



HAPPENINGS

by
Ernie Belleau

Belleau Lake - How it came to be

I have been in this area since 1949, and started to build Belleau Lake in 1963. There were five ponds which I interconnected by putting in a dam. When we closed the dam, we had a beautiful lake, three miles (plus or minus) long, and seventeen miles of shoreline, which brought in a lot of summer people.

One thing that really got to me was when the entire bottom came up from the lake. We had more land than water. I fought this situation for three years with many different ideas on how to remove the floating islands. We tried fire hoses to blow them apart. It worked but it would take ten years and fifteen fire engines, that idea was out.

I filled fifteen bottles full of the floating material from the lake. I had them at room temperature and the dirt stayed at the top of the jar. If you squeezed the jar, the dirt would go to the bottom. We figured that we could put out large rollers that would squeeze the islands, but that would take a good twenty years. That idea was out.

I then put the jars with the floating material in a 45 degree room. The material all went to the bottom. I went to Quincy Cold Storage in Boston and received information on how big a unit it would take to cool the lake. The gentleman said it would take two million dollars or more so we waited for winter.

I decided that when the islands were frozen, we would cut them like ice cakes and move them out of the lake. We did it, chopped them up, sawed them up, and we finally removed some of the islands. We even had a \$300,000 crane fall to the bottom of the lake. Only the muffler was showing six inches above the water.

Belleau Lake now has three hundred or more wonderful families living on her shoreline. People who are retired enjoy the lovely secluded lake. It's so quiet at night you can hear the trees grow. Belleau Lake will add

Belleau Lake... Continued

twenty years to your life. You hear the singing birds, Babbling brooks and whispering trees. At Belleau Lake you have swimming, boating, waterskiing, hiking, fishing, hunting, snowmobiling, golfing, horseback riding and many other activities. I have tried to keep our lake safe by removing islands and putting red/white buoys to let people know where it is not safe.

Belleau Lake has contributed a great deal to the town of Wakefield. It has provided people with jobs and provided the town of Wakefield every year with a large amount of money through taxes. I will continue to fight high taxes as long as I am able to breathe. Hopefully it has granted people pleasure and serenity which is my main goal.

Belleau Lake has been my life and still is at 78 years young, and yes, I'm going to brag. Belleau Lake is the only man-made lake in New Hampshire. I'm proud that it has my name on it. This is a good time to thank everyone who has helped build and take care of Belleau Lake. I thank you all and God bless you.



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Whistling

When I was a boy, I used to go down the street whistling. Lots of people whistled then. Now it is rare to hear someone whistling. We used to whistle while we worked. The girls would be jump roping and they would try to whistle. When the boys played baseball they would whistle to one another. Watch for a fly or bunted baseball. When you wanted your dog you would whistle. Even cats, horses and cows come for a whistle. You could even whistle to the birds and they would return with their chirping. We used to put two fingers in our mouth for a loud whistle. You could bring the geese on the lake, always whistle to the lead goose and he will steer them down to the water.

We used to go down this one hundred foot deep cave, cut out of stone, very scary because the bats would fly out sometimes. We never stopped, just kept going. We would get all the commotion going by whistling. The caves were great. They were in Lynn Woods, Lynn, Massachusetts.

Another trick was to climb up in a tree and whistle as people walked by. They would stop and look all over and not find where the whistling was coming from. Whistling in the woods if you are lost can get attention. I would whistle for the electric car and the conductor would stop. Also, you can whistle for a taxi.

I will tell you why people don't whistle anymore. They are not as happy as they used to be. We have so many things to think about so we forget to whistle.

My dad would call us in at night by a whistle. He whistled through his lips and teeth. We purposely stayed out until we heard his famous whistle.

Let's all start whistling again. It's a wonderfully happy sound; cuts down on stress, heals nerves, stops headaches. Whistling is a great medicine. We have lost it. Let's regain it.

JUST WHISTLE, DON'T WORRY, BE HAPPY!



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Family

The greatest medicine in the world will cost you nothing. You don't have to charge it or pay cash for it. It comes from within you.

