Hayes Cave

Sticky humid air filled my bedroom, I couldn't fall asleep. It was Sunday, August 14,1949 and tomorrow my daddy would begin his summer vacation. I was nine years old. Excitement was escaping from each pore in my young body. The last two weeks in August had been circled on the calendar in the kitchen since it changed years. I loved going to visit Uncle Richard Hayes' home where my mother had lived. I was always told that she was born in the old family homestead overlooking Lattie's Brook, (or maybe it was Five Mile River), but I didn't know if either were true. I remember the stream where we brushed our teeth and washed our face and hands was called Lattie's Brook. My legs were short and I carefully made my way across very cold flowing water to a trail that led to a cave. I did know we had made the long trip to South Maitland, Nova Scotia and stayed for two weeks in the old family home every year for as long as I can remember.

My father pulled off the main street and down a welcoming dirt road, I knew the train tracks were right around the corner. I couldn't sit still. I manually rolled down the back window and breathed clean fresh air and listened for a train whistle. No beautiful sound greeted us. Daddy slowly drove over the tracks. Gravel and small rocks banged noisily against the new Ford's hubcaps. Uncle Richard Hayes heard a horn beeping an unusual noise and ran out the front door to greet all of us. Us, included my parents, Elizabeth Hayes Forsaith and Charles Everett Forsaith, my cousin, Calvin Joseph Hayes, my grandfather, George Lattie Hayes, and me, Elizabeth Ann Forsaith. We

would stay for a week and hear family tales, explore the river, the woodland, and of course, the cave. It wasn't called Hayes Cave when I would visit but I I loved the mysterious cave.

We did cross the cold water stream and swam in the part where it made a left hand turn and the water was deeper. We also walked through a grassy field and, to the right of the cave, went up a wide path that led to the top of the gypsum rock. It was a heavy forested area with a hunter's shack sitting on the edge of the cave's foundation. I have an old moose horn made out of bark that Uncle Richard gave me that was used to call the moose. Family hunters used to sit in this shack and watch out a narrow window just big enough for the barrel of their gun to be prepared to shoot, always looking for deer and moose in the large field near the water.

The white crushed Gypsum was slippery and we all had our flashlights in hand as we carefully walked into the dark cave. I didn't like the bats hanging from the ceiling and was feeling scared. What if one fell on us? There were so many scary creatures. I did like the musical sounds of the icicles dripping into a pool of water. My mother told me they used to light up the cave with kerosene lanterns and have dance parties inside. I thought, " What fun." Everyone always wanted to explore further into the cave and some did, but my mother chose to go back to the house with me and start preparing our dinner. I slept in an old creaking spool bed under colorful quilts with my tired head resting on old dusty down pillows. It was a special paradise. Even the outhouse was interesting, but I wouldn't go out and use it alone because of the fear of slipping through

the hole. A library of memories fills my mind and, closing my eyes, I can go there in a second.

The last time we went as a family was in 1956 and I was sixteen years old. It was still interesting and fun, but I was wearing my boyfriend's class ring around my neck and was very homesick. I just wanted to cross the border and go home. The power of young love captured me.

Uncle Richard never married and my mother was his favorite niece so when he died he left her 250 acres of Hayes' land. I don't know what year that happened. I do know that sometime after my father passed in 1967, my mother needed money and sold the land to a lumber company. I don't know their name or anything that happened to the property after that. My husband and I visited the old Hayes homestead several years ago, and I relived old memories. Now I am more interested in the history of the land and cave and, to my knowledge, there aren't many people to ask about the stories and family heritage. I love everything I remember.

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courts of the District of Massachusetts, 1906-1929.

Naturalizations - MA 〉 U.S. District Court
〉 1922 〉 27 Apr 1922
〉 George Lattie Hayes
〉 **Petition for Naturalization**

Hayes Family Members

Andrew and Ann Hayes parents of:

George Lattie Hayes 1877-1954

George Hayes children

- Elizabeth Hayes Forsaith - my mother
- Calvin Garfield Hayes - his son- Calvin J. Hayes
- James Hayes -died as a child
- Lettie Hayes -died as a child

Other children of Andrew and Ann Hayes

Samuel Hayes

David Hayes

Thomas Hayes

Locke Hayes

Richard Hayes (Uncle who we knew in Canada)

Carrie Hayes

Annie Hayes

Jenney Hayes

Billy Hayes

Monsen Hayes