

Androscoggin Engine House Has Many Interesting Relics Brunswick Record October 8, 1931

There are many hand tubs, and engine companies, and the memories of past hand brigades, wherever you want to look, but when it comes to the greatest of them all, the people in this locality don't have to look much farther than the one on the hill in Topsham—old Androscoggin Number 2.

Old Androscoggin Number 2 is some boat, and if you don't believe it all you have to do is ask the men who belong to the association, and if you aren't convinced, just drop around the next muster, and see what you can see for yourself.

Nowadays it's all right to have an electric alarm system, a fleet of 60 mile-an-hour trucks, hydrants, and scaling ladders a mile long, but there is just a little more fun in being able to look back instead of ahead—in being able to look back and see those old time hand pumpers with their stalwart crews, racing down the street at a wheelbarrow speed, behind it a hose reel and fifty more men, and off over the hill the Smith, or Prout, or Garland house burning to the ground with old grandma leaning out of the attic window and yelling for help.

Nowadays a fire hasn't a chance in the world. When you see a blaze you just let but a yell, the whistles blow, in a few minutes you get a call from an insurance adjuster, and your fire is past history.

But in "them good old days", when a fire was a fire worth seeing, and mechanical contrivances were an unrealized dream of the future, there was some excitement at the blaze.

And in Topsham the excitement was a little more exciting then in other places, for they had the Androscoggin, and without a bit of exaggeration there is no finer number 2 handtub in existence, not one.

In the good old days a fire would be alarmed about the countryside, everyone grabbed his old leather bucket, and went tearing over to see what it was all about. Of course they could wait around a bit and let the fire burn up a mite so the men could see what they were doing, and than all would heave to at the brakes on the old hand-tub, lifting a feeble squirt up in the air that soon assumed ample proportions, and soon either put the fire out or drained the well. Them were the good old days.

But they passed. The only unfortunate thing about the good old days in that one lives to look back and long for them. But there was one feature of the old time pumping days that has never gone out of style, and that is, if you please, the muster. The first muster of all of them, they say, was down at Bath, and then someone added, “And Bath’s the only place they ever have musters anyways.”

A muster, if you have never been to one, is a time where a bunch of grown men act like children for a day, and have more fun than an old maid on a merry-go-round, especially if they win another trumpet.

And speaking of trumpets, a fireman’s trumpet is what the Topsham engine society has nothing else but. It consists of a solid silver doodad to be filled with flowers, and carried in the parade. Originally they were to yell through, so the foreman of the company could make his wishes known to the rest of his men.

Every time a company wins a muster they get a new trumpet and after the Topsham company has winning musters for so long they have an engine hall that looks like a high class jeweler’s establishment, specializing in silverware. If the Brunswick Record got out a special supplement, they might mention the whole of the trumpets and doodads kept in the souvenir cases at the Topsham engine hall. There is the trumpet won at Auburn on the fourth of July, 1876; a coffee pot contrivance taken on the fourth in Brunswick in 1855; a trumpet kindly donated after the Androscoggin had beaten the field at Richmond on the 16th of September in 1875; another won at Bath in 1868; and one won at Bath in 1875. One of the biggest prizes of all, not one of gaudy silver glistening in its glory, but one of tin, painted red, and four feet long, is a horn won at Hallowell in 1884, “in friendly competition with the ‘Tiger’”. The horn brays like Gabriel at a grade crossing, and has been used since almost every muster, until some loud-tooting member shot his bolt and broke the works. Since then the horn has remained at the engine hall—just another trophy.

It’s a bother, too, having so many Trophies. The members have a cleanup campaign every so often, and swipe their wives silver polish and come to the hall to clean coffee pots, trumpets, and loving cups.

Silver trophies are not everything that this famous company has won. There are medals and badges enough to fill the coffer-dam at the river. The men have strung them along at the top of the room where they meet, hanging from a wire where all may see them. Other badges and medals, the most of them signifying a victory of one kind or another are placed in picture frames, and form a very pretty display.

But while the affairs of today go ahead at a rapid pace, it remains for a few members of the community to find pleasure in reverting a century or more, in taking pleasure in the workings of a little hand-tub, useless, out-of-date, and funny—but yet capable of giving a world of pleasure to a few, and what pleasure it is.

Ancient Maps Reveal Many Changes In Place Names Around Brunswick Brunswick Record October 26, 1950

By William Wheeler

I have just come into possession of an ancient map showing, according to the legend therein, the Plan of Brunswick Lotts in "1741".

In that year, according to the History of Brunswick, the Pejepscot Proprietors held a meeting in Boston at which definite plans were adopted for the distribution of land to the early settlers. Originally, it appears, the grants were for "Lotts" 20 rods wide; but the inhabitants complained that these were too narrow, and the Proprietors graciously decided to make the lots "30 rods wide and to be out on one Side of the Road and to be 100 acres exclusive of the marsh and to be valued at 14 pounds p. Lott."

The map I have is quite evidently that which was drawn in accordance with the decree of the Proprietors at that time. There is a discrepancy, however in that some of the 20 lots near the river are more than 15 rods wide, but correspondingly longer than the standard lots.

No roads or streets are shown on the map; but according to the ruling of the Proprietors, "at every 10th Lott a road of four rods wide to be laid out the whole length of said Lott if it fall out convenient." The "lotts" on the Maquoit Road were to be 40 rods wide; this because "the land is not so good."

Old Names

There are names on this old plan which, even after the lapse of two centuries, have a familiar ring to old-time Brunswick residents. Two lots, one of 100 acres and an adjoining one of 50 acres, were granted to Rev. Robert Dunlap. And here again, is a discrepancy which I am unable to reconcile. The map was drawn in 1741—but Dunlap who was born in Ireland, did not come to this country until 1736, and preached in Dracut, Mass., Nobleboro, Boothbay and Newcastle before settling in Brunswick in 1746.

The name Dunlap, however, is one long known in Brunswick. One of that family, Robert Pinckney Dunlap, became Governor of the State in 1834.

Next to the two lots owned by the Rev. Dunlap was one of the same size labeled "ministerial lott"; and next beyond it was the school lot.

Scattered through the long list of property owners are names long a part of Brunswick—Skolfield, Dunning, Stanwood, Giveen, Woodside, Thompson, Lincoln, Potter, Purinton, Patten, Winchell, Mustard.

Mis-Spelled Place Names

One curious fact, hitherto unknown to me and probably to most Brunswick people, is that the Androscoggin river flowed only as far as Ft. George—the present location of the Verney Mill! At any rate, my old map shows that the river, from that point to Merrymeeting Bay, wasn't the Androscoggin at all, but the Pejepscot! And that word Pejepscot, with all its importance as a part of early Brunswick history has been spelled—or mis-spelled—in various ways. I have found it as "Bishopscot" and "Pagiscott", as "Pagipscot" and "Pejescott". The meaning of the Indian word was "crooked, like a diving snake."

The mis-spelling of place-names seems to have been more or less prevalent in the early days. The Androscoggin itself has been variously referred to in ancient documents as “Amascongan,” “Ammascoggin” and “Amasaquanteg”. Chebeague Island was sometimes spelled “Jebege”. Sebasco is referred to in an old deed as “Sequasco-diggin.”

My map shows, too, that the original name of what we now call New Meadows River was “Stevens River”, so named for one of the early settlers on its shores.

“Mair” Point

One thing I found on the map gives me a great deal of satisfaction. Some time ago I wrote in the Record that the name “Mere Point” is a misnomer. In my boyhood we called it “Mare” point; someone, perhaps thinking that the spelling “Mere” was more attractive, started the use of that appellation. The correct spelling, I then asserted, is “Mair”; and the point was named for John Mair, one of the early settlers. On my map I find verification of my claim—in 1741 it was “Mair Point”; and Mair Point it remained for 150 years, until the more modern version was adopted.

“Mair” Point has real significance; “Mere” point means nothing. Perhaps it doesn’t make any difference, but for my part. I like to see old names perpetuated. We lost a monument to one of Brunswick’s prominent and civic-minded citizens when O’Brien street was renamed Cumberland; another when Elliott street ceased to exist as such. The men who made Brunswick in its swaddling-clothes days might well be remembered now, in its maturity!

Ancient Churchyards At New Meadows Show Neglect

Three Centuries At Harding’s Rest Many Early

Settlers; Restoration Would Be Matter of

Great Care and Skill

Brunswick Record

April 6, 1939

In this Bicentennial year of the town of Brunswick, people here have their attention focused on historical matters many times. Two articles in the March Town Meeting warrant serve to do this; one relative to the marking of historical places about the community, and the other relative to improvement work in The First Parish Burying Ground.

Equally important in the history of Brunswick, speaking of the First Parish Cemetery, are three tiny yards at New Meadows, where some of the early settlers of the town lie in neglected graves in a section of the community now seldom visited by the public.

Historically, New Meadows is as important as any part of the town neglected by further development. This was partly a geographic result, because somehow New Meadows and the Hardings section began to identify itself with Bath, rather than Brunswick. Today the telephone subscribers there are on the Bath exchange, and up until the new road was put through last year it was easier for them to go to Bath to trade than to come to Brunswick over the neglected King Turnpike.

For instance, for many years the city of Bath maintained the wooden bridge over the New Meadows River by which people in this section of Brunswick went to Bath. The trade advantages to the shipping city were supposed to warrant this expense, even though the bridge connected Brunswick and West Bath, and was not in Bath at all. Many of the people who lived along the old New Meadows road were for better known in Bath than in Brunswick, and to some extent some of them still are. The new road has changed that somewhat.

It was with difficulty that the old New Meadows Cemeteries were located last summer. One can drive by them and not see them, just as people have gone by the ancient pound on that road and never known its existence. Not only bushes, but great trees, have grown in and all but hidden the tombstones under which early Brunswick notables are buried.

There are really three yards, two of them lying adjacent and the other on a side hill a bit south. One, smallest of the three, has had some work done on it in more recent years by the descendants of some of those resting in it. The other show the effects of little attention for a long period of years—in fact one is grown to a pretty grove of pine which will shortly be ready for timber.

Stones are all out of plumb, and many have fallen entirely, others are broken, some seem to be entirely gone but doubtless are simply buried under an accumulation of moss, decayed leaves and vines. The writer sought in vain for the stone of one Aaron Hickley, an ancestor and one of the most important men in the history of Brunswick 200 years ago. The stone is there somewhere, of course, but it is said to lie flat on the ground, and probably covered with leaves. Other stones are partly covered. The few that remain upright are nearly all askew and need a new foundation.

Some of the stones in the yard bear no names at all—they were simply field stones set up to mark the grave of someone long forgotten. Stones like that were commonly used in the settlement days before stone cutters began to make monuments. There isn't a square inch of ground in any of the yards that appears to indicate that anyone has been interested enough to care about reconditioning the plots for a long time.

The neglect has been so long-standing, in fact, that reconditioning should only be undertaken by an experienced person, preferably someone who has a touch of sentiment for the old days and the old people. Some of those who know something about the dead buried there would stoutly oppose a suggestion that a WPA crew or such move in there and clean up though the modern relief methods would be highly distasteful to the stout hearts of the pioneers who were, in all things, their own relief.

At the same time, the job would require the attention of a man skilled in patching broken stones, careful to see that a carelessly wielded shovel wouldn't break an important stone hidden in the weeds, and also reliable to see that each stone is reset at least approximately in the vicinity of the proper grave.

The yards are in such a location that if properly attended to they would make beautiful memorials to the pioneers, and would attract the attention of many passersbys. This year, in particular, it is likely that numerous former Brunswick people will be in town to visit the scenes of their youth, and the Hardings, New Meadows, Bull Rock, and Woodward Roads may be fairly heavily traveled by persons who will grieve to see the yards in such condition.

This article may be a suggestion that some actions be taken to restore the yards as soon as spring is really here, to have them looking well for July—and possibly for all time. It has been suggested that if an effort is made to clean up the yards, the same time be utilized to restore the ancient animal pound, previously referred to, which is one of the few pounds in existence in Maine today capable of being restored to its original condition. There is enough of it left so that a crew could easily put it back together as it was. The pound is on the west side of the road, nearer to Hardings. While it is extraneous to the present subject, it nevertheless ties in with the town's history, and might be given simultaneous consideration as the works involved would be similar.

It seems appropriate that on the 200th anniversary year the citizens of Brunswick could well pause to remember the fathers and mothers of the town who lie at New Meadows and freshen their graves to some extent.



This shows the gravestones of Benjamin Larrabee and his wife Lydia, in the New Meadows Yard. He as a Revolutionary War soldier and his grave is annually decorated and flagged. But no effort to keep the brambles and vines off his grave has been made for years. He died in 1816, and was active in the early history of the incorporated town.



This is a view of the middle yard, showing how tall pines have grown since the last care was given the graves. The growing trees have pushed stones aside, and falling needles have buried them. It is here that Aaron Hinckley lies, but search could not find his stone. The stone has been dislodged, and only one who knew its former location could

find it today under the pine needles. Aaron Hinckley was one of the town's most active former fathers. This view is looking south along the ancient New Meadows road.



Some 25 graves are out of the range of the camera here, but only five tombstones can be distinguished. The others are leaning over in the bushes too far, or are fallen and buried. This is the cemetery on the side hill, the southernmost of the three at New Meadows. Notice, at the left, the wooden gate-posts and the pickets of the fence. Beyond them is the highway. One can drive by the yard in summer and not see it.



Ancient Augur Sheds More Light On Topsham's Early Water System

Brunswick Record
January 10, 1935

Probably the passing of time is the only reason why a fair check-up on Topsham's ancient water system cannot be made now, although there is still considerable evidence as to the nature and extent of this system.

Like Longfellow's poem which says "hardly a man is now alive who remembers that day and year", Topsham's water system is without chroniclers for the same reason.

But at one time there was, in the so-called village of the town, an elaborate water system that carried spring water to various users in wooden pipes laboriously bored out with immense augurs over ten feet long.

Last year when a CWA project was started on Main Street hill, differs found remnants of these old pipes in the ground, and just recently when Commissioner Ralph Patten had a crew digging on Barron's hill for the construction of a new sidewalk the workers uncovered more of them, well rotted over perhaps a century of internment, but preserved in the ground in a certain state of preservation that let them disintegrate only upon contact with the air.

Barron's Hill, sometimes called Quint's Hill, and formerly known as Free Will Hill because of the church on it, was the source of supply for this water system that is believed to have served the paper mill and the houses clustered around the foot of the slope.

Yet another water system that used the ancient wooden conduits found its source in a cistern far up Main street, near the Small Blacksmith shop, and this cistern was kept filled by a hydraulic ram down in the gully to the west. A pond was dammed up there. This system served mainly the old Walker Homestead, although it is believed that other houses took water from this, or from other springs, in the same gully likewise stopped up to create a head.

While the springs on Quint's Hill, the cistern up Main street, and other springs nearby are known to have furnished water, it is not known just where the pipes led to, except for the evidence offered by the construction crews who found the old pipes.

It is known, however, just how these pipes were made. For this information the Record is indebted to Ernest J. Small, who still has at his shop the augur with which some of these pipes may have been bored.

The augur is a heavy iron rod a trifle over ten feet long, with a heavy handle on one end and much like the crank of an automobile. On the business end is a thread like that on any bit, but behind it is a scoop-shaped cutting edge about two feet long.

The cumbersome instrument, no doubt, rested in a frame of some sort that guided it so that the hole would continue in a direct line through the center of the log. The logs used were no doubt pine, as this wood is noted for its durability when exposed to the elements, a durability that would serve well when the log should be buried for years deep below the freezing mark. The logs were about 18 feet long, perhaps shorter at times, and the hole was bored first from one end and then from the other, meeting in the middle. This hole was two inches in diameter. Presumably the hole was later burned out, much as the farmer runs a hot wire through his sap spiles, to keep the wood from swelling.

The patient manner in which the workman bored his hole can only be imagined. Mr. Small never tried to bore out a log, but any carpenter will vouch for the difficulty met when a bit must be driven lengthwise of the grain of the wood.

Mr. Small doesn't recall where he got the drill, but remembers that it was procured locally, along with some other metal and instruments that he secured long ago for use in his shop.

That the Walker Homestead used these wooden pipes is known, but the logs were later replaced by iron pipes. Folks in Topsham have heard of the system, and the cistern, presumably, is still buried under the pavements of Main street. It is recalled that a number of years ago an old iron pipe with small holes bored in it to make it resemble a nutmeg grater was found, and it is believed that this is a contrivance that the Walker family had for watering the lawn. The water passed down from the cistern, and made a fine spray, throwing a shower over the grass.

Some of the houses in Topsham still use water that comes through iron pipes that replaced the original wooden pipes long ago. It is barely possible that here and there a wooden pipe still exists through which water might come. The nature of the pine logs would preserve them so long as they remained buried.

An Early Attempt At Steamboating In Maine
“Morgan’s Rattler” Plied the Sheepscot River
More Than Century Ago.
Brunswick Steamboat Built 1816
Brunswick Record
November 1, 1929

At Alna on the Sheepscot River in 1814 Jonathan Morgan built a steamboat of about sixteen tons. It is quite probable that this was the first of the kind built in Maine. Morgan knew but little about machinery and the boat was not a success. The engine was taken out the following year and a larger one was installed. With this the boat would go some better but not much. In 1816 Morgan installed a still larger engine which enabled the boat to go up and down the Sheepscot at about five miles an hour.

The boat was a flat bottomed “stern-wheeler” and proved too small, furnished by William Weld, to be profitable. It was sold for a small sum. Where Morgan obtained his machinery the Record does not know. In derision she was termed “Morgan’s Rattler” by the rivermen.

The same year, 1816, Morgan came to Brunswick and built a boat of a little more than thirty tons, equipped with an engine and a horizontal flue boiler with a wooden water case. This boat was also a flat bottomed stern-wheeler, probably with a “walking-beam” engine. The machinery was constructed by Jones and Eastman who were blacksmiths and iron workers and located near the rear of the present town building.

The money for the enterprise was put up by William Weld.

The boat was built on the east side of “The Cove” opposite where the electric power station now stands and was launched about the first of November. Whether the boat was of any value does not appear. Weld wanted his money back but did not get it. The last of November Morgan on the sly got up steam and ran the boat to Hallowell. But Weld was on his track and had her returned to Brunswick. While in Hallowell, Morgan made a vain attempt to borrow money to repay Weld.

Weld failed in 1817 and the boat was sold for sixty dollars. The machinery was then junked and the hull hauled by oxen to Maquoit Bay where she was used for lightering in connection with a Boston packet commanded by Captain Anthony Chase.

Jonathan Morgan was a very learned man and while in Brunswick taught school in the “new school house” on Mason street. The American Legion now occupies the building. He built for himself a private bath house by the river and had a bath daily through the year, regardless of the weather. Morgan was not a popular teacher and some evil-minded scholars would throw stones at the bath house while he was inside. We know nothing further or what became of Morgan except that his letters show he was alive in 1855.

UNCLE HENRY



Alonzo Day of This Town Began Making Shoes In 1842—More Than Forty Years in Trade

Brunswick Record
April 21, 1905

Sixty-three years in shoe making and in the shoe trade is a record that probably few men in New England can duplicate. Alonzo Day of this town began making shoes in 1842, when he was ten years old, and he has been connected with the shoe business ever since. His father Jeremiah B. Day, was a shoe manufacturer in the town of Durham, conducting what was known as a custom shop, and employed a large number of hands. The modern shoe factory was unknown fifty or sixty years ago, and the ready-made shoe industry was then in its infancy. Men wore leg boots and had them made to measure. They were heavy-soled and clumsy, and a fit to measure was a crude job compared with the ready-made boots of the present day. Besides the custom shops there were traveling shoemakers who stopped at farm houses and made up shoes for the whole family to last a year. The trade followed by the traveling shoemaker was known as "whipping the cat."

Mr. Day was the oldest in a family of six children. His father, in addition to the shoe business, carried on a large farm in Durham and Mr. Day as a boy learned to swing the scythe from dawn to dark. His mother also taught him to spin and weave, for all of that kind of work was in those days a necessary feature of farm life. At other times he sat at the bench and seamed and pegged the heavy boots.

Notwithstanding the many opportunities for work Mr. Day managed to get considerable schooling and had the advantage of a course in Durham High School. Leaving that institution in 1852 he first thought of becoming a teacher, but his uncle Lorenzo Day offered him a good position in Brunswick and he came to this town.

Lorenzo Day carried on a large boot and shoe business in Brunswick, having as many as 50 to 100 men and women working for him. Many of them took their work home. He kept a retail store and also sent teams out to sell goods on the road. His young nephew, Alonzo, was given the job of cutting the stock and Mr. Day says that he undoubtedly cut out as many as 100,000 pairs of boots and shoes. He also blocked out patterns to some extent. The goods made a half century ago could hardly be given away now, says Mr. Day. The science of fitting was very unscientific.

The shop was in Day's block at the corner of Maine and Mason Street. Mr. Day came to this town on Dec. 17, 1852. A month later the building burned and the present structure was built to replace the part that was destroyed. Men were not so particular then about sticking to one trade, and while the building was being constructed Mr. Day was on hand lugging brick and mortar. That was strenuous work when a day began with sunrise and ended with darkness.

After working with his Uncle Lorenzo for 12 years, Mr. Day went into the shoe business for himself, forming a partnership with Orrin Ripley, the firm being known as Ripley & Day. That was in 1864. Their place of business was in the store now occupied by W.H. Hamilton's market. This partnership continued until 1873, when Mr. Ripley died. Mr. Day carried on the business in the same place until 1898 when he removed to his present store in the Lincoln building.

Many changes have taken place in Brunswick since Mr. Day came here in 1852. Of all the men then engaged in business or working in the shops and stores of this town Mr. Day is the only one, excepting John Furbish, who is now at work or in business in Brunswick. Mr. Day has in recent years given up the active management of the business to his son Ellery C. Day. Years ago when the shoe trade was not divided to the extent that it is now Mr. Day was frequently compelled to work hard to wait on customers. He recalls that on one Saturday when he had no clerk he alone sold \$387 worth of goods, and maintained an average of sales amounting to \$200 a day for seven days. Styles and sizes were so limited that customers were not long in making a choice.

There is now very little demand for the old-time boots and shoes. Occasionally a man wants a pair of the old-fashioned, long-legged, cowhide boots and modern shoe stores continue to carry them in stock. The buskin shoe for women has survived for half a century. It was formerly a dress-up shoe and some old ladies who wore that style when they were girls still buy the buskins. They are neither beautiful nor shapely, but no doubt they have the element of comfort and that may be one reason why the demand has so long continued.

Mr. Day has won a fair share of success and for many years has been one of the solid business men of the town. He is the oldest trustee of the Brunswick Savings Institution, and for a long period was treasurer of the Order of the Golden Cross. He still clings to the associations of his boyhood in Durham and is a prominent member of the So. Durham High School association and Philologian society, of which he was president in 1901-3 and is now the treasurer.

Traveling men who visit the shoe trade in New England say that they haven't a customer anywhere who has been in the shoe business so many years as Mr. Day.

Alexander Writes Poem About Old Steamers On the Harpswell Line

Brunswick Record

February 29, 1940

“The Harpswell Line:

In the years of 1871
Or somewhere about should say,
The Steamer Henrietta went on the line
From Portland, down the bay.

Sixty-eight years has passed and gone
Which seems but a very short time,
Since the good steamer Henrietta
Came on the Harpswell line.

We well remember Engineer Matthews
And his mill, which ran true as a die,
Also Captain Grand Lowell, who was a big man
And nearly seven feet high.

The duration was short for this beautiful boat
Then came a change of time,
When the good old Steamer Gordon
Went on the Harpswell line.

The Steamer Gordon, wherever she hailed from
Has been to me a sticker,
But on her arrival in Casco Bay
Was connected to Captain Ricker.

Next in line of this same steamer
Which has been sixty years strong,
Came under the management of our Veteran Skipper
Captain J.S. Long.

I well remember when a lad
Young, gay and strong,
When I was clerk of this same boat
With Captain Jimmey Long.

I well remember my first trip
Or journey down the Bay,
With our complement of passengers
Around three hundred, should say.

I was then a very small lad
Somewhat larger than a cricket,
And my very first time collecting fare
Was on a thirty cent ticket.

I never shall forget my first experience
To my dying day,
When collecting fares from three hundred people
While steaming down the bay.

Charlie Morrill, a retired skipper
Of the Harpswell "chain",
Has settled down in his beautiful home
At Orr's Island, Maine.

So we could keep on going
Down through the years of time,
And mention many boats and skippers
Connected with the Harpswell line.

P.P. Alexander



Alexander Homestead

Brunswick Record
February 24 ,1949
By Margaret B. Todd

The Alexander homestead sometimes called Sunset Hill Farm, at North Harpswell, is another interesting house often missed by passerby because it is off the beaten track. One steps into yesterday when entering this old house, for it has resisted all changed of fashion and modernization and stands today as it has for 137 years.

The house faces to the South. As one enters the front door, one finds a small hallway, with steep stairs rising to the second floor. On the right is the parlor of yesterday, complete with traditional furnishings even to the stately grandfather clock and the ancestral oil painting hanging over the mantle.

To the left of the main hall is the so called “western chamber” with a “cannon-ball” four-poster bed dominating the furnishings.

The most interesting room downstairs is the famous “long kitchen”. This room is well named, for it is 18 feet long and 12 feet wide and down through the years has been the hub around which the social and every-day activity of the household has centered. The house is equipped with a central chimney with four openings and in the long kitchen there is a large brick oven with fire frame paneled to the ceiling. The long kitchen is finished in pumpkin pine with wainscoting.

At either end of the long kitchen is a small bedroom, also complete with original furnishings.

Upstairs are four charming old bedrooms containing authentic 19th century pieces.

Ceilings are unusually high for the period—approximately eight feet. Windows are large too, with 20 tiny lights to both upper and lower panes. Christian doors with iron latches may be found throughout the house. Among the treasured heirlooms are a hand-made mahogany table, a Whitney carriage and a large maple cradle on rockers with a scalloped-edge hood. On this farm is the only two-wheel shay to be seen today in Harpswell Neck.

It was in 1812 that the brothers Merriman, Walter and Thomas, bought 90 acres of land on Harpswell Neck. The house was moved from the field above the San Lorenzo Merriman home by ox team. This was a two-day task and when night came on, they blocked up the house and young and old alike enjoyed a dance in the long kitchen.

The Merrimans sold the house to Clement Martin in 1818. Martine sold it to Isaac Alexander in 1825. Present occupants are Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Alexander and family. Their two sons, David and Samuel, are the fifth generation to enjoy the old homestead.

A Visit To Brunswick In 1806
Extracts from the Journal of Mr. Benjamin Guild Who Came Here
A Century Ago
Brunswick Record
June 18, 1905

The following is the eighth in a series of papers which have been read before the Pejepscot Historical Society at their public meetings. Persons possessing any facts to matters presented in these papers are requested to communicate with the secretary of the Society

This paper was read by Rev. Edward C. Guild, who was formerly pastor of the Unitarian church in this town.

(My father graduated from Harvard in 1804. For the next two years he pursued the study of law, chiefly in the office of Mr. Steadman of Lancaster, Mass., and was probably admitted to the Bar in the spring of 1806. In the summer of that year he took a journey into Maine in company with Mr. Samuel Hubbard, afterwards Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. At the time of the journey my father was 21 years of age, Mr. Hubbard probably a year or two older.

My father's journal contained no startling incidents, not striking descriptions and no profound reflections. It is a simple narrative of the occurrences and acquaintances of the journey. No mention is made of the vehicle in which they traveled, but it may be presumed to have been a chaise, as that was the most usual conveyance at the time. The horse, Timothy, is frequently mentioned; he fell sick on the road and another horse was hired at Brunswick for the remainder of the distance. The journey from Cambridge to Bangor and back occupied exactly three weeks. The cost for both gentlemen was \$130 or \$65 apiece. The journal begins thus: "Monday July 21, 1806, Mr. Hubbard and myself left Cambridge on an eastern tour for amusement and improvement." I will begin my extracts at the point when they left Portland on their way eastward.) E.C.G.

Saturday, July 26. At our infamous lodgings we were so molested by vermin and a noisy chamber companion, whose nasal twang and threatening mutterings bade defiance to sleep, that we awoke very little refreshed, and ordering the horse immediately harnessed we left Portland by a delightful ride into Falmouth over Presumpscot bridge. The inn at which we stopped in Falmouth was kept by Burnum, a good-natured drunken booby. We drove to Mitchels in North Yarmouth to breakfast where long fasting and clean food created a voracious appetite which I delightfully satiated. We rode from North Yarmouth to Freeport to the inn of Mr. Jameson over steep clayey hills exposed to the fervor of an unclouded sun. The land was more cultivated here than it had been for some miles past, and our landlady, who was a pretty lass, provided an excellent dinner. After the refreshment of dinner and a nap, we proceeded to Brunswick through a bad, sandy, woody, barren course. Brunswick is one of the finest spots we have yet seen. The road first exhibits the college, which is one three-story square building, and a small wooden chapel with a room for the philosophical apparatus which excels any I ever saw. Their instruments for the display of mechanical power are more perfect than anything else of the kind. They have the largest telescope in the country, presented by Wm. Phillips, Esq. Among the curiosities of the museum was a lamp presented by a gentleman who took it from the ruins of Pompeii; there are two nautilus. The library is not large but well chosen.

Mr. Cleveland (he was at this time 26 years of age having graduated at Harvard in 1799, five years in advance of my father, and having been tutor there from 1803 to 1805). Mr. Cleveland, the professor, to whom we were much indebted for his civility, is building a handsome house here, and anticipates much future pleasure in the fulfillment of the duties of his office where the apparatus is so perfect and so extensive. He was kind enough to walk with us over to Topsham and call upon Mr. Abbot where Dr. Lincoln boards. (Dr. Lincoln was at this time 26 years of age, having graduated at Harvard in 1800.) The walk, about three-quarters of a mile, was pleasant, the land highly cultivated, fruit of every kind with little attention may be brought to perfection. We found Dr. Lincoln happily situated. We returned in the evening. While we ate our milk, our landlord was like other landlords, very loquacious. A few years ago land adjoining his house (opposite where the Town house now stands between the residence of Mr. Levi Toothaker and that of Mrs. Jackson) was purchased for twenty shillings the hundred acres, they now could not be bought for \$300 the acre; land 17 years ago that was purchased by a Mr. Shaw of Boston for \$530 has sold for \$25,000, and other communication in the interest of the rapid rise of property of every kind. Nicholas keeps a pretty good inn and is obliging, the beds good but the nights very warm.

Sunday 27 July. After refreshing sleep we arose to a clean breakfast and, after visiting the barber, Mr. Cleveland, to whom we are much indebted, came in and we passed the morning with a man of various information who much obliged and amused us with his communications. He was kind enough to attend us to the meeting which was for a few privileged persons in the college chapel. We were introduced to P.J. McKeen and P. Abbot. McKeen is a fine, dignified, graceful, humorous, learned man, his wife an amiable woman, his daughter a sweet bonnie, sonbie lass. (My father was very fond of Burns and often used his phrases. This young lady was Miss Nancy who became the wife of Mr. David Dunlap. She was at the time about 19) and as she has something of the blood and something of the appearance of a Scotch lass. I will always think of her with pleasure. He preached in the morning from Acts 10:43, an excellent practical discourse well adapted to his small and reputable audience, in the afternoon from Nehemiah 5:9, which was so chaste, elegant, classical production. After the evening service we passed some time in his house listening with pleasure to his conversation. An anecdote which he related of Bishop Bass very much amused me. The Bishop had a wish, when in Philadelphia, to see Peter Porcupine, to gratify which, he called at his bookstore for a bunch of quills. On receiving them he said: "These are Porcupine quills, I suppose sir?" To which Peter quaintly replied: "They are Porcupine quills, sir, but not they are mere goose quills." We accepted an invitation to take tea, in company with Prof. Cleveland, at Dr. Coffin's where professor Abbot boarded. Gates called in during the evening. (this was Isaac Gates who graduated at Harvard in 1802, and is mentioned in Wheeler as having practiced law here "for a few years only." This made six of a classical education, five sons of Harvard. (Probably Gates 1802, Guild 1804, Lincoln 1800, Coffin 1785, Abbot 1784, Cleveland 1799).

(From the pen of Eliza Southgate {Mrs. Bowne} we have a vivid sketch of Uncle Johnnie, taken only a few months previous to my father's visit. Mrs. Bowne was residing in New York and writes to her sister under date Jan. 14, 1806. "Mr. Abbot is here from Brunswick and will take a letter for me to any of my friends. I should not have been any more surprised to have seen the cupola of the college than I was to see Mr. Abbot. I could

hardly believe my eyes; but I could not but know him, as I knew nobody like him, he always seems like a frightened bird—so hurried in his manner and conversation. How much he looked like some of Timothy Dexter's wooden men at Commencement last year; it came across my mind while he was sitting with me yesterday—it was well I was alone, or I should have certainly laughed.”)

The conversation was varied and enlivening. We gleaned much improvement, knowledge of the road, inns, etc. Mr. Abbot gave us some letters. Mr. Cleveland's ardent and indefatigable attentions demand and receive our warmest gratitude. We passed the evening with infinite delight and satisfaction. In the course of the conversation it was mentioned that salmon had been caught by a box trap with ease; as they leapt considerably over the falls. There are nearly four million feet of boards sawn here annually.

When at Biddeford “Judge Thacher said these many actions from a trivial origin brought to the Supreme Court in these counties, which he exemplified by an instance of a man's cutting logs from land of another person which were attached as his property, making three actions upon these logs only; a creditor of the person cutting them attached them as his property, the person to whom the cutter sold them replevined them, and the real owners took away the logs and brought an action of trespass; thus for a few logs there were three suits depending in the Supreme Court the costs of which would probably much exceed the value of the articles in dispute.”

When at Portland Judge Parker “communicated to Mr. Hubbard his opinion of various parts of the country on openings for an attorney; he much preferred fixing in a large town and growing with slowly than finding an immediate living in an obscure place and never increasing; he thinks if those frequent petty suits do not subside, there must be a civil commotion.”

The University here has \$25,000 in bank shares, and two townships of land valued at \$20,000 each. We returned to our lodgings exceedingly gratified with our evening. Parker is preaching in Hallowell, Veazie at Freeport, McKeen at Portland. I have frequently experienced the benefit of a college education in always making acquaintance, for, having walked in the same favorite spots, perhaps lived in the same room, and near the same course of pleasures and fatigues produced an immediate familiarity.

July 28. Waked in a thick, foggy, sleety morning. Our steed, hired for the prosecution of our journey, was a doleful sight, white eyes, striped legs, a voluminous protuberance on his left side, an ungovernable unwillingness to move, together with a provoking propensity to farm-yards and his fellow creatures.

We left through the woods to conceal the beast. The ride from Brunswick to Bath was unvaried by a single incident, and we rode in solemn silence till we arrived at the prosperous village of Bath. We drove to Stockbridge's, a new established inn. The breakfast provided would not provoke an appetite. However, to avoid irregularity we consumed it, and went to take a view of the place, which is planned upon a large scale so that the houses are much scattered.

(I pass over the remainder of the journey by Castine an Belfast to Bangor and on returning through Camden and Thomaston to Hallowell from which point Augusta an Waterville were visited and resume the narrative on Thursday, August 7th.)

We left Hallowell by six with very pleasant impressions of the hospital and genuine politeness of the inhabitants. We rode over hill and dale, through barren and through fertile lands to breakfast in Litchfield. Three were three very fine farms in this town which from their luxuriant appearance excited our curiosity, and we enquired their owners, whose names (men of poverty but well educated) were True. We rode through a tolerably cultivated country to Brunswick. There were first acquainted with Austin's death in its most exaggerated colors, and from this till we arrived at home, the occurrence exhibited new phases from every mouth we heard it. (Selfridge had graduated in 1798 in the same class with Dr. Jenks whom they had just visited in Bath). Mr. Cleveland received us with much apparent pleasure. Here, too, we took our Tim again, retracing our route this time to Kennebunk. The country after having been in with more of a wilderness, appeared much more pleasantly then when we previously passed through. It; but amid the wilderness of the district we still yearned for old Massachusetts. (On the 1st of August they drove from Haverhill to Cambridge, and closed their three weeks tour.)

Ancient Maps Reveal Many Changes In Place Names Around Brunswick Brunswick Record October 26, 1950

By William Wheeler

I have just come into possession of an ancient map showing, according to the legend therein, the Plan of Brunswick Lotts in "1741".

In that year, according to the History of Brunswick, the Pejepscot Proprietors held a meeting in Boston at which definite plans were adopted for the distribution of land to the early settlers. Originally, it appears, the grants were for "Lotts" 20 rods wide; but the inhabitants complained that these were too narrow, and the Proprietors graciously decided to make the lots "30 rods wide and to be out on one Side of the Road and to be 100 acres exclusive of the marsh and to be valued at 14 pounds p. Lott."

The map I have is quite evidently that which was drawn in accordance with the decree of the Proprietors at that time. There is a discrepancy, however in that some of the

20 lots near the river are more than 15 rods wide, but correspondingly longer than the standard lots.

No roads or streets are shown on the map; but according to the ruling of the Proprietors, “at every 10th Lott a road of four rods wide to be laid out the whole length of said Lott if it fall out convenient.” The “lotts” on the Maquoit Road were to be 40 rods wide; this because “the land is not so good.”

Old Names

There are names on this old plan which, even after the lapse of two centuries, have a familiar ring to old-time Brunswick residents. Two lots, one of 100 acres and an adjoining one of 50 acres, were granted to Rev. Robert Dunlap. And here again, is a discrepancy which I am unable to reconcile. The map was drawn in 1741—but Dunlap who was born in Ireland, did not come to this country until 1736, and preached in Dracut, Mass., Nobleboro, Boothbay and Newcastle before settling in Brunswick in 1746.

The name Dunlap, however, is one long known in Brunswick. One of that family, Robert Pinckney Dunlap, became Governor of the State in 1834.

