

Let's Go Up Stream



(Picture by Tom Smith; 2021)

Stories from Great Works Stream

Bradley, Maine

as told by those who went!

Great Works Stream
Written by Tony Baker. Written in 1942

The most beautiful spot
I ever knew

Appeals to me no doubt would you
The stream moves on as time

goes by

Never caring about you or I

The out door fire odor — smoke
Flames so red as if they spoke
Marshmallows on the end of a stick

Fingers sticky you want to lick
I like the trees, the dogs & fawns
The fox who slyly creep till dawn
Minutes go hours fly

Sun goes down the Moon is high

I will cherish this stream
until I die.

This booklet came about because I had read Tales of Sunkhaze and thought, why not, I could put something like that together about Great Works Stream. Special thanks to the Town of Bradley and April Cookson for their financial support in the publication of this booklet.

What follows are stories of folks who enjoyed the Stream and clips from some of the camp logs. So here goes.

Ann Delaware

A BIT OF HISTORY BY JASON AGRELL:

I'm sure that Great Works Stream evokes different memories for everyone that has ever spent time along its serpentine length, flowing northwest from the hills surrounding Peaked Mountain to its confluence with the Penobscot. Just as we all have different experiences with this winding mountain Stream, over the years of its recorded history it has meant different things to the people of Bradley and the surrounding area. Settlers built cabins on the Stream as early as 1783, finding the hay of its enormous meadows an ample supply for their animals. As the settlements that would become Great Works Plantation and finally Bradley grew, Great Works Stream and others in the area were used for power, and the

timber of the surrounding forest for lumber. In its modern era, Great Works would become a place for the local population to hunt and fish; to boat, and to snowmobile.

Great Works is the life blood, from which sprang the early plantation of the same name, and later a fully incorporated small town call Bradley. Our home place was nurtured by this mountain flowage, slowly and persistently descending just over 500 feet from its origins to its terminus in the Penobscot. Its resources sustained us in our infancy as a Town, and its beauty and wildlife thrill us still, despite the imprints of progress. I am better for knowing this place.

~O'LEARY'S CAMP~

We bought the land on Great Works Stream in 1988 from Robert Dall.

This was the first time we had been to Great Works Stream. Our camp was built in 1989 and 1990.

All the lumber was brought up by boat. In October of 1991 we had our first family gathering. There were 42 family members there and everyone was brought up by boat, 3 boats. The youngest was 5 months old. Our

children, parents, aunts, uncles, brothers, sisters, nieces, and nephews. We had a bean feed, hot dogs, and brown bread. This event was repeated many times.

Our camp has been used in all seasons. When we enter camp, a note is written and left each time and we still do to this day.

~Dan & Dawn O'Leary 5/14/21~

FETCHING THE WATER

Some 60 years ago now have passed since I was a young boy and my father started taking me to camp with the "men". What I thought was to be a lot of fun turned out to be a lot of work with chores I was expected to do. Fetching the drinking water was one job I inherited from my brother, Tom. You see, it would be easy to just bring water from home, but no, it had to be spring water from a nearby spring.

The very first chore when we opened camp was to lug the canoe out from inside the camp and put it in the stream and put two open pails into the canoe. I would paddle downstream about a mile to Everett Flander's camp, walk across the meadow to his camp, then a couple hundred yards beyond that to a natural spring covered with a wood structure with a door. On a nail was a metal cup used by many to dip a cold drink. I would than fill the two pails full to the

brim and start my trek back the way I came. By the time I got back to camp, much of the water had spilled out. There was also grass, along with a bug or two swimming around in the water. This was my father's way, the only way, and the Great Works Stream way of doing things.

So much for traditions, however, because this is one that died along with my dad in 1977. Tom and I created our own traditions and kept a lot of our Father's as well over the years.

~Michael Ouellette~

1944

The Rock

Mr. Welch of Clifton lost his horse on May 23. He came down across from our camp. Leon found him August 19, 1944, he was poor and had sores on him and he had lost all of his harness while in the woods. Mr. Welch stayed here all night. Started his long trip home this morning. The horse had been in the woods 2 months, 1 week and 3 days, right through the worst of the flies, and they have been thick this year.

