

I was living on Summer Street at the Lower Corner in the 1940's when the earliest memories of my childhood began. My family, Mum, Dad, my sister and I, lived downstairs in the first house on the left side of the street. Wayne Ware, his mother and grandmother lived upstairs.

The house had a wonderful wrap-around porch with a little pier jutting out for the swivel clothesline. Between the pier and the barn was a huge sandpile where we played and accidentally grew peas that dropped from peashooters. My sister liked that sandpile, too, so much that sometimes one could find her sitting there with sand lining her mouth. She explained, when questioned by Mum, that it tasted good.

My neighborhood playmates were numerous—Patsy Rogerson, Judy Rawcliffe, Charlene Lewis, Norma Emms, Arlene Perkins, Judy Nickerson, Joanie Nickerson, Donna Day, Joyce Patterson and Nancy Ruhlin. The one that I've kept contact with and remains my friend is Patsy. We probably played together every day, especially in the summer, roaming the neighborhood at will without fear of danger. Often we would be down the hill near Spaulding's house and spot a tanker coming up the river. That meant we should run closer so we could hear one of the Spauldings ring the big bell that sat on their back lawn. The field behind Patsy's house was an interesting place as well. We played ball there and ate chokecherries until our mouths puckered closed.

Winter provided us with lots of snow and we all had sleds. That meant competition to see who could get the longest ride down Summer Street. Often we got as far as Spauldings and sometimes we could maneuver that sharp turn to the left and keep going, slowing down somewhere near where Jane and Sheila Dickey lived, and, if we were really lucky, make it to Joyce Patterson's house before we petered out. Another favorite sliding place was behind Charlene Lewis's house. That was a steep hill and took us over to Pleasant Street on a good ride.

The open cellar next to Jack Rawcliffe's filling station was another place for fun in the winter. Jack emptied scoops of snow into that big cavity and we loved to jump in, sinking dangerously deep sometimes. Once the snow compacted we would build caves and tunnels.

We often rode the bus to Bangor but our immediate needs-groceries, post office, drug store-were right there at the corner. Corabelle's (Rawcliffe) store was where Daydreams is today. Preble's drug store and the post office were in the building on the corner that now houses doctors' offices. Preble's was quite convenient for ice cream and since we didn't have an electric refrigerator, we could run over and get a pint of harlequin (vanilla, chocolate and strawberry) for dessert.

I must have spent hours in the post office waiting for the mail to be sorted. We knew Helen Swan was finished sorting when she removed the little board from the service window. Then we could ask for our mail. The phone booth inside was intriguing and off limits to children.

Across the street was Smitty's barbershop, which I don't think I ever entered. That was for men and boys only. We even had a restaurant across from Rawcliffe's filling station. The Purple Cow was run

y Hi and Bessie Rawcliffe and I remember that Bessie's mother was often there. I think she made pies. At the top of the stairs to the second floor of that building was where I got my first kiss from a boy.

The Salisburys, whom we called Uncle John and Aunt Ella, were wonderful friends to all the neighborhood children. In the fall there would be a weenie roast for us and Aunt Ella was always giving us trinkets. I visited Aunt Ella shortly before she left Summer Street and again she had something to give me. Another neighbor I remember visiting was Vivian Nickerson. She would sit on the front step and we would play a game where she would say, "Bring me some spinach" and I would go off looking for a week that resembled spinach. We pretty well had all the green vegetables identified by the time one or the other of us grew tired of the game.