Pick up your children, hug and talk to them, show your love for them, tell them that you love them. Make your love last forever, even when you are gone your love should last for the forever. Remember, everyone in your family should be loved and they should know that they are loved. This is up to you. What you say and what you do for everyone in your family will show them how you feel towards them.

Take your kids for an ice cream or just take the time to have a conversation with them. Then think of your old ma and pa, call them or better still, go visit them. Just let them know that they are loved by you and the family. It takes three words 'I LOVE YOU', no cost, very easy and you will not believe the love and affection that you will receive back. Let them know that they are a member of your great family.

You kids can tell Ma and Pa every once in a while. You don't have to have a reason, just tell them that you love them. Tell your brother and your sister also that you love them. You might put them in a state of shock for a while but you will feel great and so will they. You will be able to accomplish most anything you want, because you have this beautiful feeling inside of you, and with this great feeling, you will be healthier, stronger and a much more loving person.

Did you ever try showing your kids how to lick an ice cream cone? I have not forgotten the time my father tried to show me. I ended up with no ice cream in my cone but I know how to keep the ice cream from running down onto my hands. This was a big accomplishment and I still have that wonderful memory.

Have you ever been lonely? Most elderly people know that fearful, terrible feeling and now a lot of our children, yes children, know that horrible feeling of being lonely. Both parents work, no one is at home, no one to talk to. These days both mother and father feel that they have to work so the kids can have a nice home, pretty clothes, lots of toys, a car and off to college. Now they are all grown up and you both gave them everything. Even now that they are all grown up, make sure that they know that you love them. Show them and tell them.

This is what our country and the world needs - the family back again and strong with discipline, meaning to instruct, educate and to set a good strong example. We need also to develop trust, loyalty and understanding in the family realizing that each person is an individual.

Love You All
Ernie

PS - A thank you to Mr Potter for stopping and talking to me, you made me feel great.



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Dream On - Your Life Dream Will Come True

We all dream to retire, doing something we enjoy. I know a man who raised Belgium Horses and has a wonderful time doing this. All his life he dreamed of raising these horses and now he is living his dream. This brings on old age with health and pleasure, and less money spent on doctors and hospitals.

I knew another person who raised chickens with success. Now he has changed to raising chickens that he keeps to lay eggs. It's a steady profit and he has completed his dream at old age and still going strong.

Another man, he was German, loved rabbits. His dream is more than completed. He raised Flemish Giant Large Rabbits and has them at all the fairs. He does well and is living a nice old age.

Another man, his dream was to collect maple sap and make maple syrup. He now has the side of a mountain all piped to each tree and into large barrels. He has found a product that he sells to large stores which is maple sugar candy in pretty attractive boxes. His dream has come true and he is in a happy stage of his life. He is a former Governor of New Hampshire.

Make your dream come true and it will add thirty years to your life.

Raise apples, there's one for you.



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How To Relax And Be Closer Together As A Family

Take a weekend in New Hampshire, or anywhere, a change of everything will do it. Have a picnic on the way. Stop halfway and enjoy cold cut sandwiches, cucumbers, tomatoes and a nice potato salad. Be sure that you have all the food in the cooler so the food won't go bad and you won't get sick. Bring your swim suits and stop at a lake, go for a swim. Another good plan, see a museum. Bring a bottle heater that goes into the lighter for the young ones. For the older ones, let them bring their bikes. Explore places where you have never been. Get lost early in the day and take all day to find your way out. Get the kids to play cards. This will keep them busy - in fact play cards with them. This will make them feel wanted plus advance their thinking processes.

We must all learn to relax to live a long and healthy life. You will get new ideas that you never knew were in your mind. Children come up with new ideas. Many famous games were started from a child's idea. Magic is believing so watch your children and pay attention, you will learn a lot. Horseshoe playing came from young boys who started playing with old worn out horse shoes. Water wings started when a child tied balloons together and went floating on the water.

