

YE OLDE QUODDY NICKNAMES

If you've ever been to Quoddy you'll agree with everybody
Who has ever sojourned here among the sticks?
Where nobody is wealthy,
Everyone is fat and healthy,
It's a lovely place to live among the hicks.

Where the factory whistles screaming
Set the Eastport gals to dreaming
Of the things they'll buy when payday rolls around
Where each time you take an airing
You can smell the old smoked herring,
And you wake to here the fog horn's mournful sound.

Here are scads of local codgers
Living lives of city lodgers
For they've never earned a penny in there lives.
Far away from city mobsters,
In this land of clams and lobsters,
They present a thriving family to there wives.

Here is where old Pegleg Whalen
Down the main street goes a sailing'.
With his wooden leg beneath his legal frame.
Zebby Bridges, Pussy Woodman,
And a lot of other good men,
On the Eastport streets we know them all by name.

Morning, noon and in the gloomin'
You will meet Sim Patch a roamin'
All about his unpaid bills you'll have to know
Though we meet Stinkfinger Harris,
You will not see Chinless Ferris,
He was gathered to his fathers long ago.

There are others, more's the pity,
You will meet in this fair City.
By there nicknames you will know them one and all
Squaker Price and Tiny Galen,
Wicky Barnes and Bunny Whalen'
Mickey Shannon, Rosie Ash, Cornelia Call.

If on shadowed streets you tarry,
You will meet with Midnight Mary.
While the Black Duck drives and auto to and fro,
And you might even say Hello
To a funny little fellow
Known as Edwin Buster Snapshot Eyebrow Lowe.

There's a Snake, a Tut, a Benny,
There's a Squint, a Duke, a Lennie,
There's a Sponger, and a Hornet, and a Dub.
There's a Smith that's known as Buzzy
And Laughton known as Muzzy,
And a Caddy and a Juddy and a Bub

Butter, Bullet, Gamey, Honey,
None of these to us sound funny,
No one knows from where these many nicknames sprang,
For the Avery's have there Punks
And the Collinses there Dunks,
And the Ohemeis even boast a lad named Ang.

Putty Eldridge, Doggy Whalen,
Chinner Matthews, Tiny Galen,
Shanny Lawrence, Doughnut Malloch, Honky Sears,
There are also many others,
Poley and Hammy, Hanxcomb brothers,
Though they haven't been with us for many years.

There's a Lawrence known as Rolly,
A McCutcheon known as Dolly,
If you haven't met these folks, where have you been?
There's a Mitchell known as Fruity,
And a Thompson known as Cooty,
And a Smith who answers to the call of Hen.

There's a woodman lad called Boob,
And a Holland nicknamed Rube.
Lumber Cummings was a common figure, too.
Chub MacGregor, Dimp O'Dell
And a girl called Mary Bell,
Mr. Wallace has a daughter nicknamed Lou.

There's the brothers, Ace and Butter,
There's a Bishop known as Tutter,
And a Bishop known as Rat Eye, now defunct.
Windy, Beef, and Rin and Skilly,
And the Lank boys, Willy Nilly,
Must answer to the titles, Shag and Skunk.

Be it April or December,
All the Eastporters remember
How the Sabens boys were nicknamed Arch and Nelse.
How a Taylor lad was Roxy,
And a Hayden man Moxie,
And the Deans produced a critter known as Kelse.

There's a Frenchie, not a poodle,
And a Sears, now dead, called Doodle,
And 'twas never known to cause the slightest grief
When a person yelled Skilly,
Or a voice called Fogo Billy,
Or a fat boy stoped to heed the call of Beef.

There's a Stretch, a Kike, a Snookie,
And I'll bet you all a Cookie
That in not another part of this fair land
Is a person tagged with Yotten,
While his real name is forgotton
Or a Bogle nicknamed Bear can lead the Band.

There's a Killer, and a Kinney
And a Skinny and a Twinny,
And a Pidney and a Corker and a Bat.
There was Mose and Renz and Slimmy
And Whelpley known as Rimmy
And an Adipose MacDonald known as Nat.

Once a Robinson called Snip
Kept the south end full of zip
Down were Bunchy Wentworth kept a grocery store.
There was a Harris nicknamed Mud
And a Taylor known as Pud.
And a guy who beat the drum called Wack Le Sueu.

Ned Whalen had a gut,
Henry Clark was renamed Mutt,
While Goat Blanchard was a nickname known to all.
There was a Carney Cheverie,
Hucky Boone and Yarka Lee.
And a north end Bloodhound known as Zeppy Call.

Cornball Holland and Gull Brown
Were often seen around the town,
And the Lewis man was always called Old Nick,
You remember Tumps O'Dell
And a Winchester named Mel,
And a little Mustached fellow, Whiskey Dick.

Muggins Follis, Mocky Watts,
A few forget-me-nots,
Velvet Crowell, Gadda Pike, and Bucky White,
Stradeline and Angi Boo,
Also known to quite a few
Was a Squaw called Moonface, mostly seen at night.

There's another Watts called Spike,
A McGarvey known as Ike.
Gammy Gilligan, Longclaw Malloch, Tarzan Call.
And the keeper of the Jug
Was a Wilson known as Tug,
And a Carney down South End was known as Moll.

