.
And last but not least Mike and Louis were White.

We had Ministers, striving for heavenly goals.
With shoemakers working and saving the soles.
Redmen, & Oddfellows. Masons, and the old K. of P.
Elk and Moose, Orange Lodge, & the good old K. of C.

Pike and Kilby, Lou Atwood and later Justin Gove.
Ned Heffron and Tink Spates if you wanted a stove.
Hollister, Bradford if a suit you would choose.
And Hinkley's or Holmes' when you needed new shoes.

Palmer and Shead's and Reynold's drug store.
Wadsworth for hardware, a window or door.
Wright and Lodge, also Bridgam and Beckett's we saw.
And of course Billy Mildon's variety store.

Byron Andrews, Clint Cummings and so many more.
Billy McLarren, Ned Cherry, with names o'er the door.
Whalen's and Bibber's and other galore.
Have long since set sail from the heavenly shore.

The old town has changed but we cannot forget.
It produced the best folks that a man ever met.
They were friendly, & kind & a hand they would lend.
And they helped hold you up when you needed a friend.

It may not be busy as in days of yore.
And ships may no longer tie up at its shore.

**But "WELCOME" to "EASTPORT" you read at its door.
And always we will love it, till we are no more..**