~Maude Moore~

11/11/73

.fresh signs, no deer, rained a couple of days,

saw 2 deer on Thurs., safety on - missed. Saw 2 deer on way home out on the meadow - gun in case. Good time - no deer. Chubby Willette learned dish washing trade, I cooked, lousy.

~Galen Salisbury~

Jan. 5, 1973

Great Works Stream Conservation and Recreation Club founded last night at Bradley Town Hall.

MEMORIES OF GREAT WORKS STREAM

Fishing on South Branch with Bullet Petrie and Billy Soucie. After an early trip up South Branch we were relaxing on the meadow and having a lunch. Knowing, Mose Jackson was on vacation but we were surprised when we saw 2 wardens sailing up the Stream. They sailed up to us and said Mose asked them to check on Great Works Stream. It was their first

trip but liked the view very much. They never checked us out, said have a great day. Back to camp we went for a fish fry. Greatday!

Snowmobiling on Great Works was lots of fun, plenty of places to go and a lot of people there. Crossing the bog to chemo and to Eddington to check out our camp and ice fishing. Tried to snowmobile up Chick Hill but didn't quite make it.

~Arthur Knapp~

Nov. 16, 1974

Boys out for one last try. . . . Cliff saw a deer at the Rock by the brook, took a shot, deer jumped into the bushes. Another party, Bullet Petrie, shot the deer, took it our through our yard (8 point 150 lbs) end of another great week.

~Cliff MacDonald~

In 1972, on one of many late winter afternoons Dad, Mom, Eddie, Danny and I ventured out onto the Stream. It was a typical Maine winter, cold and snowy. Dad tied our flying saucers to the back bumper of our VW Beetle. Soon we

were traveling on the sleds going up Stream about 5 miles an hour. I could just make out Dad's tan VW ahead of us through the driving snow. I looked over at Dan who had a huge grin on his face. Suddenly, we collided. We rolled into the meadow brushes and collapsed into laughter. We struggled to our feet and ran after the Bug, jumped back on the sleds and continued up stream. I don't think Dad even hit the brakes.

~David Delaware~

About 20 years ago my wife and I were up to camp in the fall, also our dog Lilly. We left Lilly in the camp while we took a walk in the woods. We saw our son, Matt on the camp road, he had stopped in camp earlier that morning and he said we had a surprise coming to us when we got to the camp. When we did get back, we found that Lilly had gotten into a few things and made quite a mess. The worst was a big bag of Oreo cookies, what she didn't eat, she hid. I found cookies for the next week in the strangest places.

~Gary Shorette~

Feb. 24, 1957

Some like to write for fun

Some for fame

But I like to write

just to sign my name.

~Leon Lozier~

7/3/46

Here we are on the "Big Rock"

Happy as can be.

By three o'clock, if we can walk,

we'll have a weenie roast

on the "Big Rock"

That is, if we can see!

~McAllisters & Moores~

11/22/11

I'm out here for the day with Dad. There was a beautiful frost this morning and while Dad was eating breakfast, he watched a couple of otters

playing around out on the edge of the ice. We walked around a while not finding much, but we ended up at Bob Crawford's camp and saw a couple of otters playing around. I made my way out to the end of the dock and sat down on the floating dock. When an otter caught a fish, he would bring it up onto the floating dock and eat the fish about five feet away from me, it was so cool. I'm helping Dad pack up now because he decided today was a good day to travel home since it's supposed to snow tomorrow. (I'm really happy about that!) It's a beautiful day today, not a cloud in the sky. Love it,

~Abby Delaware~

Dec. 26, 1950

Came up Tuesday didn't intend to stay but looks like I might stay a few days.

What a life!!

~Ken Salisbury~

One beautiful cold but sunny day in February a group of 15 or more snowmobiles gathered at Sterling and Gerry Shorettes camp on Great Works Stream for a trip across the Bog to Chemo Pond. First, all were invited in to camp for a bit of venison steak from the fondue. Yum!! Gerry always was the best hostess!!

~Ann Delaware~

I remember that they'd cut the hay on the meadow and then stack it up on stilts so in the winter they would back their sleds under it - cut the slats and the hay would drop into the wagon.

