

Dear Nancy, Dusty + Linda,

I've been thinking of writing you and decided to begin today, with how I met the Bragg family, and your Mom and Dad and "you kids". We lived in Brewer, when my mother died at an early age (25) leaving 4 of us. My older brother was brought up by my Gram - (perceived before my Daddy came along.) He drove truck for Hincks Coal Co. and worked the docks at nite. How he met "Jack" Harry Bragg I don't recall. He soon remarried and we moved to Clifton, to a small cabin not far beyond Park's Pond on Rt. 9. and my 1st Sister was born that yr. of 1942. I (presume) before winter arrived we moved to a house w/ Judd Gray, and Daddy drove truck for "Jack". The Bragg family was one of a kind really, and very unusual to us! Papa + Mama would go to Bangor on
*everyone called Effie 'Mama'

Saturdays, and Papa had told Wayne + Vance, perhaps Lois also, that he wanted to see "everything painted blue when he got home!" referring to the farm equipment in his mind. I went over that day w/ Daddy, and the cat was blue, the cows horns + tails part of Mama's pet rooster, and I'm not sure if Deanie's boyfriend Charlie or Velma's, had a pr. of white saddle shoes they had polished white hung over the line to dry, were now blue! Papa used Blue Jesus! quite often, and that day it fit! I don't remember any beatings, but it has stayed w/ me all these years! Lois and I became friends, and have always called each other "Herb" - to this day when I see her. Aunt Florrie, who was Mama's sister and lived at the foot of the hill + Ned, and the 'Gushies' - we all took liberty with their names, not