

**Our biographies recognize...the two people given special membership at the formation of our society in 1970.**

**R. Blanche Dean of Buxton was given honorary membership and George E. Jack of Hollis was given memorial membership.**



**R. Blanche Dean 1881-1975**

*\*Thank-you to Nancy Gallant, a grand daughter, and Kathy Kendrick for Blanche Dean's notes.*

"I was born in Buxton in the little house by the brook on Saturday, January 1, 1881 just as the sun was rising at 7:15 A.M. I was bathed in Ivory Soap, a brand of soap that was just out, which my Aunt Emma had brought to my mother. We lived there until April of 1884, when Albion Lord closed his mill and my father was out of a job. Then, my father hired a home (first house in Buxton) opposite the Sanderson Boarding House and the family lived there for one year. It was a very cold house. In April of 1885, we moved to the Mehitable Lane place, just above Allen's crossing. Father did farm work. There were

## **"NOTES" OF R. BLANCHE PATRIDGE DEAN**

were good fields and we had 6 or 8 cows, a horse, pigs, hens, etc. and we were happy there.

The barn was across the road and during the big snow storm of 1888, father and the boys dug a tunnel through the high drift across the road from the house, as the animals had to be fed. The road was not broken out for several days. This was one of the great pleasures of my whole childhood, going to the barn through a tunnel made through the snow. It meant more to me than going to the moon did in July, 1969. I can see it as plain as day right now. I can remember of going through it with my father with a lighted lantern in the evening to bed down the cows and horse. It lasted for several days. At that time, the snow was cleared by oxen and ox sleds with chains that pushed the snow to the sides.

When my grandmother, Fanny Lord, married John Milliken, her father, Nathaniel Lord, gave her half of his farm and built them a house and my grandfather, John Milliken, built a new house the summer of 1857 where it now stands with a large barn and a maple sugar house, as he had a large orchard of maple trees and manufactured syrup and maple candy. My grandfather Milliken had 12 children, six boys and six girls. He taught school for many years, was a successful farmer, made all of his child-

ren's shoes. My grandmother wove the cloth and made the boys suits.

While we were there, there was an old lady (Sally Furbish) who lived there. Her mother was a sister to my great grandmother Lord. When she was young, her teacher, called 'Master Brown', set her down in her seat so hard that it caused curvature of the spine. It was at the time of the drive of a religious group going with the Mormons in a covered wagon. The Furbish's sold their farm. I think it was in Saco. The leader of the Mormons wouldn't take the little hunch back. (I) think she was about 8 or 9 years old and so Grandmother Lord took her and kept her a long as she lived on the old Lord farm.

I was born when my oldest bother, Eugene, was 16. At the time he went away from home we were living in the Lane house next to the Allen house below and John Lockes above. He told me I must write him a letter every week. If I would write he would correct it and send it back to me, so of course I did and that was the way I learned to write letters. He was almost like another parent to me. I always went to him if I was in any trouble. He was so very kind and good to my sister Eva and I—no one ever had a nicer brother. He used to get home about a week-end in a month. Father would meet him at the train in Biddeford on Sat. and take him back Sun night. We were so happy when he was coming home. He always brought us presents—not foolish things

but things to wear that we needed or give mother money to get them for us. As I look back on those years they were always so happy.

We did our share of the chores but not a care of anything. Eva and I always helped in haying, like raking scatterings and running errands.

Our summer vacations were always very happy. We didn't have to be going all the time to get enjoyment as the later generations have done. We always helped during the haying seasons. I built the loads on the rack and did what we called "stowing it away" in the barn in those high "ground mows." Sometimes it got pretty hot. For several years, father and us two girls did all the haying on that place. We always looked forward to going on several blueberry pickings after we finished haying. Mother would cook up a lot of good things, always a chicken. We would take the lunch basket and a butter box that a pie would fit good in. Now that was what we called fun, but pretty dull for the later generations. We were also sure of going to Pine Point for at least one picnic where we would have fresh boiled lobsters, all we could eat, and they were not expensive. All summer we always had them every Monday night for supper. Cyrus Palmer, our fish man, came every Monday night from Portland about 5 o'clock. He sold them 6 big ones for 25 cents. We had a big white dish that Mother would fill full and everyone had all they wanted with hot biscuit—so good!