~Paul Guay~

The Lavoie family has enjoyed Great Works Stream for many years. At first, we were able to use an old log cabin that belonged to John Baker. We had many good times there with family and friends.

In 1999 we purchased our own piece of land on the Long Reach. In 2000, we built our camp on the property. We have enjoyed many snowmobiles and 4-wheeler trip, as well as deer/moose hunting adventures. Our children, grandchildren and great grandchildren all enjoy our little piece of heaven.

~Lucien & Anne Lavoie & family~

Jan. 20, 1967

Betty Spruce skated up from their camp to the Rock and Karl came on his snow traveler. They are spending the night at their camp.

~Ken Salisbury~

11/16/84

Elm Cottage

Cliff MacDonald brought his CB radio and asked Scott if he should call Robin. Cliff raised another CBer on Chick Hill, "Wolverine" by handle. The Wolverine asked another CBer in Orono to make a collect call to Robin, quite a communications experiment from the camp table to Merrimack, NH.

~Cliff MacDonald~

Freddie was up to the airport training Eric to fly. He called me up to see if Tony and I wanted to go up for a ride to see the Stream. We were above the Stream what seemed like 50 feet off the ground, when we came to Gary Shorettes camp - there he was in the front yard - watching us go by - we waved and went all the way up to Chemo Bog and back to Old Town.

~Paul Guay~

The Fishing Champion

The time was June 1959, school was out for the summer and a young man's thoughts turned to activities to enjoy before becoming a Freshman at Orono High School in September. My uncle, Forrest Willette, Jr., had made arrangements with a friend of his for me and my friend, Chip Baker of Old Town, to spend a weekend at camp fishing pickerel "up Stream". Everyone in Bradley knew where "up Stream" was. The only "up Stream" on the planet Earth was Great Works Stream. At that time the camps on the Stream were used mainly for hunting but a few families did fish on occasion for pickerel to eat. With the use of my uncle's boat and motor, we set off on our adventure. Supplies included our fishing gear and a week's worth of canned beans, hot dogs and LaBree's donuts to keep us from starving for TWO days. When arriving at the camp and finding the key fit the padlock, we knew we were "home" for the next two days. It didn't take long to unload the boat and then off to the shore of the Stream to dip our lines in the water and wait for the big ones to bite. It was a wonderful day well spent on Great Works Stream.

While playing cribbage we decided that night the first one to catch 100 pickerel would be champion for the trip. Kids and fantasies go

together. The next morning, after a hearty and healthy breakfast of LaBree's we set off for fishing with dreams and hopes of earning the title of "Great Works Stream Pickerel Champion"!! Never thinking either one of us would even come close to 100 fish, we began to take the number seriously when one of us hit 75 caught and they were still biting! We'd just "catch em" and throw "em" back . . .long before catch and release became a fishing term. Well, the contest ended at 100 for me and 97 for the rookie, Chip Baker. That was no fish story, it was a true story with no exaggerations! Chip now lives in Arizona and can verify this. However, he probably remembers that weekend as he was the one with the 100 catches. None the less, 197 pickerel were caught and released on that day long ago when two friends enjoyed themselves on Great Works Stream.

~Donald M. Willette~

Annabelle LaBree said that she and Walter would ice skate all the way to Big Rock and back many winters.

May 1972

It's like this . . .I'm very thankful that my parents bought a piece of land on Great Works Stream. All the fun our family had in the 60's

and 70's building the camp.

I was 13 when my father began cutting and peeling (I peeled) 70 trees from our land and built our camp. We spent many weekends and evenings putting down the first floor and trying to square it up. Dad and us boys worked to get the logs up for the 4 walls. Rick Trimm helped with the roof, shingling and the second floor. Many trips by boat. Sometimes the water was so low that we had to unload at the beaver dam by Sterling Shorette's camp in order to get to the camp site.

As I got older, I still enjoy that area and all the people who own camps up there. Our family grew close because of the Stream and all the activities we did and learning from Dad how to hunt with my brothers.

~Eddie Delaware, Jr.~

I was a young lad who would go up Great Works Stream fishing on a raft. The boards were from some left from an old camp that fell down. I'd had a pail of green apples for lunch. My mother told me that they'd give me a belly ache but they never did. I'd catch sun fish, chubs and pickerel.