Next to the two lots owned by the Rev. Dunlap was one of the same size labeled “ministerial lott”; and next beyond it was the school lot.

Scattered through the long list of property owners are names long a part of Brunswick—Skolfield, Dunning, Stanwood, Giveen, Woodside, Thompson, Lincoln, Potter, Purinton, Patten, Winchell, Mustard.

Mis-Spelled Place Names

One curious fact, hitherto unknown to me and probably to most Brunswick people, is that the Androscoggin river flowed only as far as Ft. George—the present location of the Verney Mill! At any rate, my old map shows that the river, from that point to Merrymeeting Bay, wasn’t the Androscoggin at all, but the Pejepscot! And that word Pejepscot, with all its importance as a part of early Brunswick history has been spelled—or mis-spelled—in various ways. I have found it as “Bishopscot” and “Pagiscott”, as “Pagipscot” and “Pejescott”. The meaning of the Indian word was “crooked, like a diving snake.”

The mis-spelling of place-names seems to have been more or less prevalent in the early days. The Androscoggin itself has been variously referred to in ancient documents as “Amascongan,” “Ammascoggin” and “Amasaquanteg”. Chebeague Island was sometimes spelled “Jebege”. Sebasco is referred to in an old deed as “Sequasco-diggin.”

My map shows, too, that the original name of what we now call New Meadows River was “Stevens River”, so named for one of the early settlers on its shores.

“Mair” Point

One thing I found on the map gives me a great deal of satisfaction. Some time ago I wrote in the Record that the name “Mere Point” is a misnomer. In my boyhood we called it “Mare” point; someone, perhaps thinking that the spelling “Mere” was more attractive, started the use of that appellation. The correct spelling, I then asserted, is “Mair”; and the point was named for John Mair, one of the early settlers. On my map I find verification of my claim—in 1741 it was “Mair Point”; and Mair Point it remained for 150 years, until the more modern version was adopted.

“Mair” Point has real significance; “Mere” point means nothing. Perhaps it doesn’t make any difference, but for my part. I like to see old names perpetuated. We lost a monument to one of Brunswick’s prominent and civic-minded citizens when O’Brien

street was renamed Cumberland; another when Elliott street ceased to exist as such. The men who made Brunswick in its swaddling-clothes days might well be remembered now, in its maturity!

Ancient Churchyards At New Meadows Show Neglect
Three Centuries At Harding's Rest Many Early
Settlers; Restoration Would Be Matter of
Great Care and Skill
Brunswick Record
April 6, 1939

In this Bicentennial year of the town of Brunswick, people here have their attention focused on historical matters many times. Two articles in the March Town Meeting warrant serve to do this; one relative to the marking of historical places about the community, and the other relative to improvement work in The First Parish Burying Ground.

Equally important in the history of Brunswick, speaking of the First Parish Cemetery, are three tiny yards at New Meadows, where some of the early settlers of the town lie in neglected graves in a section of the community now seldom visited by the public.

Historically, New Meadows is as important as any part of the town neglected by further development. This was partly a geographic result, because somehow New Meadows and the Hardings section began to identify itself with Bath, rather than Brunswick. Today the telephone subscribers there are on the Bath exchange, and up until the new road was put through last year it was easier for them to go to Bath to trade than to come to Brunswick over the neglected King Turnpike.

For instance, for many years the city of Bath maintained the wooden bridge over the New Meadows River by which people in this section of Brunswick went to Bath. The trade advantages to the shipping city were supposed to warrant this expense, even though the bridge connected Brunswick and West Bath, and was not in Bath at all. Many of the people who lived along the old New Meadows road were for better known in Bath than in Brunswick, and to some extent some of them still are. The new road has changed that somewhat.

It was with difficulty that the old New Meadows Cemeteries were located last summer. One can drive by them and not see them, just as people have gone by the ancient pound on that road and never known its existence. Not only bushes, but great trees, have grown in and all but hidden the tombstones under which early Brunswick notables are buried.

There are really three yards, two of them lying adjacent and the other on a side hill a bit south. One, smallest of the three, has had some work done on it in more recent years by the descendants of some of those resting in it. The other show the effects of little attention for a long period of years—in fact one is grown to a pretty grove of pine which will shortly be ready for timber.

Stones are all out of plumb, and many have fallen entirely, others are broken, some seem to be entirely gone but doubtless are simply buried under an accumulation of moss, decayed leaves and vines. The writer sought in vain for the stone of one Aaron Hickley, an ancestor and one of the most important men in the history of Brunswick 200 years ago. The stone is there somewhere, of course, but it is said to lie flat on the ground, and probably covered with leaves. Other stones are partly covered. The few that remain upright are nearly all askew and need a new foundation.

Some of the stones in the yard bear no names at all—they were simply field stones set up to mark the grave of someone long forgotten. Stones like that were commonly used in the settlement days before stone cutters began to make monuments. There isn't a square inch of ground in any of the yards that appears to indicate that anyone has been interested enough to care about reconditioning the plots for a long time.

The neglect has been so long-standing, in fact, that reconditioning should only be undertaken by an experienced person, preferably someone who has a touch of sentiment for the old days and the old people. Some of those who know something about the dead buried there would stoutly oppose a suggestion that a WPA crew or such move in there and clean up though the modern relief methods would be highly distasteful to the stout hearts of the pioneers who were, in all things, their own relief.

At the same time, the job would require the attention of a man skilled in patching broken stones, careful to see that a carelessly wielded shovel wouldn't break an important stone hidden in the weeds, and also reliable to see that each stone is reset at least approximately in the vicinity of the proper grave.

The yards are in such a location that if properly attended to they would make beautiful memorials to the pioneers, and would attract the attention of many passersbys. This year, in particular, it is likely that numerous former Brunswick people will be in town to visit the scenes of their youth, and the Hardings, New Meadows, Bull Rock, and Woodward Roads may be fairly heavily traveled by persons who will grieve to see the yards in such condition.

This article may be a suggestion that some actions be taken to restore the yards as soon as spring is really here, to have them looking well for July—and possibly for all time. It has been suggested that if an effort is made to clean up the yards, the same time be utilized to restore the ancient animal pound, previously referred to, which is one of the few pounds in existence in Maine today capable of being restored to its original condition. There is enough of it left so that a crew could easily put it back together as it was. The pound is on the west side of the road, nearer to Hardings. While it is extraneous to the present subject, it nevertheless ties in with the town's history, and might be given simultaneous consideration as the works involved would be similar.

It seems appropriate that on the 200th anniversary year the citizens of Brunswick could well pause to remember the fathers and mothers of the town who lie at New Meadows and freshen their graves to some extent.



This shows the gravestones of Benjamin Larrabee and his wife Lydia, in the New Meadows Yard. He as a Revolutionary War soldier and his grave is annually decorated and flagged. But no effort to keep the brambles and vines off his grave has been made for years. He died in 1816, and was active in the early history of the incorporated town.



This is a view of the middle yard, showing how tall pines have grown since the last care was given the graves. The growing trees have pushed stones aside, and falling needles have buried them. It is here that Aaron Hinckley lies, but search could not find his stone. The stone has been dislodged, and only one who knew its former location could find it today under the pine needles. Aaron Hinckley was one of the town's most active former fathers. This view is looking south along the ancient New Meadows road.



Some 25 graves are out of the range of the camera here, but only five tombstones can be distinguished. The others are leaning over in the bushes too far, or are fallen and buried. This is the cemetery on the side hill, the southernmost of the three at New Meadows. Notice, at the left, the wooden gate-posts and the pickets of the fence. Beyond them is the highway. One can drive by the yard in summer and not see it.



Ancient Augur Sheds More Light On Topsham's Early Water System

Brunswick Record
January 10, 1935

Probably the passing of time is the only reason why a fair check-up on Topsham's ancient water system cannot be made now, although there is still considerable evidence as to the nature and extent of this system.

Like Longfellow's poem which says "hardly a man is now alive who remembers that day and year", Topsham's water system is without chroniclers for the same reason.

But at one time there was, in the so-called village of the town, an elaborate water system that carried spring water to various users in wooden pipes laboriously bored out with immense augurs over ten feet long.

Last year when a CWA project was started on Main Street hill, differs found remnants of these old pipes in the ground, and just recently when Commissioner Ralph Patten had a crew digging on Barron's hill for the construction of a new sidewalk the workers uncovered more of them, well rotted over perhaps a century of internment, but preserved in the ground in a certain state of preservation that let them disintegrate only upon contact with the air.

Barron's Hill, sometimes called Quint's Hill, and formerly known as Free Will Hill because of the church on it, was the source of supply for this water system that is believed to have served the paper mill and the houses clustered around the foot of the slope.

Yet another water system that used the ancient wooden conduits found its source in a cistern far up Main street, near the Small Blacksmith shop, and this cistern was kept filled by a hydraulic ram down in the gully to the west. A pond was dammed up there. This system served mainly the old Walker Homestead, although it is believed that other houses took water from this, or from other springs, in the same gully likewise stopped up to create a head.

While the springs on Quint's Hill, the cistern up Main street, and other springs nearby are known to have furnished water, it is not known just where the pipes led to, except for the evidence offered by the construction crews who found the old pipes.

It is known, however, just how these pipes were made. For this information the Record is indebted to Ernest J. Small, who still has at his shop the augur with which some of these pipes may have been bored.

The augur is a heavy iron rod a trifle over ten feet long, with a heavy handle on one end and much like the crank of an automobile. On the business end is a thread like that on any bit, but behind it is a scoop-shaped cutting edge about two feet long.

The cumbersome instrument, no doubt, rested in a frame of some sort that guided it so that the hole would continue in a direct line through the center of the log. The logs used were no doubt pine, as this wood is noted for its durability when exposed to the elements, a durability that would serve well when the log should be buried for years deep below the freezing mark. The logs were about 18 feet long, perhaps shorter at times, and the hole was bored first from one end and then from the other, meeting in the middle. This hole was two inches in diameter. Presumably the hole was later burned out, much as the farmer runs a hot wire through his sap spiles, to keep the wood from swelling.

The patient manner in which the workman bored his hole can only be imagined. Mr. Small never tried to bore out a log, but any carpenter will vouch for the difficulty met when a bit must be driven lengthwise of the grain of the wood.

Mr. Small doesn't recall where he got the drill, but remembers that it was procured locally, along with some other metal and instruments that he secured long ago for use in his shop.

That the Walker Homestead used these wooden pipes is known, but the logs were later replaced by iron pipes. Folks in Topsham have heard of the system, and the cistern, presumably, is still buried under the pavements of Main street. It is recalled that a number of years ago an old iron pipe with small holes bored in it to make it resemble a nutmeg

grater was found, and it is believed that this is a contrivance that the Walker family had for watering the lawn. The water passed down from the cistern, and made a fine spray, throwing a shower over the grass.

Some of the houses in Topsham still use water that comes through iron pipes that replaced the original wooden pipes long ago. It is barely possible that here and there a wooden pipe still exists through which water might come. The nature of the pine logs would preserve them so long as they remained buried.

An Early Attempt At Steamboating In Maine
“Morgan’s Rattler” Plied the Sheepscot River
More Than Century Ago.
Brunswick Steamboat Built 1816
Brunswick Record
November 1, 1929

At Alna on the Sheepscot River in 1814 Jonathan Morgan built a steamboat of about sixteen tons. It is quite probable that this was the first of the kind built in Maine. Morgan knew but little about machinery and the boat was not a success. The engine was taken out the following year and a larger one was installed. With this the boat would go some better but not much. In 1816 Morgan installed a still larger engine which enabled the boat to go up and down the Sheepscot at about five miles an hour.

The boat was a flat bottomed “stern-wheeler” and proved too small, furnished by William Weld, to be profitable. It was sold for a small sum. Where Morgan obtained his machinery the Record does not know. In derision she was termed “Morgan’s Rattler” by the rivermen.

The same year, 1816, Morgan came to Brunswick and built a boat of a little more than thirty tons, equipped with an engine and a horizontal flue boiler with a wooden water case. This boat was also a flat bottomed stern-wheeler, probably with a “walking-

beam” engine. The machinery was constructed by Jones and Eastman who were blacksmiths and iron workers and located near the rear of the present town building.

The money for the enterprise was put up by William Weld.

The boat was built on the east side of “The Cove” opposite where the electric power station now stands and was launched about the first of November. Whether the boat was of any value does not appear. Weld wanted his money back but did not get it. The last of November Morgan on the sly got up steam and ran the boat to Hallowell. But Weld was on his track and had her returned to Brunswick. While in Hallowell, Morgan made a vain attempt to borrow money to repay Weld.

Weld failed in 1817 and the boat was sold for sixty dollars. The machinery was then junked and the hull hauled by oxen to Maquoit Bay where she was used for lightering in connection with a Boston packet commanded by Captain Anthony Chase.

Jonathan Morgan was a very learned man and while in Brunswick taught school in the “new school house” on Mason street. The American Legion now occupies the building. He built for himself a private bath house by the river and had a bath daily through the year, regardless of the weather. Morgan was not a popular teacher and some evil-minded scholars would throw stones at the bath house while he was inside. We know nothing further or what became of Morgan except that his letters show he was alive in 1855.

UNCLE HENRY



Alonzo Day of This Town Began Making Shoes In 1842—More Than Forty Years in Trade

Brunswick Record
April 21, 1905

Sixty-three years in shoe making and in the shoe trade is a record that probably few men in New England can duplicate. Alonzo Day of this town began making shoes in 1842, when he was ten years old, and he has been connected with the shoe business ever since. His father Jeremiah B. Day, was a shoe manufacturer in the town of Durham, conducting what was known as a custom shop, and employed a large number of hands. The modern shoe factory was unknown fifty or sixty years ago, and the ready-made shoe

industry was then in its infancy. Men wore leg boots and had them made to measure. They were heavy-soled and clumsy, and a fit to measure was a crude job compared with the ready-made boots of the present day. Besides the custom shops there were traveling shoemakers who stopped at farm houses and made up shoes for the whole family to last a year. The trade followed by the traveling shoemaker was known as "whipping the cat."

Mr. Day was the oldest in a family of six children. His father, in addition to the shoe business, carried on a large farm in Durham and Mr. Day as a boy learned to swing the scythe from dawn to dark. His mother also taught him to spin and weave, for all of that kind of work was in those days a necessary feature of farm life. At other times he sat at the bench and seamed and pegged the heavy boots.

Notwithstanding the many opportunities for work Mr. Day managed to get considerable schooling and had the advantage of a course in Durham High School. Leaving that institution in 1852 he first thought of becoming a teacher, but his uncle Lorenzo Day offered him a good position in Brunswick and he came to this town.

Lorenzo Day carried on a large boot and shoe business in Brunswick, having as many as 50 to 100 men and women working for him. Many of them took their work home. He kept a retail store and also sent teams out to sell goods on the road. His young nephew, Alonzo, was given the job of cutting the stock and Mr. Day says that he undoubtedly cut out as many as 100,000 pairs of boots and shoes. He also blocked out patterns to some extent. The goods made a half century ago could hardly be given away now, says Mr. Day. The science of fitting was very unscientific.

The shop was in Day's block at the corner of Maine and Mason Street. Mr. Day came to this town on Dec. 17, 1852. A month later the building burned and the present structure was built to replace the part that was destroyed. Men were not so particular then about sticking to one trade, and while the building was being constructed Mr. Day was on hand lugging brick and mortar. That was strenuous work when a day began with sunrise and ended with darkness.

After working with his Uncle Lorenzo for 12 years, Mr. Day went into the shoe business for himself, forming a partnership with Orrin Ripley, the firm being known as Ripley & Day. That was in 1864. Their place of business was in the store now occupied by W.H. Hamilton's market. This partnership continued until 1873, when Mr. Ripley died. Mr. Day carried on the business in the same place until 1898 when he removed to his present store in the Lincoln building.

Many changes have taken place in Brunswick since Mr. Day came here in 1852. Of all the men then engaged in business or working in the shops and stores of this town Mr. Day is the only one, excepting John Furbish, who is now at work or in business in Brunswick. Mr. Day has in recent years given up the active management of the business to his son Ellery C. Day. Years ago when the shoe trade was not divided to the extent that it is now Mr. Day was frequently compelled to work hard to wait on customers. He recalls that on one Saturday when he had no clerk he alone sold \$387 worth of goods, and maintained an average of sales amounting to \$200 a day for seven days. Styles and sizes were so limited that customers were not long in making a choice.

There is now very little demand for the old-time boots and shoes. Occasionally a man wants a pair of the old-fashioned, long-legged, cowhide boots and modern shoe stores continue to carry them in stock. The buskin shoe for women has survived for half a century. It was formerly a dress-up shoe and some old ladies who wore that style when

they were girls still buy the buskins. They are neither beautiful nor shapely, but no doubt they have the element of comfort and that may be one reason why the demand has so long continued.

Mr. Day has won a fair share of success and for many years has been one of the solid business men of the town. He is the oldest trustee of the Brunswick Savings Institution, and for a long period was treasurer of the Order of the Golden Cross. He still clings to the associations of his boyhood in Durham and is a prominent member of the So. Durham High School association and Philologian society, of which he was president in 1901-3 and is now the treasurer.

Traveling men who visit the shoe trade in New England say that they haven't a customer anywhere who has been in the shoe business so many years as Mr. Day.

Alexander Writes Poem About Old Steamers On the Harpswell Line

Brunswick Record
Februry 29, 1940

"The Harpswell Line:

In the years of 1871
Or somewhere about should say,
The Steamer Henrietta went on the line
From Portland, down the bay.

Sixty-eight years has passed and gone
Which seems but a very short time,
Since the good steamer Henrietta
Came on the Harpswell line.

We well remember Engineer Matthews
And his mill, which ran true as a die,
Also Captain Grand Lowell, who was a big man
And nearly seven feet high.

The duration was short for this beautiful boat
Then came a change of time,
When the good old Steamer Gordon

Went on the Harpswell line.

The Steamer Gordon, wherever she hailed from
Has been to me a sticker,
But on her arrival in Casco Bay
Was connected to Captain Ricker.

Next in line of this same steamer
Which has been sixty years strong,
Came under the management of our Veteran Skipper
Captain J.S. Long.

I well remember when a lad
Young, gay and strong,
When I was clerk of this same boat
With Captain Jimmey Long.

I well remember my first trip
Or journey down the Bay,
With our complement of passengers
Around three hundred, should say.

I was then a very small lad
Somewhat larger than a cricket,
And my very first time collecting fare
Was on a thirty cent ticket.

I never shall forget my first experience
To my dying day,
When collecting fares from three hundred people
While steaming down the bay.

Charlie Morrill, a retired skipper
Of the Harpswell "chain",
Has settled down in his beautiful home
At Orr's Island, Maine.

So we could keep on going
Down through the years of time,
And mention many boats and skippers
Connected with the Harpswell line.

P.P. Alexander



Alexander Homestead

Brunswick Record

February 24, 1949

By Margaret B. Todd

The Alexander homestead sometimes called Sunset Hill Farm, at North Harpswell, is another interesting house often missed by passerby because it is off the beaten track. One steps into yesterday when entering this old house, for it has resisted all changed of fashion and modernization and stands today as it has for 137 years.

The house faces to the South. As one enters the front door, one finds a small hallway, with steep stairs rising to the second floor. On the right is the parlor of yesterday, complete with traditional furnishings even to the stately grandfather clock and the ancestral oil painting hanging over the mantle.

To the left of the main hall is the so called "western chamber" with a "cannon-ball" four-poster bed dominating the furnishings.

The most interesting room downstairs is the famous "long kitchen". This room is well named, for it is 18 feet long and 12 feet wide and down through the years has been the hub around which the social and every-day activity of the household has centered. The house is equipped with a central chimney with four openings and in the long kitchen there is a large brick oven with fire frame paneled to the ceiling. The long kitchen is finished in pumpkin pine with wainscoting.

At either end of the long kitchen is a small bedroom, also complete with original furnishings.

Upstairs are four charming old bedrooms containing authentic 19th century pieces.

Ceilings are unusually high for the period—approximately eight feet. Windows are large too, with 20 tiny lights to both upper and lower panes. Christian doors with iron latches may be found throughout the house. Among the treasured heirlooms are a hand-made mahogany table, a Whitney carriage and a large maple cradle on rockers with a scalloped-edge hood. On this farm is the only two-wheel shay to be seen today in Harpswell Neck.

It was in 1812 that the brothers Merriman, Walter and Thomas, bought 90 acres of land on Harpswell Neck. The house was moved from the field above the San Lorenzo Merriman home by ox team. This was a two-day task and when night came on, they blocked up the house and young and old alike enjoyed a dance in the long kitchen.

The Merrimans sold the house to Clement Martin in 1818. Martine sold it to Isaac Alexander in 1825. Present occupants are Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Alexander and family. Their two sons, David and Samuel, are the fifth generation to enjoy the old homestead.

A Visit To Brunswick In 1806
Extracts from the Journal of Mr. Benjamin Guild Who Came Here
A Century Ago
Brunswick Record
June 18, 1905

The following is the eighth in a series of papers which have been read before the Pejepscot Historical Society at their public meetings. Persons possessing any facts to matters presented in these papers are requested to communicate with the secretary of the Society

This paper was read by Rev. Edward C. Guild, who was formerly pastor of the Unitarian church in this town.

(My father graduated from Harvard in 1804. For the next two years he pursued the study of law, chiefly in the office of Mr. Steadman of Lancaster, Mass., and was probably admitted to the Bar in the spring of 1806. In the summer of that year he took a journey into Maine in company with Mr. Samuel Hubbard, afterwards Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. At the time of the journey my father was 21 years of age, Mr. Hubbard probably a year of two older.

My father's journal contained no startling incidents, not striking descriptions and no profound reflections. It is a simple narrative of the occurrences and acquaintances of the journey. No mention is made of the vehicle in which they traveled, but it may be presumed to have been a chaise, as that was the most usual conveyance at the time. The horse, Timothy, is frequently mentioned; he fell sick on the road and another horse was hired at Brunswick for the remainder of the distance. The journey from Cambridge to Bangor and back occupied exactly three weeks. The cost for both gentlemen was \$130 or

\$65 apiece. The journal begins thus: "Monday July 21, 1806, Mr. Hubbard and myself left Cambridge on an eastern tour for amusement and improvement." I will begin my extracts at the point when they left Portland on their way eastward.) E.C.G.

Saturday, July 26. At our infamous lodgings we were so molested by vermin and a noisy chamber companion, whose nasal twang and threatening mutterings bade defiance to sleep, that we awoke very little refreshed, and ordering the horse immediately harnessed we left Portland by a delightful ride into Falmouth over Presumpscot bridge. The inn at which we stopped in Falmouth was kept by Burnum, a good-natured drunken booby. We drove to Mitchels in North Yarmouth to breakfast where long fasting and clean food created a voracious appetite which I delightfully satiated. We rode from North Yarmouth to Freeport to the inn of Mr. Jameson over steep clayey hills exposed to the fervor of an unclouded sun. The land was more cultivated here than it had been for some miles past, and our landlady, who was a pretty lass, provided an excellent dinner. After the refreshment of dinner and a nap, we proceeded to Brunswick through a bad, sandy, woody, barren course. Brunswick is one of the finest spots we have yet seen. The road first exhibits the college, which is one three-story square building, and a small wooden chapel with a room for the philosophical apparatus which excels any I ever saw. Their instruments for the display of mechanical power are more perfect than anything else of the kind. They have the largest telescope in the country, presented by Wm. Phillips, Esq. Among the curiosities of the museum was a lamp presented by a gentleman who took it from the ruins of Pompeii; there are two nautilus. The library is not large but well chosen. Mr. Cleveland (he was at this time 26 years of age having graduated at Harvard in 1799, five years in advance of my father, and having been tutor there from 1803 to 1805). Mr. Cleveland, the professor, to whom we were much indebted for his civility, is building a handsome house here, and anticipates much future pleasure in the fulfillment of the duties of his office where the apparatus is so perfect and so extensive. He was kind enough to walk with us over to Topsham and call upon Mr. Abbot where Dr. Lincoln boards. (Dr. Lincoln was at this time 26 years of age, having graduated at Harvard in 1800.) The walk, about three-quarters of a mile, was pleasant, the land highly cultivated, fruit of every kind with little attention may be brought to perfection. We found Dr. Lincoln happily situated. We returned in the evening. While we ate our milk, our landlord was like other landlords, very loquacious. A few years ago land adjoining his house (opposite where the Town house now stands between the residence of Mr. Levi Toothaker and that of Mrs. Jackson) was purchased for twenty shillings the hundred acres, they now could not be bought for \$300 the acre; land 17 years ago that was purchased by a Mr. Shaw of Boston for \$530 has sold for \$25,000, and other communication in the interest of the rapid rise of property of every kind. Nicholas keeps a pretty good inn and is obliging, the beds good but the nights very warm.

Sunday 27 July. After refreshing sleep we arose to a clean breakfast and, after visiting the barber, Mr. Cleveland, to whom we are much indebted, came in and we passed the morning with a man of various information who much obliged and amused us with his communications. He was kind enough to attend us to the meeting which was for a few privileged persons in the college chapel. We were introduced to P.J. McKeen and P. Abbot. McKeen is a fine, dignified, graceful, humorous, learned man, his wife an amiable woman, his daughter a sweet bonnie, sonbie lass. (My father was very fond of Burns and often used his phrases. This young lady was Miss Nancy who became the wife of Mr.

David Dunlap. She was at the time about 19) and as she has something of the blood and something of the appearance of a Scotch lass. I will always think of her with pleasure. He preached in the morning from Acts 10:43, an excellent practical discourse well adapted to his small and reputable audience, in the afternoon from Nehemiah 5:9, which was so chaste, elegant, classical production. After the evening service we passed some time in his house listening with pleasure to his conversation. An anecdote which he related of Bishop Bass very much amused me. The Bishop had a wish, when in Philadelphia, to see Peter Porcupine, to gratify which, he called at his bookstore for a bunch of quills. On receiving them he said: "These are Porcupine quills, I suppose sir?" To which Peter quaintly replied: "They are Porcupine quills, sir, but not they are mere goose quills." We accepted an invitation to take tea, in company with Prof. Cleveland, at Dr. Coffin's where professor Abbot boarded. Gates called in during the evening. (this was Isaac Gates who graduated at Harvard in 1802, and is mentioned in Wheeler as having practiced law here "for a few years only." This made six of a classical education, five sons of Harvard. (Probably Gates 1802, Guild 1804, Lincoln 1800, Coffin 1785, Abbot 1784, Cleveland 1799).

(From the pen of Eliza Southgate {Mrs. Bowne} we have a vivid sketch of Uncle Johnnie, taken only a few months previous to my father's visit. Mrs. Bowne was residing in New York and writes to her sister under date Jan. 14, 1806. "Mr. Abbot is here from Brunswick and will take a letter for me to any of my friends. I should not have been any more surprised to have seen the cupola of the college than I was to see Mr. Abbot. I could hardly believe my eyes; but I could not but know him, as I knew nobody like him, he always seems like a frightened bird—so hurried in his manner and conversation. How much he looked like some of Timothy Dexter's wooden men at Commencement last year; it came across my mind while he was sitting with me yesterday—it was well I was alone, or I should have certainly laughed.")

The conversation was varied and enlivening. We gleaned much improvement, knowledge of the road, inns, etc. Mr. Abbot gave us some letters. Mr. Cleveland's ardent and indefatigable attentions demand and receive our warmest gratitude. We passed the evening with infinite delight and satisfaction. In the course of the conversation it was mentioned that salmon had been caught by a box trap with ease; as they leapt considerably over the falls. There are nearly four million feet of boards sawn here annually.

When at Biddeford "Judge Thacher said these many actions from a trivial origin brought to the Supreme Court in these counties, which he exemplified by an instance of a man's cutting logs from land of another person which were attached as his property, making three actions upon these logs only; a creditor of the person cutting them attached them as his property, the person to whom the cutter sold them replevined them, and the real owners took away the logs and brought an action of trespass; thus for a few logs there were three suits depending in the Supreme Court the costs of which would probably much exceed the value of the articles in dispute."

When at Portland Judge Parker "communicated to Mr. Hubbard his opinion of various parts of the country on openings for an attorney; he much preferred fixing in a large town and growing with slowly than finding an immediate living in an obscure place and never increasing; he thinks if those frequent petty suits do not subside, there must be a civil commotion."

The University here has \$25,000 in bank shares, and two townships of land valued at \$20,000 each. We returned to our lodgings exceedingly gratified with our evening. Parker is preaching in Hallowell, Veazie at Freeport, McKeen at Portland. I have frequently experienced the benefit of a college education in always making acquaintance, for, having walked in the same favorite spots, perhaps lived in the same room, and near the same course of pleasures and fatigues produced an immediate familiarity.

July 28. Waked in a thick, foggy, sleety morning. Our steed, hired for the prosecution of our journey, was a doleful sight, white eyes, striped legs, a voluminous protuberance on his left side, an ungovernable unwillingness to move, together with a provoking propensity to farm-yards and his fellow creatures.

We left through the woods to conceal the beast. The ride from Brunswick to Bath was unvaried by a single incident, and we rode in solemn silence till we arrived at the prosperous village of Bath. We drove to Stockbridge's, a new established inn. The breakfast provided would not provoke an appetite. However, to avoid irregularity we consumed it, and went to take a view of the place, which is planned upon a large scale so that the houses are much scattered.

(I pass over the remainder of the journey by Castine an Belfast to Bangor and on returning through Camden and Thomaston to Hallowell from which point Augusta an Waterville were visited and resume the narrative on Thursday, August 7th.)

We left Hallowell by six with very pleasant impressions of the hospital and genuine politeness of the inhabitants. We rode over hill and dale, through barren and through fertile lands to breakfast in Litchfield. Three were three very fine farms in this town which from their luxuriant appearance excited our curiosity, and we enquired their owners, whose names (men of poverty but well educated) were True. We rode through a tolerably cultivated country to Brunswick. There were first acquainted with Austin's death in its most exaggerated colors, and from this till we arrived at home, the occurrence exhibited new phases from every mouth we heard it. (Selfridge had graduated in 1798 in the same class with Dr. Jenks whom they had just visited in Bath). Mr. Cleveland received us with much apparent pleasure. Here, too, we took our Tim again, retracing our route this time to Kennebunk. The country after having been in with more of a wilderness, appeared much more pleasantly then when we previously passed through. It; but amid the wilderness of the district we still yearned for old Massachusetts. (On the 1st of August they drove from Haverhill to Cambridge, and closed their three weeks tour.)

A Legend of Harpswell

Brunswick Record

July 16-August 4, 1960

Editors Note: The following story which will appear in the Brunswick Record in serial form from time to time was discovered in the attic of a Harpswell home. The author, Silas S. Holbrook, is said to have written the story between 1890 and 1900. Holbrook at one time wrote articles for the Brunswick Telegraph, the predecessor of the Brunswick Record; and one of his stories has been published in the Kennebec Journal. In addition to these distinctions Holbrook was a fighter in the Civil War. This is the first time the following article has appeared in print.

After the death of our respected citizen Stephen Purinton last year among his old papers was found an account of the first settlers in the 16th century. It was said that Sebascodegan Isle in East Harpswell was bought of the Indian tribes for one barrel of New England rum. Richard Wharton, a merchant of Boston, Massachusetts was the purchaser. For many years, the Indians resented the coming of the white man into what they considered their lawful domain. The prospective settlers considered their own happiness of more consequence to home and family than the acquiring of a few hundred acres of dense forest.

The first attempt at forming a settlement was begun by three Snow brothers, John, Isaac and Israel, who bought of Mr. Wharton 1000 acres, at which is now called Oak Ledge, which extended down the eastern part of the Island some three miles. Long Island was bought by a Mr. Bateman and later sold to the Snow brothers. In 1755, the whole island (Great Island) was surveyed and divided into farms. Many encounters were forced by the wary savages, who were extremely jealous of the coming of the invading white men.

Three tribes of Indians inhabited Great and Orr's island. One, at what is known as Indian Rest and Indian Point. One near Cundy's Harbor and one on Long Reach

mountain. The shores of Orr's Island, East Harpswell and many other places show the old camp ground sites, containing huge oyster, quahog and clam shells to this day. The oyster shells are in an almost perfect state of preservation and when turned up by the plows shine like pearls in the sunshine.

In 1755, the next year, quite a number of families came into town and began to cut and clear the dense forest growth. It was early spring by the time ground was cleared, the wood and brush burnt and the space between the huge stumps fitted for the seeds. It was late, but the soil was rich and the wood ashes from the burnt wood were sufficient so that in one week's time the tender plants began to break ground.

The Indians came to trade venison, mostly for salt. The ground shows quite plainly to this day where the huge kettles were placed and the salt water boiled down. The white settlers were watched both by day and night. This salt became a great source of profit. The Indians, after learning its use, became passionately fond of it. They were eager to trade anything they possessed to obtain this luxury.

The first open attack was made in what is now West Bath, where a small party crept down upon a couple of men who were watching the boiling—down salt. Their names were said to be Higgins. One was slightly wounded, the other dangerously wounded. From that moment, it was war to the knife and the knife to the hilt. Terror was everywhere, no one could go in the field without his trusty rifle.

Block houses were rapidly constructed in place of the board houses. Logs, a foot or more in thickness, were fitted into an overhanging roof, which had loop-holes for the rifle. No woman dared to leave without an escort who had a loaded rifle. The Indians (or part of them) had become possessed of the old flintlock musket. Yet many still carried bow and arrow, flint headed and later with poisoned barbs.

After the Indians became hostile to Harpswellites fighting broke out almost any time of the day or night. The crack of rifle fire could be heard at almost any hour.

As a result, the top of trees were fashioned in such a way that they could be lighted to warn others of Indian attack.

The first blood was shed in the spring of 1756. Even with the threat of death Harpswellites managed to plant corn, grain and seed to prevent starvation. They did this with a hoe in hand and a rifle nearby. Sturdy log cabins were built to guard against attack.

One day Silver Belle, the daughter of Chief White Eagle came to the whites. Higgins was notified of her arrival. She told Capt. Higgins that unfriendly Indians were about to attack and that he should light the watch fires quickly.

A newcomer, Preacher Johnson, with his blunderbuss, with other Harpswellites waited the attack of the Indians.

"Cap," said Preacher Johnson, "here is another kind of medicine." He exhibited a huge syringe-like instrument that would hold several quarts of water. Johnson quickly got the big iron pot on the fire and heaped wood upon the fire—it was soon ready for business.

The Settlers were coming in from all directions, bringing plenty of the much needed ammunition. When all were thought to be inside, a heavy bar was placed across the inside of the door. This meant stay in or out.

A hello rang out just then. Capt. Higgins called, "Who is there?" A reply came from twenty men, who had come from Long Reach. Every man's name was called before he was permitted to enter for eternal vigilance was then, as now, the price of our liberty.

As yet there was no sign of an Indian. An hour later an army of hoot owls on every side made the night seem odious. The barking of a wolf and a fox was heard. Again the hoot owls sounded, then for a half of an hour a stillness fell that was ominous.

The nerves of the besieged settlers were in a state of frenzy.

The Preacher said, "Don't get nervous, these owls and wolves will open fire soon. One of their tricks is that here water boils. Perhaps a hot water diet will make the damned critters howl wuss then now."

The cheeks of the women were bleached with terror and many a man wished himself safe in the home of his boyhood.

The Preacher was everywhere. At last he detected an Indian climbing the side of the house to set fire to the roof. Seizing his huge metallic syringe, which held at least three quarts of boiling water he crept as near as possible. Through one of the port holes he aimed his deadly instrument. Some four feet away an Indian screamed. The noise rent the air, struck terror in every heart.

"One salted and cooked", I reckon, "said the Preacher.

Again bullets struck many parts of the building. The savage war whoop again rang out into the still night air. Another terrible silence for half an hour or more fell. The Preacher said, "More deviltry boys, keep an eye everywhere."

A crowd was seen approaching in front of the building.

"It's a battering ram, boys, be ready for them or we're a goner," said the Preacher.

He seized his big gun and said, "Wait, boys, let me empty this critter first. Be less work for you to do."

The port hole commanded the front door. A long line of men, staggering under the weight of the heavy log the Preacher saw. He quickly aimed and fired. The log fell. Nearly every savage was killed or wounded.

The Captain grasping the preacher's hand and thanking him said, "If you preach as you shoot, I am yours."

A wail of mortal agony was heard as the dead and wounded Indians were hurriedly taken beyond the range of the avenging settlers. An hour passed, not a sound reaching the ears of the besieged garrison.

Then a smell of smoke and tiny flames shot up near the eaves of the blockhouse and quickly followed on other parts of the building. There was plainly another terrible menacing of the besieged.

The Preacher again filled his hyperdermic syringe and, listening, he could hear the locality of the Indian on the roof. He carefully made an opening in the cabin beneath where a savage clung. Two quarts of the boiling water was squirted onto his body. An agonizing scream and the heavy body was heard as it rolled from the roof. As the Indians rushed to the assistance of the screaming savage, the fighting Parson had filled his death dealing weapon. He put extra force into it and sent scalding fluid into the cluster of Indians bending over their companion. The effect appalled the enemy. They fled from the spot in haste.

"That medicine works beautifully, don't it, Capt?" The Captain replied, "Parson, you are a wonder. I have read of regiments, brigades and divisions, but you are a complete army."

After the Indians had retreated from their attack against the Harpswellites the men and women of Harpswell shook the hand of the preacher in appreciation of his work in driving the Indians off.

Some weeks later another warning of Indian attack came from Long Reach by way of a signal fire. That meant that 20 men had to be sent to help the settlers there.

When the 20 men reached Long Reach they learned of an attack by the Indians against a boat's crew. Two men had been killed and three wounded. A young 18-year-old woman had been captured. She was Angie Folsom, the fiancée of James Desbrow.

Jim Desbrow equipped himself for a long search in the woods for his wife-to-be. After searching for a long time he heard voices in the woods. He hid under a bush. The he recognized one of the voices as that of Angie. He called out, "Angie".

Angie, in raptures of excitement and joy, sprang into his arms. We can picture his joy and hers and she called Silver Belle. "You dear girl, come here, this is Jim."

