

A favorite trip for me was when we would drive from Pine Point to Paris Maine to visit King relatives. Our visit would be primarily to "The Lean-To" a place that fascinated me as I believe it was a converted barn. It stood on a hill, and the view from the porch was delightful. In its front yard there was a well with a "sweep arm" that kept the bucket at the top of the well. This "sweep arm" was a long pole pivoted in the crotch of an upright post and its heavy butt end rested in the crotch of crossed poles appropriately located.

The picture to the left is of cousin Doris King on the right, and I am standing around the corner of the well while brother Bill stands at the corner. I have no idea who the little fellow is at the left.

In lieu of a rope or chain, the bucket pull was a combination of a thin pole, and either chain or rope at either end. Doris is preparing to lower the pole to draw some water.

Riding the hay wagon behind the horses was a thrill for this city boy, and he harbored a desire to spend some time on a farm living and learning that life. Unfortunately this never came to pass although my father had made arrangements for me to do just that, however, circumstances arose which canceled the plans.

Besides "The Lean-To" we'd drive over to the next hill where we visited a dairy farm run by one of the relatives. The cows were blue ribbon winners at the county fair, and their owner was reputed to write poetry. Unfortunately I have no pictures of this place except in my mind. On one visit I was embarrassed, yeah mortified! We were standing in the barn admiring the cows from their back sides when the critter nearest to us relieved herself. The ensuing splash landed a few drops on my shorts which no one noticed until we were on the way home.... Even with car windows open, my problem was evident.