~Eddie Buck, Jr.~

In 1977 my father purchased some land on upper Great Works Stream. The following year my grandfathers, Lester Gifford and Anthony Guay, my father, Fred Gifford, my Uncle Paul Guay, my brother, Mark and I decided to start building our family camp. This is the same year that we lost the old wooded dam.

We had to portage materials up there meaning we would unload the boat, push the boat over several rocks, unload and do it all over again. We did this an exhausting number of times, but it was well worth it as we still enjoy the camp today, over 40 years later.

Great Works Stream will always be a part of my family's history. I find great peace there. I especially enjoy it when my brother and I go up to camp during hunting season, which in my opinion, is the best season of the year, no bugs.

We always make our time there memorable. I am known to give my brother a call when I have nothing to do in the evening, just to take a boat ride up and back to camp. One time while we were there Eddie Delaware, Sr. trudged through the woods and knocked on our door with a "cup of coffee". This doesn't seem like a big deal, until you realize how far away his camp was from ours. That's what it means to be from a small town and enjoy the local outdoors!

~Eric Gifford~

12/30/50

Rudolph Lavoie, Ronnie Baker, Gordon King and I came to camp with "Magie", Rudolph's car, broke speed limit. came so fast we scared the pickerel out of the Stream. Fishing will be poor next summer.

~Ken Salisbury~

Grampy Jackson would mow the hay up Stream and sell it to Old Town Canoe to stack their canoes in.

When I was a kid, I'd always take my ole car and drive-up Stream. The ice was always real thick. We'd go everywhere - can't do that today. Bob Hewitt, Alfred Jackson, Herbert Jackson, Jimmy Brooks and Sonny Buck would play "hide and go see" every winter at night up on the ice.

~Lawrence Jackson~

One night we were all at Sterling Shorette's camp on Great Works Stream. He realized he had forgotten his meds at home so Ed Delaware and I left camp and headed for

Sterling's house which is about 5 miles from camp. We were doing fifty miles per hour all the way there and back. We were gone about 30 to 45 minutes when we got back, Mr. Delaware gave us a little show of him doing a dance around the kitchen table on his hands.

~Kenny Shorette, Jr.~

Aug.2, 2020

Heading to the Big Rock Camp to take supplies up and spend the afternoon when almost arriving, we had to jump the old beaver dam. Low and behold, we found ourselves sitting on the top of the dam! Thought if we lightened the load, we could push the boat over the dam, that thought didn't work! Thank goodness for cell phones! After several calls, we received a call to assure us that help was on its way. Several hours later - the sound of a boat was heard. Arriving was the Old Town rescue boat with two firefighters, a GWS camp owner and the North Woods Law Star, Jonathan Parker. After a comical conversation, we were rescued.

~John Buchanan~

11/26/04

Breakfast, eggs, hash, toast, coffee and orange juice. David out beside the camp, up a tree. Danny was out beside the trail. We tried some deer scent, no luck. I was on Quellette's trail, wind out of the north. Ed, Jr. put my tree spikes across walkway, up a tree. Danny went over to Crawford's and worked his way across skid trail. All came in a line back to camp. I stood out beside camp until dark. Heard something making a lot of noise but didn't see a thing.

~Ed Delaware~

November 10, 1980

Elm Cottage

Everybody up and out early. Larry returns with buck on Broadway about 8 am, 231 yd. shot - Cliff holds "Hands on" school cleaning a deer. Scott is "student" - Good job!

~Cliff MacDonald~

7/23/21

Great Works Stream, camp, mice, and the love of the outdoors! What else is to say about my parents, Ann & Ed deciding to build a camp up Stream in 1972! We have spent a lot of time up