He caught the Indian girl by the hand and thanked her many times for rescuing Angie from perhaps a cruel fate. They then turned their steps toward the direction of the canoe, left quickly, crossed the stream and reached Angie's home near midnight. To Angie's parents she seemed like one risen from the dead.

The Indian girl was thanked and praised as she had never been before. She said "White Friends much good. Make Silver Belle's heart grow big."

The next day all journeyed to the Block House at East Harpswell. Capt. Higgins and the Parson, believing they saw a solution of Indian trouble, sent for White Eagle, who the day after arrived with 10 of his warriors. The Garrison greeted them all kindly.

The captain spoke first saying, "My red brothers, there is land enough, corn enough, and game enough for all. Let my son take your beautiful daughter Silver Belle for his wife. All of us love her and everyman would give his life for her. You lay down the tomahawk and rifle, we will lay down our rifles, will extend out hand to you in Christian fellowship, live in peace and thank the same great Spirit who watches over all of us. Will you take our hand?"

White Eagle hesitated a moment, then his hand grasped that of the captain. Silver Belle stepped to the front and said:

'twas a beautiful dream that came to me
In my wigwam under the forest tree
'twas a little bird sang these words to me:
The wife of the white chief's son you'll be.

The Parson arose and said "My real brother, the Great Spirit tells us all to live in peace with the white man and his red brother. Let me unite Silver Belle to John, the son of our chief. Let us use our weapons only for the game that abounds all about us. Shall we be friends?"

White Eagle stretched forth his hand saying, "The Great Spirit speaks. I yield to the inevitable in love and war. There shall be peace, White Eagle says it."

A feast has been prepared, everything had been provided and they sat side by side; such bitter enemies just a few days before. The Parson asked God's blessing on the group at the table.

The stern features relaxed, forgotten all enmity.

White Eagle said, "Great Spirit here much good. White Brother much good. Red Man much good. Great Spirit, him, very much good."

John, the White Chief's son stepped up the Indian Chief saying, "My red brother, I, a white man, love your daughter, Silver Belle, the beautiful daughter of the forest. Will you give her, will you give her to the son of the pale faced chief?"

A tear was seen to trickle down the face of White Eagle as he said with deep emotion, something unusual in a savage, "White Eagle Wigwam—him empty now. Squaw she gone to happy hunting grounds. Great Spirit took her away, heart him much sore."

Silver Belle, with eyes full of tears, arose and clasping her arms around her father's neck said, "White Chief, him say plenty land close. Great Spirit say live close, see Silver Belle everyday."

The Parson then stepped forward, taking the hand of Silver Belle, placed in the hand of John.

He raised his hands and eyes heavenward and said, "Great Spirit of the white as well as the red man, in mercy look down upon and bless all in thy presence. United these our friends and forever bless the union."

John's gift to his Indian bride was a string of tiny silver bells. She was radiant in all the splendor of her Indian dress, her eyes sparkling like diamonds.

Jim and Angie were also married.

The Great Spirit was in the hearts of all; and on Sebascodegan Isle too—which was bought for one barrel of New England rum. It is now the home of several hundred loyal and happy people.



Blacksmith Shop In Days of Oxen and Stage Coaches Old Building to Give way to Improvements Brunswick Record December 3, 1909

With the removal of the old blacksmith shop on Pleasant Street, Brunswick will lose another of its historical buildings. For more than a century the shop has stood on the north side of Pleasant Street just across from the intersection of Middle Street. It was originally located at that point on account of its proximity to the old stage stable which

used to be located on Middle Street in the rear of the present site of the Universalist Church. At this stable the horses that drew the stages which ran between Boston and Augusta were changed for fresh horses. This blacksmith had the contract for shoeing the stage horses and it was naturally a very busy place.

The shop was also a favorite place at which to have oxen shod in the good old days and some years ago fully 100 yoke of oxen were shod in the course of the season.

The number gradually grew smaller and smaller until something like twenty years ago, when less than half a dozen pair were shod, the old ox slings were taken down to make room for other business.

The blacksmith shop was built more than 100 years ago by French and Noble who conducted it for many years. They were succeeded by Darius Newman, who after being the proprietor of the shop for a quarter century, sold out to William Gross about 65 years ago. Mr. Gross conducted the shop for many years himself and then turned the business over to Henry Murray and James Spollett, who after operating the shop for a short time were succeeded about forty years ago, by John Aubens. Mr. Aubens has conducted the shop up to a week ago when he was obliged to vacate and within a few days the razing of the building will begin.

BIG ONE RING CIRCUS HAD A WONDERFUL ABILITY

Ring Master MacCormick Snaps Whip
Over Greatest Acts in Circusdom

Brunswick Record
February 18, 1926

The greatest show on earth was staged at Town Hall, Monday evening, when a group of high priced performers and wonderfully trained animals from all parts of the world appeared in the mock circus given under the auspices of the Saturday Club for the benefit of the Brunswick Chapter of the American Red Cross.

The strongest man in the world, acrobatic clowns and acrobats who were not clowns, a charming snake charmer, Mellie Dunham, world renowned fiddler and his troupe of real backwoods dancers, a tightrope walker never excelled in any circus, trained monkeys, seals, and elephant, camel and other animals, a world renowned wrestler who was willing to meet all comers, all these had been brought together at great expense and sacrifice of time on the part of the committee to entertain the people of Brunswick and Topsham. Everybody who attended was thrilled from the time the parade entered the hall at seven o'clock until the last notes of Home, Sweet Home sounded at the close of the dance shortly after midnight. The seats had been arranged in a circle about the ring which was in the center of the hall.

The entertainment opened with the grand circus parade during which the expectant audience had an opportunity to briefly view some of the wonders that were to later perform. The ring master, Austin H. (Spike) MacCormick, was in his element and

never failed to lose an opportunity to touch some of his particular friends with the tip of his long whip.

And then the circus itself began. Ella, the elephant, was the first to appear and under the direction of her trainer, Joe Jeffrey T. Mason, answered questions regarding her age and did many tricks. The elephant, by the way, consisted of Gordon Genthner and Huntington Blanchford.

Radcliffe Pike and his trained monkey, the part being taken by Manton Copeland, Jr., made a tremendous hit.

Alfred Senter, Paul Laidley, Jr., Wirt Cates and John Senter, who impersonated the trained seals, were fine, their act including performing on a see-saw, playing musical instruments, balancing balloons on the nose, etc.

Robert T. Olmstead and Julius W.A. "Joe" Kohler pleased the audience as Eshippus, the horse, who waltzed, did the Charleston, hurdled and did other difficult feats.

Miss Lena Riley was very attractive in her Pierrot dance, which was very prettily done.

Home Bruin, the bear, who was afraid of revenue agents, appeared on roller skates. He also danced, boxed with the trainer and clowns drank pop and cut up many other antics. John M. Cates Jr., took the part of the bear.

Little Miss Camille St. Pierre, as Tillie Toodles, the tight rope walker, was too cute for words and she did her difficult part exceedingly well. This was followed by a burlesque on the act in which Alden H. Sawyer, one of the clowns, appeared as a girl.

Tonsilitis, the giraffe, was impersonated by George Drapeau, Jr., and Arthur Jack. Their act followed lines similar to those by the other trained animals, although the giraffe kept his head up in the air to show the superiority of his work.

Mrs. Frances Skolfield Smith charmed the audience as Mlle. Cleo Patre, the snake charmer. She had a great assortment of snakes which she had trained to do her bidding, and she was not in the least afraid of them, although the clowns were terrified.

David M. Sellew appeared as Shimmering Sally in an Oriental dance, which was certainly some dance.

As Bonzo, the strong man, Edgar R. Comee, demonstrated that he had no equals in this section when it came to feats of strength. The impression that he made was rudely shattered by the burlesque of the act which the clowns presented a few minutes later.

Little Miss Mary Scribner, looked very tiny beside William Jennings Vostead, the camel, and after the act was over said she was not afraid because she knew that Sherwood Aldrich and Paul Tiemer were the legs of the beast. The camel performed well and ended the act by giving its diminutive trainer a ride.

Robert H. Tripp and W. Powell Stewart, Jr., of Bowdoin College gymnasium team presented a tumbling act that was no fake, even if some of the acts which had preceded it had been. Their work was worthy of the highest praise, being exceedingly well done.

At great expense, the ring master announced Mellie Dunham and his troupe of backwoods dancers had to be imported from Norway to please the audience, and the act certainly did please the crowd. Mrs. John M. Cates appeared as Mellie Dunham, while the dancers were Mr. and Mrs. Napoleon Gamache, Mrs. J.A. Clappison, George W. Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. Edward V. Hennessey, and Mr. and Mrs. Napoleon Caouette.

No circus would be complete without a concert, but on Monday evening no extra charge was made for the musical part of the program, which was furnished by a rube quartet consisting of James E. Thompson, John F. Hagar, Don Marshall and Alfred W. Strout.

And then there was the band, which appeared in the grand march and during the circus wearing full regalia. When they dissolved to play for the dance it was discovered that the band was composed of Grindell's Colonial Orchestra.

Numerous side shows did their bit toward adding to the proceeds of the entertainment. Miss Katherine Willis was a fortune teller. Professor Philip W. Merserve was in charge of the shooting gallery, Mike appeared as himself, and sold hot dogs, while peanuts, pop corn, suckers, etc., were sold by Miss Ruth Tanner, Miss Ruth Alexander, Miss Lydia Riley, Miss Marguerite Williams, Miss Ruth Bangs, Miss Emily Coffin, Miss Hilda Lowery, Miss Doris Prenney, Miss Elizabeth Barrows, Miss Annah Ham and Miss Jean Bangs.

We almost forgot to mention the wrestler, without whom the circus would surely have been a failure, as there is always the wrestler present who is willing to meet all comers. Jeoffrey T. Mason appeared as the wrestler and announced his willingness to meet anybody in the audience. He was greatly surprised when Albert Vermette stepped into the ring before him. Jeff did not know that it was a put up job and the professional threw him in short order. Then Jeff took a long breath and threw Vermette twice and was awarded the bout. Both were introduced as weighing 135 pounds, although in justice to the little fellow, it is fair to state that Jeff weighs something over 200.

The clowns were omnipresent and did their share of keeping the audience in good humor. Roland H. Cobb, Alfred Ecke, Alden Sawyer, Willard Cates and Alfred Senter were the clowns and they were stars of the finest magnitude.

It is needless to add that a large part of the fun of the show was in the hands of the ringmaster and "Spike" lost no opportunity to enlarge upon the wonders of his performances, resorting to science and Mother Goose for his astounding assertions.

The entertainment was arranged by Mrs. Carleton C. Young and Mrs. John Thalheimer. Mrs. H. Falling Merryman, Mrs. Alaric W. Haskell, Mrs. Daniel C. Stanwood, Mrs. Stanley P. Chase, Mrs. Wilbur F. Senter, Mrs. Paul Laidley, Mrs. Manton Copeland, Mrs. John M. Cates, Mrs. W. W. Gilchrist Jr., and Mrs. Arthur B. Johnson had charge of costumes. The music was under the direction of Mrs. Ernest L. Crawford and Mrs. Charles C. Hutchins. Miss Helen L. Varney, Mrs. Herman L. Stover and Mrs. Thomas H. Riley, Jr. were the committee on publicity. Dr. Eva Adams and Mrs. Clara D. Hayes were in charge of tickets. The refreshments were looked after by Mrs. Lincoln McVeagh, Mrs. Wilfred H. Grook, who were assisted by Nelson McFadden and Harry W. Varney.



**Berean Baptist Church Has Honorable
History Of Over One Hundred Years
Many Meeting Places Here During That Time;
Present Church Edifice Built in 1889,
Membership Now Largest In History
Brunswick Record
December 25, 1941
By the Rev. John W. Hyssong**

It was in the year 1783 that three elders by the name of Case, Potter, and Lord began preaching and bringing before the people of Brunswick the views of the Baptist denomination. The services were held in private homes and many people accepted their persuasions. A hard stormy battle was ahead for those who would break from "the old standing order" and become Baptist. They were persecuted by taxes, fines, law suits, whippings, and imprisonments. In spite of these they gained their freedom until 1790, when Samuel Woodward and others formed themselves into a Baptist Society and refused to be taxed by the First Parish. There was entered into the town record "the protest against ever paying anything to any Congregational or Presbyterian preacher." In 1795 the town voted to allow "Baptists to use the meeting house a part of the time."

Society Formed in 1794

The Baptist Religious Society in Brunswick, Harpswell and Bath was incorporated in 1794 with 53 male members. This society met at New Meadows where a building was erected in 1800. This building is still standing and services were resumed there in July, 1940. The building has been struck twice by lightning and once by hurricane. It had not been in use for 17 years.

In 1799, nine men withdrew from this society and formed one at Maquoit where a church had been built in 1798. They became a distinct Baptist church, called the First Baptist Church of Brunswick. In 1853 the building was bought by Israel Simpson and

moved to Simpson's Point where it was fitted up as a house for shipbuilders. Later it was called the "Domhegan House." In the winter of 1940 it was destroyed by fire.

It would seem that during the ensuing years, after 1799, services were held at the village as at Maquoit, because a committee was chosen "To provide a suitable place in the village and also another at Maquoit (The Maquoit meeting house lacked a chimney) to meet in the winter for worship." In 1803 the society was incorporated in the village as the Baptist Society in Brunswick. The records given no mention of a meeting house, and it is probable that the services were held in homes. It was at this time that Benjamin Titcomb was called to minister to them and remained with them for 16 years. He was dismissed at his own request, but returned in 1824 to the society which had a membership of 150.

Second Baptist Church

In 1825 a division came within The First Baptist Church at Maquoit and about 15 members were dismissed by request, to form the The Second Baptist Church in Brunswick. A meeting house was built on School Street in 1826 and Elder Shimeul Owen was pastor from 1827 until it dissolved in 1840, in view of the new church on Maine Street. The building was sold to the Congregationalists and was used as a vestry. The property is now owned by the Pejepscot Historical Society.

In 1827 under the leadership of Benjamin Titcomb, the Federal Street Baptist Church was formed out of the First Baptist Society from which members received dismission. They united with the First Baptist Church of Bath which enabled them to establish meetings in the village of Brunswick. This caused friction with the Second Baptist Church in the village. However, the church was reconciled to the formation of a new church, when the Bath church "sent a confession of their wrong doing without consultation with the churches already existing there."

In 1829 this church was organized as an independent church, called the Village Baptist Church, Brunswick. It was built on Federal Street at the corner of Franklin Street. In 1866 it was sold to the Methodist Church and used by them. Later it was sold to the Catholics. At the present time the residence of Dr. J. O. McDowell stands on the site. Elder Titcomb served the entire period of its existence. It lost its identity as a church in 1839.

It was early in 1840 that a revival swept over Topsham and Brunswick. The Rev. E.R. Warren was pastor of the Topsham Baptist Church. During this time 152 were baptized and many of these people lived in Brunswick. The group from Brunswick moved to organize themselves into a church and build a meeting house to carry on the work of God, on this side of the river. A large frame meeting house costing about \$5,000 and containing 75 pews was erected on Maine Street, a few rods of Lincoln Street. The building stood there until about 1890 when it was removed to Bowdoinham to be used as a farm building.

It was October 28, 1840, that 44 men and women received letters of dismission from the mother church in Topsham, and met in the new church to organize the "Maine Street Baptist Church." Several of the members will be remembered today, Deacon Trueworthy Brown, Brother Henry Bowker, and Sister Maria Brown Stetson. After the business of organization, the pastor of the Topsham Church, the Rev. E.R. Warren, extended the right hand of fellowship to the 44 members. So 101 years ago the Baptist Church which is now in Brunswick came into being. During the remainder of the year the

members of the Village Baptist Church presented letters of membership in the Maine Street Church.

The Maine Street Baptist Church was served for its period of 50 years with a number of pastors and several evangelists. It is interesting to note that its first pastor was the Rev. Paul s. Adams who served the church for three years, 1840 to 1843. In his second year of ministry his salary was raised from \$350 to \$400. It was voted to pay it "in quarterly installments, and that he reserve three Sabbaths of the year for himself." The membership in that time increased from 44 to 112.

During these early days much attention was given to discipline. For example it was "Voted—that whatever is done in the church, be kept secret, and should any member betray their trust, to be a subject of discipline."

"Voted—to withdraw fellowship from a brother who refused to appear before the church and answer to the charge of profanity, immoral conduct, and voluntary absence from the services of the sanctuary."

"Voted—to exclude two sisters for persisting in attending dancing school to the great grief of the church, after being faithfully admonished."

"Voted—to exclude (an outstanding brother) from the fellowship of the church for neglecting his covenant engagements unnecessarily riding on the Sabbath and falsely accusing the church of neglecting his family."

"Voted—that a sister be expelled from the church for unchristian an abusive conduct to Sister Jacques in the public streets and for absenting herself from the meetings of the church."

It was customary, toward the end of the year, to read all the names of those excluded from the church during the year. Usually a committee called upon the individuals before the final reading of the names.

Present Church Built

The last pastor during the 50 years of the Maine Street Baptist Church was the Rev. G.P. Matthews, D.D., who served for six and one-half years, from 1884 to 1890. It was during this pastorate in 1880 that a new church was built at a cost of \$12,000. It was dedicated free of debt in January 1890. It is the edifice in which the Baptists now worship. It was unanimously to change the name from the Maine Street Baptist Church to the Berean Baptist Church of Brunswick. The membership at this time was 109.

During this time it is well to note that women did not have a voice in the meetings until 1860. When the names of church members were listed the women appeared in one column and the men in another. It was about 1860 when the women had a voice in the meetings and the records state "The vote was then put and carried, two male members and six females voting in favor of it." It was toward the close of the century that women began to take a real active part.

Shortly after the building of the new church on Cumberland Street the church faced a most discouraging period. The Dennison Box Factory moved to Roxbury, then to South Framingham, Mass. It meant the removal of many of the church's members. The records show that 22 were dismissed by letter. The Rev. John D. Graham was the pastor. Both the pastor and his truly estimable wife showed themselves loyal and vigorously heroic in holding up the banner.

During this last 51 years the church was served by some men of the highest type, scholars, good preachers, of sound judgment, truly Christian gentlemen. It was in 1823

that the parish was dissolved and the church was incorporated. It was voted that all business be transacted by the constituency of the Berean Baptist Church. The Rev. H.H. Bishop was then pastor and he served the church from 1919 to 1928 when he accepted the position of district secretary of the Maine Baptist Convention.

The church at present has four deacons, T. Albert Field, J. Frost, Arthur J. Langford, and Benjamin F. Harmon. There are four deaconesses, Mrs. Maude W. Frost, Mrs. L. Christine Harmon, Mrs. Addie E. Call, and Mrs. Marion L. Purington. The church clerk is John L. Purington and the treasurer is Charles F. Locke.

The following are the various organizations of the church with their leaders : Sunday School, T. Albert Field, superintendent; Missionary Circle, Miss Eva Plummer, president; Ladies Aid, Mrs. Ada Pollard, president; Philathea Class for Ladies, Mrs. Evelyn Field, president; the teacher is Mrs. Howard Frasier; Young People's Society, Mrs. Eleanor Black, president. The music is under the direction of Ralph Edwards with Miss Mary B. Ward as organist.

Since this time the church has been steadily increasing both spiritually and materially. Under its leaders it has been at times sowing seed and others reaping harvest. Today it has the largest membership in the church's history. It has pledged itself to the great task of bringing people closer to God, thereby giving to the town of Brunswick a better type of citizen.

Bath Street School Had Part In Making Rhodes Scholars

Three Local Boys, Coffin, Ham and Johnson,
Receiving Early Education Here, Attained
The Envious and Unusual Honor

Brunswick Record
January 7, 1932

Everyone so often there arises something in the affairs of the town which shows what advantages Brunswick may have because of the location of Bowdoin College. It may be the fact that townspeople are invited to attend a lecture by some person of prominence. It may be that the children are allowed the use of the swimming pool during the summers. It may be the expert advice that is sometimes secured on municipal affairs by some students of government. Perhaps it is the securing of a leading man for a locally presented play, such as when the now famous Seth Parker, or the then obscure Phillips Lord offered to be in an amateur production. In one way or another Bowdoin College has been, has tried to be, and has taken pride in being connected with the town.

And lately when Bowdoin College has claimed attention as the foster mother of two young men who were in the race for Rhodes Scholar honors, it is fitting to remember these young men of a couple of decades ago who grew up in Brunswick, and who were honored by the trip to England for study. Last week the college announced that one of her sons had been chosen to represent Massachusetts in the contests, and another was to represent Maine.

And in connection with this there is recalled the days not long ago when among the pupils at the Bath Street school there were these future Rhodes Scholars, two of them to be graduated a few years later from Bowdoin, and a third to be a Yale man.

What connection the college had with this is a question. That Brunswick had contributed to the number of Rhodes Scholars, three such students, is glory enough. The brick establishment stands directly behind Adams Hall, under the wing of the college, and for years while the older boys have come and gone to classes, the younger students across Bath street have done the same.

Of the boys who in a period of ten years went to this school, two of them went to high school in town, won degrees from colleges, and then attained the greatest honor that can come to an American student—the longed for Rhodes Scholarship. Two were sons of Bowdoin professors, and the third a man who has just described for us in a biographical book his father, “Portrait of an American.” They are Robert P. Tristram Coffin, part professor, historian, biographer; Edward Billings Ham, professor, thoroughly a scholar, and Allen Johnson whose father was a classicist and professor at Bowdoin, and then ended his scholastic career by becoming a doctor of medicine.

There may not be anything of importance to the fact that these boys all went to Bath street school. It may have been the Center Street or Longfellow school. But there they were a few years ago, tots and no more, learning their alphabets and counting their pegs like any other primary school children—in a school that may have possibly gained some abstract quality from its proximity to a college of higher education, some quality that gave an incentive to the students to work a little harder, something that added to their natural abilities, made then Rhodes Scholars.

Robert Coffin, known to many of Brunswick’s older folks as “Bob” and known in literary circles as one of the country’s great constructive writers, was born in Brunswick in 1892. His father and mother were William Coffin and Alice (Coombs) Coffin, and in his latest book he tells about his folks in a style that won for him many honors.

He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1915, studied as a Longfellow scholar and won an A.M. degree in 1916, and then went to Oxford from Maine. The war broke in on his Oxford career, and he joined the English students’ forces to be transferred later to the United States Artillery, in which division he was a second lieutenant when the war ended. After two years with the army he returned to Oxford, completed his thesis on the works of John Donne, and with Sir Walter Raleigh and Robert Bridge as his examiners rewarded with the degree of B.Litt. In 1926 he became a full professor at (Wells) College. During his career he has published several books of verse, some history, biographies and other things that have given him a place among scholars everywhere. Two years ago his college honored him with an honorary degree. Perhaps the happiest hours are when he returns to this section in the summer time and lives among his own people.

Then there is Edward Billings Ham, a versatile scholar who possesses faculties far more valuable than those required to earn him a Rhodes Scholarship. He is the son of Professor and Mrs. Roscoe J. Ham of Brunswick and he got his schooling and college education in town as Coffin did. His days at Bath Street school were no less important in forming his education than were the years at Bowdoin, his courses at Harvard and his years at Oxford. The nature of his genius is shown by the fact that after getting an A.M. degree from Harvard for his work in mathematics, he then could change to languages and

obtain his PhD degree from Oxford for his work in French. He married Miss Eleanor Poland of Boxborough, Mass., a few years ago, and is now a valued member of the Princeton University faculty where he is a research associate with the rank of assistant professor.

The father of Allen Johnson is most noteworthy for as professor of classics at Bowdoin. He became a favorite and a member of the faculty in whom all the other members looked up. Allen Johnson the elder translated Dante's Divine Comedy in a work that has been a favorite with all scholars of the Italian. Today, with the edition out or print, a copy of the translation is prized highly, and the pride with which various members of Bowdoin's faculty exhibit their copies show its excellence.

Allen the younger was not a Bowdoin man. He left town when he was still of primary and intermediate school age, at about ten. For the only Brunswick schooling was the Bath Street school. He entered Yale when he was of college age, and in time was chosen as Rhodes Scholar from the State of Connecticut. After his year at Oxford, he returned to the States and studied medicine at Harvard, before taking an internship in the Middle West. He is now a practicing physician in Springfield, Mass., and with many friends in Brunswick is often a visitor here.

From Miss Belle Hawses Smith, a former teacher in the school on Bath street, come some interesting things in regard to two of these boys. Miss Smith, who at present teaches at the Scoville School for Girls in New York City, had Allen Johnson and Edward Ham for pupils.

Miss Smith, who left Brunswick for battle-stricken France during the World War to do Y.M.C.A. work, remembers the two youngsters well but Robert Coffin had passed out of the school just before she went there to teach.

They were bright boys, she says, outstanding among the other pupils, and gave more promise than any of their classmates.

There was, in the primary days of these two, a great deal of rivalry among them to see which could produce the most amazing questions, in an attempt to outdo each other, and perhaps in an attempt to show teacher how smart they were. It was a rivalry, Miss Smith says, which was probably entered into by the fathers of the two, for both were professors, and the children undoubtedly had a better chance than the average student for picking up bits of knowledge at home.

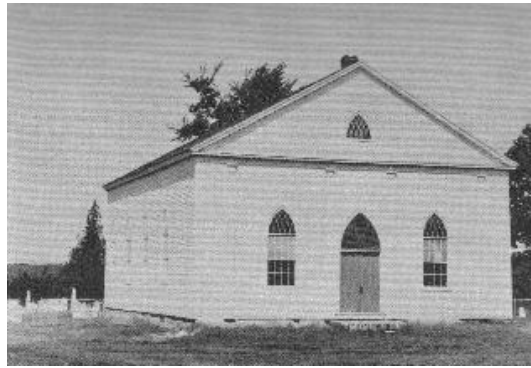
It was Allen who asked one time what ocean was east of Panama. Edward, thinking it was a catch question—which it was—said that it wasn't an ocean east of Panama at all, but a sea, the Caribbean Sea.

"No," said Allen, "It's the Pacific Ocean," and to prove it he got the teacher to pull down the map. A peculiar twist of the small neck of land connecting the North and South American continents produces this situation, which might be disputed hotly by anyone who "knows" that the Pacific is West and the Atlantic East of the Americas. Edward was humiliated for a moment, but probably returned the humiliation later. Miss Smith says that teaching school with these two boys was a succession of similar instances.

It was Edward Ham who had found a mistake in an arithmetic book published by Ginn and Company, and in a letter to Mr. Ginn he called attention to the error, suggesting that it be corrected. Mr. Ginn, learned that his correspondent was a young boy in school, answered the letter thanking young Ham for the information and sending personal

regards. This was found out later, not by the boy or his folks, but through the Boston office of the publisher. Later Hamm was to win honors in the pursuit of mathematics.

So whatever its causes, whatever the reasons, Brunswick has got some honor from the Rhodes Scholarship business, and the Bath Road school perhaps deserves as much glory for its three scholars as the college across the street has got from the many young men who have graduated from her halls to go to Oxford. Three Rhodes Scholars in ten years is a credit to any institution of learning, and when an elementary school can boast of that it makes big colleges go way back and sit down.



Baptist Church At Growstown Dates Back To Year 1783

Brunswick Record

January 25, 1945

By Fannie Edwards Harmon

Elder Benjamin Randall, the pioneer Free Baptist minister of New England, was converted in 1770, and in the year 1783 preached the first time in Brunswick in the home of Deacon Jonathan Snow.

The house stood near the home of Fred E. Harmon on the Greenwood Road. Deacon Snow was the great grandfather of Dr. Elbridge and Dr. Joseph Stetson both of whom now live in Brunswick. He was a carpenter by trade and a great temperance worker.

It has been said that he built the first barn in Brunswick that was ever built without rum. The story runs thus: When asked to build the barn on the farm now owned by George Palmer his reply was "I'll build it, and it shall be built without rum." And so the day of the raising came. The men came from far and near, as was the custom in those early days. One man who was working on the rafters said "Deacon, I can never put this rafter up if I don't have a drink of rum." "Come down," called the Deacon, "I'll put that rafter up myself. This barn is going to be built without rum." And so he did. The Deacon put the rafter up and kept his word.

Elder Randall preached in the Snow house day and evening. In the evening he preached till near midnight and then commenced another sermon which lasted till one o'clock. The whole congregation was in tears, and many converted. The meeting lasted until three o'clock in the morning.

Delatiah Tingley of Waterboro, formerly of Sanford, and others, held meetings at the home of Mr. William Alexander. That home is now owned by Andrew Minot.

These meetings increased in interest until the 23rd of October, 1799, when a meeting was held at the house of James Elliot with the idea of organizing a church. On the 25th of January, 1800, there was a meeting at the home of William Alexander and Elder Stinchfield organized the first Free Will Baptist Church in Brunswick, at that time consisting of 9 members as follows: Adam Elliot, Obediah Curtis, Anthony Morse, Joseph Ward, William Alexander, John Coombs, Margaret Dunham, Susanna Morse and Hannah Curtis.

About the year 1807 there was trouble and much backsliding. This condition lasted for several years. The church numbered 40 members. In the year 1810 a great and good reformation broke out, as it was termed in those days. A house of worship was built on the old Freeport Road about two miles from this house of worship. That church was built on the old Noah Melcher farm, the place being now owned by William Williams. In this year there was a grand revival and 6 were added to the church.

In 1813 Elder Adam Elliot, son of James and Ruth Elliot, died at the age of 44 years. He was pastor ten years, and was buried in the church yard back of this church, his body being the first to be laid to rest in the yard, as his stone bears witness. This left the little church without a pastor until the year 1816 when Elder George Lamb became pastor.

In 1818 there was a division in the church about washing the members' feet and a few withdrew because Elder Lamb refused to wash their feet.

From this time until April 4, 1823, the interest of the church was very low, when upon his own responsibility Elder Lamb declared that the brothers and sisters were no longer in a Christian spirit enough to run a church in gospel order. Nevertheless they continued to meet regularly in conference.

In 1826 a committee was appointed by the Bowdoin Quarterly Meeting to investigate the affairs of the church. They reported that they did not observe the ordinances sufficiently to be called a church in gospel order, and they proceeded to re-organize a church consisting of 16 members.

In 1826 this present house of worship was built. In 1827 it was finished. Elder Lamb took such an active part in building this church that it was then and now known as the Elder Lamb meeting house.

June 25, 1831, the church voted to use a bass viol with singing and at the same meeting the temperance question came up. It was voted that no strong spirits except as medicine should be used by any of the members. But they did not all abide by the decision. In 1833, after another earnest and angry debate, it was voted to deal with all members who had violated the law.

In 1833 Elder Lamb resigned, having served this church 19 years. He was buried in this yard. He left a widow, who, before her marriage, was the widow of Captain Samuel Dunlap. Her maiden name was Jennett, daughter of Ephraim and Martha Lowell Hunt.

On August 12, 1837, Elder Andrew Rollins commenced his wonderful work. He was pastor until 1840, (he was also buried in the Growstown Church yard.) It was during his pastorate that the two great revivals swept over the whole town. Men and women

were converted everywhere. Men sought the Lord in the hayfields and woods. They would leave the hay in the field and go to church to find peace with God.

There were two sea captains who had been at sword points for many years. Indeed, so great had been the bitterness between them that their Christian wives had feared lest a tragedy should occur. One captain was going to town with his oxen, the other captain coming from town with his oxen. It will be well to remember that at this time the surrounding country was a thick wood. The Pleasant Hill Road, which was finished in the year 1806, was cut through a dense forest. As these two sea captains neared the church their hearts began to soften. One left his cattle in the woods by one side of the church. The other left his in the woods by the other side of the church. They met on the door step. Fire flashed from their eyes, their fists tightened. "What does this mean," asked one. "It means", said the other, and the tears came to his eyes, his hands dropped to his side, "It means that it is time for you and me to seek the Lord." They entered the church together, walked down the aisle and before the congregation asked each other's forgiveness, knelt and pleaded with God to save their souls. They were always dear friends after that and great workers in the church as long as they lived.

In the year 1840 Elder Rollin's salary was increased from \$300 to \$350 a year.

About this time the church was divided into districts, or classes, each entrusted to the care of a class leader appointed by the clerk every three months. It was his duty to report his class every quarter. In this year 1840 there were 11 classes.

The eleven districts were as follows: No. 1, Meeting House District; No. 2, Curtis District; No. 3, Village District; No. 4, River Road District; No. 5, Melcher District; No. 6, Freeport District; No. 7, Maquoit District; No. 8, Bunganuc District; No. 9, Lunt District; No. 10, Clark District; No. 11, Kincaid District.

This worked well for a few years. In 1844 or 1845 votes were passed to do away with the class system.

In 1841 singing was formally recognized as part of worship.

On July 28, 1842, Amos Lunt, Amos Lunt, Jr., Thomas Coombs, George Cobb and Phineas Collins were dismissed to organize the Freeport Church.

In 1851 there had been 366 members of this church. For ten years nothing of importance is recorded. In 1853 the covenant was repealed and the New Testament was adopted as a covenant. April 15, 1861, it was voted to call a meeting of the pew owners to take measures to shingle the church. From this time to 1870 the church waded through a "sea of trials."

On March 16, 1875, it was voted that the society was willing for individuals to erect horse sheds near the meeting house. These sheds stood until about 1900, when they were removed.

In 1878 there was a good revival interest, which was held under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A.

In January, 1883, Rev. Bryce M. Edwards became pastor of the church. He was pastor until December 3, 1885. During his pastorate the church building was remodeled and repaired at a cost of about \$1200. The church was enlarged and the two windows in the west side of the church boarded in. A gallery for the singers was built which had been removed. John T. Roberts offered the plans for remodeling; which were accepted. The old seats with doors were replaced by seats now in this church. In 1827 it was voted that while people should still own their pews, the seats were free to all the world. The doors

of the pews were used as panels of the walls of the church. Deacon Osburn Melcher kept his pew door and it is now in the possession of his son Edward Melcher, the number being 26.

The church was re-dedicated August 14, 1884. Many of the former pastors were present and it was a joyful day for the church and parish. It was at this time that the five sons of Deacon Osburn and Margery Melcher gave to this church this beautiful chandelier which now hangs in the center of this room.

I wish to state at this time that Rev. B. M. Edwards was my father. He was born in 1850, died in 1906, and had the pleasure of baptizing and receiving into this church all of his children. There were seven of us. There were recently two of those children members of this church—the late Chief of Police, William B. Edwards, who had been a member 44 years, and myself. I have been a member 32 years. Two of our sisters have died; the other three have taken their letters to become members of churches in the towns where they now live.

From 1885 until 1900 the church did the usual work of a church. The old members died and were laid to rest beneath the shadows of this church they had loved and served so well. Young members took up the burdens.

In the year 1902 the standing committee of the church was John T. Roberts, Mrs. Bryce M. Edwards and Mrs. Harrison Snow. This was the first time that women had been allowed to act on a committee in this church.

About the year 1900 it was plainly seen that the church was losing ground. Not so much from the fact that the people had lost interest, not so much from the fact that people in this neighborhood no longer cared to have the church open, but from the fact that the old ones had gone. And now the young ones were leaving the farms to go into the cities, towns and villages. The farms were unoccupied, or had been sold. So, after a hard struggle, in which our late sister Bertha Hackett labored to prevent it, the doors of the church were closed in 1910. And with the exception of a few Sundays in the summer, a funeral from time to time, or a parish meeting, the doors of this church remained closed until 1926.

In the year 1926 the church doors were once more opened. In 1927 we had a big revival and 18 were added to the church. In the early summer, May 14, 1933, the Rev. Walter Colby, became pastor of this church.

Since the year 1816 this church has had 1,601 members. It now has 87 members. Our oldest member is Mrs. Emma Parsons. She joined the church in the year 1880, and has been faithful to it all these years.

And so this little church by the side of the road still lives. It is over 120 years old. Every Thursday night its lights shine out across hill and dell speaking to the hearts of tired men and women, and filling their souls with the assurance that Christ is the light of the world.

WHEN BRUNSWICK WAS ON THE FOREST'S EDGE

Brunswick Record

February 11, 1926

An article in one of the leading journals for women, supplemented by a similar story in one of the Boston Sunday papers, relative to the life of Harriet Beecher Stowe is causing some amusement in this town, because of some of the statements concerning Brunswick. If all the matter is as far from the facts as those connected with this town, the story should be suppressed because of misinformation.

Referring to the time when Professor Calvin Stowe accepted a professorship at Bowdoin College in 1850, the story maintains that the professor was delayed because of non-appointment of his successor in the seminary of Cincinnati, where he served "seventeen lean years." His wife and five children set out, however, at the time arranged. It is said that she had welcomed the change to a more established civilization in the East, "but Brunswick belonged to a comparatively late order, only a generation before the town had been cut into the rim of forest, and it was still primitive. She was obliged to begin the work of the pioneer all over again."

She arrived in Brunswick it seems by steamer in the midst of a heavy northeast storm, and "found the house cold and dark and mouldering." This means of arrival might be overlooked, but "the following spring a clergyman from Harpswell happened to be loitering near the wharves at Brunswick one afternoon, and saw the entire family seated on casks, apparently in silence. Tired and worn, unkempt and even dilapidated, with holes as large as silver dollars at the heels of her low shoes, Mrs. Stowe made an oblivious center of the group."

Brunswick is now planning to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of its settlement. Bowdoin College was incorporated by the General Court of Massachusetts June 24, 1794.

Thirty years before Mrs. Stowe arrived in Brunswick, there was a cotton mill and woolen mill with 1,249 spindles in full operation and 240 woolen spindles, nine woolen looms and carting and fulling machines in operation. One hundred thousand yards of cotton cloth were turned off in a season "and broadcloths, from full-blooded merinos do not follow *laud passibus aequis*, those of Manchester," quotes Wheeler's history. About one hundred operatives were employed at that time. In 1850 or soon after, this number of employees had increased to 175. The Worumbo Manufacturing Co. was operating at that time.