Go astray on a weekend and when you come home with all the tired family and all the mess, find a nice room that you can have all to yourself for just about an hour. Sit down anyplace, on the floor, in a chair or on a couch. Take big breaths, close your eyes, think of the most peaceful, beautiful place you can imagine. Have soft music in the

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background. Then get up, cook a meal, put the kids to bed and clean up all the mess.

You and your family will always remember this weekend. You will talk about it when you are all at the table or when you look at the pictures that you took.

Have a happy summer to you all



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Four Seasons In New Hampshire

After Retirement, I moved to New Hampshire and the days changed for me. Every day was Saturday or Sunday. You should all get in the groove and stop the other days. You will triple your retirement time.

New Hampshire has four seasons like no other place. First comes spring with the early flowers the green grass and the birds on the tree limbs. It is still a little chilly, so you have to wear a sweater. The nights are nippy and as spring progresses, more flowers bloom including beautiful lilacs. The grass is tall enough to cut now and it gives you that fantastic aroma.

You are getting into summer months now and you can see how good the vegetable gardens look. The blueberries and strawberries can be picked. Just think of the delicious Blueberry pies. The evenings are warm. The moon is bright. Makes one think of strong love.

Fall is the next season to arrive. You can still enjoy fishing and boating. This is a wonderful time to go walking in the woods or just along your street.. Fall is a time when most all of our churches have their family suppers; everyone is welcome. All the food is fresh, the pies are home baked. You will have a great time. Go to all of them; I do and love it. I think we have the most beautiful fall in the world and people come from all over the country and the world to be with us and to see our beauty.

Our fourth season is winter - cold, snow, ice and beautiful. We have a beautiful state. It is time to get out the skis and do some cross country or down hill skiing. Get your snowmobiles out also. We have many great trails for snowmobiles. Be sure to go with a buddy.

Our summer is almost over. It has been a beautiful season and now I am looking forward to the fall.

I wish you all a healthy and happy fall and winter season.



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The Brain

Remember, your brain needs exercise. You must use mental exercise to keep it active. Send it through new pathways. This keeps your brain making new connections to neurons. Here are some activities; listen to music, take a class, read (add one or two words to your vocabulary each day), help your community project like hospitals. Just keep learning about your brain, the strongest part of your body. Keep it active, it tells you everything and keeps you healthy. The answer is simple - use your brain or lose it. Keep your brain as active as possible, this is age prevention. Keep your body active and you want more because you feel so good. Body activity is good but don't forget the brain. When IT dies, all die with it. When you retire, continue to use your brain - don't let it get lazy. This is the secret to growing to an old age. So remember, Keep active - thinking activates all parts of the body - that keeps you healthy. Remember - **USE IT SO YOU DON'T LOSE IT!!**



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The Old Days...

Without Heavy Equipment

When I was a young boy, there were no bulldozers or any heavy machinery to dig a cellar. You did it by hand. It was a big job and it would take a family an entire summer to dig a cellar in their spare time. Then they had to dig a well. That would take months. Some wells had to be dug very deep, and they had to build a wall inside the well so sand and stones wouldn't fall into the well and dirty the water.

They finally made a huge heavy steel shovel - two foot wide, one foot on the sides and three feet long - with a steel hitch so a horse could pull this shovel and dig a basement. This was developed by the Dube family. This shovel had two handles to hold on to and the man would hold the horse reins around his neck and direct the horse where to go. I have seen many basements dug with this procedure. One of the problems was that when the man hit a rock, he would slow his horse up and if the rock would not come out, he would have to turn the shovel over, pass the rock and start all over again. When the horse was pulling, he never knew enough to stop - so the man holding the shovel was always in danger of being thrown into the air or to one side. A good operator did a lot of things to overcome being thrown through the air. He learned to stay away from rocks and tree roots. The operator would first dig around the rocks and get them loose before the horse started to pull.