And that card room in the town
Where Bid Collins sat him down
Amid his cronies who would spare the dough.
Ernie Harris with his store
And Sol Moses are no more,
Having left for other parts some time ago.

Where outside a town like this,
Would a Harrington be Chris
Or a Clark lad answer to the call of Lock?
Who would call a Hallett Sloppy,
Who would call a Cloonan Croppy,
Or produce a bold MacMasters known as Sock?

Who first called a Clark man Newt,
Who named Will Logan Toot,
Who the pickle on MacNichol did bestow?
Who possessed the hardy fiber
To nickname Foley Jiber,
And transform one Albert into Huggy Lowe?

Could it be a country prank
Hiram Hall was tagged with Yank,
With Babe and Podge approaching from the rear.
It was never In New York
That a Bishop known as Pork
Could rub elbows with a lad called Sousie Spear.

Why was Dunbar known as Sickle
Someone's funny bone to tickle,
Jessie Bootleg brought forth laughter near and far.
When a Kirwin became Mackey
And O'Connell became Cackie,
Someone pinned The Snipper on Leo Carr.

Here old Humpy Townsend walked,
here the Down East Panther stalked.
Opie Deldock a Familiar figure , too.
Grannie Cleveland's sugar pills
Seldom drove away our Ills,
But the Pootah's played their music hot and blue.

Once a pair of lovers old,
John and Mary Muskrat strolled
On these streets were Coke MacDonald oft did pass.
Would you designate me harsh
To recall the naked Fish Marsh,
Or that Dirty Mag was once an Eastport lass?

Evil Abbott did no ill,
Greasy Miller gave no thrill,
Groundhog Marshall seldom to his hole retreats.
Putty Eldridge bossed the town,
So said gullible Nash Brown.
Hollis Murphy, though a man was nicknamed Teat.

Doggy Whalen gives no barks,
Powder Appleby no sparks
Porky Dyas and Beans Bridges did not jibe.
Puddin' Malloch slow to bake,
Took a sail in Katie Lake,
And met with Had and Duke, the Burbee tribe.

Who of Fiddy has not heard,
He's the fabled Atwood bird.
And Bee whose name was Seymore at the start?
Squeaker Bishop's changing tones,
Sharkey Downey's evil Bones
and of Blossom, nee Mulholland, bless his heart.

Who from days of Eastport fame
Never herd this famous name?
Rusty Gardner... how its accent charm the ear.
Citizens who love to banter
Say that he demolished Santa
Though he's chiefly famed for scratching front and rear.

As we gaily onward go,
Let's remember Staniel's Crow,
Leeman Snipper, Saxie Crab and Murphy's Butt.
Sabean's Stump and Whalen's Nig,
Corbett's Squatter, Quigley's Pig.
Mitchell's Poozer, Malloch's Dog, Varney's Tut.

Up the dizzy spin of time,
Rusty Spinney once did climb,
Nuggy Whelpley at his heels with Bidy Clark.
From the past in accents hoarse
Comes the name of Leffy Morse,
And the sounds of Bulldog Camic's feeble bark.

Sammy Dingdong in his youth
Was a gay young blade, for sooth,
Muckie Lawrance and Mace Tuttle, two were spry.
Ginney Finch and Monk Carlisle
Have been with us all the while,
Although Mackie Kirwin's era has gone by.

Least his friends be left appaled,
Stuart's Darby is recalled,
Bulger Clark and Sweetie Murphy, Moffey Cox.
Corthell's chisel carved his name
Long ago in deathless fame,
And the ghost of Scootie Varney also walks.

In the parlance of our town,
Fifty-two goes up and down
When a Malloch in the limelight dares to stray,
And from memories long stored
Comes the name of Blubber Ward,
And McGraw, whose name is Friday every day.

Throwing off the dust of years,
Tickie Sutherland appears
As does Juggie Mitchell, lately of North End,
And it does seem right and fittin'
That the fable Kat and Kitten
In this tapestry of Memories should blend.

Rabbi Warren sits in state
And for customers does wait
Though the last roll has been called for Spates' Tink.
Smokey Stackhouse ne'er burned
And the people never learned
Why old Huckins was oft termed the missing Link.

Darkie Collins in his day
Lived and went his merry way,
Lardy Rutherford, Speck Reilly and Fig Prime.
Crimmy Davis, Turkey Ward,
Skipper Malloch, all aboard,
All have left there footprints in the sands of time.

Names like Izzy, Booge and Rip
Were on everybody's lip,
From the South end Bridge to old Dog Island Shore.
Dutchie Barnes and Windy Banks,
Blackdog Cherry dragged their shanks
O'er the thoroughfares we knew so well of yore.

Where but here would one find Sharkey
In the same brand of Malarkey
That pinned the name of Snubber on poor Dean,
Or rename a Lady Snood
And a hapless Trott name Pood,
To say nothing of Saddler labeled Vene.

Who per chance pulled off the stunt
Of making Griffin Runt,
Or Alexander Goofy, to their shame.
Juicy Jewers, Gunny Beach,
What a Lesson these do teach
As they occupy the Eastport Hall of Fame.

It would hardly be the thing,
If the mess would take to wing
Ere it left a little mention in this "Pome"
Of the Colwell who was Whales,
Ah my memory never fails,
Or the voice that meekly asked, "Is Wicky home."