In 1850 there was a bandbox manufactory here. Carpet making was begun here in 1829. On Mill Street in 1798 there was a manufactory where clocks, watches, and jewelry were made. A wonderful clock was made in 1806 which sold for \$80 and at the time of the publication of Wheeler's history fifty years ago it had never been subject to repairs.

In 1849 Mr. Dennison turned out machine-made watches here. The company moved from here to Waltham in 1854.

There were several foundries, copper and brass and iron before 1850. The Brunswick Gas-Light Co. was incorporated here in 1854. There were several machine shops and a match factory in 1849. The Maine Mustard-Mill was running as early as 1830. In 1820 there was an oil mill. In 1825 a pail manufactory. In 1843 Mr. Dennison started his box manufactory here. The Goddard steel plow was made in Brunswick in 1850. Salt was manufactured here as early as 1812.

Soap was made here in 1820 and 12,000 pounds of hard soap was annually shipped to the West Indies. Excellent hammers, ship joiners' and sparmakers' tools were made here in tool shops as early as 1844 and 1854.

There were three banks in town when Mrs. Stowe came to Brunswick. There were a number of bakeries long before 1850 and barbers were numerous.

Small boats were built in Brunswick in 1740 and bookbinders and boot and shor manufacturers were active, the latter a hundred years before the arrival of Mrs. Stowe.

There were carriage makers, photographers, dentists, gunsmiths, hat and cap makers, marble workers, nail makers, saddlers and harness makers, tailors, tanners, a tobacco manufactory and stores and traders "too numerous to mention."

There were rather more churches at that time than now, and with schools and fraternal organizations Brunswick was very much of a town in 1850. Last but not least the Brunswick Telegraph, now the Brunswick Record, had been in business eight years before she arrived.

Brunswick had a population at that time of about 5,000. It was an old town when Mrs. Stowe arrived and had fully as many manufactories as now. One hundred and fifty miles east of Brunswick, Bangor was a city in 1834, and Portland was a large city, 26 miles away.

The wharves of Brunswick, when the Stowe family dangled its feel along with the Harpswell minister, have not up to this time been built. Dan McGillicuddy did not succeed in getting his canal to Lewiston.



When Brunswick's "Depot" Was Used As A Public Hall

Brunswick Record

May 10, 1945

By William A. Wheeler

In the days when Brunswick was but a tiny hamlet—days long before the advent of radio, motion pictures and night clubs; days when the theatre and all that pertained to the theatre was considered by the simple townsfolk to be sinful—the need for entertainment seems to have been met by lectures, usually on serious subjects, and by “lyceums” or debating societies.

As far back as 1825 there are records of such public gatherings and Wheeler's History of Brunswick tells of a lecture in 1832 by a professor in the medical school on the advantages of a strictly vegetarian diet. The meat dealers of the little town were profoundly disturbed by the preaching of such heresy, their sales dropped off to an alarming extent.

For such public meetings, of course, there had to be a suitable hall or large room, capable of accommodating a hundred or two of the worthy villagers. There were churches, but it can hardly be imagined that in those straight-laced days the house of God would be used for any secular purposes whatever.

Stoddard's Hall

The first public hall of which there is record, there may have been one earlier, was Stoddard's Hall, located in the inn of the same name, which stood at the corner of Maine and School Streets, where the famous Tontine Hotel was later built.

Stoddard's Inn was the center of the little town's activities and a logical place for public gatherings. Here the stage coaches stopped for “refreshments” and to pick up passengers; watching for the Boston coach with its four prancing horses of the day. On the broad porch of the Inn, the staid town elders congregated to discuss the affairs of the times and the shortcomings of their fellow citizens.

This was in 1817, and the hall was used for lectures and other public entertainments. It was said to be “large and comfortable,” although by modern standards it was probably neither spacious nor conducive to comfort. It was heated by wood stoves, probably lighted by whale-oil lamps or candles, and with benches for those who

attended the meetings. The hotel and its hall burned to the ground in 1827; and the following year the “new” Tontine was built.

The Tontine

The Tontine, too, had a public hall, which, according to a newspaper of the day, was declared to be “unsurpassed in the State for elegance and spaciousness.” This hall became a popular gathering place and was used for all sorts of public meetings, balls and parties.

Other Meeting Places

The Alfred Merryman mansion, on the corner of Maine and Pleasant Streets, was built in 1807. Around 1823 it was opened as an inn, and in the ell of the building was a public hall known as Hodgkins’ Hall. In 1863 the property was purchased by Capt. Alfred Merryman as a residence.

Masonic Hall on Mason Street, later the home of the famous hand fire-engine Niagara, was built in 1817. Primarily intended for the use of the Masonic Lodge, of course, it was occasionally used for public lectures and other gatherings.

In 1851, McLellan’s Hall was built at the corner of Maine and Pleasant Streets opposite the Merryman home, and was almost exclusively used until it was torn down, in 1870, to make way for the newer and more modern Lemont Hall, now the quarters of the Knights of Pythias.

Lemont Hall was large—it could accommodate nearly 800 people—and had a small stage, with scenery, for the use of traveling theatrical companies and local talent. Here it was that Prof. Gilbert of Portland carried on his famous dancing school when I was a boy. Here it was that the first phonograph ever seen in Brunswick was exhibited at 10 cents a head. Here it was, too, that every large public gathering was held until the building of the present town hall.

The Railroad Depot

With all these “spacious and elegant” meeting places available to the people of the little town, it seems hardly believable that on one occasion, at least, the old railroad depot was used for some sort of town meeting. There is no record as to the purpose of the meeting, but as it took place during the Civil War, it seems probably that it was of a patriotic nature.

While many Brunswick people remember the old “depot”, with its barn-like train shed, probably no one alive today recalls the time when the train-shed was closed at night by great “barn doors.” After the passage of the last train for the day, at about 7 p.m.—the Portland to Augusta train—the night watchman lowered the great doors with a creaking windlass, and they remained down until morning, when they were hoisted for the day. Two tracks ran through the shed and the big doors rested on the rails, leaving enclosed what might be likened to a huge hall, but with steel rails, cedar ties and wooden platforms instead of a floor.

Frantic With Fear

In this structure, on the occasion of the meeting referred to, after the departure of the last train, wooden benches, settees and chairs were placed on the tracks and on the platform between the tracks, and pretty nearly every adult Brunswicker might have been found occupying one of those seats. But—someone had miscalculated; history doesn’t say who, or how. During the meeting the long drawn whistle of a locomotive was heard;

a special train which had taken a party from Harding's Station, on the Bath Road, to Lewiston, was returning to Brunswick to put up for the night.

As the sound of the approaching train grew louder and nearer, panic seized the throng in the shed. Suppose that mighty engine should dash through those flimsy doors—it would be nothing short of massacre. Yet escape was almost impossible; the entire throng must pass through the waiting rooms and out through the small doors on “Depot Street.” To raise the big barn doors to permit egress along the tracks would take too long, and the milling, shrieking throng inside the closed structure was frantic with fear.

But the engineman of that train had no intention of crashing the doors which, of course, he knew were always closed at night. The train stopped some distance away; the crew put away their coaches and ran the little locomotive into the roundhouse for the night, and then went home wholly unaware of the fright they had caused.

Whether or not the meeting continued, history doesn't disclose, but that was the first, last and only time the old Brunswick depot was used as a public hall. If it was ever proposed again those who were in attendance on that unforgettable night turned thumbs down on the suggestion and sought other quarters!

When A ‘Ghost’ Walked In Brunswick

Brunswick Record

February 14, 1946

By Walter A. Wheeler

“We've never heard of a haunted house in Brunswick,” writes the “Rambling” columnist of the Record of February.

Neither have I—but I can recall very vividly when, around 1890, we boys in the Grammar School would have been willing to swear on a stack of Bibles that we had located—not a house, but a church—that was definitely the residence of a “ghost.”

On the corner of Federal and Franklin Streets there stood at that time a long, low white wooden building, the abandoned church of St. John's Catholic parish. Built originally as a Baptist “meeting house” in 1829, the building was purchased in 1866 and used by them until around 1890, when their new edifice on Pleasant Street was ready for occupancy.

It had hardly been vacated when some boy—I don't remember who—discovered that it was “ha'nted”. Passing the Franklin Street side of the building on his way to school, he happened to tap against the clapboarded wall. Instantly, and distinctly, there came an answering rap from the inside! He tried again; and again there came the ghostly response. Then he went away from there, and fast.

At recess that forenoon he told of his experience, only to be met with hoots of derision. “All right,” he said, “If you don't believe me I'll prove it to you.”

I was one of the bunch of skeptical youths who followed the psychic experimenter to the old church. There he tapped the wall—and the “ghost” obliged with a responsive knock. One and all—we tried it—two taps brought an answering two; drumming rapidly on the wall brought forth a veritable tattoo. We were sure there could be no explanation

other than a supernatural one. Had it not been for the bright sunlight and the support of numbers, I wouldn't have stayed there a minute.

The next day the school yard was almost totally deserted at recess—we were all communicating with the “ghost.” Somehow or other, as teachers have a way of doing, Miss Annette learned about our excursion into the esoteric, and forbade our leaving the yard, ‘even” she said, “If the ghost comes out and sits on the steps”.

That ended our mass experimentation, and as no boys cared to carry it on alone, the “ha’nt” was permitted to rest in peace. It was a long time, however, before we were willing to walk on that side of the street when passing the building, especially at night.

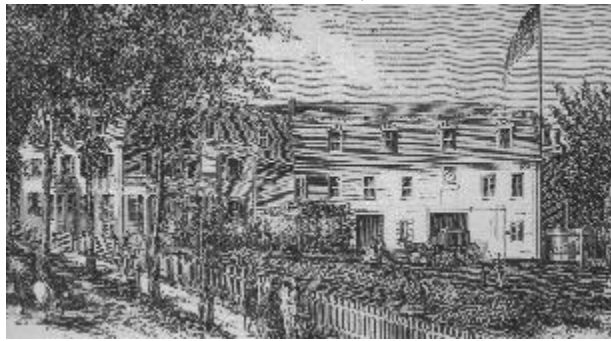
If it were rats which haunted the old church—and there may have been rats there—they were mighty intelligent rodents. Anyway, we never did find out the answer.

What Will Become of the Walker Mansion? Topsham Landmark Unoccupied For More Than Twenty Years, Contains Many Reminders of Days Gone By

By Lyndon A. MacMakin

Brunswick Record

December 29, 1932



This picture of the Walker Homestead on the corner of Main and Elm streets in Topsham, is taken from an old engraving published in Wheeler's History of Brunswick, Topsham and Harpswell. A few changes were made after the date of this engraving, including the sun porch which is now on the southwest corner of the building. The porch that was on the roof can be seen in the picture. The grounds are still laid out in a similar arrangement, but had been neglected for years. Part of the fountain can be found in the yard.

Dark forbidding and enshrouded is the Walker mansion on the corner of Main and Elm streets in Topsham, has stood unoccupied for nearly a score of years. And for those twenty years people passing by have glanced up at it with a mixture of awe and curiosity and mused, “I wonder what they'll ever do with the old place? I'd like to go through it.”

Twenty years ago the author was only a youngster passing the huge structure each day as he went to school, and many were the strange stories that he heard concerning it. And during those twenty years he has often said, “I would like to go through the place.”

Many are the times when he has opened the rusty iron gate and ventured to tread upon the grass grown driveway, where once sleek horses drawing stately coaches, fumed and fretted as they awaited the departure of some wealthy guest. Creeping up to the house, like a boy creeps through a neighbor's apple orchard, he would peer through the cracks in the shutters and try to get a glimpse of what lay beyond. And many times has he paused to stare through the red panes in the front door on the Elm street side of the house.

It was then; a dream of twenty years came true, when the writer was allowed to spend an entire afternoon, inside the house through the kindness of Henry M. Baribeau, local real estate man. And it took just about all the afternoon to see the place.

The house may have been constructed according to plans, but it would take more than one trip through to get any idea of how the rooms are laid out. One could easily become lost and wander for quite a while through halls and bed-chambers. As far as the writer could remember there are about twenty-five rooms in the place on the first and second floors, and there are either four or five staircases leading from the first to the second floor. The floors are carpeted throughout the house; draperies are at the windows; much of the furniture is still in the rooms, and to all appearances the building might have been occupied only a short time ago. The floors have been kept clean, as have the walls. In the chambers the beds are still made and a few soiled shirts and other clothes are in the hampers as if some gentleman of a bygone day might be expected to return by nightfall. Several of the beds are "fully equipped" with canopies, which were considered in good taste some years ago. The furnishings in the house show plainly that the owner had a good deal of money and liked to spend it.

The walls throughout are covered with beautiful imported papers, brought to this country years ago. In most of the rooms are fireplaces. Several of the mantels were extremely costly, being of various colored marble, ranging from a black in the library to a light rose in one of the bed-chambers.

As one enters the front hall he sees a beautiful winding staircase made of expensive woods. The room to the right of the front hall has many things of interest. The house was built to conform to the angle of Main and Elm streets, which makes the corner of this room rounding instead of at right angles.

The library is located on the southwest corner and opens onto the sun porch on the Main street side of the house. The old bookcases, filled with equally old volumes, line the walls to the ceiling.

The kitchen is one of the most interesting things in the house, a "Walker Improved Range". Apparently the range was manufactured by a Walker, who had no connection with the owner of the mansion. It is a huge affair and is built into the brickwork of the chimney. It bears little resemblance to the modern enamel ranges that brighten the kitchens of today.

The house is equipped with extensive plumbing, now antiquated, but undoubtedly quite elaborate and costly in its day. A large tank is connected with the kitchen range to supply hot water for the bathtub which is on the second floor and the marble wash bowls found in almost every chamber.

The bathtub is indeed a curiosity, although perhaps some older people will recall seeing similar ones. It is made of wood, lined with galvanized tin or some similar material. The shape is the queerest thing about it. It is about twice as deep as our modern bathtubs, about half as long and about half as wide. It would be quite impossible to read

the morning paper while enjoying the morning bath. Water for the house was piped from the pond at the rear of Small's Blacksmith Shop, some distance farther up Main street.

The third floor of the main house was used as a ballroom and entertainment hall. A stage is arranged across one end. Lying about the room are relics of a bygone day. An old blue dress uniform, undoubtedly worn by the owner of the establishment, hangs on a hook in one corner of the room. On a shelf beside the chimney are a few daguerreotypes and little knickknacks. In one corner is an interesting old desk, in which the writer found a book containing the bowling scores of guests. The third floor of the ell is used as a bowling alley and billiard room. During the old days of glory the walls of both these rooms were lined with paintings, most of which were removed and sold some years ago.

A winding stairway leads from the ballroom to the roof, where at one time, there was a porch. The view from the roof is magnificent. One is on the level with Barron's Hill. Toward the east, the Androscoggin reaches down into Merrymeeting Bay, and on the west is an extensive view of Brunswick, the falls and the bridge.

The barn offers many things of interest. In one of the lofts are several pigeon coops. Pigeons were kept by the owner and were considered quite a delicacy. In the workshops are many interesting old tools, which are now out-of-date and would puzzle many a modern carpenter. One of the walls is lined with drawers bearing interesting labels, such as "leather washers," "wrought nails," and "resin."

The entire house is equipped for gas lights, and many of the chandeliers are unusually beautiful. The house is heated by a hot-air furnace which burned wood. Heating pipes ran even to the third floor. It is doubtful, however, if the arrangement was able to supply adequate heat. The fireplaces were probably used to good advantage during the coldest months of the year.

The cellar extends under most of the main house. Opening off the main cellar is a small cellar, probably a wine-cellar. This extends for some distance out under Elm street.

Another interesting feature on the first floor is a covered court with a glass front. Here is a large clothes reel, where the washings could be dried during bad weather. Here also is a large bell, undoubtedly used to call the guests to dinner.

Strange as it may seem, after being unoccupied for twenty years, the building is still in good shape. Outside the ballroom, the plastering remains on the walls and ceilings and the timbers seem to be as sound as they ever were.

"The house was built in 1809 by Major Nathaniel Walker, who was married and moved into it the following year, and resided there every after until his death in 1851," according to Wheeler's History of Brunswick, Topsham and Harpswell. "The French roof was placed upon it for a picture-gallery, in 1867, by Colonel Wildes P. Walker. Other improvements were also made upon the outside and to the grounds. The interior has been preserved substantially as it was originally built." It is said that the mansion cost nearly \$50,000 when built.

When Col. Walker died he left the house to the Episcopal Diocese of Maine. They never claimed the property, however, and it therefore became the property of Mrs. Walker, who only occupied it intermittently after her husband's death. Col. Walker, according to many who knew him, was not entirely a virtuous man. It is doubtless true that he loved his liquor and his ladies beyond the bounds of the propriety.

When Mrs. Walker died the mansion became the property of Frederick T. Foster of Brunswick, caretaker of the place and a distant relative of Mrs. Walker.

What will eventually become of the place is only a matter of conjecture. For twenty years the house, once the scene of glorious affairs and wealthy extravagance, has remained closed. How many more years it will remain thus, is hard to say.

**Whales Put On Show Off
Harpswell Shore
One Grasps Prow of Laws' Cruiser
In Mouth On Monday Evening
Brunswick Record
July 14, 1938**

The flock of whale that has been attracting attention for the past two weeks off Bailey Island put on a splendid show Sunday and attracted visitors numbered in the hundreds as they spouted and rolled.

Some of the Island fishermen who have gone off to see the whales close-to report that they are from 60 to 100 feet long, at least, and some of them longer. During the past ten days or so the whales have, at times, come real close. Some were spouting just off the channel to Mackerel Cove, and others were just off the rocks below Jaquish Inn. All along the east side of the island they have been frequently seen, usually the spout of water and the flip of a tail fin being all that one can see. At other times one will roll free of the water, and present his black back to sight.

Schools of small fish are about the island and the whales are presumably feeding on these. As the incoming tides near high water the small fish move in nearer shore, and the whales follow them.

While the sight of whales at this season of the year off Bailey Island is not at all unusual, the fishermen say that there seems to be many more of them this year than ever before in their memory. The reason is said to be the increased presence of small fish this year.

Several thrilling tales are being told of "narrow escapes" from the whales, the most exciting having happened to Harold E. Laws, Brunswick Undertaker, who was out in his cruiser trying to get close-up motion pictures of the whales.

One whale rose directly in front of the boat while Mr. Laws was cranking the camera, and grasped the prow in his mouth. The whale seemingly sensed immediately that the Laws boat was not good to eat, and he simply slid his huge jaws over the side, rolled his body in the water, and disappeared again.

Mr. Laws had dropped the camera and was making preparations to cling to the rigging when the whale had gone. Mr. Laws was accompanied by his daughter, and niece from Toronto, Canada.

Two or three of the fishermen have been out among the whales, and have reported similar narrow squeaks. One fisherman reported driving a high powered bullet into the roof of one whale's mouth. The whale flinched and seemed to shudder perceptibly and then went on with his way of life undisturbed. Several fishermen have shot at them without the bullets inflicting any apparent injury.

The whale does not seem to resent sharing the ocean with boats, any have not maliciously attacked any. Every day, fishermen go out that way to pull their traps, set their trawls, or perform their other daily tasks.

A whale estimated to be about thirty feet in length, was sighted in Merriconeag Sound Friday evening by a group of campers and counselors from Camp Tam-A-Rack, Orrs Island, who were riding in the camp motorboat.

The boat, driven by Captain Linwood Bibber of Harpswell, pursued the whale for about fifteen minutes coming within fifty yards of it at one time.

Water Supply For Topsham Trustees of Water District Decide to Lay New Pipes This Fall Brunswick Record October 2, 1908

The trustees of the Brunswick and Topsham Water District at a meeting Wednesday voted to construct the extension to Topsham village this fall. They have engaged the services of Metcalf & Eddy of Boston, consulting engineers, who will proceed as rapidly as possible to prepare the specifications for bids, and advertise them, so that the contracts may be made without delay. Already bids have been asked for pipes. Leonard Metcalf of Boston was in town Wednesday and went over the plans with the trustees and with Superintendent Bowker. There is considerable work to be done before construction can begin, but, unless some unforeseen hindrance arises, the trustees expect to have the pipes laid and water supplied to Topsham within two or three months.

Last Saturday an agreement was signed by the trustees of the water district and the committee representing to town of Topsham, setting forth the terms under which the extension is made, and these are substantially what was outlined before town meeting in Topsham.

The district agrees to extend its water mains and conduits, with reasonable expedition, through the public streets of Topsham, according to a plan which is made a part of the agreement. This plan shows the construction beginning at Mill Street in Brunswick, from which point a twelve-inch pipe will be laid across the bridge up Main Street in Topsham to Elm Street. From the corner of Elm and Main Streets an eight inch pipe will be laid on Elm Street to a point near the Fairgrounds. Six-inch pipes will be laid on Green Street and Thompson's lane, and two branches of Winter Street will be eight and six inches respectively. Ten hydrants will be established, five on Elm Street, one on Green Street, one at the foot of Main Street, one at the corner of Main and Elm Streets, and one on Winter Street and one on the Island.

The period of agreement is 27 years, which corresponds to the term of the bonds issued to pay for the construction of this extension.

The town of Topsham is entitled to water, for other purposes than the extinguishment of fires, on the same terms as Brunswick.

The town of Topsham agrees to pay the district the regular rates in semi-annual payments, June 1st and December 1st, the same as Brunswick pays. In addition to such

hydrant rental the town of Topsham agrees to pay to said district annually during the continuance of the contract such further sum as may be required to assure and yield to said district a total gross income from water rates in said town which shall bear the same ration to the construction cost of the plant of said district in the limits of the town of Topsham as the total gross income of the district from water rates in the town of Brunswick shall bear to the construction cost of the plant and property of the district in Brunswick.

The ratio of gross income to construction costs for the year preceding in each of said towns shall be ascertained on the 1st day of December and settlement made accordingly.

In the cost of repairs and necessary renewals and maintenance of the pipe lines, connections and hydrants in Topsham, during the terms of this contract, shall amount to a larger percentage of the construction cost of the same than the cost of repairs, renewals and maintenance of the same portions of the plant in the district of Brunswick bears to the construction costs of the same during the same time, the town of Topsham shall also pay the proportion differences in the cost of such repairs and maintenance, or, if the difference is in favor of the town, it shall be paid to the town by the district

**Walker Homestead Blossoms Out
As A Vacation Home
Topsham Landmark Is Renovated By Emery Booker And
Managed By Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Kennedy
Brunswick Record
July 19, 1934**



The old Walker Mansion, closed for over twenty years, and now one of the most Attractive tourist homes in this locality. With all the atmosphere of colonial days retained, the place will attract many.

With the dust of over twenty years cleaned from the woodwork and walls of the old Walker Homestead, this interesting place in Topsham is now one of the most attractive places in this section catering to tourists and vacation trade.

Closed over twenty years ago by the widow of Col. Wildes P. Walker, the last member of the Walker family, the house has been shrouded in mystery and people have

asked, "What will become of it?" People had almost accepted it as a forgotten relic to remain forgotten until it fell into ruin.

The house was well-built and, contrary to the general belief, was not in bad condition. It was purchased last fall by Emery Booker. Preserving all the dignity and flavor of the colonial period, Mr. Booker has made the house one of the show places of the section. Paint in the interior has been thoroughly cleaned and the original wallpaper, put on the walls in early times, has been preserved. A large number of valuable antique pieces used by the Walker family are being used by the present owner.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Kennedy are managing the place as a tourist and vacation resort, serving meals, giving overnight accommodations and catering to parties.

The interesting atmosphere will cause many to patronize the establishment. The beautiful lawn, shaded with trees as old as the house, has been kept in its original form as well as the house. The old terrace, where horsemen dismounted, is still in the center of the driveway and the old flower beds, planted years ago by the Walkers, still bloom, after being choked and hidden through years of neglect by grass and weeds. The old cannon owned by Major Nathaniel Walker has been pulled from the barn and restored to its original pedestal on the lawn.

Vessels Built In Topsham

List Compiled from Records from 1785 to 1851
Brunswick Record
July 29, 1901

1785	Sloop	Friendship	81.25	Jonathan Williams	James Fulton
1788	Schooner	Hannah	100.78	Jonathan Williams	John Reed
1789	Schooner	Henry	72.54	Enoch Sampson	Enoch Sampson
1794	Brig	America	189.46	John Stinson	James Fulton
1794	Ship	Adrastus	233.52	Freeman Gross	William King
1795	Schooner	Peggy	119.23	N. Purinton	Robert Patten
1795	Schooner	Dispatch	126.84	C. Thompson	Samuel Thompson
1795	Schooner	John	101	Isaac Dennett	William Widgery
1796	Schooner	Orange	119.67	Thomas Patten	Thomas Patten
1796	Ship	Osiris	198.12	William King	William King
1797	Brig	Minerva	128.2	Jonathan Fulton	David Patten
1799	Brig	Androscoggin	93.83	Levi Patterson	William King
1799	Sloop	Susanna	93.83	William Patten	Robert Patten
1800	Brig	Minerva	137.52	Joseph Sprague	Joseph Sprague
1800	Schooner	Lark	108.48	Thomas Patten	Thomas Patten
1801	Brig	Ezra St. John	148.54	Charles Mustard	Ezra Smith
1801	Schooner	Topsham Beauty	108	Charles Peterson	Charles Peterson
1802	Schooner	Mercury	105.45	Jonathan Rogers, Jr.	Robert Patten
1803	Schooner	Endeavour	113.21	Nathaniel Melcher	Jonathan Morse
1804	Schooner	Hero	123.34	Nathaniel Melcher	Nathaniel Melcher
1804	Schooner	Venus	106.36	Robert Patten	Robert Patten
1804	Brig	Dian	158.6	Nehemiah Harding	William Harwood
1805	Ship	Minerva	208.58	Stephen Neazu	Johnson Wilson
1805	Ship	Lucia	266	Daniel Curtis	William Brown
1805	Sloop	Lucinda	81.14	James Todd	David Patten

1806	Brig	Leopard	181.49	William Rogers	Thomas G. Sanford
1806	Brig	Mary 1	67.46	Benjamin Snow	Actor Patten, Jr.
1806	Brig	Mercator	162.76	John Rogers, Jr.	Benjamin J. Porter
1806	Brig	Henry	180.33	David Foot	Ezra Smith
1806	Brig	Hiram	149.14	James W. Dumont	James W. Dumont
1806	Ship	Laura	241.8	William Rogers	Thomas G. Sanford
1808	Brig	Harmony	191.99	Jonathan Skolfield	William King
1809	Ship	Charlotte	210.77	William Dorr	Andrew C. Dorr
1810	Brig	Mentor	188.87	Oakman Sprague	T. G. Sandford
1810	Ship	Tiphys	314	E. Purington	E. Purington
1811	Brig	William Henry	264.67	George Moore	T. Goddard
1811	Brig	Comet	187.66	Consider Thomas	John Holland
1811	Ship	Homer	424.34	R.K. Porter	John Morse
1812	Brig	Haulpa	171	C. Thomas Jr.	Peter H. Green
1815	Ship	Abby Maria	153	John Patten	John Patten
1815	Schooner	Margaret	120.68	William Patten	William Patten
1817	Schooner	Olive Branch	97	Henry Sampson	James Sampson
1818	Brig	Statira	183	John Patten	George F. Patten
1822	Brig	Octavia	134.52	Samuel Otis	William Frost
1822	Brig	Mercator	200.42	John Deering	John Deering
1824	Brig	Susan	270	Caleb Heath	Samuel Veasie
1824	Brig	Sally Ann	174.68	N. Purington	H. Purington
1825	Brig	Jones	190	Eben Winchell	Samuel Veasie
1825	Brig	John	260	Eben Winchell	Samuel Veasie
1826	Brig	Leopard	164.67	Samuel Hopkins	James Simpson
1826	Ship	Java	331.2	I. Purington	I. Purington
1826	Ship	Emery	285.31	John Given, Jr.	John Given, Jr.
1826	Brig	Mordecal	142	S. Thompson	William Frost
1827	Brig	Hazard	156.85	M. L. Trot	William Trot
1828	Ship	Woodbury	316.28	S.T. Whelden	H. Purinton
1829	Schooner	William	120.28	Samuel Douglas	William Frost
1831	Brig	Curtis	249.67	William Curtis	William Curtis
1835	Schooner	Sagadahock	129.48	S. Nickerson, Jr.	Alfred White
1837	Ship	Ebro	349.62	Lawson L. Watts	Alfred White
1839	Bark	Hudson	342.84	William Curtis	William Curtis
1840	Bark	Gilbert	289.79	Robert Given	Robert Given
1841	Schooner	Hanover	88.36	S.T. Donnell	B.C. Bailey
1844	Bark	Albert	359.45	Robert Marwick	William Curtis
1847	Ship	George Washington	179.15	Thomas Snow	Thomas Snow
1847	Schooner	Humphrey Purington	636.61	Robert Given	Robert Given
1847	Brig	Rodney	199.4	John Rogers	William H. Hall
1847	Schooner	S. D. Bailey	87.71	John W. Briggs	George Davis
1848	Ship	Sarah Purington	466.3	A. W. Purington	W. B. Purington
1848	Ship	Josephine	456.6	John Crooker	John Crooker
1849	Bark	Charles Thompson	443.91	Thomas Merryman	C. Thompson
1850	Bark	Helen Maria	446.8	J.R. Silsby	Adam Lemont

UNITED LODGE, NO. 8, FREE AND ACCEPTED MASON

Instituted In Topsham Dec. 14, 1801, Moved to Brunswick

June 24, 1816—Honored By Membership of Robert

Dunlap, Grand High Priest—Scottish Rite Branch

Of Maine Organized in Brunswick Dec. 1, 1856

Brunswick Record December 17, 1909



J. H. FISH, W. M.
United Lodge, No. 8, F. & A. M.



SAMUEL B. FURBUSH, S. W.
United Lodge, No. 8, F. & A. M.



SAMUEL L. FORSAITH, J. W.
United Lodge, No. 8, F. & A. M.

United Lodge No. 8, Free and Accepted Masons, is by far the oldest of any of the secret lodges in this vicinity. Its charter, bearing the date, December 14, 1801, was the sixty-fourth issued by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, and, the eighth which had been issued to the District of Maine. The custom of giving lodges numbers had not then come into vogue.

At the time the United Lodge was organized, Brunswick and Topsham were very much smaller than they are today. The population of the former was about one thousand and of the latter about two thousand. The greater part of the residents lived out of the village, a large part of the population of Brunswick having gathered about the New Meadows River. The principal occupations were farming, working in the mills, and going to sea, and a large number of young men chose the seafaring life. There were at this time eleven mills using the water power of the Androscoggin, the greater part of which were saw mills, with a few grist mills and on fulling mill. The bridge across the river had been completed about six years and the two towns were rapidly pushing forward. The streets of Topsham were laid out very much the same as the present time. Maine street, Brunswick had been laid out many years between the river and Maquoit. Besides the roads leading to Bath and to Freeport, there were but two streets in town, the present Mill street and Mason street. There were but seven stores in each town. At Bowdoin College, the first buildings, the President's house and Massachusetts Hall, were then in the process of construction. Topsham village had about forty buildings and Brunswick about fifty.

Both Brunswick and Topsham were, however, industrious and progressive towns, and some of the citizens felt that in order to be fully abreast of the times, a lodge of Freemasonry should be established. As Topsham seemed to be the more prosperous of the two it was thought best to have the lodge located there rather than in Brunswick.

The charter, signed by Samuel Dunn, Grand Master, and John Proctor, Grand Secretary, was issued to Jacob Brown, William Fairfield, James Rogers, Daniel Holden, Ziba Eaton, Samuel Snow, Jonathan Snow, David Patterson, James McLellan and Joshua Emery. Little is known of these first members of No. 8, and nothing is recorded as to where they received their degrees, but it is believed that they were made Masons in some of the numerous ports of Europe which they had visited during sea voyages. Brown was a Bowdoinham man, Fairfield, Emery, Rogers and Patterson lived in Topsham, McLellan in Bath, and the two Snows at New Meadows. They were all seafaring men.

Jonathan Snow, Ziba Eaton, Joshua Emery and Samuel Snow seemed to have no further connection with the lodge than having the honor of having their names placed upon the charter. No mention of them is made in the records. Jacob Brown was made the first master of the lodge, and Daniel Holden was the first secretary and treasurer. Brown and Holden appear to have been prime movers in forming the lodge, and much of its early success was due to their efforts.

Early records show that the method of conducting the work within the lodge differed very greatly from the manner in which the work is conducted at the present time.

United Lodge was obliged to have the consent of two neighboring lodges in order that it might be given a charter. Jacob Brown visited the lodges at Hallowell and Wiscasset, and readily obtained their approval.

The first meeting of record was held at the tavern of Gideon Walker in Topsham on February 30, 1802. This tavern was situated a little south of the present Walker homestead. At this meeting Jacob Brown presented the charter from the Grand Lodge. A committee was appointed to engage a hall, and to procure the proper furnishings for it. The work of this committee is not on the records, and it is not known where the first meetings of the lodge were held. It appears later that the lodge moved into rooms owned by Mrs. Mary Wilson, a widow lady, and were her tenants until the removal to the Holden house.

At the second meeting of the lodge, April 21, 1802 appeared the first candidate, Abel Merrill receiving the Fellow Craft degree, and he and Stephen Bradford receiving the Master Mason degree. Cornelius Thompson had the honor of being the first to be installed into the lodge.

In December of that year the services of Jacob Brown were recognized by the members and they made him Master, a position which he held for three years.

The by-laws adopted at this time made the regular meeting night the third Tuesday of each month at seven o'clock from March to September and six o'clock from September to March. It was also required that the lodge should not be kept open after ten o'clock, without urgent necessity.

In 1804 the subject of new lodge rooms were discussed at more length, and in December a committee appointed for that purpose made a report, followed by a report in February, after which the lodge voted to make all necessary arrangements for the building of a Masonic Hall and to carry the same into effect. This was a vote favoring arrangement with Daniel Holden for a hall in the house then being built by him, and which was afterwards known as the Major Frost house, and later as the Franklin School.

The first meeting in the new hall was on December 23, 1806, and the hall was dedicated on January 1 the next year. The lodge occupied this hall for several years. The

hall can still be seen practically as it was originally. It was about twenty-five by thirty feet and had an arched ceiling.

As Brunswick had grown much more rapidly than Topsham, and was fast becoming the larger of the two towns, it was thought by some of the members that the lodge should be removed to Brunswick. The matter was first brought up at the meeting on April 17, 1810, and a committee was appointed to see what arrangements could be made. No action was taken, however, for several years. On February 1, 1813, on motion of Jonathan Page, it was voted to petition the Grand Lodge for permission to remove to Brunswick. For various reasons this permission was not obtained until June 3, 1816. The Grand Lodge required the approval of two neighboring lodges be given before it would consent to the change. This was easily obtained, Freeport Lodge, and Solar Lodge readily giving their consent. On June 21 the lodge celebrated the festival of St. John the Baptist by removing to Brunswick. The lodge room was opened in Topsham, and a procession was formed including the officers of Solar Lodge and Freeport Lodge, and preceded by a band of music from Portland, marched to the meeting house in Brunswick, where Robert P. Dunlap delivered an oration. The procession then proceeded to Washington Hall, where a dinner was served.

The lodge met in Washington Hall until the Masonic Hall on Mason street was dedicate on January 6, 1817.

On January 9, 1816, four candidates were initiated of whom three were destined to be of great help to United Lodge—Robert P. Dunlap, Dr. Isaac Lincoln and Richard T. Dunlap.

The hall on Mason street was built by the lodge for lodge purposes. The cost was \$300, divided into twenty-five shares of \$12 each. The lodge owned a part of the shares and the remainder were owned by the members. Later the shares owned by members were purchased by the lodge.

The lodge was incorporated by the act of the Maine Legislature passed January 19, 1822, signed by Governor A. K. Parris. The act incorporated the lodge to hold real estate to the value of \$10,000 and personal property to the value of \$30,000.

On October 17, 1826 the last candidate for sixteen years was given the degrees. Following this came the “Morgan Times,” during which period the lodge was dormant. Although no work was done, and but little interest taken, the lodge continued to hold its meetings, and to maintain its organization. The “Morgan Times” caused many lodges throughout the country to suspend entirely, and many charters were given up. Largely through the efforts of Jonathan Page and John C. Humphreys, United Lodge was able to hold its charter. These two men alternated in holding the responsible positions, and were able to keep the lodge alive. For a while meetings were held quarterly, and the attendance was very small. Among the faithful members who continued to attend meetings were Ephraim Brown, who was secretary for all but one year on the troublesome times. Richard T. Dunlap, Gen. A.B. Thompson, John C. Humphreys, Jonathan Page, Isaac Lincoln, Peter O. Alden, Charles Weld, Charles Waterhouse, Charles Stetson and Joseph Moody.

In 1842 the lodge again became active and degrees were conferred upon several candidates. The lodge fast recovered from its long sleep. The twenty-eight years use of the hall had caused some of the furnishings to become shabby, and it was necessary to

refurbish the hall. The hall was rededicated on October 24, 1844, the exercises of dedication being attended by “a crowded audience of invited guests.”

In 1845 the Grand Lodge of Maine laid the cornerstone of King Chapel, Bowdoin College. The Grand Lodge convened at Brunswick on June 16, 1845. The procession was formed. Boston encampment and Maine encampment of Knights Templar, followed by the Grand Lodge, Mount Vernon, R.A.C. of Portland, Montgomery R.A.C. of Bath, Solar Lodge of Bath, Ancient Landmark Lodge of Portland, Freeport Lodge and United Lodge of Brunswick. On arriving at the college grounds the procession was augmented by the College Boards, the faculty and students. The ceremony was performed by the Grand Master.



In 1870 it was thought that the quarters then occupied by the lodge were not satisfactory and arrangements were made to remove the lodge rooms to the upper floor of Lemont Block. This hall was dedicated Oct. 3, 1872. Here the lodge remained as tenants until February 1902, when it removed to its present rooms in the Lincoln Building.