I was watching a man on the back of a shovel with a strong horse pulling. He was a very skinny, light weight man. They were digging a cellar and they got almost two feet deep without a problem. Then they got over confident and, wouldn't you know it, they hit a rock. The operator went

flying through the air, landed on top of the horse, and then fell off. He still had the reins around his neck, so when he fell off, the horse stopped and we all ran over to him. He got up, shook himself off and within ten minutes, he was okay. These big horses pulling the shovels were dangerous. Only a strong man could operate them.

One day, Mr Dube was doing a long cellar for a church. He had been doing okay and was getting down pretty deep. He also got over confident and he had that big shovel going as fast as the horse would go. He was getting deeper and deeper and the horse was going faster and faster when the shovel hit a tree root and Dube went flying onto the horses back. Mr Dube fell off and the shovel just missed him. He got up and sat on the ground. He was really shocked. They put him on the team and took him home. He recovered and came over and finished the basement. If that were I, I would never attempt to dig another cellar.

You compare this way, which wasn't too many years ago (I know, I was there) with the way they do it now with modern heavy equipment. It is very hard for me to believe. We worked so hard, and it's so easy now. It was very dangerous in the old days, but, believe me, it still is very dangerous.

The more I think of it, I guess we had it better - no workmens comp - no insurance - no permits - no payments on machinery. **THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS.**

I hope you tell your children and their children about your **GOOD OLD DAYS.** I don't think they could be as good as mine - maybe I'm wrong.



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Born Before 1940

The fastest changes in history have occurred in the last century. Listen to the changes that have taken place just since 1940. We who were born before 1940 are survivors and we know it. We were born before television - before penicillin - before antibiotics. Now, we have polio shots, frozen food, plastic contact lenses, organ implants, the pill and cars with no clutch. We were born before the credit card, the splitting of the atom, laser beams and even laser surgery, the ballpoint pens. We were even born before pantyhose, dishwashers, clothes washers and dryers, electric blankets, air conditioners and men walking on the moon. We were born before equipment with air tanks for divers under water and yes, submarines.

We also got married first then lived together, boy, the adjustments we have had to make. Then, we had meaningful relationships. We thought fast foods was what we had during Lent. We were before house husbands, gay rights, computer dating, and computer marriages, tape recorders and video tape. We were before Time Sharing - for us time sharing meant togetherness.. A chip meant a small piece of wood, hardware meant nails and tools and the like - software wasn't even a word. In 1940, 'making out' referred to how you were doing on your exams. Pizza, McDonalds, and instant coffee were unheard of. We had the 5 & 10 cent stores where you could buy anything. Sanders & Wilson

sold ice cream cones for a nickel. For a nickel you could ride the trolley into town or make a phone call. You could buy a Coke for a nickel or you could mail one letter or two postcards for just one nickel. So many changes in just my lifetime.



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A Short Walk Through The Forest

Wakefield is rich with its beautiful green forest, our tall pines speak for themselves, they reach for the heavens. In the winter after a storm, they sparkle as though diamonds were all over them, a beautiful sight to see. We are very lucky to live so close to our beautiful forest. There is nothing whiter in this world than a white blanket of snow covering the ground. You can see deer frolicking all around the mountains and into the forest. The moose are such majestic animals. The white snowshoe rabbit jumps all over the snow and has a wonderful time along with our little hare rabbits that are everywhere and love to live near people. Then we have the owl who lives on rabbits. They fly over the rabbit and pick it up with their sharp talons in the black of the night. The owl has excellent night vision.

We also have those engineers, the beavers, who build dams to house their own. A beaver must cut with his teeth all the time or they will grow too long and lock his jaw.

We have the weasel with a long slender body, short legs and a long bushy tail. They feed on rats, birds, mice, eggs, etc. Then, of course, we have the skunk with a bushy tail and glossy black fur, usually with a white stripe down its back. This animal has two glands near the inferior extremity of the alimentary canal which secrete an extremely offensive smelling fluid, which the skunk has the power of emitting at will as a means of defense.

We have a lot of muskrats, minks and otters in our brooks and swamps. Minks live on fish. Muskrats live on cat-o-nine tails.