there, day trips, overnights, not a bad one to forget. Here is a little tale (not to be mistaken for the deer tail) that I will never forget. Dad and I were up for the week in 1998 and had hunted around the area of camp most of the week with no success. Dad says, let's boat up the West Branch of the Stream and check for deer. We packed a lunch and water. After Big Rock, can't quite remember how many turns we made before we hit the first of 6 beaver dams, but it was a lot (LOVE THIS STREAM)! After the first, we had to get out of the boat, pull it over the dam, load back up and off to the next. We landed the boat and stepped out into a deer run and large blow down area. Dad could walk under the trees and I crawled (we had a good laugh about that) after an hour, Dad said go back by the boat and he would walk out around the blow down and see if we could stir up a deer or two. A couple of hours passed and no sound from Dad, I waited a couple more hours and set off a couple of shots to see if he was close, not a sound, interesting, did he fall and get hurt, a lot of thoughts running through my head. I headed out in the direction he started in and walked for about an hour, zig zagging, no sound. I set off two more shots, nothing, not a sound. So, I made my way back to the area of the boat and waiting for about an hour and decided to get in the boat and head down the Stream to see if he was near the shore (like I could see him). I hauled the boat over 3 beaver dams and stopped. Listened, nothing. Set off two more shots, nothing. I went back to the where we landed, hauled the boat over 3 dams, he wasn't there. I went back

down the Stream over the 3 dams and stopped at the only spruce tree on the side of the Stream, climbed it, set off two more shots. Then I heard two very loud shots coming from Ricky's camp area. I don't know about you, but I have never been on the receiving end of a 7mm Magnum to hear it. I went back to the landing spot (3 dams again) and settled in for the night. When dark was finally settled in the beavers didn't like the boat being in their water, slapping their tail next to the boat trying to scare it away. At this point I was tired and very worried and hoarse from yelling for the past couple of hours. Then I heard this familiar sound of a wooden paddle hitting the side of an aluminum canoe and a person whistling. It was Dad! Wow, he's alright, and he's here! He paddled up to the boat and when he reached out, he said, "I thought you might need this!" and handed me the bottle of Yukon Jack! We both laughed in relief! What a day!

~Dan Delaware~

Oct. 30, 1932

.after the dishes were done, we went for a sail up to see old Capus (Fred Sanburn). He had a great time telling us bear stories and deer stories. He's one of those old hunters who does something besides seeing tracks and signs.

~Don Penney~

Lewie Buck built a boat out of ole rough 10' boards, used boat pitch and 10 penny nails he bought from Barton's Store. We'd take it up Stream on the seats of our bicycles to get it to the Stream. We used to fish around the dam, that was a heavy boat. We had a lot of fun!

We'd hold a fish hook in the water below the dam and catch sunfish, no line, no bait, all day and let them go.

~Lawrence Jackson~

Around 1961 Raymond Violette and I were walking up on the ice to go to the Big Rock to hunt rabbits with Romaine and some of his friends. Mose Jackson picked us up and gave us a ride to the Rock. While Mose was checking everyone's license, Raymond and I went into the woods because Raymond didn't have a license. Later on, Romaine shot a porcupine, we were trying to hang it in a tree so dogs wouldn't get it. I ended up getting a piece of quill in my finger, I couldn't pull it out and so I used my teeth to pull it out and it got stuck between my bottom teeth. Bill Laflamme tried to get it out with a jack knife but couldn't. Later the dentist told me to leave it alone and it should come out in time by itself. Two weeks

later it came out. True story!

~Gary Shorette~

On any beautiful winter night our front yard would have 6 or 7 snowmobiles ready to head up Stream for an evening ride. One particular night we headed out and about where Baker's camp is - mid-stream we came across a snowmobile caboose - pulled up on the right side and there was Betty Spruce calmly sitting all by herself in the dark. We asked if she was OK - she's said, "I'm fine - when Karl gets to camp, he'll realize I'm not behind him, he'll be back!" Sure enough - here comes a light toward us - there was Karl to retrieve his lost lady.

~Ann Delaware~

The Spencer family was one of the earliest to settle the area of Bradley while it was still Indian Purchase Number 4. Beverly grew up frequenting his family camps about eighty years before I did. In fact, one of the camps survives in its abandoned and decrepit state. We communicated by handwritten letter - both of us awful penmen. His letters included maps, lists, directions, tales, cautions, and suggestions of things one might find fun in doing on the forested Great Works plot we both

shared. He tried his best to remember his memories and experiences and I in turn did my best to follow his suggestions and try to find each place and things he told me about - which was often a challenge. My letters relayed my efforts on what he had advised me and contained my questions for him about history and the wooded land we shared. I spent countless hours fishing below the dam down at the landing or with my grandfather in the part of Great Works that flows behind our homes on Boynton Street. It seemed each spring with its high water called for a yearly paddle from just below the dam to the shore behind the Evergreen Cemetery and my grandfather's lot.