The quarters in Lemont Block had been for some time unsatisfactory, so when the extension was built to the Lincoln Building arrangements were made to have lodge rooms fitted up in the new part. The new lodge rooms were finely furnished and are in many respects the best in town.



The following fact in the Masonic history of Brunswick will be of interest to the craft in general. The first meeting of a Scottish Rite body in Maine was held in Brunswick in the old hall on Mason Street, Dec. 1, 1856. Robert P. Dunlap, who was the first mason in Maine to receive the 3rd degree, and at that time the only one who had received it, presided. He presented the warrant and a charter of Rose Croix was duly organized. At this meeting John D. Lincoln and James Ross, both of Brunswick, received the degrees and were the first to receive the degrees within the State. All credit for introducing the Scottish branch of Masonry into Maine belongs to Dunlap. At this time

he stood very high at the head of the general grand chapter of the United States, and held many other high offices. He can justly be considered the greatest Mason Maine has ever had.

United Lodge has had many members fill prominent places in civil affairs. From the beginning of the lodge, they have had leading places in town affairs. Some have had State offices, three of its members have been in Congress, and two Governors of Maine.

The funeral services of Robert P. Dunlap, October 24, 1859, were services which will long be remembered by all who attended. At that time Mr. Dunlap was honored by holding the second highest office in Masonic Orders in the country, and on the following year he would have been placed at the head. The funeral services were conducted by the Masons, members of the order attending from far and near. The attendance was so great that special trains were run to Portland, Bath and Augusta after the services. The Grand Lodge of Maine was well represented and three Past Grand Masters of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts were present.

Mr. Dunlap became a member of United Lodge in 1816, and was elected to the Master's chair a year later. He took an active interest in the work of the lodge, and in the Grand Lodge, of which he was elected Grand Master in 1830 and 1831. He was again accorded this great honor in 1857. He received the honor of Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of the United States.

The men who have been honored by holding the office of Master of United Lodge No. 8, and the dates upon which they were in office are:

Jacob Brown	1802	Joseph Stetson	1858,59
Daniel Holden	1803-5	Ira P. Booker	1861,1868
Jonathan Page	1806-8,1811,1812,1815-17,1835, 1838, 1841, 1842		1869
		Alfred J. Booker	1962, 63
Peter H. Green	1809	Henry J. L. Stanwood	1864, 65
David Dunlap	to May 1810	Stephen J. Young	1866,67
James Dinsmore	To Dec. 1810		1874
James Jones	1813,1814	John Furbish	1869-71
Nathaniel Green	1818	Thomas V. Eaton	1872,73
Robert P. Dunlap	1819	Daniel E. Fuller	1875-77
Isaac Lincoln	1820,21,23	Benjamin F. Morse	1878,79
David Stanwood	1822	Francis C. Whitehouse	1880,81
James Carey	1823	Charles H. Ricker	1882,1883
Abner Bourne	1824	William H. Pierce	1884,1885
Joshua Edwards	1825	Elbridge Cornish	1886,87
John C. Humphreys	1826,1837,1839,1840, 1843-5, 1860	Charles M. Baker	1888
		Oliver T. Newcomb	1890
Ephriam Brown	1827,1836	Fred E. Wagg	1891,92
Abner B. Thompson	1828,1846,1847	Charles H. Nash	1893,94
Charles Weld	1829,1834	William H. Atkinson	1895
Richard T. Dunlap	1831	Adelbert J. Hutchinson	1896,97
Peter O. Alden	1832	Gilbert M. Elliott	1898, 99
James Colbath	1848	Henry C. Upton	1900,01
Samuel S. Wing	1849	Hiram A. Webber	1902,03

John D. Lincoln 1850-53
Ward Coburn 1854
John Crawford 1855

William Lewis Gahan 1904,05
Harry W. Varney 1906,07
J. Harry Fisk 1908,09



UNCLE THEODORE'S REMINISCENCES

Historical Anecdotes and Incidents Connected

With the Mall Told by Mr. T.S. McLellan

Brunswick Record

February 6, 1903

Theodore S. McLellan, Brunswick's oldest citizen, whose memory concerning the early history of the town surpasses that of any other man now living, read in last week's issue of the Record about the Mall, and it reminds him of many interesting incidents connected with the park. He has kindly contributed the following article:

The first public road in Brunswick was given by the proprietors of the township. It led from the fort at Maquoit to the fort at the falls, the latter being located where the tower of the Cabot Mill now stands. It was to be perfectly straight and 12 rods wide, and if it had been opened as intended by the proprietors, would have passed near the east end of the Maine Central depot. The road was built in 1717, and to avoid swampy lands was not built straight. Part of it was originally what now is Park Row.

In 1817 Gov. Brooks of Massachusetts gave notice that he would visit Maine to review the militia at the general muster held in September. The muster of the 1st Brigade, 4th Division, 2nd Regiment assembled at Brunswick that year. The number of soldiers was usually about a thousand.

The visit of a Governor at that time was considered of more importance than a visit of the President would be at the present time, and the citizens wished their village to appear at its best.

Deacon Andrew Dunning, who resided in a gambrel roofed house located on a lot now occupied by Prof. Robinson then owned all the land from Booker's store to the north

side of the old blacksmith shop. He offered to give the land for a straight road if the people of the village would build it. The offer was accepted, which left the territory now comprising the Mall.

At the time there were only two houses on Park Row. Mr. Dunning told the owners of these houses they could move their houses up to the new part of the street and he would give the land in front of their residences and shut up the old road; but it was found that it was a county road and could not be discontinued, which left the land comprising the present mall between the two streets. This tract was covered with maple and spruce trees and alder bushes until 1825 when the citizens of the town turned out on the Fourth of July and gave their labor in cleaning it up, cutting down the trees and clearing out the stumps. The next spring money was raised for setting out the elms and building a fence.

The Fourth of July, 1825, was a jolly day for the people of this town. A big booth was erected of spruce limbs, where Green street is now located, and given by public contributions of the citizens. A hogshead of grog was also contributed at the old stage stable located at the rear of the residence of Dr. Mitchell. Bill Jones and Bill Card went around the men at work on the Mall all day furnishing them with grog from pails and dippers. About four o'clock in the afternoon some 20 or 30 men might have been seen lying beside the fence on Park Row sleeping off the effects of grog they had imbibed during the day.

The first building erected on the land now comprising the Mall was the village schoolhouse. It was small one-story structure about 15 x 15 and stood near the water fountain at the North end. When the old red schoolhouse was erected on School street about 1816 this building was moved to the opposite side of the present factory store and occupied as a dwelling house.

In 1820 a colored barber had a small shop located on a part of the lot now occupied by the Town Building. He was in the habit of imbibing too freely of O.B.J. and when so after slept on the floor of his shop. One night when he was lying on the floor of his shop they placed poles under his shop and carried it to the Mall and sat it down in the woods in front of Green street. When the barber awoke in the morning it took him some time to find out where he was located.

About 1817 a set of hay scales were erected on the Mall opposite Everett street. The structure much resembled a gallows. On Fast Day in 1822 a student came into church intoxicated and the clergyman gave him a severe reprimand. The students who were in the gallery scraped the floor with their feet and whistled to drown his voice. The next morning an effigy of the parson was found hanging on the hay scales with a string of verses pinned to its breast. The first verse which I remember read as follows:

My name was Asa Mead
And I did a wicked deed
As I preached, as I preached
I libeled William Brown
And the students scraped me down
As I preached

The brook, which runs through the Mall has been known by several names in the past. Many years ago it was known as Indian brook; either from a boy who was killed by the Indians while watering his horse there, or from Parson Woodside's race with an

Indian from the brook to the fort. An Indian came to the fort to sell furs and Woodside, shoe was a very heavy man, offered to bet the Indian two pounds, against the furs that he could out-run him from the brook to the fort. At the outset of the race Woodside came waddling along so clumsily that the Indian laughed so heartily he could not make much speed, and when near the fort Woodside put in his best and won the furs.

Eighty years ago it was known as Robinson's brook from Isaac Robinson having a tan yard at the brook on the east side of Federal street; and subsequently as Pollard's brook from Jonathan and Charley Pollard having a slaughter and tan house over the brook between Park Row and Federal street.

In 1823 it was known as Hawthorne's brook, as Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author, then a student at Bowdoin College, often Saturday afternoon practiced following the brook from the village to its outlet opposite Cove island, fishing for trout. After the making of the Mall it took the name of Mall brook by which it has since been known.

In 1848 the Kennebec and Portland railroad took possession of a part of the land comprising the Mall, and the bandstand was erected some fifteen years ago.

Two Old Bridges As They Looked When First Built Ancient Wood Cut Depict Wooden Structures At Gurnet And Orr's Island Some Thirty Years Ago

Brunswick Record
January 22, 1925



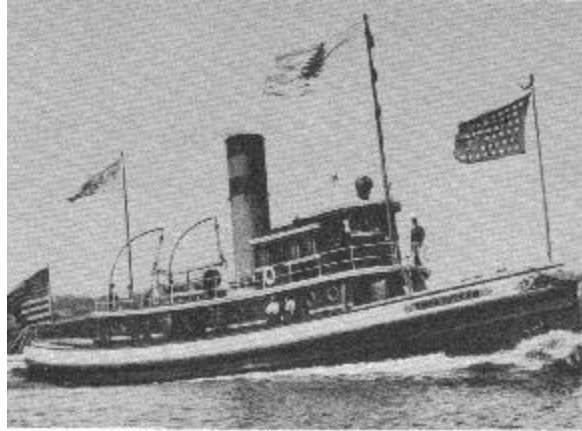
The illustration used above are old wood cuts, carved by hand about thirty years ago from box wood.

The old Orr's Island Bridge, as depicted in the larger cut, is probably the one which was rebuilt in 1857 or 1858 after the original bridge had been destroyed. From Wheeler's History we learn that the bridge connecting Orr's Island and Great Island was built at some time between 1833 and 1845 by Samuel Orr, Ralph Johnson, Jr., David Wyer, Thomas S. Jack, Michael Sinnett, John Conley, William Orr, Charles Black, Richard Orr, Jr., and William D. Orr, inhabitants of Orr's Island. In 1852 they gave the bridge to the town of Harpswell and the town voted to accept it and to keep it in repair. The bridge was wantonly destroyed in 1857, but was soon after rebuilt by the town. About fifteen years ago the town made a cut through the big hill on the Great Island side

and made a new approach to the bridge, thus doing away with the two sharp turns which are shown in the picture.

The smaller cut is an ancient picture of the bridge at Gurnet. Just when the first bridge was constructed there cannot be learned, but it was probably at a date preceding that of Orr's Island Bridge, as the latter would have been useless without a bridge at Gurnet connecting Great Island with the mainland. The Gurnet bridge has been the cause of much litigation on the ground that it obstructed the free passage of boats through the channel and several attempts have been made to compel the town to maintain a draw. Since the picture was taken the height of the bridge above tide water has been greatly increased as a compromise measure so that now boats of ordinary size can pass under the bridge at almost any tide.





Tug Pejepscot Serves Pulp Mill

Brunswick Record

March 27, 1930

One of the few Diesel tugboats operating along the Maine coast is the oil screw Pejepscot, a converted steam tug owned by the Sagadahoc Towing Company, a subsidiary of the Pejepscot Paper Company. The Pejepscot is 102 feet long with a beam of 24.2 feet and a depth of 12.3. She registers 142 gross tons. In command of Captain Jed F. Hollowell of Bath, one time fore and aft master who has been in steam and Diesel since 1907, the Pejepscot runs about eight months of the year between Bath and Salmon River N.B., towing on an average 20,000 cords of pulpwood to Bath from the Canadian shipping point on the Bay of Fundy. The Pejepscot is one of the most important units in the system that starts the peeled pulpwood from the forests and follows through to the Topsham mills, from which it emerges as newsprint.

Built at South Portland in 1907, the Pejepscot remained a coal burner for nearly 20 years. A few years ago she was converted to Diesel drive, a six cylinder crude oil motor weighing 35 tons replacing her old steam plant. The change has proved advantageous according to officials of the company, from the points of view of both economy and efficiency. The Pejepscot gives more satisfactory service today than she did the first year she was in operation. Captain Hollowell, who starts his tenth season in command of the tug next month, is pleased with the improvement in the way she handles. The Pejepscot makes the round trip from Salmon River to Bath and return, averaging between 450 and 500 miles, in faster time than before. This is due to the Diesel motor delivering the same maximum speed hour after hour. As a coal burner, her round trip performances depended largely on the firemen and her maximum speed was not maintained steadily because of varying steam pressure.

Her fuel bill is 50 per cent less than when she was burning coal and the cost of her operation has been reduced about 82 per cent as the installation of Diesel drive permitted a reduction of her crew of from 11 to seven men. Manned by seven men and with her motor driving her steadily maintained maximum speed, the Pejepscot annually tows from 19 to 20 thousand cords of wood. Last season she made 34 round trips.

The story of the industry into which this powerful little towboat fits is interesting in itself. Salmon River, the provincial terminal of the Pejepscot's run along the Maine

coast and into the Bay of Fundy, is a little community consisting of a church, school and 35 dwellings owned by the company. The tug is seldom at the little port longer than an hour. Loaded barges are always waiting for the tow to Bath after the Pejepscot drops the light barges which she has brought back after their discharge at the company's plant on the Bath waterfront just above the Carlton Bridge. A locomotive crane snakes big bundles of pulp wood from the holds as the barge lay along side the dock at Bath. The 20,000 cords discharged in 1929 were loaded into open rack cars for transportation to the mill in Topsham by rail. Nearly 1,600 cars of this type were loaded last season.

A year or two ago, the locomotive crane replaced the old system of unloading at Bath. Prior to the purchase of the crane the pulp was hoisted out of the barges to a high platform from which two or three similar platforms ran inshore at right angles. The pulp bundles were dropped into big barrows and pushed by man power out on the cross platforms and emptied into rack cars below. This system was abolished when the Carlton Bridge was built.

Machinery plays an equally important part in loading the barges at Salmon River without loss of time. The wood is carried to the loading dock from the holding ground on a long conveyor. Cross-conveyors at the dock drop into the hatches and permit rapid loading.

There are four stages to the process of getting the pulp wood from forests to the holds of the barges bound for the Kennebec. First is the felling and peeling of the timber which is carried on from May to August. The population of the little village of Salmon River is not large enough to carry out the program of the peeling season when bark is stripped from the timber as fast as it is felled, and the men of the community are reinforced until the crew numbers from 200 to 300 men. The timber is then cut into four foot lengths, measured, and piled. This process, done from August to November, is known as "yarding". From December to March the wood is hauled on horse-drawn sleds to the banks of the Great Salmon River preparatory to the annual drive downstream to the holding ground, a large pond. The fourth, and last stage, is the drive beginning in April.

A surplus is left over each season at the holding ground to start the following towing season, beginning in April. This gives the Pejepscot enough to keep her busy during that month while the drive is being carried on. The results of the drive give the tug plenty to do the remainder of the towing season. The Pejepscot could clean up her towing program by extending her operation into the winter, but it is preferred to carry the surplus and start off the following April, when conditions on the coast are more favorable.



TOWER OF OLD CASCO CASTLE MARKS SITE FAMOUS RESORT

Seen This Summer by Thousands of Tourists Who Travel
Over South Freeport Detour

Brunswick Record
August 13, 1931

Casco Castle, one time famous resort on Casco Bay, is now attracting attention again as the detour over route one has been taking tourists to South Freeport, past the gray stone tower on the bank overlooking the bay.

In other years it was only a casual tourist who saw the castle, or the stone tower that is left of the once big summer hotel, but this year thousands of people, taking the detour, pass by the place, and hundreds of them stop to see it, wondering what it may be.

To Freeporters and people nearby it is an old story. The castle was once a summer hotel, operated by the car-line, and as is the story of many similar places, it ceased to be an attraction when the days of trolley-car resorts passed.

In 1914, after one of the poorest seasons, the hotel, made of wood, burned. It was soon after Labor Day, and the little Freeport fire department battled to save the place in one of the town's greatest conflagrations. It was hopeless, and all that remained on the hilltop of South Freeport after that was the stone tower used for observations purposes by the visitors of the hotel.

Years have passed, and Maine has become a great summer state and today if Casco Castle were running it would doubtless be one of our great hotels, ranking with the Samoset, Poland Spring, and dozens of others.

But since then pine trees have grown up, the remains of the old hotel is gone, and all that remains of the whole establishment is an old suspension bridge, a few stone walls, and the tower.

The tower is a replica of a Norman dungeon tower. It had stairs going up into the top, a platform by the ramparts where sightseers stood to look for miles down the bay, where Steamers Europe-bound made a black smudge on the sky.

That all burned out, and all that is left is stones, massive and huge. The bridge was a suspension walk over a gully between the hotel and the trolley-tracks, and led to long steps up to the front door.

From the water the view was as pretty as that from the hotel out over the bay. The hotel was built on the plan of a castle, with ramparts on top, and from far down the bay it looked like some medieval feudal castle, strangely misplaced in the new world. From the top of the hotel the whole of Casco Bay was stretched out. Directly under was the little harbor, with small craft tied up, the ship-yards, and the fishermen's shanties. Almost under the window was Bustin Island, and away down the water was Half-way rock, beyond which stretched the Atlantic as far as one could see. The hotel was a landmark, and many a boat came up the river at night using the flaring beacons at the front of the hotel to steer a course by.

A beautiful garden was a feature of the castle lands. Down on the point was a tidal-dam to keep water under the draw-bridge, the moat if you will, and above that was a play-field, where ball games were played. There were also wild animal cages, and in the flowering days of the hotel a zoo of no mean repute was open to the guests. Buffalo, deer, and nearly everything was kept there in pens.

Like Merrymeeting Park, Riverton, and so many other famous places of a past generation, Casco Castle met its end. Only a few seasons ago the trolley line went out of existence, but it was years and years before that that the cars ceased to carry big crowds to the hotel. Arson was considered by many as the cause of the fire at the hotel, but no one ever knew. Perched on the hill-top, the burning hotel flared up to be seen for miles, and Freeport people well remember the excitement of that night.

Since then the wooden bridge has fallen, although the steel cables and the supporting towers still stand. The trolley tracks are now no longer used, although ever since the time of the hotel until the disbanding of the line the cars turned out at South Freeport, went over across the field, and stopped at the draw-bridge, reminiscent of the days when they used to stop there to let of merry-makers by the hundreds.

The accompanying picture is one of the best of the hotel, made just before it burned, when a record crowd was on hand. The beauty of the flower gardens can be seen from it, and the connection that the tower had with the hotel is shown. The water lies beyond, down over a steep bank that is now dotted with cottages.

That is the story of the castle, a story what many South Freeport people have recited often of late, as out-of-state cars stop to find out what the thing is. And in the stopping, South Freeport has made many friends, for the beauty of the place, so near the road yet so secluded, makes an impression. And Casco Castle is one of the reasons why motorists haven't been so worked up over the detour this year, when they are usually so disgusted with construction that takes off the main roads. It is one of the prettiest detours the state of Maine has ever made.

TOPSHAM'S FIRST LIBRARY ORGANIZED 128 YEARS AGO

Records of Founders' Names and Amount

In Possession of Mary Pelham Hill

Brunswick Record

January 16, 1931

That the town of Topsham first enjoyed the privileges of a public library 128 years ago, will be brought out in a paper to be read Thursday evening at the opening of the Topsham Public Library, by Miss Mary Pelham Hill, who is to be in charge of the Historical and Genealogical Departments of the library. The new library which formally opens Thursday evening, January 15, will be in the Androscoggin Engine Hall. The library established 128 years ago, on January 20, 1803, was in the Topsham Village School. Miss Hill was the only person, so far as the Record could learn, having authentic information concerning this historic organization. She has a copy of the original records, which were in the possession of the late Miss Elizabeth Purinton of Topsham.

A copy of the records follows:

The subscribers being desirous of establishing a Social Library, in the town of Topsham, for the promotion of useful knowledge, hereby engage to advance the sum of five dollars each, for every share by each respectively subscriber, to be paid as soon as the subscribers shall agree on plan for the appropriation thereof, and to such person or persons as may be appointed then to receive the same. And it is hereby understood, that the first meeting of the subscribers shall be held at the schoolhouse in the village district in Topsham, on Thursday the 20th day of January 1803, at six o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of considering most conducive to establish the Library contemplation.

Subscribers' names, No. of Shares

If any subscribers shall be dissatisfied with the rules and regulations adopted at the above mentioned meeting he shall then and there have liberty to withdraw his name in presence of said meeting, but not afterwards.

Ezra Smith, Elijah Hall, T.G. Sandford, Henry Wilson, James Cushman, Daniel Holden, Green Richardson, John Holland, Obed Burnham, Stephen Bradford, John Morse, David Patterson, Humphrey Purinton, Abel Merrill, Peli Haley, John Stockbridge, David Foster, John Haley, Jonathan Ellis (one share each), Benjamin Orr, \$10.00 for two shares. Samuel Thompson, Benj. Jones Porter, James Purinton, Luther Kimball, Alexander Rogers, Paul C. Tebbets, Acter Patten, Jr., (one share each).

To the Committee of purchase and repairs for the said library in the town of Topsham,

Gentlemen, You are requested to expend the money that you may receive on an order this day drawn upon the Treasurer, in the purchase of books for the library as soon as may be.

Topsham, June 1st, 1803

Benj. Orr,

John Stockbridge,

Directors

How many years the organization existed and where other records are is not known. Misses Harriet and Bessie Barron of Winter street have several volumes with bookplates of the "Topsham Library Association" bearing the name of their grandfather William Barron, who came to Topsham, in 1820. On one of the books, No. 77 is "Harper's Family Library, No. LVII, Popular Guide to the Observation of Nature" by Robert Mudie. This book was published in 1833. Whether this was the same association as that organization in 1803, is not known. Apparently the library eventually broke up and the books were divided among those who had purchased stock in the association.

The rules of the association as given on the bookplate are: "No person shall be allowed to keep this book from the Library, at one time, more than four weeks, under a penalty of six cents for each succeeding week that it shall be so returned.

Any person, who shall lend this book shall forfeit twenty-five cents."

Topsham's 150th Anniversary

Brunswick Record

August 14, 1914

Topsham had the proudest day in its history on Wednesday the 12th, when the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town was duly celebrated. The sunrise salute of twenty-one guns accompanied by the ringing of the church bells, gave notice that the celebration day had arrived, and as a mark of favor—the fog and rain clouds rolled away, giving perfect weather for the festive occasion.

A large number of the business places, public buildings and private residences were handsomely decorated and the whole town was in holiday array.

The following is a list of the leading decorations: Pejepscot Paper Company Office, Alexis Dufresne, Democratic Headquarters, Corydon Galusha, store and resident of Marshall G. Powers, store and residence of Warren W. Goud, postoffice, J.E. Cornish's store, John W. McMillan's store, stable and residence of George L. Quint, residences of Edwin M. Brown, Dr. H.U. Curtis, George Goud, John A. Cone, George B. Ridley, Charles Colby, Arthur B. Johnson, Mrs. Frank H. Purinton, F.C. Barker, Daniel Hall, M.C. Hall, George M. Nickerson, W.E. Frost, Charles I. Giveen, I.C. Purinton, Capt. Angier Merryman, George Stinson, A.E. Hall, Mrs. L.A. Goding, P.E. Marriner, William Hall, Fred Orr, Mrs. Wildes P. Walker, David W. Scribner, Fred Ward, Herbert Turner, Robert Edwards, Eben Jordan, Wildes W. Purinton, Fred W. Atkinson, George L. Alexander, Damasse Boucher, George Hall, Frank Willis, Walter Tibbetts, Mrs. William Barron, Edward Whitney, Emerson Nye, David Flagg, The Free Baptist Church, Androscoggin Engine Hall, Town hall, Office of the Maine Feldspar Company, High School building.

The Grand Parade

Topsham's parade, including floats both fancy and historical, decorated automobiles, firemen in uniform, and fantastics, was a feature to be proud of and a host of people enjoyed it.

The judges awarded the first prize for historical floats to Domhegan Tribe of Red Men of Brunswick, the second prize to the First Baptist Church, third prize to the Mallett Road float, fourth to Topsham Grange and fifth prize to the Free Baptist Church.

The first prize for decorated automobiles was won by Ralph E. Stockman of Portland, Edwin C. Patten won the second prize, Edward H. Phinney the third prize, Harrison Stone, fourth prize and George Hildreth fifth prize.

In the section devoted to fantastics the first prize was awarded to Fall's Army, the second prize to Hen Johnson's Orchestra, third prize to the Stranded Circus, fourth prize to Zina Noyes and Frank Noyes, and fifth prize to the Cathance Haymakers.

The parade formed at the Topsham Grange hall at ten o'clock with Fred A. Wheeler as marshal, William H. Haskell, Oren S. Donnell and Earl S. Turner as aids. Music was furnished by St. John's Band of Brunswick. Following the band came the hand engine companies which competed in the muster in the afternoon: Hecla of Randolph, Kennebec of Brunswick, Niagara of Brunswick and Androscoggin of Topsham.

The historical section of the parade was led by the Androscoggin Fife and Drum corps of Topsham. First came Domhegan Tribe of Red Men of Brunswick. The thirty-five men in the parade were all in Indian costume, most of them being mounted. A feature of this display was an Indian camp, which was on a float. Then came one of the big teams of the Pejepscot paper Company, driven by Omer Newall. An Indian family, represented by Albert Morin, Lilly Bernier, Cordelia Morin and Loretta Morin, was a pretty feature.

The children of the Cathance school, Helen Walker, Otis Higgins, Gladys Powers, Blanche Graves, Florence Chapman, Edna Trufant, Christina Trufant, Edith Powers, Angelia Palozzi, Elphine Palozzi and Peter Paul, on a float driven by Horace Whitney, represented Childhood Land. Behind them came W. H. Gould of Bowdoinham driving a two wheel gig. The Free Baptist Float representing the Circle of 1764 and the Aid of 1914 was driven by Clarence Moore. Those on the float were Mrs. Frank Berry, Mrs. – Benon Quint, Mrs. William Mountfort, Mrs. Dana Colby, Mrs. John A. Purinton, Mrs. Fred E. Berry, Mrs. John Grave, Mrs. Marshall G. Powers, Miss Ruth Alexander, Miss Janie Mountfort, and Miss Hazel Noyes. George Alexander drove the Flinch Club float, the members of the club who rode being Lucretia Holt, Bessie Small, Vera Small, Carrie Small, Susie Alexander, Mabel Purington, Laura Potter, Harriet Kane, Etta Atkinson, Maria Atkinson. The floats of the Free Baptist Sunday School and the First Baptist Church were especially attractive. Those of the former float were Rev. and Mrs. E.B. Tetley, Deacon Fred A. Rackley, Deacon J.A. Purinton, Miss Williams, Martha Hall, Madeline Barker, Ruth Mahar, Willis Wardwell, Kenneth Sally, Wendell Tetley, Marguerite Clifford, Erna Furbish, Frederick Rackley, Erma Tetley, Ralph Rackley, Linden McMackin, Thelma Cutter, and Merrill Cutler.

In the Baptist Float were Mrs. Victor Sprague, Mrs. F.E. Daggett, Viola Sprague, Russell Sprague, Margaret Whitney, Emma Eaton, Bertha Wilson, Edna Wilson, Doris Wilson, Verna McIver, Gladys McIver, Forest McIver, Myrtle French, Lucy French, Norman French, Malcolm Daggett, Elise Nye and Beatrice Newell.

Albert Ward drove an ox team showing the farming tools in use in 1800, while Harry Edgecomb drove an ox team loaded with farming tools and implements of 1914.

Mrs. A.E. Ames, and Mrs. W. S. Alexander, Orris Ames, Ralph Ames, Catherine Ames, Daniel Ames and Lemuel Ames were on a float representing an old fashioned kitchen.

Miss Lillian Quint, Mrs. Wallace Quint, Mrs. Edwin G. Young and Mrs. Howard Young rode in an attractive hitch.

Topsham Grange was represented by a float on which rode Mr. and Mrs. A.E. Bickford, Mr. and Mrs. Justis Ripley, Miss Alice Descheneaux, Mr. and Mrs. George Wright, Albert Staples, Mr. and Mrs. W. Alexander, O.A. Barker, Mrs. F. C. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rackley, Mr. and Mrs. George Morgan, Earl Griffin and Miss Edith Blodgett.

The Court of Pomona was another handsome float. It was driven by Maynard Tarr. The members of the Court on the float were Mrs. Joanna Hodgkins, Pomona; Mrs. Edwin C. Patten, Flora; Miss Ethel Cushman, Ceres; Mrs. James Tarr, Mrs. E.Y. Shaw, Mrs. Maynard Tarr, Mrs. David W. Scribner, Miss Elba Turner, Mrs. Herbert Turner, Miss Alice Williams, Mrs. Margaret Courson, Mrs. Margaret Webber, and Miss Florence Dunkley.

Zina Noyes and Frank Noyes rode in an old fashioned chaise.

The people of Mallet road showed how the people of that neighborhood traveled in 1764 by ox team and horseback while in 1914 they ride in automobiles. Those riding on the ox team were E.R. Tedford, Charles Rackley, Miss Gladys Brown, Miss Louise Hayward and Philip Hayward. John Strout and Miss Helen Hathorn rode on horseback, dressed in the garb of young people on their way to church in olden times.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dunning rode in an old time team. Mrs. Walter Colby of Brunswick and E.G. Young of Woburn, Mass. Were in a decorated carriage.

The parade of fantastics was led by a bicycle squad, Clarence Haley, Richard Tarr, H.L. Berry, W.E. Cox and Ernest Bickford. They were followed by Fall's Army, an organization, which as Fall's Band took the first prize in the fantastics at the Brunswick Fourth of July procession. Hen Johnson's Symphony Orchestra, Alabama, won frequent applause. The musicians were Maurice Luce, Thomas White, James Hyde, Samuel Wilson, Chester Barker, Ernest Grady, Albion Luce, and Florence Luce.

A. C. Morrill was an Indian on horseback and was followed by a float on which Herschel Keith, Sargeant Scribner, Kenneth Tedford, Margaret Bryant and Ada Groves, dressed as Indian rode.

Miss Belle Hatton, Miss Ada Hatton, Miss Mary Hatton, Miss Helen Graves and Miss Ella Hunter, dressed as farmers in broad brimmed straw hats and overalls made a bit hit as the Cathance haymakers.

The Stranded Circus, take off on a circus which visited Topsham earlier in the summer, was a very clever get up for the youngsters who took part: Bertie Leighton, Albert Leighton, Clifford Leighton, Lois Chandler and Frances Leavitt. Walter Tibbetts marched along as a suffragette.

Behind the fantastics came the automobile section of the parade, those driving automobiles being Edwin C. Patten, A.R. Hildreth, Ralph E. Stockman of Portland, Harrison Stone, J.H. Shea, Roger Williams, E. H. Phinney, George Hildreth and the Pine Spring Water Co. of Brunswick.

The route of the procession was down Maine street, through Summer street to the paper mill, thence up Green street to the fairgrounds, from which point the procession counter marched back Elm street to Walker's Corner, where it was reviewed by the judges, Herbert Turner, John A. Cone and Charles G. Wheeler.

Engine Playout

The firemen's muster was held with the hand engines stationed at the reservoir at Walker Corner and they played down Elm street toward the Town hall. The officials of the muster were Capt. Edward B. Nickerson, judge of stream; Simeon B. Thompson, Fred W. Atkinson, judges of pipe; Victor Bagley, William A. Fall, measurers. The second class hand engines played first. Androscoggin of Topsham with a play of 181 feet 2 inches won the first prize and Hecla of Randolph with a play of 169 feet 11 ½ inches was second.

Niagara of Brunswick easily won the contest for first class machines with a play of 250 feet 8 ½ inches. Oregon of Topsham was second with 189 feet 2 inches and Kennebec of Brunswick was third with 165 feet 8 inches.

Races at Fair Ground

While the muster was being held at Walker's Corner a crowd of enthusiastic horsemen were celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Sagadahoc County fair track with three interesting races, the results were as follows:

Class A

Felice Lynn (Pratt)	1:14
Bennie Direct (LaRock)	1:14 ½
Stormfield (Whitney)	1:15 ¼
Marcella (Stewart)	1:17 ½
Duke Bingin (Waite)	1:20 ½

Class B

Virgie McKerron (Pratt)	1:10
Cager (Alexander)	1:10 ½
Lake Lady (Stewart)	1:11

Class C

Ben Q (LaRock)	1:15 ½
Lady Bunganuc (Given)	1:16 ½
Jack Forbes (Hill)	1:17 ¾

Exhibition Half Mile

Lady Elect (Morrell) 1:05 ¼

A band concert in front of Town hall in the evening was enjoyed by a large crowd. This was followed by the exercises in t Town hall, which was too small to admit more than half of those who wished to attend.

The evening's program follows:

Overture

Lovell Orchestra of Brunswick

Prayer

Rev. E.B. Tetley, Pastor of the Free Baptist Church

Address of Welcome

Uriah A. Jack

In Absence

Buck

Harvard Male Quartet of Portland

Cello Solo

Miss Mildred Ridley of Boston

Baritone Solo, A Perfect Day

Bond

W. I. Kenney of Portland

Address, Topsham in Indian Days

Lincoln A. Rogers of Topsham

Little Cotton Dolly	Geribel
Harvard Male Quartet	
Address	
Hon. Edward W. Wheeler of Brunswick	
Tenor Solo, I Know	Sposs
H. S. Kenney Jr. of Portland	
Cello Solo	
Miss Mildred Ridley	
Bass Solo, Conquered	St. Quentin
H.L. Eustis of Portland	
Good Night	Buck
Harvard Male Quartet	
Selection	
Lovell Orchestra	
Miss Gladys Hall Brown, solo accompanist.	

Dr. George A. Wheeler, senior historian of the town, was a special guest, and had a seat on the platform at the exercises.

The celebration was in charge of a committee of which David W. Scribner was chairman, Rev. E.B. Tetley, secretary and Charles I. Giveen, treasurer. David W. Scribner, Walter M. Williams, Charles I. Giveen, William F. Tate and Elmer White had charge of the celebration during the day. The committee in charge of the evening's entertainment was Rev. E.B. Tetley, William S. Rogers, Edwin M. Brown, Miss Clare Hussey, Mrs. Edwin C. Patten and Mrs. Edwin R. Hildreth.

The addresses will be found on page 2 & 3

Topsham Anniversary Addresses

By
Lincoln Rogers

Some forty years ago it was my pleasant experience to teach the High School here in my native town and thus figuring in ancient history it may account in part for my having a place in the program this evening. While I have been asked by your committee to present Sketch of Topsham in Indian Days, it would seem fitting on this occasion to preface it with some general historical statements, yet in the limited time at my disposal in this popular program no adequate treatment can be given or expected.

The earliest voyage of discovery made to the immediate vicinity of the Androscoggin River was possibly that of Capt. George Weymouth in the spring of 1605, when it was supposed that he came to these falls. That it was the Sagadahoc River, and not the St. George's, or the Penobscot, which Weymouth visited, has not, however, been fully settled. So writes McKeen in the Maine Historical Collections. He was followed in the year 1607 by Capt. George Popham, who arrived near Monhegan, July 31, in two vessels, the "Gift of God: and the "Mary and John", bringing one hundred and twenty planters. From Monhegan they went to Small Point, and built a fort on Atkins Bay. This fortification was named Fort St. George. This was intended to be a permanent settlement, but the place was abandoned the next summer. However, it was occupied sufficiently long to establish its claim to be called the first English settlement on the New England coast.

In 1653 the General Court of New Plymouth appointed Thomas Prince a commissioner to establish a civil government in this portion of the Province of Maine. Accordingly a meeting of the inhabitants was held for this purpose at the house of Thomas Ashley, at Merrymeeting Bay, in what is now called Dresden, on May 25th, 1654.

Up to the time of the formation of the Pejepscot Company, in 1714, comparatively few persons had made settlements in this region, and there had been no efforts to induce settlers to come hither. The first settlers on the Topsham side of the river all left their homes before the formation of the Pejepscot Company.

Between 1717 and 1722, however, 33 persons took up lots in Topsham, though many of them doubtless, not fulfilling the conditions required by the proprietors, forfeited their claims. The proprietors granted that "First lot of land in the Township of Topsham" to Capt. John Gyles on July 39, 1720. In 1731 quite a number of new settlers moved to Topsham, some 43 persons taking up lots.

In 1746 it had only 36 settlers, and many of these afterwards killed by Indians. From the Massachusetts Historical Collections we learn that owing to the attacks of Indians during what is known as the Spanish or Fifth Indian War, the settlement here was much reduced, so that in 1750 there were but 18 families remaining. Eight years later the whole number taxed in town was 44. The fifth war with the Indians would take part in it, the forts along the coast were put in order and garrisoned. In 1744 block houses were built in Brunswick and Topsham, and a regiment, consisting of 1290 men, was organized and placed under command of Col Samuel Waldo of Falmouth. The number of Topsham and Brunswick men in the regiment was fifty.

The Town of Topsham first received its name legally, in the year 1717, by a vote of the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, by allowing a tract of land "Six miles square as the land will allow", and accepting it by the name of Topsham. The tract was mainly settled by English emigrants, the greater number of whom are supposed to have come from the town of Topsham, England, and to have named the place in memory of their former home. There are not records extant of any municipal doings of the inhabitants previous to the incorporation of the town. The municipal history of the town commences, therefore, with its incorporation in January, 1764. The petition for an act of incorporation was made in 1763 and signed by twenty-nine petitioners. In accordance with that petition, Topsham was duly incorporated in 1764, and the first town meeting was held May 9th of the same year. John Merrill, Esq. was one of the first selectmen of the town and held the office for 18 years. Mr. Merrill was a surveyor, having previously been employed by Sir John Pepperell and subsequently by Governor Bowdoin of Massachusetts to survey his extensive tracts of land.