We have red and gray foxes. They like chickens and birds. We also have an abundance of black bears. They will eat

anything, especially fish. The American black bear has very shiny hair and is rarely more than five feet in length. This animal is possessed with great strength and fierceness.

Let us not forget the squirrel, a small tree dwelling rodent, characterized by a slender body, heavy fur, a long bushy tail and large prominent eyes. The common species are the gray squirrel, the red squirrel, the fox squirrel and the european squirrel. Let us not forget the small flying squirrel who only come out at night.

Before you take this short walk through the forest, make sure you tell someone where you are going and about how long you will be walking. Do not take this walk during hunting season. Take a friend, it's a better walk when you have a friend with you.



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Olympics 2000

I watched The opening of the Olympics in Sydney Australia with great excitement. The greatest thrill for a man or woman is to be involved in the world of the Olympics. We have been through many wars, but the Olympics continue.

There are one hundred and ninety nine countries involved in the Olympics this year. Each has it's own religion and politics - this is freedom. The freedom and democracy of our great country has brought the world closer together. This great show of many races and colors is insurance for freedom, but we must continue to put our watch on new dictators.

The opening ceremonies was breathtaking with all of the past Gold Medal winners carrying the torch. Over five billion people, worldwide, watched these sport games with the Olympic flag, 10,000 competitors and hundreds of thousands of former competitors. This is far better than war.

I was in Sydney Australia once - I loved their oysters.



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How to Live a Long Life And Forget Being Sick

By Ernie Belleau

The most important factor is to keep your mind active. Remember, keep your brain active all the time, this is the number one ingredient, nothing else.

Keep active in all things, take all necessary vitamins that you need to keep you healthy. This is important because when you get older, the vitamins in your body are not active enough.

Love everybody, this is also necessary. Get a dog and he will prove how much your love means to him

Enjoy growing old by thinking young and acting young. Think positive thoughts, never negative. Go to Church. Get active in politics. Most important go visit people in a nursing home or hospital.

Get active in sports. Go to a Little League baseball game. You'll love it.

You are the only one who can banish old age so just hurry up and stay young. Don't wait... start today. The rewards are unbelievable.



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Coming to New Hampshire

When I came here on Great East Lake, it was to build a home. I was going to build a cottage, but it turned out to be a large home with a double sized bathroom. I went to town for permits. They told me, "You need no permits." I looked around and there were no buildings that were a disgrace. They all looked fine. This was in the year of 1949. There was a sign saying when the Selectmen met and you could talk to them. There was no zoning in town. The Town Hall was closed except for a part time Town Clerk. I remember his name—Hanson. There were no employees full time at the Town Hall Offices. The Town Hall was the largest building in town. It still is except for the new Fire and Police Building. I still lived in Salem, Mass. Then I bought land for Belleau Lake. I worked here every day. It took almost four hours to get here by car, but I got used to it. I wanted to make a living here. This is when I moved to Wakefield, New Hampshire. I started a Building and Real Estate business and developed Belleau Lake, an experience I can never forget.

I had been reading about ferrets in a sports magazine, so my brother and I took our ferret in the woods looking for rabbit holes. I said send the ferret down the rabbit hole and when the rabbit comes out, shoot him for dinner.

"Sounds likew bad sportsmanship to me." Anyway, we were going to try it. We had a hard time finding rabbit holes. Finally we did. We could hear the rabbit digging. Let's look for his back door. We looked for almost an hour and found nothing. Rabbits always have another way out. I decided to send the ferret in the hole, hoping to chase the rabbit out. We were successful, but he never came out. Never had so much excitement in my life. My brother and I waited. All of a sudden we could hear an animal coming out. I said, "It's a black and white rabbit." But, the ferret came out first, then all hell broke loose. The rabbit was a skunk and he was spraying everything. The skunk got the ferret and both of us. We got the skunk skinned and the skunk pelt sold for \$10.00. We got \$.50 each for the scent sacks.