~Jason Agrell~

I remember the MacDonald and Spencer's camps well. They used to get their firewood from my Uncle Fred. The only way to get the wood up Stream was by boat or in winter on the ice. So, one January day when the temperature was 30 below or nearly 30 below, my uncle and I decided the Stream was frozen enough. So, we loaded 2 cords of firewood on the trailer, using the tracker with no cab we took the load of wood up the Stream. We had quite a bit of snow. We unhooked the tractor so I could back up to the wood shed ready for another winter.

~Paul Guay~

1/7/50

Howard and I just got in from hunting. Can't write no more. Pooped out.

1/8/50

Ready to head down the Stream. Dragged big old buck about 90 miles. Howard says he ain't going out no more.

~Ken Salisbury~

I remember one Sunday Vin, Arthur Knapp, Lucien and I went upstream on snowmobiles. We got to Big Rock and looked at the Rock - hesitating. I said to Lucien, "Well, aren't we going up?" So up we went with Vin and Arthur right behind us. Great day!

~Anne Lavoie~

As part of the last generation of kids to grow up playing on the Stream before the ubiquity of the smartphone, I remember Great Works as pure fun. Getting to camp was half the fun - in the warmer months, my father and I (and sometimes my mother, but camp was "for the boys") would put in at the landing above the

concrete dam or in the colder months a snowmobile or a Honda three-wheeler were the way to go. Eventually, through my father's persistence, we managed to drive our vehicles through the woods to the door of camp.

Our camp was truly my home away from home. At Great Works camp life seemed to be inverted. My father became the chief cook and bottle washer. I came and went nearly just as I pleased, we fired guns, I made constant fire, we split wood, we rocked and rolled, we ate chili, bacon, deer meat, potatoes, pancakes and coffee - "camp food" with absolute impunity. At first, we listened to the radio and played cribbage by gas lamp at night. As time passed, we had a little generator power, and some electric light and limited tv. I spent my childhood building lean-tos in the woods and fashioning all manner of weaponry from wood and stones. I learned to navigate the woods, to build fires, cut wood, hunt and fish. I was fortunate to have my adventures fueled and advised by not only my father (who taught me the bulk of my outdoor knowledge) but also by Beverly Spencer, a lawyer in Old Town from whom my parents purchased their fifteen (twelve when the meadow is flooded) acre lot on Great Works.

~Jason Agrell~

Nov. 14, 1937

Franklin Branquyne and Henry Stuart arrived for 8 days. Going up to see Fred Sanburn to find out what time it was as we both forgot our watches.

Nov. 1, 1951

Eight o'clock evening first snow, ground covered white. Leon to bed can't find anything on the radio to please him (ha ha). Edith and Everett were here all day, left in a snowstorm - had a nice day. Can see lights down to the other camp sure looks good to have neighbors tonight.

~Maude Moore~

Who Moved the Rock?

Home Sweet Home! That's what I daydreamed about while spending three years in Germany, compliments of the U.S.Army. As my discharge drew closer, I began to think of all the fun I would have fishing in Maine once again at the top of my list was Great Works Stream. Two weeks after discharge, I had my old job back and had purchased a new 14-foot StarCraft, boat trailer and a 9.9 Johnson motor. Along with that came payments for three years! I saved some money because back then only

boats and motors over 10 horsepower had to be registered annually. I took several trips "up Stream" to get the mandatory ten hours breaking in running time on the motor at only half throttle. Once more, my fishing buddy Chip, who also had recently been discharged having served in Vietnam, was eager to join me for some serious fishing on Great Works Stream. Our destination this time would be the North and South branch for trout. I knew all the familiar places on the Stream the "Short cut", "Long Reach", the Big Rock and Moose Rock. We were enjoying the ride/scenery, getting close to the end of the mandatory 10 hours of break in time for the motor. We were up the Stream a good distance when that magic ten hours was over. I was ready to crank that baby up to full throttle! Such excitement! Well, full throttle lasted maybe all of five minutes and five seconds when we got one big jolt from Moose Rock. Clearly some prankster, probably from Old Town had moved that rock to the other side of the Stream while I was in Germany! It certainly wasn't the driver running on full throttle who "thought" he knew all the familiar landmarks!! I'd like to think it was the prankster as I realized I would have to replace the lower unit on a ten-hour old motor! Story over? I wish!! Did I mention that I had some lovely green oars, BUT NO OARLOCKS? A 14 ft. aluminum boat is meant to be motored or rowed, NOT paddled! I got to see more of Great Works Stream the rest of that day than I wanted to. It was evening before we made it back to the dam. One thing that I learned fast as we rounded the thousand or so turns that