The town in 1779 voted to petition the General Court to have a Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions of the Peace to be held in Topsham thereafter. In 1800 terms of the Court of Common Pleas for Lincoln County were appointed to be holden in Topsham, and on the 9th of September of that year the Court opened here for the first time in an unfinished house, the Court House not being finished until some time the next year. Mr. James Wilson, grandfather of Miss Theodosia Wilson of this town, gave the land for it for a term of years.

Topsham continued to be a half-shire town until 1847 when the Court House, situated on the site of the present High School building, was sold. Thus ended Topsham's position as a central point in the county government, and it is interesting to note that the Court was superceded by an educational institution and marked the important beginning of educational history.

The Court House was converted into a school building and occupied by the Topsham Academy, an institution of a high order. Among the teachers the first year were Messrs. Dexter A. Hawkins, class of 1848, and Charles H. Wheeler, class of 1847, Bowdoin College. They were succeeded by Messrs. Albert H. Ware and George O. Robinson, both of the class of 1849, of the same college. Among the later teachers were Frances Adams, Esq., of Topsham, of the class of 1850, and Rev. Roland B. Howard, class of 1850, Bowdoin College.

The school was given up about 1858, as the building was destroyed by fire December 9th, 1857.

In 1856 Mr. Warren Johnson, of the class of 1854, Bowdoin College, purchased the residence of Major William Frost, deceased. He enlarged the building somewhat, and on May 20, 1857, opened it for a boarding school under the name of the Franklin Family School. Under his management and those who succeeded him, the school proved to be a most excellent one. Mr. Warren Johnson left the school to become the State Superintendent of Schools. He was succeeded successively by his brother, Samuel J. Johnson, H.A. Randall and R.O. Lindsey. Subsequently it was under the management of Mr. D.L. Smith, an experienced and successful teacher.

In 1865 an earnest but unsuccessful effort was made to secure the location of the State Agricultural College in Topsham on the farm of the later George A. Rogers,

Edward Tedford and John Fisher. In fact a vote once obtained in favor was finally reversed through a strong political influence.

The Sagadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural Society was incorporated on April 4, 1854, and established its buildings and grounds in Topsham. The first meeting was held in Bath, at the City Hall, July 1, 1854. The Society at first had a hard struggle for existence but through the faithful, persistent and gratuitous efforts of those interested in matters pertaining to agriculture it became a stimulating influence to the progress of agriculture throughout the county. The first to serve in the capacity of president was Mr. Frances T. Purington, and the out-door exhibition was held upon his farm, while the inner exhibit was in the told Town Building opposite the village cemetery. The address of this occasion was delivered by the Rev. Amos D. Wheeler, D.D.

Numerous excellent private schools have flourished in Topsham, notably that of Mrs. Elizabeth Fields, the widow of an English barrister, who subsequently practiced his profession in Boston. This school was opened in 1831. Governor King sent his only daughter here to be educated, and used his influence, which was by no means small, in inducing many of his friends in Augusta to send their daughters. Mrs. Fields gave up the school in 1844 and was succeeded by Miss Hinkley, who continued it on her own account for some time. The school was in the building afterwards the residence of Mrs. Susan Purinton, near the Franklin School building.

Time on this occasion will not permit time to speak of the social, commercial, ecclesiastical and biographical history of the town. So far as known to the speaker, the legend here related of events occurring during the time of the second French and Indian wars from 1754 to 1763, has never appeared in print. They have been gathered from conversations with various inhabitants of former generations whose knowledge of some of the personages here mentioned leaves little doubt as to the authenticity of the accounts.

A point about one-half mile from the Feldspar mill, situated by the falls of the Cathance stream at tide water, where the spar is ground for the Trenton potteries, may be considered the beginning of a course over some of the historical ground which the incidents to be related took place. This course lies across the lands known as the "undivided", a portion of the territory of the old Pejepscot Proprietors. Entering a thick forest of spruce and fir intermingled led with a plentiful growth of white birch trees, we soon come upon the old mill or stage route of a period of time subsequent to that of which we write. In many places it is not difficult to trace the route through overgrown with trees. A section of well preserved "Corduoy road" covered with mosses and lichens may still be seen in localities always moist in the driest seasons. The trail leads to the chasm known as "Barnes' Leap" from an incident presently to be related. This chasm, its approach and recession, form one of the many picturesque scenes on the Cathance Stream quite unknown to fame. The walls of solid rock, with forest clad tops, are precipitous and sharply defined as a piece of masonry, spacing about twenty-two-feet, with a height of about eighteen feet from the water surface. It was across this chasm that Barnes one of the early settlers, made his hair stirring leap for life as he was madly pursued by Indians in quest for his scalp. Mr. Barnes' log cabin home was distant from this spot about one mile in a northerly direction. It is related that he had been on a trip to the store near the Falls of the Androscoggin to secure his supplies, such as ammunition and other necessities, and was on his way homeward when the pursuit took place. A little below the chasm was a favorite crossing place when the stream was low, the passage being easily

made upon the stepping stones in the bed for the stream. It was expected by the Indians that Barnes would cross at this point and according to their cunningly devised plans two Indians lay in ambush at this place to capture him as he was driven by those in pursuit. Barnes, who was a man of remarkable agility and of athletic strength, suspecting treachery and well knowing the wiles of the dusky tribe, bethought to make the daring leap and thus outwit his cunning foe. By this Herculean feat, the life of the man, who for some reason was greatly dreaded by the Indians, was saved and he reached his home where he ever after lived, passing the four score mark, and distinctly remembered by some of the older men of later generations. The old mail route of later days, discernible on the north side of the stream near this chasm over which the bridge had been constructed for the purpose, deflects to the westward. The route to the log cabin home of Barnes is in the course due north. Following this trail we come on the site of the old cabin, the early margin being plainly visible.

Holding the faith of the ancients that the tree spirit—a wood nymph—feigned to live and die with the tree to which it was attached, we may easily believe that the old man's spirit as a Hamadryad, lives in the sturdy pine tree now grown to dimensions standing on the very site of the old cabin in which he spent his pioneer life in the midst of anxieties not easily comprehended by this generation.

The situation of this old place is on a clearing where the Feldspar quarry is being operated today. One cannot help remarking the order and neatness with which these operations are conducted. That was a pleasant sentiment of the foreman which prompted him to plant, a large bed of pansies just in front of the old cabin site. These plants he had covered with boards raised above them to protect from frost and snow, and one day in early November we found them in full bloom of large and variegated pansies. It was told the foreman appropriately calls this "Mrs. Barnes' Pansy Bed." There is a touch of pathos as one reflects upon the cold, hard, anxious life this woman must have led here in the heart of the wilderness with little of the beautiful about her and of the comforts known to later generations. Looking into the bright little faces of the flowers on this chill November morning, giving out their fragrance, sweetness and cheer midst their rugged environment of rock and forest, we could not help the exclamation "Now how fine this is! Here dwells the spirit of the woman!"

It was as early recollection of one of the older men of the town now long since gone seeing in his younger days the troughs or "dugouts" made from pine logs placed just outside the Barnes' Cabin. In the days of siege it was necessary to keep a good supply of water at hand and these were the rude receptacles for that purpose.

A few rods from the cabin site may still be found the spring of water that gave the supply.

There was evidently a large clearing about the home that he might the better be able to defend himself from the attacks of lurking Indians. His nearest neighbor, a mile distant, was Mr. Stephen Staples who it is believed settled in the town about 1750. The cellar of his house is plainly visible today on my father's estate not far from the Cathance stream—a body of water most picturesque with voluminous cascade, waterfalls and quiet ponds as it makes its way through forests of pine and the bearded hemlock.

There are in the town several old cellars, notably three, where were the homes of unknown settlers, probably prior to 1700, when the Indians were so warlike they practically drove all settlers out of what is now the state of Maine. One of these cellars

may be seen on the David Work farm on the foreshore road not far from the old County Bay Bridge. The sites of the other two are at "Sampson's Point" or "Sheldrake Point" as formerly known, and at the head of Muddy River. It will be observed that these settlements were made long before any of the permanent ones referred to in Wheeler's History.

In these later settlements each of the lots as indicated by the old town plans had settlers on them with their homes by the river front, by the side of what is now known as "fore-side road" extending from the R.R. bridge at Topsham along the shore. Two block houses were established among these settlers, spacing about three half miles. The cellar of one of these block houses is still visible at the old landing, where scows were built near the terminus of the old "bay bridge," on what in late years was known as the Daniel Hunter farm, but in the days of which we are speaking the place was owned by one "Skipper Malcom". The other garrison or block house was placed on the hill overlooking the river on the Lithgow Hunter farm and was constructed by Adam Hunter.

It will be remember that the second French war, growing out of a rupture between England and France, commenced in 1744, and closed in 1763. Urged on by the French, encouraged in their work of blood and ruin by the French rewards offered them for every scalp taken from the head of the English, the Indians came down upon the settlements of New England with all their fiendish ferocity. Such a war of nineteen years continuance was a calamity indeed to New England. The trials of the inhabitants awakened their sympathies in each other's behalf, bound them more strongly together, and promoted a stability and manliness of character which prepared them to assert and achieve their independence.

Thrilling are the recitals of the ambuscades, assaults, massacres and depredations by the Indians of those terrible, terrifying, tortuous days. Such was that of the attack on the "Block House" at Skipper Malcolm's. The men, working together in the fields through the long sultry summer day with their trusty muskets near at hand, had been appraised by a shot from the garrison of threatening danger. On reaching the garrison it was learned of the women on guard that a canoe had been seen down the bay approaching a point where the occupants had made a landing. To add to the excitement a threatening summer storm was approaching with the night. Terrific thunder and vivid flashes of lightning rent the air. Capt. Malcolm, a man of indomitable courage, yet prudent, gathered all within the garrison to await results. The tempest continued into the night. The redoubtable Captain kept a keen outlook through the loop holes, availing himself of the opportunity presented by the lightning flash. At one of these instants the critical moment had arrived and the body of a red skin lay prostrate by the Captain's barn. This farm, as has already been said, was owned in later years by Daniel Hunter who married the Captain's grandchild. During the period of this was a number of Topsham settlers were killed and scalped by the Indians. Among them was Mr. Mustard, the first of the name in this town, ancestor of our James Mustard of Topsham and Capt. George Mustard of Brunswick. Mr. Thorne, who lived on the Cyrus Mustard farm, about 20 rods to the left of the western terminus of the Bay Bridge, was also killed by Indians. Thorne's Creek, making into Muddy River, takes its name from this man.

One named Crane, an ancestor of John Crane, a soldier in the War of the Rebellion, lost his life at the hands of the red men.

Mr. Mustard was buried in the cemetery near the James Mustard farm, the oldest cemetery in town. The speaker very recently visited this old spot and with difficulty after a long search in the overgrown bush and grass, found pieces only of ancient tombstones, bearing the names of Mustard, Williams, Robinson, all of whom it is understood met a similar fate.

It is related that on one occasion when the families were out raspberrying the children ran to the garrison on the Hunter place when the dog, having detected Indians in the neighborhood barked furiously. The Indians subsequently remarked in referring to that occasion that if it hadn't been for the dog they would have made a "big haul of papoose".

In those days it was customary to have "chopping bees" or "bush-whacking" gatherings with a dance in the evening. On one such occasion an enthusiast said he must find a "fiddler" if he had to go to Hades for him. He accordingly set out across the bay to Negro town, the settlement made by the ancestors of those living there at the present day. In crossing he fell overboard and was drowned. The dance went on without him and in the morning his body was rescued by his companions, which reminds one of Mr. Lincoln's story. While en route from Springfield to Washington there was a great deal of discussion about the possibility of reconciling the Northern and Southern Democrats. Mr. Lincoln was appealed to, "Well", he said, "I once knew a good sound church man called Brown, who was on a committee to erect a bridge over a very dangerous and rapid river. Several engineers had failed, and at last Brown said he had a friend Jones, who, he believed, could build a bridge, Jones was accordingly summoned. "Can you build this bridge?" asked the committee. "Yes," replied Jones, "I could build a bridge to the infernal regions if necessary." The committee was horrified; but after Jones had retired, Brown said thoughtfully, "I know Jones so well, and he is so honest a man and so good a builder, that if he says he can build a bridge to Hades, why, I believe it; but I have my doubts about the abutments on the infernal side." Lincoln applied the story, so will I, the abutments of the bushwhack enthusiast in search of a fiddler.

The great "White Rock" on the David Work farm is the spot where his grandmother used to stand guard, as the men pursued their labor in the fields, to discharge a signal gun on approach of the enemy.

In leading and relating incidents of this period it is well, as said by White in his "Early History of New England," to bear in mind several things which palliate, though they by no means excuse, the treacherous and savage conduct of the Indians in relation to the English. These sons of the forest were the original owners and masters of the country. They were, moreover, impressed with the belief that their lands were given to them by the Great Spirit; that they were intended for their exclusive benefit, and that none had the right to dispose of them. They saw that the English were fast increasing in number and power; that their game was killed; that they should soon be forced to retire from their hunting grounds, and from the land of their fathers' sepulchers. In addition to this, they had been treated with injustice and cruelty, by some of the English, nor should it be forgotten that they had been taught from their early infancy to regard revenge as a virtue; that an injury offered to themselves or to a relative, or in any of the tribe, was to be returned upon the head of the offender. It is, however, interesting to note today the influence that education and Christianity have wrought upon the savage breast.

Anniversary Address
By Hon. Edward W. Wheeler of Brunswick

The custom of anniversary celebrations has become characteristic of the American people. While the custom itself is universal, yet in no other country are important historical events so generally and so enthusiastically commemorated. The discovery, settlement and colonization of the American continent, the declaration of independence, decisive battles, the birthplace of notable men who have distinguished themselves in war or peace, the establishment of educational institutions, great engineering achievements, the leading discoveries of science and many kindred subjects have suggested occasions for frequent and extensive anniversary observances. By these means we stimulate our pride and confidence in our American institutions.

Today, we celebrate the birthday of a town. When we realize that there are more than five hundred towns in Maine alone and many thousands in the country at large the anniversary of one of them may seem of small significance. But when we consider the relationship which the town bears to society, the position it occupies in our system of government and the influence it has exerted in the progress of affairs, the propriety of such a celebration is at once apparent.

The town is the essential factor in the nation. It is the unit of government. As one writer has said "In the town the nation strikes its roots into the soil." The State and nation are merely representative. They represent the town. Our laws are made by a legislature composed of our representatives. But in the towns we do business at first hand. In our town meetings we provide for the support of the poor, for the maintenance of law and order, for schools, highways and bridges and such other things as most directly concern our comfort and welfare. Through our towns we enjoy local self-government, the greatest privilege of a free people, and exemplify the true dignity of citizenship. Moreover, it was the training and experience acquired in town government which enabled our forefathers to give the world its first example of a great republic successfully administered.

The town also gives to us the sense of community. It makes possible many of the associations of life which add to its enjoyment. Strong and enduring friendships, often dating from childhood, are here formed and cemented. In sharp contrast with the isolation of the country and the limited and superficial acquaintances which are alone possible in the great centers of population. It is consciousness of these associations both of the present and the past, which gives to this occasion its greatest charm.

We think if Topsham to-night not in its external aspects with its street and buildings, not as a municipality or agency of government, although it is the corporate existence of the town which we celebrate, but rather as the scene of the lives and activities of the generations who have gone before. We look upon it as the stage upon which eventful dramas of life have been performed—with elements both comedy and tragedy. Dramas in which those we have descended from have been dramatic personage.

It is the association of men and women with a locality which stirs the imagination and delights the mind. It is the touch of humanity which takes root in our hearts and inspires a gathering like this.

There comes to us at this time the sentiment expressed by Longfellow:

“This is the place—stand by my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been.”

What are the characteristics of our Topsham ancestors who developed this settlement from the wilderness and protected so valiantly from Indian savages and depredations?

We know they came from sturdy English stock, imbued with a strong religious spirit, and possessed of an intense longing for the privileges of freedom.

Their desire to be free from the domination of Brunswick, to exercise for themselves the functions of government and to provide more adequately for their religious training are the reasons given in the petition to the General Court of Massachusetts for the incorporation of the town. Among the subscribers to this petition we may notice the names of Hunter, Patten, Winchell, Work, Mustard, Staples, Graves and others which have been prominent in the annals of the town during succeeding generations. Many of their descendants are valued citizens today, and by the continuous family residence there is illustrated not only the great strength of home ties but also that devotion to the town which has always characterizes its people.

The new town had scarcely survived its first decade when the outbreak of the war for independence imposed upon its citizens the supreme test of patriotism. In the struggle which ensued, and which gave to the American people their greatest and proudest traditions, the town of Topsham performed a noble part.

It is related that near the end of the Revolution, when General Washington was reviewing the troops, he rode up and down the lines and finally halting before a division of the Massachusetts troop composed of men from the district of Maine, he fervently exclaimed: “God Bless Massachusetts!” Among these troops, whose soldierly bearing and heroic service had so aroused the admiration of Washington, were fifty-five of the young men of the infant town of Topsham. At this time there were hardly more than fifty families in the town so that Topsham contributed to the Continental Army an average of one volunteer for every family which the town contained. What other town in the country, remote from the scenes of actual conflict and not itself threatened by attack, can boast a finer record.

And the records of the meetings of the town during this critical and memorable period bear eloquent tribute to the loyalty and devotion of those who remained at home. Before the commencement of hostilities but when the war seemed imminent and unavoidable the town voted unanimously to support whatever action might be taken by the Continental Congress. Evidently there were no Tories in Topsham.

A few years later when the cause of independence seemed more discouraging, after the army under Washington had endured the hardships of that terrible winter at Valley Forge, and the troops were suffering for food and clothing which the Continental

Congress was unable to provide, the inhabitants of Topsham in town meeting assembled, voted to raise by taxation and to contribute to the support of the army the sum of 486 pounds in hard money—the equivalence of nearly \$2,500 in gold and silver. Such a sum would be deemed a substantial contribution by the Topsham of today with its population of over 2000 and the valuation of over a million and a quarter. But for the little settlement of revolutionary days it represented sacrifice which was truly remarkable.

At another time when the General Court of Massachusetts made requisitions on the town for its quota of shoes, shirts and stockings needed for the army the town unanimously voted to supply the articles desired and to pay \$50.00 a pair for the shoes, \$60.00 a pair for the shirts and \$40.00 a pair for the stockings. At the same time in order that its municipal affairs might not be neglected it voted to raise \$8,000 for roads and \$5,500 for current expenses and to pay \$30.00 a day to men employed in the repair of highways. These figures suggest either that our ancestors were very extravagant or else there must have been a good deal of bad money circulating in Topsham in those days.

The same patriotic zeal so strikingly exhibited during the Revolution has been manifested by the inhabitants of later generations. While naturally a peace loving people they were prepared for any sacrifice when the integrity of the nation was involved. In 1812 the voters of the town adopted a resolution strongly condemning the policies of the national administration which had involved the county in an unnecessary war with England and a troublesome alliance with Napoleon: but affirming their fond attachment to the union of the states and the federal constitution which the resolution recited had been further endeared to them by the wise and upright administration of Washington. During the War of Rebellion one hundred and forty-five men went to the front from Topsham offering their lives to sustain the government their grand-fathers and great-grandfathers had fought to establish.

In the affairs of peace our forefathers were wise, progressive and far-sighted. While Topsham cannot claim to be the birthplace of Maine it exercised a potent influence in the establishment of the state. On four occasions prior to 1820 the town adopted resolutions which were submitted to the General Court in favor of separation of Maine from Massachusetts and the creation of an independent state. One of the strongest and most influential advocates of separation was William King, destined to become the first Governor of the new state and for many years an active and public-spirited citizen of Topsham.

To the efforts of Topsham was due to a large measure the creation of the county of Sagadahoc. In 1821 the town voted to ask the legislature to divide the county of Lincoln and establish a new county. Similar petitions were again presented in 1829 and in 1833. While the county was not finally established until 1854 it must have resulted very largely from the persistent agitation commenced by Topsham thirty years earlier.

When the citizens of the town were called upon to indicate their preference for a shire town for the new county they exhibited a local pride which would be the joy of a modern Board of Trade, one hundred and thirty-five votes being cast for Topsham against five for the city of Bath.

The good government which the town enjoyed during the first half of the last century and the high character the citizens must have made an impression upon the people of neighboring towns because in 1843 a petition was filed with the legislature signed by sixty-three of the citizens and property owners of Bowdoin asking to be

annexed to Topsham. Evidently the inhabitants of Topsham did not fully reciprocate the high regard of their neighbors because at a meeting called to consider the question a committee was appointed to remonstrate against and oppose the proposed annexation. So that the existence of the town of Bowdoin today is probably due to the unwillingness of the people of Topsham to include it within their limits.

In 1858 the town voted unanimously in favor of a state wide constitutional prohibition of the liquor traffic, which indicates either that its inhabitants were unanimously temperate or else they desired others to be.

These few incidents in the life of the town suggest some of the reasons for our pride in its past and faith in its future. To the present generation it is indeed a favored heritage.

They indicate also the enlightened minds and sterling character of those whose lives and achievements we now commemorate. They have left us the example of honorable, useful and industrious lives and of a service well performed although without those conveniences and luxuries which science and invention have developed and which we regard as indispensable in our modern lives. They richly deserve the homage afforded by this occasion. May their memory inspire us with a deeper appreciation of the wonderful opportunities of today and a more profound sense of responsibility which they impose on us so that when the searchlight of the future is turned back onto our lives and homes as we now turn the searchlight of the present into the past we may appear to our posterity as not unworthy successors of that whose courage and self-sacrifice have made possible the comforts and privileges we now enjoy.

**Topsham Was Nearly Chosen As Site
Of University of Maine
On Vote Decided In Favor of Orono; 75th
Birthday Observance To Be Broadcast
Money; Local Alumni To Meet This Evening
Brunswick Record
February 22, 1940**

The story of how the Town of Topsham, by the narrow margin of one vote, missed being the location of the University of Maine, was brought to light this week, as the University prepared to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of its funding.

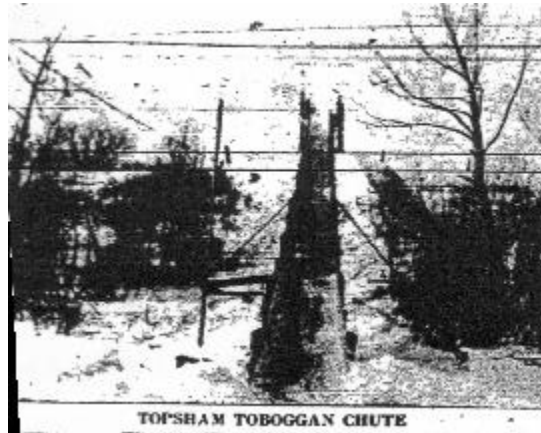
The Merrymeeting Alumni Association...will meet... Included on the program for the broadcast is a dramatic sketch of the founding of the University. In it Topsham and Bowdoin College both receive mention several times.

The University of Maine was created on February 25, 1865, following the provision by Congress for land-grant colleges in each of the states. After the acceptance of the land grant by the Maine Legislature there was a good deal of discussion, during which Bowdoin College and Colby both made repeated efforts to have the new college become a part of their existing institution.

When it was finally decided to create an independent organization, another period of debate ensued, one faction favoring the location of the college at Orono and another

faction favoring Topsham. The Orono faction eventually won out, by the narrow margin of one vote, but the vote caused such dissension among the Board of Trustees that the Board voted to dissolve and a new one was established

Topsham Toboggan Chute
Mecca of Sport Lovers
Provide Speedy Coast
Brunswick Record
February 5, 1925



The Topsham Toboggan chute, which has been in use for some time, was built through the interest of the citizens of that town and is a Mecca every evening for the winter sport enthusiasts of the two towns. It is situated opposite the Water Street slide on the opposite shore of the river and provides a long slide through a meadow before it drops down onto the ice. At night the chute is lighted by large electric lamps and is usually crowded with speeding toboggans.

Brunswick and Topsham have never had such a winter for sports. Every snowstorm improves the snowshoeing and sliding and this year the two chutes provide the slopes that have been lacking before. Every good night is a carnival night on the river banks and on the Mall and the woods are filled with snowshoe and ski tracks. Now that the town people are so interested in the out-of-doors it seems as though the two towns should be able to stage a fairly successful winter carnival with all the fixings and competitions that we hear of in other towns.





Topsham Toboggan Chute Mecca of Sport Lovers Provide Speedy Coast

Brunswick Record
February 5, 1925

The Town of Topsham considers itself very fortunate, for under an amendment to the bridge act, passed by the last Legislature, the cost of rebuilding the three bridges in town, will be borne by the county and the State, with the Town exempt from expense. This is made possible by Par. 2, sec. 3, Chapter 72 of the bridge act as amended. After prescribing the percentages to be paid by the town, county and State, on the building or rebuilding of a bridge, the acts states: "Providing, however, that whenever there is built or rebuilt under the act any bridge upon a state highway, which bridge lies in whole or in part in a town of 4,000 inhabitants or less, according to the last Federal census, the county or counties wherein such bridge is located shall pay the amount or amounts required by the provisions of this act, and the State shall pay the balance." Topsham, having less than 4,000 population, comes under the act as far as its three bridges on State highways are concerned.

The one which has given the town the most concern is the long bridge between Brunswick and Topsham over the Androscoggin river. This bridge is located on the State Highway to Augusta and connects the main streets of two towns. Its dilapidated and unsafe condition, after a long period of use, makes rebuilding necessary, within a short time and under the old law the Town of Topsham would have been under obligation to pay for a part of the bridge.

The one span bridge on Main street in Topsham crossing Granny-hole Stream is very narrow and there is a sharp turn at the approach on one end. Several accidents have already occurred on the bridge and with the increase in traffic it will not be many years before it will be felt necessary to remedy the situation.

The rebuilding of the concrete bridge over Cathance stream, a few miles out of town on the Augusta road, has already been considered by officials connected with the State Highway department. When the bridge was built, traffic was light and the structure was more than adequate. Now that the road has been made a State highway with ever-increasing traffic, the narrow structure presents a hazard that has caused several serious accidents. Two cars can pass one the bridge if they are going slowly. There is about a foot to spare on either side, however, with two cars abreast. Traveling at the speed cars generally do on the State highway, it is very easy to misjudge a few inches and pile up, as has been the case several times.

Topsham has also received an allotment of \$1,500 more than the usual State aid on a special highway resolve. This is to be made available for permanent work on the Middlesex road.

To Ellis L. Aldrich, Esq., Topsham's representative to the Legislature is due considerable credit for his efforts to protect the interests of the Town. He is largely responsible for the amendment to the bridge act. If this amendment had not been passed, the Town of Topsham and many other towns under 4,000 population, would have been burdened with part of the cost of rebuilding bridges, but which were rendered inadequate when subjected to the traffic of a State highway.



TOPSHAM TO BE EXEMPT FROM BRIDGE REBUILDING EXPENSE

Brunswick Record
April 25 1929

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Topsham Refuses To Pay Good Money For Good Time In School

Brunswick Record
October 8, 1942

The Town of Topsham will not pay tuition for its students who fail two or more subjects at Brunswick High School, according to an announcement made at the school. This means that a Topsham student will be allowed to fail only one subject, and that if it is more than one the town will not be responsible for tuition fees.

The complete announcement reads as follows: "At a meeting of the Topsham School Board held June 3, 1942, it was voted that beginning in September, 1942, pupils attending Brunswick High School from Topsham be notified that when, as and if they fail two subjects, the town of Topsham will no longer be responsible for their tuition." In other words, the town is unwilling to pay out its good money in order that pupils may have a good time for four years in high school.

Topsham: History and Educational Activities Lincoln Rogers Gives Interesting Paper Before Local Board of Trade. Advocates High School

Brunswick Record
March 2, 1922

At a recent meeting of the Topsham Board of Trade an interesting paper was read by Lincoln A. Rogers upon "Topsham: Its Historical Importance as a Town and It's Educational Activities, Both Past and Present."

"I have been interested to note that such an organization as the Topsham Board of Trade has been recently formed to re-awaken, to re-energize forces that lie dormant about us; to stir, if possible, new activities and interests in the town; to make it a better place to live in—good as it is.

Let us compare for a moment—the dead business street of today, with its three stores and a post office, with the same street 60 or 70 years ago, when it was a real business center for the population miles around.

Who, present, can recall the flourishing dry goods store in the Perkins block and the numerous grocery stores up and down the street—notably, one kept by William Dennett, and later by his son, 'Al,' who subsequently became a famous restaurant man with a chain of restaurants in every large city? Who can recall Frank Littlefield's tailor shop, with weaves of finest fabric and fashioned in a manner to satisfy the most fastidious Chesterfield? Where, too, was the harness shop where harnesses were made and 'Old Dobbin' was fitted with his dress of service?

Farther down the street we came to large lumber interests, where numerous saw mills with their different departments hummed day and night making shingles and

clapboards as well. There also was a busy gristmill making toll of the farmer's grain, as the long line of horses stood tethered in the open shed nearby. Among the other industries in town may be mentioned brick making and the grinding of gypsum for plaster and of hemlock for the Tannery. Shipping interests also engaged attention; the side-wheel tugboat, 'The Victor,' and several barges were built near the lumber yards and the two brigs, 'The Fannie Purington' and 'Adelaide,' at a point near the R.R. bridge. In the out-lying districts were sturdy and prosperous farmers with their large families of healthy boys and girls, every farm house a hive of industry. Well do I remember many of these worthy fathers and mothers then approaching late life.

Just a day or two since I came across an old record book, in my possession, of the Topsham Farmers' and Mechanics' Club, founded Dec. 9. 1869, under an act of the State Legislature, requiring all agricultural societies to appropriate and expend one-fourth of the bounty received from the State in agricultural lectures, in the forming of farmers' clubs or in books, or in either, or all of them, within the limits of their society. So far as I know, this law may still be in vogue.

The Farmers' and Mechanics' Club became an interesting and flourishing institution for at least three years. Its first president was Isaac E. Mallett and its first secretary, Alvah Mallett. In December, '71, I was chosen its secretary and kept records of its proceedings and debates. The first meeting I attended was in the Mallett neighborhood and at this conference was a long and interesting discussion on 'Orcharding'. The next meeting was in the schoolhouse at Oak Hill, and the subject for discussion was 'The Winter Management of Farm Stock'. The following week the club met in the Jamieson district to discuss the subject of 'Plowing,' bringing out the relative advantages of deep and shallow plowing, resulting from the experiments by the farmers. Practical subjects were always under discussion, as this one at their next meeting in the Roger's district, 'How shall we renovate our old mowing fields'? Reference was made to the splendid grain results on the Skolfield farm in Brunswick, which had been dressed with mussels from the mussel beds. Col. Wilder P. Walker facetiously remarked, as per record, that he thought a little more muscle, both the body and mussel beds, too, perhaps, could renovate old fields; he thought the farmers could restore them if they choose.

I speak of this club to show you that community spirit, such as this Board of Trade if fostering, was not lost out of sight in the olden days.

People Kept in Touch

Community touch is what is needed: a long pull and a strong pull and a pull together! Otherwise one is apt to believe that it is the other fellow who is distant, unfriendly, suspicious and critical. It was the community spirit that enabled the earliest fathers of the town to do so much and build so splendidly.

It is interesting to note the characteristics of our Topsham ancestors who developed the settlement from the wilderness, and protected the settlement from the wilderness, and protected it so valiantly from Indian savages and depredations. They came from sturdy English stock, imbued with a strong religious spirit, and possessed of an intense longing for the privileges of freedom—of strong moral and religious stamina. Their desire to be free from the domination of Brunswick, to exercise for themselves the function of government, and to provide more adequately for their religious training, are

the reasons given in the petition to the General Court of Massachusetts for the incorporation of the town. The new town had scarcely survived its first decade when the outbreak of the war for independence imposed upon its citizens the supreme test of patriotism.

The town of Topsham proved equal and performed a noble part. It is related that near the close of the Revolution when General Washington was reviewing his troops, he rode up and down the lines, and finally halting before a division of the Massachusetts troops, composed of men from the District of Maine, he fervently exclaimed 'God bless Massachusetts'. Among these troops who had so aroused the admiration of Washington, were fifty-five of the young men from the infant town of Topsham. At this time there were hardly more than fifty-five families in the town, and the records of the meetings of the town during this critical and memorable period bear eloquent tribute to the loyalty and devotion of those who remained at home.

While Topsham cannot claim to be the birthplace of the State, it, nevertheless, exercised a potent influence in the establishment of the State. On four occasions prior to 1820, the town adopted resolutions which were submitted to the General Court in favor of separation of Maine from Massachusetts, and the creation of a new State. One of the strongest and most influential advocates of separation, William King, destined to become the first Governor of the new State, was for many years an active and public-spirited citizen of Topsham.

These few incidents in the life of Topsham suggest some of the reasons for our pride in its past and our faith in the future. To the present generation it is indeed a favored heritage. They indicate the enlightened minds and sterling characters of those whose lives and achievements we love to remember and cherish. Now this heritage should not be lost nor its glory dimmed by the failure of the generation of the present day to measure up to the full stature.

Educational

This leads me to speak of the past educational history of the town and the immediate need along these lines at the present moment. The educational history of the town has been brilliant—since the days when the old Topsham Academy replaced the Court House in 1847, with its splendid teachers, among whom were men of note whom I will not now take time to mention. The rural schools were taught by strong young men students who brought the influence and teachings of the college—strength of character and example to mould the boys and girls in the country districts. Excellent private schools have flourished, notably that of Mrs. Field for girls—a lady of culture and refinement—among its pupils the daughter of the first Governor of Maine. The Topsham Franklin School, founded by the Hon. Warren Johnson, a famous school whose reputation was by no means local: students came from far and near. Then there is the long history of excellent High School work, with a reputation among the best.

It seems to me, that the Board of Trade desiring to make the town attractive, has no more important work it can first do, than to see to it at once that its support will be given to plans that I have reason to believe will be formulated by the proper officials and presented to the town, looking to the establishment of the High School at the earliest possible moment. It seems to me, there can be no reason now, whatever the conditions

may have been during the past two or three years, why Topsham may not support a High School second to none in the State; and thus add a real asset to the town, second only to the asset in the children educated in the town.

A University has thus been defined—‘that sage and philosopher, Mark Hopkins, on one end of a log and an interested student on the other end’. Similarly, a High School may be defined. We already have the ‘log’, a sufficiently good High School building, equipped with laboratories; the other requisites are first-class teachers of ability on one end and interested pupils will be found all right, I am sure, on the other end. The smaller school, too, has the advantage of more intensive training and more individual attention compared with the over crowded school.

The ever-increasing numbers of native and foreign-born children crowding our Grammar grades and demanding a High School training is an argument, it seems to me, most appealing. I feel quite sure that when the officials, charged with the very responsible educational interests of the town will present and recommend feasible plans for the re-establishment of the High School, the citizens will not refuse to provide the means. I am told they never have refused anything that school authorities suggested.

Evidently, if we desire to train up our young people, the future citizens, into a civic pride and interest in the town, we must give them the best and train them into loyal citizenship, with pride in the town and not train them away from it at our peril. Let us recall the loyalty and the zeal and the patriotism of our early ancestors, who built so splendidly for us, and be true to our trust and manifest duty.”

Other topics of interest were discussed, after which, Mr. Rogers briefly described the proposal of Secretary of Labor Davis upon the plan for the Registration of Aliens and the Americanization of Immigrants, which is to be presented shortly to Congress.

**Topsham High School Problem
Is Unsettled
Portland Offers To Take Pupils Next Year;
Topsham School Committee May Ask
Town For Decision
Brunswick Record
May 1, 1947**

The problem of securing a high school education next year for Topsham students remains very big question this week in spite of an offer from Portland to admit the 118 pupils to Portland or Deering High School in September. The Topsham School Committee has not yet recommended what steps should be taken, but will probably refer the problem to the town after it completes its present study of the situation.

In the meantime an area school bill introduced by Representative Emmet W. Rankin of Bridgton was passed by the House of Representatives of the Maine Legislature on Wednesday and now awaits passage by the Maine Senate. The bills would allow towns to organize an area school district. The Brunswick finance committee and school committee have both previously voiced opposition to the plan on the grounds that the town would have to sell its high school at a loss and that Brunswick taxpayers would be required to pay the bulk of the transportation costs for the other towns in the district.

The invitation from Portland came as a result of inquiries made by Superintendent Leon P. Spinney and the Topsham School Committee who have been in touch with many neighboring communities in an effort to find high school facilities for next fall. Among the cities contacted have been Portland, Augusta, Auburn, Hallowell, Gardiner and Yarmouth. Dr. Harrison C. Lyseth, superintendent of schools at Portland, this week made the offer to take Topsham pupils next fall.

The terms of admission under Portland's proposal would include tuition of \$125 per pupil, the rate now being paid to Brunswick. Pupils would commute daily from Topsham to Portland by Maine Central Transportation Company buses at a cost estimated to be \$18,925. The total bill for instruction and transportation would cost Topsham taxpayers \$33,675. Most of the tuition fee of \$14,750 would be needed to pay two extra teachers at Portland and cover the cost of books and supplies according to a member of the Portland school committee.

At the Topsham Town Meeting held in March, the school committee was authorized to establish a free high school should no working agreement be arranged with Brunswick. A committee of five headed by John L. Jack and including Ellis L. Aldrich, George Sprague, Walter S. Hall and F. Douglas Armes was appointed to investigate sites and prepare estimated costs of erecting a high school building. A school budget was appropriated which would cover the costs of paying \$125 for each pupil as under the present system of tuition.

It is expected that as soon as Superintendent Spinney and the Topsham School Committee have exhausted every possible solution to the problem a special town meeting will be called to inform citizens of the town of their findings.

Topsham Heights Has Rapidly Grown As Residential Section

Brunswick Record

June 2, 1932

Topsham Heights has grown steadily during the past few years as a residential section. In the childhood of people in their twenties most of Topsham Heights was either pasture or woodland. Today well over a hundred houses are clustered on the hillside below the reservoir of the Brunswick-Topsham Water District. The writer recalls childhood blueberrying expeditions and Sunday afternoon walks to gather Mayflowers, where streets lined with new houses now are.

