

The third place we visited, usually briefly, was the King Homestead shown in the three pictures on the opposite page. This was located down the hill from "The Lean-To" several hundred yards and on the opposite side of the road. It apparently underwent some remodeling through the years as can be seen by comparing the top pictures.

The summer of 1993 Thelma and I drove to Paris Maine and found King Hill and drove past a house we took to be this one. If in fact it is the same house, the present owners are taking good care of it. On up the hill we failed to find "The Lean-To" Ensuing years had brought considerable change to the growth of untended open space. There is also a shade of doubt if we were in fact on the same road since it had been so many years since I had been there.

In the last three pictures I recognize my father in the top two, but have no idea of the identity of the others. In the top photo dad is sitting on the ground, and in the middle one he is standing with his hand on the corner of the house.

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When I was eight years old I was given the opportunity to go to a camp for the summer - North Star Camp - operated by the Portland YMCA. I'm not sure whether it was before my first year or a subsequent year, but Mr Chet Hall, the gentleman to the left of the picture visited our home in New Jersey. Standing next to Mr Hall is Ralph Haskell my tent counselor that first year. Third from the right is "Chief Gillespie" the co-director of the camp who presided over the evening camp fire activities.

My first trip to camp was an exciting adventure for an eight year old boy. My father took me into New York City and put me on a train at Grand Central Station bound for Boston. I'm sure he let the conductor know that I was alone and would go all the way to Boston and be met there by an adult. That adult was Aunt Jenny my step grand mother's maiden aunt, who as best I can recall was at the south station when the train pulled in. How we got to 82 Sawyer Ave in Dorchester I do not remember but it had to be some form of public transportation as Aunt Jenny did not have a car. The next day she escorted me to the north station and put me on a train for Portland and I was instructed to get off at Biddeford Maine where Uncle Allan and Auntie Mona would meet me and take me on the last leg of the journey to camp.