the Stream takes is that the wind is ALWAYS against you. Two weeks later, I had a new lower unit AND three new oarlocks which stayed in my fishing tackle box for decades. As life went on I found bigger fish and bigger streams and lakes from Labrador to Alaska. It must be said, however, that Great Works Stream ranks up there with the best of them for me.

In my retirement, my wife and I took up kayaking. We took kayaking trips to many small ponds and the Penobscot River. One Sunday afternoon my wife Jan said, "Let's try out a new place today." We wound up at the Back Mills and paddled up past 3 or 4 camps. The scenery was exceptional: purple irises, blue sky, calm water, yellow and green pond lilies, ducks, and Great Blue Heron. It was so peaceful, with only the sounds of birds and the grandeur of nature's pleasures. I had found Great Works Stream once again and it had found me.

~Donald M. Willette~

11/10/51

Water so high can't get off the Rock out back. We got our 2 deer so we are going home this morning. Kind of glad but Leon isn't, he never wants to leave.

~Maude Moore~

I was up to camp hunting on a tote road trying my luck at using my buck call. In the distance I could hear something moving so I waited awhile before I called, hoping to hear a buck call back.

After 30 minutes, I started to call again and I could definitely hear something out there moving closer, so I kept calling and it still was coming closer. After another 30 minutes I could tell it was coming right for me. At that time, I knew it had to be hunter coming to my call. Low and behold, Eddie Sr. comes stumbling onto the tote road, looks at me smiling and laughs shaking his head. Just the expression on his face was worth a thousand words!

~Mark Gifford~

June 9, 2002

Afternoon storm came in loud thunder and bolt of lightning that started a fire in the swamp just below first corner downstream from Big Rock camp just 300 yards! Within 10 minutes we called the fire in, 15 minutes chopper was here without bucket. It left within 10 more minutes and it was back with 350-gallon bucket. Fire was spreading fast! We were getting ready to grab valuables and head up

Stream when chopper pilot, John Knight got the fire under control in about 30 - 45 minutes and the fire was out. But not without burning about 20 acres. It had just hit the woods line and the wind was blowing in just the right way. Could have been bad!

~Toby Salisbury~

One February school vacation week we both took vacation and packed up the three boys, and food for the week, got into our Suburban and drove on the ice to camp. Bullet Petrie was also going up so we joined him on the trip. It was a great few days until Tuesday night when it rained all night. We woke up to a knock on the camp door. Ed got up and there was Bullet and he said "I think you all should head down - lots of water on the Stream." He had parked his truck on the other side and walked across the ice through the water. So, we packed up quick and headed down. There certainly was a lot of water and the ice cracked and cracked all the way down to the landing. That sound I will never forget! We made it home. Another beautiful time at camp.

~Ed & Ann Delaware~

11/15/17

Up for the week, Dad, Matt, Pete B., Andy, Peter F., Steve P., Darren, Uncle Wayne, and Jared Milligan came up with his Jeep yesterday and is staying a few days. Frank Ouellette is coming up tonight. The Stream has been frozen over all week. Mike Ouellette broke it from the landing to Moose Rock, so I decided to drive my boat back while I still could. Watched a big doe in front of camp this morning for 20 minutes! My dream is to shoot one from the porch . . . maybe someday. Pot roast for supper tonight

~Brian DeGrasse~

10/16/49

Called on Maude & Leon Moore at Big Rock camp on our way up to the forks. This is a beautiful day and the scenery is wonderful.