Bridge and Maples streets are practically the only ones that were in existence a few years ago. A few older houses are found on these two streets. About nine-tenths of the houses have been built during the past fifteen years. Nearly a dozen new homes have been erected during the past year and several are underway at present.

Topsham Heights is principally spread out over a slightly hillside overlooking the Androscoggin River above the Brunswick-Topsham falls. Though considerably removed from Topsham Village, it is made easily accessible from Brunswick, by the Free Bridge, built some years ago through the cooperation of the railroad interests and the town. A foot bridge of the suspension type also connects Topsham Heights with Brunswick. Undoubtedly these bridges and the fact that the location is within a few minutes of the Cabot Manufacturing plant, have contributed much to the growth of Topsham Heights. Some years ago, the Topsham Land Co., a real estate firm, bought the pastureland and woodland on the hillside overlooking the river. Streets were laid out and largely through the efforts of that firm the Heights became an important residential section. Practically all of the houses are owned by the people who live in them. A few attempts have been made to erect tenement buildings, but for the most part the buildings are homes occupied by one family. The heights is a typical example of the improvement of housing conditions around Brunswick and Topsham, where crowded tenement houses have gradually been left for one and two-family homes.

Front street, Prospect street, Union street, Middle street and School street, are all newly built streets. Topsham Heights enjoys among other things, city mail delivery from the Brunswick Post Office.

The last school census shows 161 children and young people of school age. While a large proportion of the children attend the St. John Parochial school in Brunswick, there is a good enrollment in the Topsham Heights school. About three years ago a new schoolhouse was built on the Heights. Miss Alice Reardon is principal of the school at present.

The old schoolhouse and lot was sold by the town to Gedeon Allard, who has turned it into a modern progressive grocery store. The Heights also boasts of a planing mill, operated on Union street by Calixte Bernier, Jr.



Topsham Heights Grocery Store

The reservoir of the Brunswick-Topsham Water District, holding water in reserve for the two towns, is situated on the highest point on the Heights.

Topsham Eighth In Feldspar Mining

Brunswick Record
April 28, 1927

We have all been told that every place, no matter how small, has its contributions to the world. But what is Topsham's contribution?

"Ah," on gentleman remarked when asked such a question, "Topsham has had her glorious days," and went on to tell that once she had boasted important shipyards, important saw mills and many other important things in their day. "But now," he laughed, "it's a good place to live, --nice and quiet you know,--but not very much doing."

Evidently that man did not hear that feldspar plants located in the town of Topsham produced nearly one-eighth of all the feldspar mined and manufactured from quarries in the United States, and nearly one-sixteenth of all the feldspar used in the world.

An article in the April issue of "Commerce Monthly," published by the National Bank of Commerce, shows the importance of the feldspar industry and presents the figures from which can be deducted the relative importance of the plants in the town of Topsham.

It opens with the statement that over one-half of the world's feldspar production is mined and ground in the United States. Continuing, the article states:

"Feldspar is a mineral of industrial importance because of the variety of products which it constitutes an essential ingredient. It is used in the manufacture of most kinds of pottery, including such diverse products as sanitary ware and decorative vases. A given proportion of feldspar with clay is necessary to the fusing of the mixture in porcelain; and feldspar is also an important constituent of almost all ceramic glazes. Chemical ware, glass, preserving jars, electrical insulators, enamel for metals, and floor and wall tile are all composed of feldspar. It is used in cement and scouring soaps, it serves as a flux in the manufacture of abrasive materials and coarse feldspar forms the coating for prepared roofs. A high-grade feldspar, known as dental spar, is used in the manufacture of artificial teeth.

Although feldspar deposits are found in widely separated parts of the United States over 90 per cent of the total production comes from the eastern states. This is not

due entirely to the extent and quality of deposits, but partly to the advantage of being located near the two large pottery centers in Trenton, New Jersey and East Liverpool, Ohio.

In 1925, the latest year for which complete figures are available, the United States produced about 185,000 short tons of ground feldspar and in addition mills in the United States ground about 28,000 tons imported in the crude form from Canada.

From the mill at Topsham village, one of the several operated by the Maine Feldspar Co., is shipped an average of 40 tons a day of ground feldspar; while from the plant of the Trenton & Spar Co., at Cathance, there is an average output of 80 tons daily. Adding these daily productions and multiplying by 313 working days in a year, Topsham is credited with an annual production of slightly over 21,900 tons of feldspar."

Taking the figures above for 1925 and dividing 185,000, the amount produced in the United States, by 21,900, we find that Topsham produces nearly one-eighth of all the spar mined and manufactured from quarries in the United States; and since this country produces one-half of all the feldspar used in the world, Topsham furnishes nearly one-sixteenth of the world's supply.

The plant of the Maine Feldspar Co., located on Elm street in Topsham, was established in 1912, through the efforts of the late B. Gilpin Smith, who was the first president of the company. He was succeeded by his nephew, Norman G. Smith, the present head of the firm.

The Cathance mill, owned by the Trenton Flint & Spar Co., was built in 1869. George D. Willes was general manager until his death, when his son, William D. Willes, took over the management.

Both plants ship feldspar to the two great pottery centers, Trenton and East Liverpool, and to points far west as Detroit, Mich., and as far south as cities in West Virginia. Occasional shipments are made to England, Germany and a few other European countries.

In the grinding process few changes have been made since the establishment of the industry in this town, but in the methods of mining the crude at the quarries considerable advancement has been made.

When the first quarry was opened practically all the drilling for blasting had to be done by hand drills. Now such work is done by large and powerful drills driven by compressed air or steam. In place of the small and crude derricks once used, large ones driven by 48 h.p. electric motors now extend their great arms out over the pit and lift rock to the trucks, waiting to carry it to the mill. Electricity is now used to set off the dynamite, making it possible to use a much more effective charge with safety.

Several quarries have been opened up in this vicinity since the mills were established. Mt. Ararat has yielded a large quantity of spar and two or three quarries have been opened at various times on Topsham Heights. Cathance has several quarries. The mine being worked out of at the present time by the Maine Feldspar Co. is situated a few miles south of Cathance on the Tedford road. A fine road is maintained by the company at its own expense from Middlesex road to this quarry. One of the pits, at the end of summer, had reached a depth of over 125 feet. The same company is also quarrying spar in Brunswick near the Free Bridge on Mill street. The Trenton Flint & Spar Co. has found a good supply not far from the mill in Cathance, the largest operation on the road from the Cathance schoolhouse to the farm of Walter Cox on the Augusta highway.

At the quarries the crude spar is hand sorted to eliminate the undesirable presence of quartz, as much as possible before it is ground.

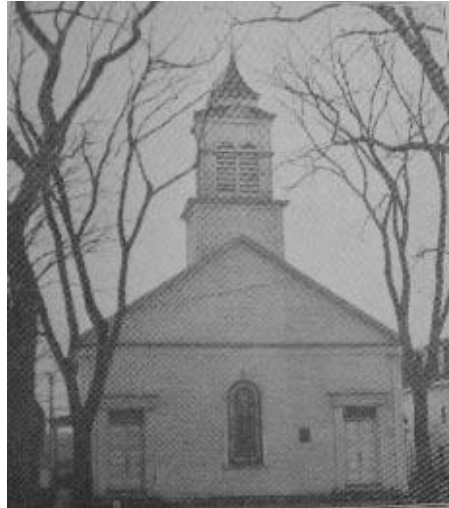
The process at the mill is very interesting. The rock goes through a Sturtevant mill crusher with special manganese jaws, into an elevator and through a screen. If any of the hunks are too large to pass through the screen they go back to the crusher again.

After passing through the screen the spar is dropped through a chute into what is technically known as set of "chasers." This crusher consists of a bed stone, on which the pieces of rock rest, and two "chaser" stones which grind it done on it. The two chaser stones are 72 inches in diameter, 18 inches thick and weigh about 4 ½ tons each. When it is carried on conveyor from this crusher to the top floor, the rock is broken to about the size of a small pea.

From the top floor the rock is let down through a hopped into cylinders 8 feet long and 6 feet across the end. The cylinders are lined with silex blocks imported from Belgium. The grinding is accomplished by the continual motion of French flint pebbles that are picked up on the coast of France and Denmark. Each pebble is hand selected and must pass rigid qualifications of hardness and smoothness as well as the requirement that they be of nearly uniform size. The cylinders turn over at the rate of 19 revolutions per minute. The spar is ready to be taken from these machines only when it has been pulverized so fine that it will pass through a 140 mesh screen, which has holes about the size of the point of a common pin, or in other words, when it has become the consistency of talcum powder.

When the material has become sufficiently pulverized it is dumped on a belt conveyor and is carried to the storehouse where it awaits shipment in box cars. The entire process of grinding takes, on the average, about 5 ½ hours.

Topsham Baptists Have Fine Growing
Church Of Their Own
Faith Has Kept There By Many Ministers And In
Several Meeting Places Since 1795
Brunswick Record
February 12, 1942
By the Reverend Chauncey J. Stuart



Among the old records of the Topsham Baptists is a call for a church meeting, dated March 26, 1795. This meeting was called to vote on buying a lot of land and building a house for public worship, also to see how the money for it should be raised. It was signed by Actor Patten and Peletiah Haley assessors of the Baptist Society of Topsham. This meeting house was built soon after. It was located on the old Lewiston Road, near the cemetery there and was known as the "Yellow Meeting House."

On April 17, 1797, the parish voted to give Elder Elihu Purinton of Bowdoinham an invitation to preach for them one half of the time. This invitation was accepted. Three had been preaching for several years before this but not regularly.

This organization seems to have been a parish as it was called "The Baptist Religious Society of Topsham."

The records show that on August 26, 1815, a group of people met at Oak Hill schoolhouse and agreed to invite an ecclesiastical council and request to be organized into a regular Baptist Church. On September 2, 1815 the council composed of delegates from four "Baptist Churches of Scriptural Faith" met at Oak Hill schoolhouse and organized, not a regular Baptist Church, but a Predestination Baptist Church. They soon built a small church building which was located next to the old courthouse opposite the village cemetery. This building must have been built in 1817 as the business meetings thereafter designate the meetinghouse as the place where they were held.

For some reason not given in the records several men and women met in 1824 and organized the Baptist Church Society of Topsham. In 1825 there was a great revival and many were added to the church.

In 1834 on February 22, a committee was appointed to find a suitable lot to erect a church building and to solicit funds for it. The must have accomplished their task with speed and efficiency for on May 27, 1935 the new church building was dedicated. This is the present church structure.

In 1840 forty-four members were dismissed—from the church to be organized into the Baptist Church in Brunswick village.

This same year there was another great revival here. Meetings were held for more than 100 successive evenings and 152 members were added to this church and 90 or more to the Free Will Baptist Church. These additions were by baptism.

On September 2, 1865, the 50th anniversary of the church was celebrated. In the fall and winter of 1867 the church was thoroughly renovate and a new vestry was built. It was re-dedicated in February 1897. A new organ was given to the church by the people due to the untiring efforts of Edwin M. Brown.

The pastors who have led this parish are as follows: Elder Elihu Purinton, Elder Henry Kendall, the Rev. Charles Johnson, Elder Edwin R. Warren, the Rev. George Knox, the Rev. James Gilpatrick, Elder A. Robbins, the Rev. L.P. Gurney, the Rev. A. Bryant, the Rev. Ira P. Leland, the Rev. J.D.Graham, the Rev. G.M. Stilphen, the Rev. E.A. Cranston, the Rev. Clifton Flanders, the Rev. B.F. Turner, the Rev. George M. Graham, Mr. David Burgh, the Rev. Maurice Dunbar, and Francis H. Bate.



The Topsham Free Will Baptist Church was organized in 1825 although there seems to have been some preaching prior to that time. They met for a while in the Oak Hill schoolhouse at the Old Yellow Meetinghouse and at the Baptist Church in the village opposite the cemetery. In 1836 they built the church building now standing on the south side of Winter Street. The building was thoroughly redecorated and repaired in 1895. The work of the church was carried on regularly and through all the years under the following pastors: Elder George Lamb, Elder Allen Files, Elder Dexter Waterman, Elder Andrew Rollins, the Rev. Peter Folsom, Elder Daniel Jackson, the Rev. Charles Bean, the Rev. Eli B. Fernald, the Rev. W.T. Smith, the Rev. M.W. Burlingame, the Rev. I.M. Bedell, the Rev. L.D. Strout, the Rev. I.M. Bedell, the Rev. Edwin Manson, the Rev. J.A. Simpson,

the Rev. A.G. Hill, the Rev. C.B. Atwood, the Rev. A.B. Drew, the Rev. Frank W. Sandford, the Rev. Willis M. Davis, the Rev. S.A. Blaisdell, and the Rev. E.B. Tetley.

There should be loving mention made of the unselfish, Christ-like service given by the Rev. E.B. Tetley and the Rev. Maurice Dunbar in working for the union of these two churches. In every way forgetting self and doing the work of the Master in bringing about the union leading to the United Baptist Church in 1917. The first pastor of the United Church was Dr. F.C. Wright, who served one year. He was followed by the Rev. G.F. Rouillard, who served eight years, until forced to resign because of ill health. The Rev. Andrew Young came from Rockport and served four and one-half years. The Rev. Harry Chamberlain came soon after Mr. Young left and remained with the church nearly ten years. A new vestry and kitchen were built in 1920 and later classrooms were finished in the basement.



The present pastor, Rev. Chauncey J. Stuart, son of the Rev. Oscar W. Stuart, resident pastor of Kennebunk, came to this church February 1, 1939. He came from the Hollis Center and Bar Mills churches, where he had been the pastor for almost ten years. He graduated from the Gordon College of Theology and Missions in 1930. The same year he was married to Miss Elsie Clark of Camden. They have four sons, Robert, David, Paul and Carleton. Mrs. Stuart is also active in work having organized a World Wide Guild among the young ladies and reorganized the Missionary Society among the women. This church has held aloft the torch for more than a century and a quarter, trying to show forth the Master's love and good will to men. As we pass it along to the coming generations may they, too, strive to keep it burning brightly to lead men and women to Jesus Christ, who is the Light of the world.



Tondreau Brothers Began Business Half A Century Ago This Summer

Brunswick Record

August 21, 1947

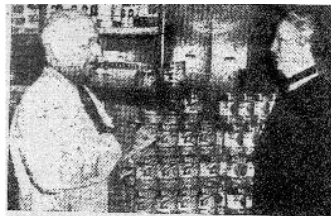
By Paul K. Niven

This is the story of two brothers, Canadian by birth, who came to Brunswick in their youth, overcame the handicaps of unfamiliarity with the English language, and by means of plain common sense and pluck and unlimited energy won success in business and the high respect of their fellow citizens in the community.

The story reads almost like one of Horatio Alger's books,--success stories which were popular with American boys in the early part of the century. Few brothers in the State of Maine can point to a more successful partnership over a span of 50 years than Omer and Adjutor Tondreau, owners of the food store on Brunswick's Maine Street bearing their name.



Adjutor & Omer



Omer & Mrs. H.C. Baxter

Congratulations

On this, the 50th anniversary of their start in the food business here, their neighbors and customers and friends congratulate the brothers Tondreau on a number of things—on weathering four depressions and two wars and coming out with a still flourishing business on the same site on which they started; on the intelligent friendly policy which made this record possible; on their raising of families into the third

generation to bring further credit upon their name; and on their participation in the life of the community to which they have both made valuable contributions.

Came Here In 1891

To go back to the beginning, the brothers, christened Omer Donat Tondreau and Adjutor Emile Tondreau, grew up as small boys in the little town of Princeville in the Province of Quebec where they were born. On April 8, 1891 their father brought them to Brunswick, where the family took up a new home in a land new to them.

For Omer and Adjutor there was no opportunity to go to school. The needs of the family meant that the boys had to go to work. So to work they went, Omer in the cotton mill, then known as the Cabot, and Adjutor creating his own enterprise of shining shoes at the old Maine Central Railroad depot. The opportunity to earn more at the depot caused Omer, after two years in the mill, to join his brother in polishing the boots of travelers at the busy railroad junction which was Brunswick at that time.

Another Job

In the depot there was a restaurant operated by a fabulous character named George Woodbury, owner of a chain of restaurants in other stations along the Maine Central. The bunched arrivals and departures of trains left the Tondreau boys with some spare time in between so they applied to Woodbury for part-time work in his restaurant. He took them on, and they washed dishes, lugged food and occasionally served customers.

It was in this job that the Tondreau brothers gained their first experience in handling food on a large scale, and it appealed to them from the start. Omer's competence was recognized when Woodbury appointed him manager of the evening and night crew, and the brothers tell today of their walks at 2 a.m. to their home on Cushing Street, through then unlighted streets, after putting in long hours at their work at the depot.

Landing A Store Job

Many of the food supplies for the railroad restaurant came from the store owned by Harry E. Emmons located at the corner of Maine and Bank Streets exactly where the Tondreau store now stands. The boys came to know Mr. Emmons through frequent trips to his store, and then began to dream of getting into the business of dealing in food. Finally, Omer asked Woodbury for a recommendation, it was given and Omer hopped over with it to Harry Emmons.

"Yes, young man," said Emmons, "there's a job here for you, and you can start right now."

So Omer gave up his job at the depot, which paid \$5 a week and board—and took one as clerk with Emmons at \$4 a week without board!

Fifty years Ago

Within three weeks Adjutor joined him, and thus 50 years ago this summer, in July 1897, the brothers Tondreau started in the business of selling food, right on the same spot where they are still selling it today.

From the start the brothers were eager to sell. Omer particularly. In the morning he would go out and call at homes, take orders, come back to the store, join Adjutor in putting up the food, and then make deliveries in the afternoon. Although his travels were by horse and wagon, and the period a leisurely one as we now look back on it, the

competition between grocery stores was keen and there were many people engaged in the battle for business.

Other Grocers

Brunswick grocers at the turn of the century and in the early years following it included Frank C. Webb, P.A. Morin, George and Ludger St. Onge, William F. McFadden and later his son Nelson, S.A. Walker, A.T. Campbell, L.D. and A.I. Snow, George W. Booker, C.A. Lemieux, Charles E. Townsend, Nathan T. Pierce and Herrick T. Nason.

In 1903 Mr. Emmons, still proprietor of the store where Omer and Adjutor Tondreau worked, offered it for sale, as he planned to accept a job as a traveling salesman for a flour mill. The Tondreau brothers scented a chance for advancement, persuaded him not to sell but let them run the store for him in his absence. The deal went through and three years later, Emmons sold the store outright to the two brothers.

Business Grows

As owners, Omer and Adjutor Tondreau put everything into the business—money, spirit and particularly energy. Hard workers by nature, they gave their all in their newly acquired enterprise and Brunswick people responded, showing a warm appreciation of the young men's efforts to succeed.

Looking back today, the Tondreaus recall with misty-eyed smiles the names of some of their early customers—Mrs. Hartley C. Baxter, Mrs. Roscoe J. Ham, the late Mrs. William A. Moody, Mrs. Wilmot B. Mitchell, Mrs. Henry Johnson and the Misses Mary and Carrie Potter.

Many of the third generation of those early family customers are trading at Tondreau's Store today.

The First Truck

Up to 1910, the Tondreau deliveries had been made by horse and wagon. In that year the brothers made a purchase which they still recall with thrills—a Buick two-cylinder half-ton delivery truck. It was one of the first such trucks in the state, and were Omer and Adjutor proud of it! They showed it at the Topsham Fair that year and there were only two other locally-owned motor vehicles on display there.

By now the brothers were resolved to make their business really grow, and they began a series of purchases of other grocery stores. In 1911, they bought out the "Maine Meat and Fish Store," located in the Dunlap Block—complete with its gorgeous fixtures and marble slabs. This business was later closed out, and some of the slabs are in the counters of the present Tondreau store.

Also in 1911, they started a store at the corner of Cushing and Mill Streets. In 1913 another store on Mill Street, and in 1914 one in Topsham. A store in Bath came under their control in 1917.

Some of these stores continued to operate for several years, others were merged with the Maine Street Tondreau store.

They Buy A Block

Until 1913, the Tondreau brothers were tenants in the most northerly of three adjacent buildings which occupied approximately the same space along Maine Street as the present Tondreau Block. In that year, the brothers bought their section from its owner, George Storer. Within the next few years they acquired the second section from the Order of Odd Fellows and the third from its owner, W.F. Senter.

Now the brothers were real estate owners as well as grocers. In 1923 they remodeled their store installing one of the most modern refrigerating systems of the day. Imagine their pride when the glistening new store was completed!

Their happiness was short-lived however. In January of 1926 a disastrous fire visited the building, destroying it with all its contents.

But with the will of the Tondreaus to survive was indomitable. With the money from insurance, which they had foresightedly taken out and maintained, they started to rebuild at once, and the present block was completed in October of the same year.

Through Thick and Thin

Throughout their 50 years in business the Tondreau brothers have set high records in smart salesmanship, fair dealing and special consideration of their customers.

The store has been famous for its annual food fairs; on one such occasion there were 18 special demonstrations serving samples and a stove was the grand prize.

At one time the partnership engaged in a wholesale business in addition to retail; by astute purchasing it was able to keep a man traveling selling meats to retail stores.

The two world wars brought shortages and rationing of all kinds of food, but the buying connections which the Tondreau brothers had built up served them in good stead and the Tondreau store often had meat, butter and sugar in the last war when these items were virtually unobtainable elsewhere in town.

In periods of depression the store "took care" of many of its regular customers who had been hit by hard times.

Meet Competition

With the coming of chain food stores, many independent grocers were unable to stand the competition and went out of business. Not Tondreau Brothers. They met the chains on an equal basis and have emerged even stronger for having done battle with them.

The Golden Rule

One fundamental business principle has guided the Tondreau Brothers throughout their careers—that of the Golden Rule. They have practiced the creed of fair dealing, treating their customers as they would like to be treated if the positions were reversed.

"Just common sense," is the way the straightforward, sincere brothers put it.

Fine Families

Omer and Adjutor Tondreau are naturally proud of their business record, but even prouder of their families, which are now in the third generation.

Omer married Alice Michaud of Brunswick and they have three daughters and a son, all of whom live in Brunswick. Lillian is one daughter. Another, Bertha, married Ulrich Morin and they have a daughter, Jacqueline. The third daughter, Germaine, is Mrs. Napoleon Caron. The son Roger, works with his father in the store.

Adjutor took as his bride Bernadette Desjardins of Brunswick and this union produced three sons and three daughters. Dr. Roderick Tondreau is a Fello in Radiology at the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minn., is married and the father of a daughter Nancy Ellen. Louis is a student at Notre Dame University and David attends Brunswick High School. Priscilla recently married John Rowe and they live in Rochester, N.Y. Gertrude is now Mrs. Walter Hanley of Elnora, Ind., and she and her husband have a daughter, Martha Jean. Evelyn is a teacher at Sanford.

Thus ends the story of two fine gentlemen who have been engaged in business on the same spot for 50 years. Their fine spirit may carry them well into a second half century of progressive partnership.

As their many friends read this article, they will most certainly feel a renewed interest in a pair of very human and humanitarian brothers, and join in wishing them many more years of useful happy living.

Three Quarter Century Club Brunswick Record September 17. 1925

In the recent canvas in Harpswell to determine the charter members of the Maine Three-Century Club it was found that there were 56 people in town whose ages were over 75. While the percentage of these pioneers was not so great as in some towns of the state it is a record we can well be proud of. While we do not have an centenarians we can boast of a goodly number over 80, and also a good proportion of over 85, there being 29 of the 56 over 80 years of age, and six of them being over 85 at the time that the census was taken. One man, George W. Richardson, of North Harpswell, is 91. He is as spry as many who are many years younger, and was present at the meeting at Augusta, where he enjoyed himself to the full. Other Harpswell charter members who were present at that meeting were George R. Johnson of South Harpswell who is 87, Mrs. Mercy Jane Curtis of Harpswell Center, 84, Mrs. Hannah A. Merriman of North Harpswell, 80, Mrs. Lavinda Hackett of Harpswell Center, 79, Mrs. Frances E. Merriman, West Harpswell, 75.

The complete list of charter members in Harpswell, with their place of residence, and date of birth follows:

Mrs. Mary Barnes, North Harpswell, Nov. 7, 1844
William D. Alexander, North Harpswell, Sept. 28, 1840
Isaac Alexander, North Harpswell, July 29, 1841
George K. Sawyer, North Harpswell, Nov. 24, 1848
George W. Richardson, North Harpswell, May 27, 1834
Mrs. Almatia A. Dunning, North Harpswell, May 15, 1850
Mrs. Mercy J. Curtis, Harpswell Center, Dec. 10, 1840
Joseph Stover, Harpswell Center, Dec. 10, 1849
Mrs. Hannah Merriman, North Harpswell, June 21, 1845
Mrs. Lavinda A. Hackett, Harpswell Center, Dec. 27, 1845
Mrs. Matilda A. Merriman, Harpswell Center, Mar. 9, 1847
Mrs. Arcelia Alexander, West Harpswell, Nov. 22, 1849
Paul A. Durgan, West Harpswell, July 18, 1836
Eliphalet P. Goodwin, West Harpswell, Dec. 23, 1843
Mrs. Fannie E. Merriman, West Harpswell, Mar. 4, 1850
Mrs. Hannah Merriman, West Harpswell, May 2, 1841
Mrs. Mary E. Merriman, West Harpswell, Oct. 26, 1845
Rufus D. Merriman, West Harpswell, July 25, 1849

Horatio A. Orr, West Harpswell, June 15, 1850
George R. Johnson, South Harpswell, Feb. 13, 1838
Mrs. Lois J. Stover, South Harpswell, Apr. 27, 1844
Sylvester Bibber, South Harpswell, Aug. 14, 1843
Mrs. Katie Estes, South Harpswell, Sept. 12, 1849
Mrs. Arvilla W. Johnson, Bailey Island, June 1, 1848
Mrs. Almira Sinnett, Bailey Island, Jan. 30, 1848
Mrs. Julia A. Lube, Bailey Island, July 29, 1850
Moses B. Linscott, Orrs Island, Nov. 23, 1842
Charles E. Moulton, Orrs Island, Mar. 2, 1847
Mrs. Angie R. L. Moulton, Orrs Island, Oct. 20, 1849
Mrs. Julia Linscott, Orrs Island, Oct. 22, 1849
Mrs. Hattie H. Lunt, Feb. 11, 1848
Mrs. Eunice E. Orr, Orrs Island, June 11, 1841
Mrs. Fannie Wilson, Orrs Island, Mar. 2, 1844
William H. Linscott, Orrs Island, Oct. 20, 1849
Helen L. Judkins, Orrs Island, Oct. 25, 1849
Mrs. Ora Reed, Orrs Island, Oct. 20, 1846
Simeon H. Brigham, Orrs Island, 1839
Everett McLaughlin, Orrs Island, 1847
Joseph B. Green, Orrs Island, 1841
Mrs. Lucy B. Green, Orrs Island, 1843
John Dufton, Orrs Island, 1848
Charles E. Trufant, East Harpswell, Feb. 12, 1840
Mrs. Mariette Trufant, East Harpswell, Mar. 28, 1846
Mrs. Sarah Morgan, East Harpswell, date not known, over 80
Mrs. Filena Catlin, East Harpswell, Jan. 17, 1845
Mrs. Mary E. Wallace, East Harpswell, Aug. 15, 1848
Mrs. Mary E. Stinson, East Harpswell, Aug. 11, 1837
John Eason, East Harpswell, Mar. 1, 1849
Mrs. Virginia Fides, Orrs. Island, 1846
Delight Snow, Cundy's Harbor, July 8, 1844
Deborah Skolfield, Cundy's Harbor, Aug. 31, 1845
Humphrey Skolfield, Cundy's Harbor, June 8, 1845
Mrs. Lydia Thompson, Sept. 11, 1848
Waldron Leavitt, E. Harpswell, 1842
Elisha Small, E. Harpswell, July, 1844

The chairman of the committee wishes to extend to all who helped to make this canvass a success, the thanks to the Governor, the Maine Public Health Association, and himself for the efficient and painstaking work done.

Three Generations of a Familiar Corner In Town
Brunswick Record
November 28, 1929



This rare old print of the Pejepscot Hotel at the corner of Maine and Pleasant Streets was found in the back of an old clock by Dr. Curtis, who was a great collector of antiques, and was presented to Captain Alfred Merryman who purchased and remodeled the house about 67 years ago. The house was built in 1807 and was a public house for many years. The livery stable and bowling alley on the left faced Maine Street. Captain Merryman had these buildings moved to the rear of the house. The house is now owned by Dr. & Mrs. G.M. Elliott.



This is the first photograph of the Pejepscot Hotel on the corner of Pleasant and Maine Streets after it was purchased and remodeled, the stable and other buildings moved to the rear of the house, a side porch added and young trees which add considerably to the beauty and dignity of the fine old house.



Here is the home of Dr. Elliott as it appears today. Note the size of the elm trees as compared with those of the preceding picture.

Theme, Written At Bowdoin College in 1845, Tells Of Shipping, Logging Industries In Topsham

Brunswick Record

March 5, 1959

Did you know that Topsham was once a shire-town of Lincoln County, with its court-house and county offices? Did you know that shipbuilding was one of Topsham's principal industries, a century ago? I didn't, until I read, recently, a "theme" written by a Bowdoin College student in 1845 as a part of his course in English.

The paper, marked in pencil "corrected by tutor Boody," is titled "A Description of Topsham"; and its four foolscap pages, written in a painstaking Spencerian hand, give an interesting view of the little community as it was back a hundred years ago.

Following a geographical description of the location, and boundaries of the town, the youthful author wrote: "The population of this town by the last census was about 1,900, nearly all of which is concentrated into the village, although the town itself extends for ten miles along the river. Topsham is one of the shire-towns of Lincoln County, and the court sits here in June usually, at which time the village loses its usually still and quiet appearance.

"Topsham contains four churches, 12 school-houses, a courthouse, a bank and about 15 stores, besides quite a number of handsome private residences."

Early Shipbuilding

As to shipbuilding, the author tells of the "two shipyards in the village," from which, he writes, "one or two ships a year are launched, principally barques and brigs to be employed in the West India trade. They are usually fitted out and sail from Bath."

While "Topsham is a good farming town and many of its people are engaged in agriculture," the writer says that the principal occupation of Topsham folk is the lumber trade and shipping." There is good evidence of the truth of this statement in the author's further assertion that at that time, more than a century ago, there were 10 saw-mills in active operation in Topsham alone.

"Immense numbers of logs are brought by the freshets annually", he writes, "and being sawed into boards, are carried by gondolas to Bath for transportation." My contemporaries will recall, as I do, the gondolas which plied between Brunswick and

Bath, although I believe that in our time they were used for the transportation of coal rather than lumber, and we called them “gundalows.”

Topsham Toll Bridge

“This town has suffered severely for one of its size from fires,” writes the student. “Within the last five years there have been 11 or 12 large fires including the burning of the toll bridge, a new ship just ready for launching, and several stores and houses.” The toll bridge, of course, was the bridge between Brunswick and Topsham; and I have among my family papers a ministerial free pass issued to my grandfather permitting him to cross the bridge “in chaise or on foot”.

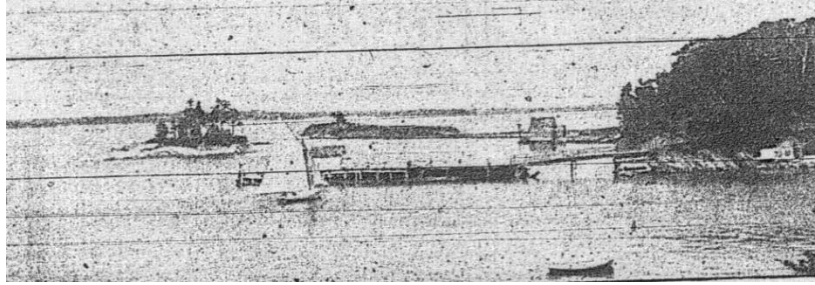
Landing of the Ark?

Declaring that Topsham “presents quite a variety of natural scenery,” the writer goes on: “Besides the beauty of the river, which is visible from almost any part of the village, there are quite a number of places which attract the attention of the lovers of the marvelous.”

The he gives a bit of historical “fact” which is somewhat surprising, to say the least. “Mt. Ararat” he says, “has always been a favorite place of resort not only on account of the natural beauty of the place, but from the fact that it was upon the summit of this mountain that the Ark rested after the deluge.” Well, the Scriptural account certainly does say that “the mountains of Mt. Ararat were the resting place of the Ark— but Topsham isn’t mentioned. There is no indication that tutor Boody questioned the accuracy of this statement; perhaps he was concerned more with the pupil’s phraseology than his veracity!

“The traditions and legends connected with this celebrated mountain,” goes on the writer, “are too numerous and long to be here related, but no traveler will fail of hearing them.”

The youthful scribe classes his peroration thus: “In fine, Topsham is a great place, (the last two words heavily underlined) and anyone who is disposed of this assertion had better visit it!”



View of Lookout Point, Harpswell Center. The Famous Devil's Den is Situated Near This Point

THE WITCH OF HARPSWELL

A Tale of the Old Days When Maine Was the Colony of Massachusetts

Brunswick Record
May 22, 1903

Nearly a century and a half ago when Rev. Elisha Eaton, the first settled preacher in Harpswell, ministered to the people of that town there existed among the fisher-folk an earnest belief in witchcraft. Strange stories of those early days have been handed down from generation to generation, but among them all there is none more dramatic than that of the burial of Hannah Stover.

The story, fifty years or more, was written and published but few copies are in existence now. The narrative is said to be based on facts, and at all events it is one of unusual interest in Harpswell. The Record has secured a copy of the story and presents it below.

The feathery branches of hemlocks that stood tall and somber, beside the path along Harpswell Neck, sighed softly in the November wind; and the funeral train that wended its slow way with frequent haltings, through the woodland track, might hear also the monotonous sound of the surf on the rocks out of sight, yet not far away.

It was a singular procession. Six brawny fish-wives carried the rude bier, on which rested a coffin unpainted and clumsy, while behind it came a tale, pale girl, supporting the steps of a man who seemed too feeble for the task of walking at all. After these two mourners to whose faces the effort of repressing emotion had lent an expression of a cold sternness, came a handful of women, who straggled irregularly forward, avoiding the tough places in the forest path with a half instinctive sense that comes from long familiarity.

Now and then the bearers were in silence relieved of their solemn burden, and with stolid impressiveness the train moved on. The quaint dresses of the women, the cold light filtered through the tossing boughs of pine and hemlock, the mournful bier combined to produce a sad and strange effect. Even the stolid fish-wives who were thus accompanying Elkniah Stover's second wife to her last resting place were not wholly unconscious of the wildness of the circumstances, and although they had few words in which to express their feelings, they now and then muttered half to themselves and half to each other, some comment which indicated the astonishment little short of stupefaction of people used to the most commonplace round of life who find themselves suddenly taking part in remarkable and startling occurrences.

The last century was not far past noon. Harpswell Neck, now a long cape, almost bare of trees, stretching out into Casco Bay with attractive barrenness, was still thickly wooded; and only a path through the primeval forest connected the fishing settlement at its end with the small village gathered about the graveyard and the old square church, still standing, where Parson Eaton, or, as the county people universally called him, Priest Eaton, broke the bread of life to his seafaring flock. There had been grave doubts how Parson Eaton might feel about performing the last rites over the lady that the women, angrily deserted by the men of the settlement, were wearily bearing to her grave. Hannah Stover had not only been a Quaker, causing great scandal, by refusing to be present at the services in the square church, but there were afloat rumors of a wilder and darker character concerning her. To the step-daughter, Mercy, who had been on the day previous to ask him, Priest Eaton had, however, given his promise, perhaps somewhat reluctantly, to over-look all shortcomings in view of the well-established godliness of Elkniah Stover's family, and her sorrowing husband hoped that no allusion to the religious wanderings of his dead wife might add to his pain.

While the women by their presence and by taking the office of bearers gave testimony to the worth of the departed, they were not without more or less conscious willingness that the occasion should be improved to their spiritual education by some contrasting of their own steadfastness in the faith with the errors of the deceased. They had labored zealously with her living, and their characters were too hardy to yield all opposition simply because Goodwife Stover could no longer reply. They had braved the anger of their husbands that had forbidden them to be present at the funeral of one to whom popular malignity gave the name of witch, a name in those days of terrible import; but righteousness and perhaps especially feminine righteousness, is seldom unwilling to hear itself commended, even at the expense of the unanswering dead.

As the forest began to grow thinner, and there were signs that the village was near, a certain subtle air of expectation made itself evident by faint signs. The bearers walked with more alert step, the women behind drew their cloaks about them with an air half of protest and half of reproof, while Elkniah Stover's daughter held more firmly in her own the trembling arm of her father, as she vainly tried to repress the growing agitation that made her own limbs unsteady and her throat dry and parched.

At length, between the trees appeared the heavy eaves of the meeting-house, and in a moment more the rough palings of the enclosure in which it stood with the graves about it, were brought in sight by the abrupt emergence of the path from a thicket of alders and arbutus trees.

Beside the graveyard gate the women saw Priest Eaton, his somber robes of office blown by the chill November wind and with a sudden surprise that made their hearts stand still, they saw, too, that he was not alone, but that around him in sullen groups were gathered the men of the Neck, whom their wives believed were still at home in the settlement from which they had come.

For an instant the forlorn band of corpse bearers half halted and wavered as if to turn back; then obeying the instinct that make women in a supreme crisis so inevitably turn to the priest, they carried the bier quickly forward and set it before the black-robed figure of Parson Eaton.

There was a moment of complete silence. Then Goodwife Mayo, with a deep-drawn sigh of fatigue, wiped her heated forehead upon the corner of her long, coarse

cloak. The homely action broke the spell with which the strangeness of the situation had held them, and as if at the concerted signal, the men pressed forward. As they did so, a tall gaunt man, with weather-beaten face and narrow eyes, spoke:

"Ye may take the witch-wife back," he said, with a roughness that was partly genuine and partly assumed to help him overcome some secret, lingering weakness. "Let her lie in some of the black places in the woods where she would foregather with her master the Devil; but her wicked body shall never poison the ground where Christian folks are buried. No grave in consecrated ground for the likes of that."