This was an experience I will never forget—or do again



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On Being a Teacher

Being a teacher is the highest honor one can attain. It is the greatest profession. A teacher is a growing monument to a child. Children look up to their teachers with high respect when they are learning. The continuous time spent together forms a special friendship that lives as a secret forever. Most teachers do their teaching so well that they convince their students to go on to higher education. A child is the same as a plant which must be watered, fertilized, and have proper heat and sunshine. The plant will then crawl all over the room and show its enthusiasm by producing beautiful flowers and great fragrance. The same thing happens when great teachers teach.

I look back at famous people and read how they were impressed by their teachers to go further in their life. It is easy to see why children flourish under the teaching of good teachers.

A good dedicated teacher's work does not stop at the end of the school day. There is preparation for the next day and discipline to challenge and motivate students. The teaching profession is not an easy job, it is a job that never ends.

We pay our teachers an excellent salary. They do an excellent job. Thank you!! It is nice to hear the two words—Thank You, so again I say **THANK YOU!!**



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Never Give Up

If you never try, you will never fail—BUT—You will never fail until you stop trying

An Entrepreneur is a person who believes in their ideas and can accomplish them, one who organizes and directs a business undertaking—assuming the risk for the sake of the profit. Even a failure is a good try if you go on to new ideas.

Never stop—Some of the most successful men and women have had many failures. Keep overhauling yourself and keep trying and at least you will start to climb the ladder and soon be at the very top. One who thinks it is easy, causes difficulties. Always remember, it is not how much we have but how much we enjoy the challenges that makes us happy and brings us success. Needing is also a great inspiration to accomplish. When you need, you open your mind to find an answer to your problem.

Tack is a business course of action or policy, especially one differing from another preceding course. Tact is when you have a sensitive skill in dealing with people.

Remember, without faults we will not be successful and we will not have friends. No one is perfect. Worrying will sidetrack you from your goals and will cast a big shadow over your whole life. Most people miss their share of happiness because they did not even notice when it happened to them. The enjoyment of pleasure without pain, the satisfaction, the good luck and good fortune—they let these wonderful feelings pass them by.

Be healthy, happy, and successful.



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Survival in a Snow Blizzard

NOW LET'S GET ERNIE OUT OF THIS MESS

We just kept on walking. In between the howling of the wind, I could hear a strange noise. It sounded like a wild coy dog. We came into a rough area where we found ourselves constantly falling down and getting our clothes wet, even our gloves were soaked, and we were still hungry. It was about 4:30 in the morning and still pitch black out. The noise was getting louder and closer by the minute. We finally reached the location of the sound and it was just two trees rubbing together. The sound gave me the willies. It reminded me of a haunted house.

Suddenly Don hollered at the top of his lungs, and I looked in the direction he was staring. He said, "Look at the herd of moose crossing up ahead." I looked but I saw nothing but snow. All I could figure was the cold was getting to him and I had to find a warm place fast. When people are exposed to cold for a long time they have hallucinations which make everything seem beautiful. Don repeated seeing the moose and I knew we were in for a lot more trouble.

Finally the day broke wide open and this gave me a new positive attitude, but we saw no signs of life nor heard any. We stayed on the road.

Around 8:30 we heard the sound of a truck and followed the noise. We came upon some fresh tire tracks at last. It was after 10:30 and we were exhausted from all the walking we had done, nineteen steady hours. We heard a horn and saw a truck coming towards us, we forgot for a moment that we were starving. Thanks to our courage and our prayers, we were saved. I looked up and saw our guide in his truck. We greeted each other like we did when we first met. They took us to the Brown Paper Company's bunkhouse. They served us coffee and plenty of hot food. I am sure that we looked starved.

We learned to always be prepared with waterproof matches, keep a steady pace, rub backs to keep warm and most of all **pray for strength.**



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Finding Out More About Wakefield

I remember Ed Drowns as a selectman and Johnny Nason. Both were honest and did more than their share for the town of Wakefield.

Ed Drowns went to Brewster Academy and always worked on keeping our town taxes down-and with fairness. Let's change the name of Canal Road back to the name of a good honest selectman; Drowns Road. We should honor those who worked to keep our town in good order. We should name another road for Johnny Nason, another great selectman. He was careful about how the town's money was spent.