~Delmont & Rachel McAllister~

Fond Memories up ta Camp

During hunting and trapping season many years ago, a friend and his two boys from coastal Maine arrived at our camp. The oldest boy's nickname was Vinney and he was 17. The younger boy's name was Chase, a chubby

little bugger who was 8 years old. Everything was going well until the 2nd day. The boy's father and his oldest son along with my son began to discuss areas near camp they would hunt. I asked the boy's father if he would grant permission for Chase to go with me to check a trap line that I had previously set. Of course, Chase became very excited as his father agreed.

As we walked toward the boat, I told Chase that he had to sit in the bow and also wear a life jacket. I noticed he was interested in the trap hook that I used to locate the trap chain. He pretended it was a gun and waving it around as we approached my first set that was located on the edge of the meadow. I showed him that all we had to do now is to put the trap hook in the water, catch the trap chain and pull it up to the boat. The first trap was empty. As I began to push the boat back out to the Stream, I heard a splash and immediately looked to the bow of the boat, and Chase was gone. I immediately went to the bow and looked over the side at 2 large eyes, a mouth wide open, and saw Chase lying flat on his back in the meadow grass. I grabbed him by the front of his life jacket and yanked him in the boat. We quickly returned to camp and I helped him remove his wet clothes, boots and socks. He asked me what I was going to do, and I said I was going to find the trap hook. The little guy looked up at me and said "I want to go with you". I suited him up with dry clothes and off we went again. We did find the trap hook. The individuals from coastal Maine

have not returned, I sure do miss that little bugger.

~Bob Martin~

2/13/21

I remember a long time ago; we would go to Big Rock on snow sleds and then go across the bog to Chemo Pond. There were always a lot of snow sleds whenever we went. I remember one time a bear pushed the side of Rudolph's camp in and we had to repair it. When Lucien Lavoie started to work on his camp, we hauled many boat loads of supplies to the site. We always had a good time when we went up Stream.

~Hector Guay~

When I was a kid, Great Works Stream was the source of entertainment for me and my friends. In high school, when the Stream was frozen, my friends and I used the Stream as our hockey arena. We would skate up to the "Big Rock" with a hockey stick and puck, passing it back and forth to one another. It was about 5 miles up and 5 miles back. In the summer we used the Stream for fishing. But I had a particular, top secret fishing hole that was quite

the journey to get to. Of course, we never made the journey without some beverages and a cooler packed full of ice. The boat ride to this fishing spot consisted of several beaver dams that my friends and I would jump with my father's boat. One particular journey, the jump didn't go as planned. We ended up flipping the boat, and watched as it sunk to the bottom of the Stream. We swam to the dam, to look back and see our cooler with our beverages was floating away. I tried to convince my friend to retrieve our cooler, he basically told me to go pound sand. So, I made the courageous decision to make the swim myself. I saved our cooler, but now what were we going to do about the boat? We sat on the beaver dam trying to figure out what to do next. We made the plan to try and pull the boat up from the bottom. We were successful, but the motor wouldn't start. We were going to have to paddle all the way back home. It was dusk by the time we reached the Big Rock. I decided to try the motor one more time. I pulled, and pulled and pulled on the pull cord with no luck. I gave it two more minutes, tried one last time and believe it or not, the motor started. We did finally make it back to the landing and safely back home with no other incidents.

I kept this secret from my parents for 10 years. To this day, the motor is still miraculously running.

~Eric Gifford~

*One Sunday the Great Works Stream
Snowmobile Club had a cook out at the Big
Rock. Then we all went for a ride across Chemo
Bog to Chemo Pond. Evelyn Moore's sled broke
down. So, we had to tie it on the front of the
old Polaris and push it across the lake so we
could pick it up with a trailer that night. We all
doubled up and rode back home out the
Government Road, to the IP Road, then the Ten
Road to get home. But all had a good time.*

~Ken Shorette, Jr.~

10/11/21

*Charlie DeGrasse (11 years old) got it done. An
820 lb. bull 46" spread. This one is going to the
taxidermy for a full shoulder mount. 2 hrs. of
calling at Plumbers Knoll. He came out around
200 yards, 2 shots and down he went. Freezer
is full.*

~Brian DeGrasse~

What a way to end this booklet -
Congratulations to Charlie - memories will
never end for Great Works Stream

~Ann Delaware~

