

# Pond Memories

*from Monique Landucci*

## BEAN-HOLE BEANS

Isn't it fun showing visitors what bean-hole beans are?? For hundreds of years, the Penobscot Indians have been cooking in the ground and they shared their knowledge with the early settlers in this area. The tradition of bean-hole beans is still alive and strong here in Maine.

As a young girl, I have vivid memories of my Dad and Uncle Henry digging out the bean hole while my Mom and Aunt Cecilia prepared the beans. I would help them sort through the bag of beans and pick out the little pebbles, then soak them overnight with water from the lake. My favorite part was standing around the fire and roasting hot dogs and marshmallows while we waited for the logs to burn down. We would all sit around the fire until long past dark in our lawn chairs, talking, eating and laughing the night away. Then we would go to sleep smelling like smoke from the fire and loving every minute of it, eager to taste the beans the next day. Those were the good old days.



I'm guessing these photos were in the early 1970's. My Aunt Rita had the camp next door to us and she had a bean hole that we always used. The picture on the left is my Uncle Henry pulling the beans out of the ground with my Dad overseeing the job (beer in hand, of course). The picture on the right is Aunt Cecilia brushing the cinders off the bean pot. My Dad looked at these photos tonight and commented that they were pretty brave to do this job with flip flops on. I remember these days like yesterday, many happy memories. I miss Uncle Henry and Aunt Cecilia very much.

My funniest memory with Uncle Henry was when the whole family decided to go to Bar Harbor for the day (as always, I chose to stay at the camp alone with Uncle Henry rather than leave). I was a young teenager at the time and was cooking dinner for Uncle Henry and I (which consisted of beans and hotdogs, of course). Uncle Henry suggested I cut up a cucumber and serve it with dinner, which is something I had never done before. I thought everything was prepared wonderfully until Uncle Henry lifted the plate with the cucumber and looked at it funny. At that point, I realized that I had forgot to cut the skin off the cucumber. As only Uncle Henry could do, he picked a cucumber off the plate and put it in his mouth and ate it saying, "another way to eat cucumbers is with the skin on!"