Our former governor, Meldrim Thompson, Jr. always said, "Let's ax the tax people who want to go too far, too fast. We must use common sense and the quality of being discrete." We are not a city, we are still a small town and we should stay that way with frugal people on our boards and committees. Study the candidates who are running for office in our town. Find out what they stand for, then decide who you want to vote for. Please vote for the person who will keep our taxes down, this is so important to a small town like is very famous for many, many reasons, like George Washington, our first president, who visited the Mason Lodge in Portsmouth.

We had a famous shipyard, the Portsmouth Navy Yard. Hundreds of inventions were made there including the submarine, even the nuclear submarine.

The Indians taught us how to raise corn that we learned to love. New Hampshire has pure air and pure water. That's why people who live here live to be a hundred years or older. We are getting to be a great manufacturing state because of our resources.

New Hampshire is still eighty percent forest. We have soil, sand and gravel to feed our growing trees. We have our seashores for lobsters, clams and a variety of seafood; we have lakes for salmon and all types of fresh water fish; we have mountains for pleasure, climbing, skiing and fantastic views; we have seasons for all kinds of hunting and sports.

**WE HAVE A GREAT STATE
AND A GREAT TOWN...
LET'S ALL DO THE RIGHT THINGS TO
KEEP THEM GREAT!**



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When I Was a Boy

I went to see movies a lot. They were silent in my early days. Movie makers started talking movies in early 1930. I remember Charlie Chaplin. All you had to do is watch him. His face, walk and run were all funny and the way he tipped his hat. This man was a real funny man. Of course I was only a kid. Buster Keaton, he was another funny guy. All of his tricks were genuine, he did them all. They had many war pictures but all you saw was a gun go up and the other soldiers go down.

The music was beautiful, played on a large organ. Mr. Doyle played the organ at the Paramount in Salem, he was great. In those days we had a lot of vaudeville comedians. Bob Hope came to Salem Mass and many others. They all landed in Hollywood, then talking movies started. The good ones were Laurel & Hardy. They were as funny as you could imagine. One was fat, the other skinny. They played their parts excellently. Another great comedian who would not have been funny without his mouth, was Joey Brown, funny man!

We also had Tom Mix, western cowboy and his horse Tony in silent pictures. He was a great actor. He did all his own tricks.

We also enjoyed Roy Rogers and his horse Trigger.

Bud Abbott & Lou Costello were very funny men. Joe Penner, "You want to buy a drink?" - Jimmy Durante, Eddie Cantor, George Burns & Gracie Allen, Jack Benny - All super funny.

These memories all came back to me when a Police Officer from Wakefield New Hampshire came to my house. Believe it or not, his name is Tom Mix.



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How My Poems Are Born

By Joyce Folsom Johnson

For what my poems say, don't blame me
I also take no praise
When God sends down a poem through me,
He works in mysterious ways.

Often the poems come in the middle of the night,
Usually the wee hours of the morn.
I used to fight it but now it's all right,
For that's how these poems are born

I am a person who likes my sleep;
But when God "urges", I get out of bed.
I know from the past that I cannot keep
The poem all night in my head.

So I drag myself up and throw on my wrap
And stagger around for a while,
Finding my glasses, pencil and pad...
A sight that would make you smile!

I pry my eyes open and start to write.
What's coming, I don't always know,
But the poem flows through me there in the night
As a single light dimly glows.

When it is finished, I'm then wide awake,
And feeling so wonderfully "high".
To get back to sleep then will sometimes take
An hour or more passing by.

Continued next issue



HAPPENINGS

by
Ernie Belleau

How My Poems Are Born

By Joyce Folsom Johnson

Continued from previous issue

To try to relax, I never count sheep.
I think of the poem instead,
And try to remember till I fall asleep,
Just what the poem has said.

When this began happening, I didn't understand;
But, since studying the Bible I do.
We're all given talents from God's own hand,
To everyone — me and you.

We have to be willing and open, you see,
To which talent on us He'll bestow;
And God will use us, you and me,
In ways we could never know.

I promised to serve Him when I was baptized;
Although how, I didn't quite know.
In less than a year I would realize
That His poems through me would flow.

When I try to write a poem on my own,
For a verse on a birthday card,
I find that I cannot do it alone
Without working very hard.

The difference between the poems I write
And the poems God sends to me:
His flow through me as fast as I can write
And the difference is easy to see.

So I have learned to ask for His help
When a poem I wish to write
He helps me and gives me a message to tell
Like the poems He sends in the Night.



HAPPENINGS

by
Ernie Belleau

Then we had one comedian who, without his mouth would not have been funny. His name was Joe E Brown, funny man.

We also had Tom Mix, western cowboy, and his horse Tony in silent pictures. He was a great actor. He did all his own tricks. Then we had Roy Rogers and his horse Trigger.

Bud Abbott and Lou Costello were very funny men. Joe Penner, You want to buy a drink. Jimmy Durante, Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny... plus George Burns and Gracie Allen. They all were funny.

This story all came about when a Wakefield police officer came over, believe it or not, his name was Tom Mix.

Ernie and I received a note from someone from Ernie's past. We could not make out the signature. Would you please call me at 522-3211 and identify yourself. Ernie would like to catch up on old times and great memories.

THE NOTE READ... Nice to read you Ernie... Even if you did try to sneak into the theatre via the car lot. I was the USHER, Jean Shallow was on the candy counter, Walter Ahearn took the ticket and Jim Fields was the manager. Keep up the good work you olde WITCH CITY BOY....

CORRECTION... Joe Penners very funny saying was "You want to buy a duck?"



HAPPENINGS

by
Ernie Belleau

When I Was a Boy

My mother saved Goodwill soap Wrappers so my brother and I could have a Goodwill cart. This was some cart, iron tires on wooden wheels. We tied our neighbors Saint Bernard dog when he let us go for a pull, but he did not listen. First thing you know he was in a field full of rocks and holes. We jumped off and let him go where he wanted to go. It would only be a short time when he would turn around and follow us. We never got back on, we just untied him and let him go his way and we would go for a ride on a nearby hill, what a thrill. This made you think what a wonderful Mom we had. We went up Cabot Street in our Goodwill cart and read the signs. I never forgot the Billboard signs, 'I would walk a mile for a Camel'. The saying for today is, "Walk a mile and don't smoke any cigarettes."

We used to go to the open market in downtown Salem. They would have wild rabbits, wild ducks and geese, still had the fur and feathers on them. We had to clean them. They were delicious. My Mom would boil water and pull the feathers off. My Dad skinned the rabbits. You only had fresh vegetables in the summer. In the winter, we used all canned goods. My Dad cooked the bread, he did a good job. Our favorite spread on bread was cortton. This is hog butts cooked long hours for a smooth spread, has a wonderful taste. We enjoyed watermelon and other melons in the summer. Now we can have them anytime.

We bought shell peas when they were dried just right. Dad was an expert at this. When we got them, we would shell them right away, this way they were easy to remove. My Mom would put them up in jars for winter use. We sometimes bought or grew green tomatoes for Mom to make her famous relish. This we used with baked beans as a great side dish. We even shelled our own beans to bake. We left them in the hot sun for two or three days and the shells were easy to remove.. They would keep all winter. One year my Dad did not have room to store them properly. After three or four weeks, he checked on them. They were all sprouts, so Mom made chop suey with the sprouts. The best in the world. We had carrots in our cellar... cabbage, beets, turnips, always parsnips which I never liked. My Mom would put up one hundred or more jars of whole tomatoes for winter use. We bought all our meats from a meat store that sold meats only, a fruit store that sold only fruits, and a corner store that sold canned goods, candy, bread and milk, un-pasturized. Before we went to bed in the winter, we would all have a tablespoon of molasses and pepper for keeping our lungs clean.

Our faith made us strong.