A hoarse murmur of assent like the distant roaring of the sea on the ledges of white Seguin answered him from the men. The women half from a habitual fear of their husbands and half from superstitious dread of the possibility of contamination from the dead, began to huddle together drawing little by little away from the bier. Their eyes appealed to Priest Eaton to speak for them and to direct their course in an extremity so far removed from their ordinary experiences.

The dead leaves, hurrying before the wind, rustled at their feet, while in the air as a vague monotone was the distant sound of the souging boughs and the waves beating upon the inhospitable rocks.

"Ezra Johnston," the clergyman said in tones of solemnity, "Who gave you the right to dictate who shall rest in consecrated ground? Are you the leader of God's people?"

"No," the other retorted, the angry blood flushing his swarthy cheek: "but when the leader of God's people would let the Devil's dam into the graveyard of our meeting-house it is time when any man may speak. The woman could never be made to go through the gate while alive; why should she be carried through it, now she is dead?"

The murmur of approval swelled again louder than before; and little by little the group shifted until Mercy Stover and her white-haired father were left along beside the rough coffin.

"You were always hasty of speech," Priest Eaton answered calmly, but with a certain stern dignity that belonged to his office in those days. "Who made you a witch-finder?"

"I do not need to be a witch-finder to know Goodwife Stover for a witch," was the stout reply. "I knew of her ways and her repute while she lived in Freeport and I warned Brother Elkniah against her. For that very thing she was both angered against me by this token that my seine broke that same day. I spoke as if every mesh in it were out, and sorely hath she many times since tormented me with her witch wiles. Ask Goodman Haskell here, if he was not on my boat when she bewitched my killock so that all my strength was not enough to move it until I made the sign of the cross on it. Ask."

"I have heard," interrupted the minister, "of you popish practices before; but they are not to be boasted of in open day unrebuked."

Elkniah Stover's limbs had failed under him as this strange colloquy went on and he sank, a pathetic and broken figure, upon the handle of the bier. As he sat with one palsied hand, blue with cold, resting on the head of his staff, and the other clasping tightly the wrist of Mercy he raised his white hand with a gesture of despair and anguish.

"Was it for this," he wailed in quavering voice of pain, "that the Lord gave me strength to rise from my bed and follow the body of my helpmate to the grave when a grave is denied her? Ezra Johnston was greatly engaged as we all know, that after his

sister that was my wife died I should go to Freeport for a helpmate, when he would have had me choose the sister of his own good wife. His killock caught under the thwarts. Waitstill Eastman can tell you that. But all the went amiss Ezra would still lay at the door of my goodwife; her that is here dead before ye, and ye deny her a grave away from the wolves.”

“She shall have her grave, father,” Mercy said, with an intensity of purpose that impressed even her angry uncle. “She shall lie by the side of my own mother if I have to bury her with no one to help me.”

The fickle sympathy of the bystanders veered in her direction and one of two of the fish-wives that had formed part of the funeral train moved almost imperceptibly toward the spot where she stood, their action showing that the more merciful, at least, could not easily bring themselves to anything so horrible to their mind as to deny burial to a fellow creature. Before, however, the movement could be all general, even before it was marked, Ezra Johnston, whose always violent temper was fast mastering him, broke out again:

“Oh, no doubt Waitstill Eastman knows, and I am a blind fool that cannot see when his killock is free on the thwarts. Perhaps Goodman Eastman will say, too, that last Sabbath night I wasn’t hailed in my sleep by the British bark off the point and dragged by the Devil’s imps up and down the sides til I was bruised and aching in every bone of my body. And I might have been killed but the daylight drew on and with my own ears I heard Goodwife Stover say: ‘Let him go, tis almost cock-crowing.’ I knew her voice as well as I know my own, and that but two days before she died. What do you say to that, Elkniah Stover? What do ye say to that Parson Eaton?”

A dozen voices broke loose into a sudden babble. The unseemly and cruel debate that had thus far been carried on by single voices was all at once taken up by the whole company. The first surprise and awe had now worn off to let the folks recover the use of their tongues, and men and women hurried now clamorously to deny or confirm Ezra Johnston’s charges. The clergyman tried vainly to make himself heard. His words were lost in the growing tumult. The crowd became every moment more and more like a mob. Johnston grew more and more furious and his anger infected the men who were most under his influence. The very name of witch raised roused all the superstitious fears of the simple fisher-men, and all the fanaticism of their blood was appealed to.

“Come,” Johnston cried out at last, struck with a sudden idea, “let us take the witch-wife to Devil’s Den, and leave her bones to rot there. I warrant she has been there times enough before.”

A shudder ran through his hearers. The Devil’s Den was a rocky cave on the shore of Harpswell Neck where more than one good boat had perished and more than one fisherman had seen straggling lights flitting about to cheat him to his destruction.

“Come,” repeated Johnston, taking a long stride toward the bier, “take hold here, some of you.”

But before he could grasp the rude handles his niece sprang forward. Her eyes flashed, her simple hood fell back from her pale face and her whole form quivered with excitement.

“Coward,” she cried. “Oh you coward, you coward.”

Her voice shrill and high rang upward to the heavy clouds as if it would call help down from heaven. The women shrank back in fear, and the men in astonishment, while

with arm stretched out in an unstudied attitude of appeal, and with an energy the more impressive by contrast with her usually calm and almost shy manner, Mercy poured out her protests.

“What has my mother done,” she demanded with a sort of sacred fury that stilled for a moment all the murmurs and brought to the eyes of more than one, half of pity and half of excitement, “what has my mother done that you would treat her dead body worse than that of a dog? She has been more than a mother to me, and, how many times has she helped the sick and the poor! Oh, are you the neighbors I have lived among all my life, and that have been kind to me that I must dig a grave for my mother who was kinder and better than you all! And you Uncle Ezra. Who saved your hand when it was frozen? Who doctored little Hope when she had the scarlet fever? You were glad enough to have her help when she was living but now”—

Her self-control gave way. She broke off in a burst of hysterical sobs. Leaning her face on the shoulder of her trembling old father. Ezra Johnston, for a moment giving way before his niece’s vehemence, covered his confusion with a sneer, and again attempted to seize the handle of the bier.

Before he could do more, however, a vigorous grasp caught his arm, and a stalwart young fellow drew him roughly back.

“Let be Ezra Johnston,” the young man said, in a deep voice, his strong white teeth showing angrily. “Let be, or it will be the worse for ye.”

Like a wildcat, Johnston turned to strike, but before the blow could fall, the clergyman sprang to catch the strong wrist of the angry parishioner. “Stop,” Priest Eaton commanded in a voice of authority. “I warn you that you are going too far.”

Enraged as Johnston was, he was still sufficiently master of himself to realize that it was not sage to openly defy the clergyman and it is not improbable, too, that he could not himself wholly shake off the habit of obedience that was almost universal in the scattered parish.

With any ally less powerful than superstition, it would have been idle for him to set himself against the minister on any question; but the remote pulses of the wave of madness that shook Salem in 1618 was more than a century in dying away, and in Harpswell the belief in witchcraft was as perfect as the faith in religion. Even today the superstition lives in many a remote New England village, and the air, laden as it is with mysterious sounds and influences, seems especially to nourish these delusions.

Johnston’s whole stubborn nature was by this time aroused, and all his cunning bent of carrying of is point. He felt instinctively that the tide of general feeling was further against him, and with genuine New England shrewdness, he hit upon precisely the appeal that could most surely win the fickle crowd again to his views.

“Well,” he sneered, falling back, “if Jacob Thatcher takes the matter up, of course we must all give way, even if he wants an accused with-wife buried in the same lot with all the Christian folk we come of. Everybody knows that Goody Stover bewitched him long ago to make him run after Mercy; and ye, Daniel Strong, have cause to remember the luck she gave him. But if he takes sides with the Devil, the two together may well be too much for the honest men of Harpswell.”

The appeal produced an instant and powerful effect, but the angry retort of Jacob Thatcher was crowned in the cries of assent and approval that answered Johnston’s words.

That Thatcher was the lover of Mercy Stover was well enough known in a community where a man was hardly able to keep his thoughts to himself and the reference to this fact impeached at once the sincerity and impartiality of his interference. By alluding moreover to an old rivalry that extended to boats, athletics and all interests that the narrow life of Harpswell well permitted and that Thatcher was always victor in, Johnston had secured for himself a powerful support. Not only Daniel Strong, but the young men, generally smarted under a secret sense of defeat. While the coincidence between the universal success of the winner and his fondness for the witch's daughter was exactly the sort of argument that appealed most strongly to the superstitious fisher-folk.

The crowd once more broke into speech, which was rather a babble than a clamor and which became more angry as it swelled. The words of Pastor Eaton were lost in the noise. Jacob Thatcher placed himself between the bier and his townfolk, but even his stout shoulders seemed a slight enough barrier against sacrilege to the dead.

It was one of these chaotic and critical moments in the progress of a mob when it is broken into innumerable separate groups in angry dispute, and when it is idle to reach it as a whole until some striking incident unites once more its divided attention. It is usually true, moreover, that upon the first general impression that shall be exerted on a mob at such a crisis depends its action. It is at its most impressionable stage, and will readily take the stamp of whatever plea is strongly presented to it.

By this time the crowd collected at the churchyard gate included almost every human being in the village, and it had assumed the character of a genuine mob. The remonstrance of Priest Eaton, the entreaties of Elkniah Stover, and appeal of Mercy, and the interference of Jacob Thatcher had all proved of no avail, and there seemed small hope but Ezra Johnston would carry his point, and that the body of the dear Quakeress would be cast in dishonor upon the jagged rocks of Devil's Den.

Help at this desperate crisis came from an unthought-of source. By one of these strange thrills that seem to reach the mind through some sense beyond the five, and to appeal to some faculty more subtle, the excited villagers became aware that something new had happened. A sudden hush spread over the wild company. Excited fish-wives paused with open mouths in the midst of their haranguing and stretched their necks toward the bier; the angry men broke off their noisy wrangling to turn their eyes to the same direction; even Mercy, who had clung convulsively to her father in the terror of seeing familiar faces transformed into strangeness before her eyes by superstition and rage, turned to look toward the coffin. It was only Goody Cole, who had at this critical moment made her tottering way up to the bier and flung herself upon it. Lamé and decrepit, weak and wandering in her wits, the poor old creature whose stream of life had been so thin that for almost a century it had trickled on without draining even the ordinary measure of human existence, had only just been able to complete the journey from Harpswell Neck. All the long woodland track she had come to lay her blessing upon Goodwife Stover's grave.

In a wail that had in it the pathos of the sound of the wind in the forest, the wretched crone cried over and over, with heart-broken reiteration:

"Oh, but she was my life! Oh, but she was my life!"

The cry was so intense that it thrilled even the stolid fisherman of Harpswell Neck, perhaps for the time being rendered more sensitive than usual by unwonted

excitement. The tension of their nerves became every moment greater as they stood in unstudied groups, picturesque and strange. The brief November afternoon was darkening to its close, long lines of fiery light breaking the cold gray of the western sky. A few scant snow flakes were silently stealing through the air, falling upon the angry villagers, upon the tall form of Priest Eaton with white locks and black gown, upon the strong young figure of Jacob Thatcher, standing sentinel between the townsfolk and the dead, upon the pathetic group of father and daughter, and amid them all that withered, century-old figure of Goody Cole, repeating in shrill high tones: "Oh, but she was my life."

They all understood that cry. There was no one there but knew well how long Goody Cole had been a pensioner on the bounty of Goodwife Stover. They might all remember, too, if they chose, that Goody Cole, whom they had left to the tender mercies of a woman they called a witch was the widow of a man that had lost his life carrying help to a vessel on which the fathers and husbands of people still alive and in this angry crowd. Goody Cole had been too proud to go on the parish and her neighbors half a century ago had sworn she should never come to want. Now, only the charity of this Quaker woman from Freeport had kept her from actual starvation.

"Oh, but she was my life," quavered the trembling, aged widow over and over. "Oh but she was my life!"

Pricked in the heart, two other women, almost young enough to be Goody Cole's granddaughters, came out from the crowd and knelling beside her bowing their heads with sobs upon the coffin. There was a rustle and stir among the bystanders. They knew well enough what cause for gratitude there two had. Everybody knew all that happened on Harpswell Neck, and remembered now how to one of these women Goodwife Stover had come in the agonizing horror of child-birth, a saving angel; and how besides the bed of the second she had watched when a malignant disease kept every other woman in the Neck away.

"Oh, but she was my life!" shrilled Goody Cole, her voice rising in a thrilling strain which made the excited woman shiver as it with cold.

The crowd of fish-wives wavered. Then Goodwife Mayo whose stout muscles had out-tired those of all the other bearers on the long march from Elkniah Stover's cottage to the shadow of the square meeting-house in which they stood strode forward again to the coffin. She set her arms akimbo and looked about her.

"And ye, Bettery Hinck," she demanded, "who gave ye that cloak ye're wearing this very hour? And ye Martha Hastings, who brought ye through the fever last fall? And ye Andrew Cates, who nursed your wife in haying time? If Hannah Stover is a witch well would it be for Harpswell Neck if we had more of them."

"Oh, but she was my life!" came in the piercing cry of Goody Cole, like a refrain rising still higher. "Oh, but she was m life!"

"Take up the bier," Priest Eaton cried, with a gesture at once of dignity and command. "Bury here wherever these men will. The ground will be consecrated wherever her body lies. Take it to the Devil's Den." He went on, the occasion inspiring him with unwonted fire, "and I tell you the Devil's Den will be holey if Goodwife Stover's corpse comes there."

A wave of sudden feeling swept over the people like a mighty wind. As it obeying a common impulse they rushed forward with sobs and broken ejaculations to raise the bier.

But Goodwife Mayo waved them back.

“No,” she said, “no man shall touch this bier. The women that have brought it so far in spite of their husbands earlier can carry it the rest of the way.”

There was a murmur of mingled assent, contrition and remonstrance; but it was in the end as Goodwife Mayo said.

Followed by all the men even to Ezra Johnston, who scowled but yielded to the tide of feeling he could not turn back, the women of Harpswell Neck bore the body of Hannah Stover to her resting place in the consecrated ground of the old graveyard.

“We have buried a witch,” Johnston muttered under his breath, as they left the sacred spot.

But in solemn rebuke Priest Eaton answered him: “We have made the grave of a saint.”



THE TELEGRAPH'S FAREWELL

Brother Shorey's Valedictory Editorial

In This Week's Issue

Brunswick Telegraph

August 28, 1903

Saturday noon the papers were signed which made the Brunswick Telegraph and its plant the property of Mr. Frank B. Nichols of Bath, the principal owner of the Bath Daily Times and the Brunswick Record.

What disposal he will make of the property we are as yet not advised, but the supposition is that with this issue the Brunswick Telegraph, as a distinct publication, will cease to be, after an honorable career of nearly sixty-one years.

The Brunswick Telegraph was started by Waldron & Moore of Lewiston, in November 1842, and has had several owners, the most notable and widely known being the venerable and pungent writer, A.G. Tenney. We speak of him as venerable because he always seemed venerable to us, and we would do him every honor. He made the Telegraph a characteristic paper, and its bright sayings were copied throughout the country.

The present editor purchased the paper, after a suspension of two weeks, from Tenney & Bickford, and latterly, with the partnership of F.W. Shorey, has conducted it under the name of Shorey and Shorey.

The principal motive which has prompted us to sell was the illness of one member of the firm, rendering some changes in business arrangements necessary and we availed ourselves of Mr. Nichol's offer. So instead of the Telegraph next week you will receive the Brunswick Record and it becomes necessary for us to make our farewell bow. We commend our patrons to our successor, feeling sure that they will receive the best of treatment at his hands.

For a period of ten years the present management has enjoyed a most pleasant business relation with the citizens of Brunswick and vicinity, and we have no fault to find with the support given us. We have found the citizens of Brunswick a free-hearted, frank, intelligent people, far and straight forward in their criticisms of what they did not like, generous and free-hearted in their approval of those things in the Telegraph which pleased them.

The Telegraph has been subservient to no class or party, and has always felt free to express its individual opinions with a good deal of freedom, and in those times when such expression has run counter to a large portion of our constituency we have always found our critics of that sort with whom it was a pleasure to honestly differ. There is nothing mealy-mouthed about the editor of the Telegraph, nor its entries. Doubtless they were schooled to this attitude by our predecessor. We like that sort of people and consequently we like Brunswick from the least to the greatest. It is a good old town, and we hate to leave it. To those warm and charitable friends who have borne patiently with our faults, admonishing us in all kindness and forgiving seventy times seven times, we would express our heartfelt appreciation. There have been many such.

To those few who have cordially hated our attitude on several vital public questions, we would express our appreciation of their fair and open methods of fighting. We always did love a good fighter.

To those who have been with us first and last, we extend our heartiest thanks, they have made life worth living. God bless you, everyone.

Toward Brunswick and its people we shall always hold the tenderest thought. Of late circumstances have rendered it impossible to give our patrons full value for money received and their uncomplaining forbearance has often touched our heart.

We lay down the pen for a season, with the hope of resuming it again under more favorable auspices, and the lessons learned in our ten years experience in Brunswick will be greatly prized.

The Story of Paradise Spring
Bowdoin Library
Booklet put out by the Company
July 10, 1920
Paradise Spring Water
Unequalled in Purity

This booklet has been prepared only after careful consideration of each statement. None is made that is not true.

We believe a careful reading will give you a new point of view on the value of pure drinking water.

Paradise Spring Company

The Story of Paradise Spring Water

Paradise Spring has been known and its water used for more than a hundred years. It is located near Bowdoin College, about a mile east of Brunswick, in Maine, the State long famous for pure water and pure air. The Spring, a typical down-east landmark, has many romantic associations. When Hawthorne and Longfellow were student at the College, the Spring was their favorite haunt. The stream flowing from the Spring is called "Hawthorne Brook." The poem "Paradise Spring" written in 1835 and recited at the Bowdoin College Commencement of that year, indicates something of the regard in which the spring was held at that time. To erect the present spring-house it was found necessary to remove a log that had been placed as a spring curb by the class of 1825 of which Hawthorne and Longfellow were members. This log will be preserved as a valued relic in remembrance of these two greatly beloved writers.

Its Modern Discovery

One of the officers of the present Paradise Spring Company has long been interested in table waters for his own use. Some years ago he determined to secure the best water to be found on this continent. After an exhaustive study of Government reports, it was found that one dominantly superior water in America is that flowing from Paradise Spring. So satisfactory and helpful had it proved that the idea was conceived of purchasing the property and making the water available to discriminating people throughout the country. Not only was the land upon which the Spring is found acquired, but in addition a large tract surrounding it, with a view to preserving it for all time.

Its Preparation

As Paradise Spring Water gushes forth, five hundred gallons each hour, day and night, summer and winter, at a temperature of approximately forty degrees, it flows through a glass pipe into a glass lined storage tank, thence into a silver lined bottling machine. The bottles are brought to this machine by an automatic conveyor, after being first washed, rinsed and sterilized; this also by automatic machinery. No old bottles are every used. They come brand new direct to the washing machine. The bottles, after being filled through glass and silver, are then passed on by an automatic conveyor to a capping (or corking) machine, where they are sealed. Paradise Spring Water flows straight to you

from the Spring itself with no possible change of contamination. It is served to your table with all its delightful freshness and sparkle unimpaired.

Its Qualities

The chief value of Paradise Spring Water is its almost perfect purity. It has remained the same as shown by analyses for forty years. The oldest analysis now in our possession is dated October 25, 1883. (See Page 12). A recent analysis by the Professor of Chemical Engineering, Columbia University, New York City, confirms the ancient ones. (See page 13). Paradise Spring Water is of greater purity than any water yet reported by the United States Government.

Water is the greatest solvent in nature. The real value of a pure water in its natural state is in its solvency. The purer the water, the greater this quality. Paradise Spring is not claimed to be medicinal in the ordinary sense. But being practically free from mineral and organic content it therefore tends to take up and eliminate by absorption excess of acids and other harmful deposits in the body, the retention of which causes many serious ailments and particularly in later life, nerve and heart disorders with their long line of consequent results. While some diseases may not be actually cured by the use of pure water, it is undoubtedly true that they can be alleviated. It is also true that they can be aggravated by water that is not pure or is of high mineral content.

Compare for a moment, Paradise Spring Water with the water supply of the average city. The latter, usually taken from lake or river, may perhaps be free directly from harmful bacilli. It may possibly have been freed from bacteriological matters through filtration or other treatment. It does, however, hold and will continue to hold the soluble impurities once acquired by sewerage. It does hold, and will continue to hold, mineral matter, thus impairing its solvent properties. It may be called good drinking water because it does not actually harm. It cannot, however, take the place of pure water because it will not absorb waste or mineral matter which it already contains.

Pure water is Nature's own method of giving and preserving health. Such a cleanser regularly introduced into the system is invaluable. What is it worth to you to add one or more years to your usefulness and enjoyment of life?

Paradise Spring Company

Exec. Office: Gwynne Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

The Season of Automobiles

The New Pastime of Motoring is becoming Popular in Brunswick

Brunswick Record July 13, 1906

Brunswick is rapidly becoming an automobile center as well as railroad center. Almost every machine that traverses this section of the State comes to Brunswick and as a matter of course almost every machine visits Whitney's garage on Dunlap street. In the course of the summer hundreds of automobiles coming from various cities in Maine and from other States make their appearance on Maine street in this town and so common are they that it takes a remarkably fine machine and an unusual demonstration to cause comment. Most of the village horses have learned that automobiles are no worse than trolley cars. R.S. Whitney, who keeps four men employed in his garage and machine shop, says that almost every kind of an automobile finds its way to Brunswick, and some of them come from long distances. A few days ago a big Pope-Toledo touring car stopped here and the driver assured Mr. Whitney that it had made the journey all the way from Maryland without an accident or the need for repairs. The worst roads it has encountered were in New Hampshire. Machines from Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut are frequently seen here. Many of the automobiles of Lewiston, Bath and Augusta are well known here.

There is considerable interest in the sport of automobiling and when our roads are better it is probable that the number of machines owned in Brunswick will be largely increased. Eighteen machines are owned in Brunswick and Topsham, including touring cars and ten runabouts. Of these there are ten varieties represented as follows: Rambler, Jackson, Buffum, Crestmobile, Grout Brothers (steamer), Stevens Duryea, Cadillac, Locomobile, Holsman and Oldsmobile.

H.C. Baxter, who was the pioneer automobilist in Brunswick, is running this year a Stevens-Duryea touring car. It is a four-cylinder machine of twenty-horsepower and weighs a little less than 1700. A large amount of aluminum is used in this machine in order to save weight. Mr. Baxter has owned several high cost automobiles, including a Peerless, but finds the Stevens-Duryea the most satisfactory for Maine roads.

E.S. Bodwell owns two machines, a Jackson two-cylinder touring car, and a Holsman runabout. The latter machine is a novelty, being constructed like an ordinary carriage. It is a two-cylinder air-cooled machine and is driven by a rope.

C.E. Colby of Topsham entered the ranks of the automobilists this season and is driving a Grout steam runabout.

C.M. Day takes a great deal of pleasure in his Oldsmobile, and finds it a most satisfactory runabout.

Charles O. Eaton of the Eaton Hardware Co. has just purchased a two-cylinder, 20 horse power Oldsmobile touring car.

I.G. Elder is the owner of a Grout steam runabout, a machine that seems quite popular in this vicinity.

G. E. Hackett is a Rambler enthusiast and enjoys many long rides in his runabout during the summer.

Edward Hildreth of Topsham has recently bought a Locomobile runabout, the only one of that make owned in the vicinity.

E.P. Holmes has a Rambler runabout very much like the one owned by Ed Hackett.

Archie Hopkins, who has long been an enthusiastic automobilist, owned a Crestmobile air-cooled, with detachable tonneau.

Benjamin Ingalls of Pejepscot has a twenty-horsepower four cylinder Buffum touring car that he bought this year.

Robert E. Perry, who took up the automobile sport last year, drives a Jackson two-cylinder touring car like the one owned by E.S. Bodwell.

E. B. Starrett, who is engaged in extensive lumber operations in the vicinity, has a Crestmobile runabout, which is known as a very good machine.

Edward W. Wheeler, who drove a Northern last year, has just purchased a ten horse-power 1906 Cadillac runabout, one of the handsomest machines seen here this season.

L. Cecil Whitmore owns a Rambler runabout and is seen frequently on the street. He is one of the most expert drivers in town.

R.S. Whitney, the man who makes machines and is also the doctor of automobiles, is this season driving a 16-horsepower two-cylinder Rambler touring car.

One machine that should be reckoned among the local automobiles is a Grout steam touring car owned by Emery Wilson of Harpswell.

That completes the list of machines but by no means the list of those who enjoy riding in them.

Some of the Local Autos



Stevens-Duryea



Stevens-Duryea touring car



Jackson



Locomobile



Rambler



Oldsmobile



1905 Cadillac



Pope-Toledo

1905 Holsman Model 8 Runabout



The Reverend James Woodside Was Brunswick's First Minister Represented from the First Parish Calendar dealing with Brunswick's History

Brunswick Record
March 14, 1935

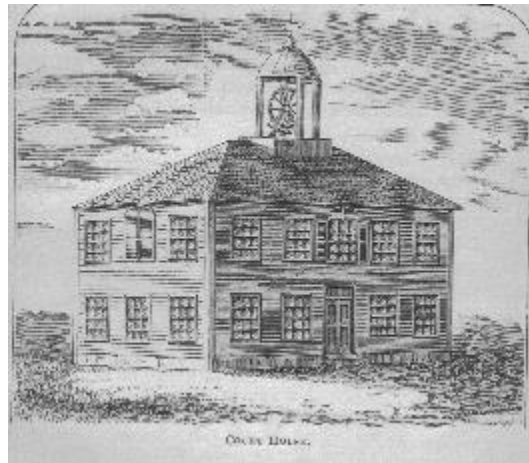
The first minister to reside in Brunswick was the Reverend James Woodside. He was born in Ireland, of Scotch parents, and as early as 1700 was minister of the Parish of Garvagh, in the Bann Valley, Northern Ireland. He shared in the hardships of that unhappy country, and is known to have encouraged and aided many of his fellow countrymen to seek the greater freedom of the new world. There had been a considerable movement of emigrants from Northern Ireland to America during the early part of the eighteenth century. But the great emigration took place in 1718 when hundreds of families, unable any longer to bear the burden of high rents, heavy taxes, and religious intolerance, removed to America. Mr. Woodside joined this emigration. With a company of "40 families consisting of about 160 persons", mostly members of his own congregation, he sailed from Derry Lough, in the summer of 1718, on the ship Maccallum, bound for New London where it was intended to form a settlement. But those two forces which had already figured so powerfully in the settlement of New England, wind and tide, interposed and carried the Maccallum into Massachusetts Bay. The Massachusetts authorities had set aside a certain region, for these new immigrants, extending from Cape Elizabeth to the Kennebec River, along the coast of Maine. Thither came Mr. Woodside and his company, arriving in Falmouth (Portland) on September 18, 1718. At this point there was a general disposition of the company, some remaining in Falmouth, while others sought homes along the shores of Casco and Merrymeeting Bays. Mr. Woodside and his family remained in Falmouth.

There had already been some Scotch immigration to Brunswick, settling for the most part at the head of Maquoit Bay, and along the old road leading from the Bay to the Androscoggin Falls. A sufficient number of house-holders now resided in Brunswick to necessitate the calling of a minister. The Pejepscot Proprietors had learned of the presence of Mr. Woodside in Falmouth, and made overtures to him to come to Brunswick, and, as the custom was in those days, serve for a probationary period of six months, "with a view to settlement."

On November 3, 1718, a meeting of the inhabitants of the township was held at Fort George, and the following resolution was passed: "Whereas the Proprietors of the township, in their paternal care for our spiritual good have by their joyful letter sought the Reverend James Woodside to be our minister, and in order thereto have proposed conditions for settlement on their part, we, the inhabitants of Brunswick, will give forty pounds per annum toward the support of the said Mr. Woodside, and the sum in proportion thereto from this time until May next (if he come to us) and God in his providence should part us."

At this meeting also it was “voted that Mr. Baxter’s House on the 6th lot in Brunswick be forthwith made habitable for the said Mr. Woodside, that the charge of transporting him and his family from Falmouth to Brunswick be paid equally by us the inhabitants of said Brunswick, and that Captain Giles is hereby empowered to see the business effected.” Signed, Josiah Heath, Town Clerk.

That Mr. Woodside responded immediately to this invitation is evidenced by the fact that later, at the time of Mr. Woodside’s dismissal, his tenure of office was reckoned from the second of November, the day before the above mentioned meeting was held, and there is abundant reason for knowing that those thrifty citizens were not given to paying even their minister for any time that he was not actually present in the town, as we shall see.



THE OLD TOPSHAM COURTHOUSE

Brunswick Record

November 1, 1928

By

Lyndon A. McMackin

The Topsham-Brunswick Chapter of the American Revolution, have recently placed an attractive marker designating the site of the old Topsham court house and later Topsham Academy. The building stood almost exactly where the bungalow used by the Domestic Science department of the Topsham village school is now.

Over the spot where the teachers now stands rapping her rule for silence, to say something which may direct the life in a future home; stood the judge in the early part of the nineteenth century, rapping his gavel for order, some of which have had considerable effect on the Topsham of today.

The location of the building was designated by Topsham’s oldest resident, Alden Q. Goud, who will be 92 his next birthday. Mr. Goud recalls the sessions of court held when he was a boy. His mother made molasses candy, which he took to the court house

to sell at a cent a stick. One gentleman, Mr. Goud still remembers, purchased two sticks of candy that he never paid for.

In 1800 terms of the Court of Common Pleas for Lincoln county were appointed to be held in Topsham, and on the ninth of September of that year the court opened for the first time. The court house was probably not completed until some time that next year. It is said that the first session was held in an unfinished house belonging to Mr. Sprague. The land for the court house was given for a term of years by a James Wilson. The illustration shows the appearance of the building previous to 1835 at which time it was remodeled.

The belfry contained a bell, which was the first bell ever placed upon any building in town, and which was purchased by subscription. The bell was used to assemble the congregation on Sundays at the second meeting house of the First Parish, which stood on the present school lot, a short distance from the court house.

For several years the town of Topsham held its town meetings in the court house. It was also used for other public meetings. On July 4, 1806, the Rev. Jonathan Ellis delivered an oration at the court house, before the members of the Federal Republicans of Brunswick and Topsham.

In 1847, Topsham, ceased to be a half-shire town, and Jonah Morrow was appointed by the court a committee to sell the Topsham court house. It was sold to the proprietors of the Topsham academy. They paid \$910 for the building and the furniture was sold for \$11.47. The bell was reserved to be afterwards disposed of as might be directed by the county commissioners.

The Topsham academy was started in the year 1847 or 1848 by a few prominent citizens of the town. They remodeled the court house into an excellent schoolhouse with recitation rooms, library, and other rooms. The teachers the first year were Messrs. Dexter A. Hawkins, class of 1848, and Charles H. Wheeler, class of 1847, Bowdoin college. They were succeeded by Francis Adams of the class of 1850. John Clemons taught the school after Mr. Adams left. The school was destroyed by fire in 1857. The last teacher was Joshua Leighton of the class of 1857, Bowdoin college.

The tuition at the academy for the term was, for instruction in the lower department, \$4.00; in the higher department, \$5.00. There was quite a good library connected with the institution, and a literary society, which had several members.

The building was burned about 11:30 in the forenoon on Dec. 9, 1857. It then was owned by Charles Thompson, Joshua Haskell, W.B. Purinton, William Dennett, and Warren Johnson.

The decision in a case tried at Topsham in 1827, no doubt, had considerable effect on the present day condition in Topsham and vicinity. Had the decision been different, Topsham might now be one of the largest manufacturing centers in Maine. The case attracted considerable attention at the time. It was of General Samuel Veazie vs. Henry Jewell, both of Topsham. It was an action for damages on account of assault and battery, brought, in reality, to test the ownership of property.

The case is stated in Wheeler's History of Brunswick, Topsham, and Harpswell, as follows: "Messrs. Henry Jewell, Stephen Jewell, Gardner Green, Samuel Perkins and Nahum Perkins owned the 'Great Mill' and the ground under the same. Four undivided 14th parts of the land (a bed of rocks) was within 24 feet of this mill, on the south side of the dam, which was owned by Gardner Green, Ezekial Thompson, James Thompson and

Mary Thompson, the latter three being heirs to Brigadier Thompson. General Veazie, without permission from Green or the Thompsons, and against their wish, attempted to lay the foundation of a saw-mill, and collected several sticks of timber and placed them under the floor of a mill shed on the premises claimed by Green and others. Thereupon Jewell, by direction of Green and the Thompsons, in order to compel him to desist and to leave the premises, threw slabs, and afterwards emptied buckets of water upon Veazie and his workmen. Veazie defended himself with an axe-shaft and a pitchfork, and for a while a serious quarrel was threatened. Veazie at length desisted from his attempt, and this suit was ultimately brought to test the respective rights of the two parties to the bed of rocks. Veazie had purchased the right to it from some of the heirs of Brigadier Thompson, but not from those mentioned. The case was decided against Veazie.”

The decision may have been just, but it undoubtedly deprived this locality of the presence of one who might have been very valuable to industrial development. General Veazie went to the vicinity of Bangor and the manufacturing interests of that locality are indebted to his efforts. The town of Veazie, not far from Bangor, bears his name. The fact that he purchased the right from heirs, whom he considered controlled it, is an indication of his honest intention. Apparently the land was not being used and had he been allowed to build his saw-mill, the help he gave to the towns and cities would, in all probability, have been given to this locality.

The New Park

Mr. Blaisdell And His Assistants Are Working On A Wonderful
Transformation scene in the Humphreys farm

The Brunswick Telegraph
July 9, 1898

Leaving the part near the river where nature has done its best Mr. Blaisdell plunges into the swamp and virgin forest. A give ravine overrun with alder bushes and traversed by several little brooklets, runs from the flat land near the river clear to the Bath Road. The swamp has been thoroughly cleared out of undergrowth and the muck and mud removed, making the bed of a chain of little artificial lakes. It runs in graceful curves between the high wooded ground on either side. The main dam will run across the mouth of the ravine and several minor dams will divide it into three lakes. In the center of the larger lake is a platform to be used for a stage and dance floor, while the sides of the hill will contain seats of a rustic nature for a good sized audience.

Starting from a point immediately behind the old farm buildings, which are to be replaced by a big hotel and restaurant, a winding path will circle the ravine. These paths are very artistic affairs. They wind in and out throughout the wooded hills in graceful curves and easy grades. At every point where possible, one of those rustic bridges are constructed, making a very picturesque appearance. At one point the path penetrates the thick woods--the trees fairly roofing in the walk and make a complete circle which will be a favorite walk for lovers. But the TELEGRAPH man would advise a chaperone. At intervals the bridges will cross the lake, and the whole arrangement is most picturesque and artistic.

What the final arrangement will be will be decided as the work progresses; but no chance will be lost to add to the romantic effect of nature, and the park will certainly be a perfect gem when completed. The restaurant and hotel will be on the high ground from which a view unsurpassed in New England is afforded. Looking towards Brunswick one can see the clear and beautiful Androscoggin with the picturesque Cow Island, which should be given a more romantic name. In the other direction are dainty islands through which the river circles in and out and beyond the sun glints the waters of Merrymeeting Bay. There is opportunity for all kind of sport from an athletic park to a race track, besides leaving groves and picturesque nooks overlooking the river, for picnic parties and general merrymeeting. The opportunities are almost boundless and no expense is to be spared to make it an ideal outing ground for the whole State. Riverton will be outdone certainly.



The Lime Industry In Brunswick First Kiln Was Burned in 1797—Manufacture of Lime Continued for 60 Years

Brunswick Record
February 3, 1905

By Augustus F. Jordan
November 18, 1904

In tracing the history of the early history of the lime industry of Brunswick we are compelled to rely somewhat upon traditions, but by supplementing the remembered testimonies of those who were the pioneers with facts gleaned from account books dating back to late in the last century, we are able to approximate the dates of its commencement.

In the year 1796 Nathan Woodward, who was born in 1776, was serving the last year of his apprenticeship as a blacksmith under Col. Charles Thomas, his shop lay across the farm of Asa Coombs when the outcroppings of lime stone were plainly visible. Being of an inquiring form of mind he carefully examined the ledge and after negotiating inquiries he became convinced as to its true nature. To prove the matter he placed a long fragment of the stone in his forge and produced an article that by water test proved to be lime. The discovery was duly canvassed in the neighborhood and the vein was traced by its outcropping for nearly two miles in a southerly direction.

Information as to the methods of manufacture were eagerly sought and the next year (1797) Peter Coombs, brother to Asa, constructed and burned a small kiln but with limited success; but little progress was made during that and the following year.

In 1799 Robert Jordan, then almost eighteen years of age, entered upon the business and was entirely successful. His kiln was situated near the road to Harpswell Island, a short distance north of Gurnet Bridge, where the business was prosecuted first by himself and then by his son Isaiah Jordan for a period of 80 years.

In the latter part of the same year (1799) Rev. Samuel Woodward opened a quarry on his land just south of the Jordan place. This kiln was situated near the New Meadows church, nearly half a mile from the quarry. Only a small business, however, was accomplished there, as in 1800 Washington Woodward, Rev. Samuel's son, built a kiln in closed proximity to the quarry and continued in the business at that location until 1868. In 1802 Peter Jordan commenced the manufacture on the farm between the Woodward and Coombs quarries continuing until 1860. John A. Coombs was engaged in the industry, his kiln being near the house now occupied by his descendants. Sometime in the early fifties, probably 1855, the business at this place was discontinued.

Henry Jordan had a kiln near the brick school house on the road to Prince's Point the stones being from the quarry of Robert Jordan. All attempts as to the commencement and final abandonment of the operation at this point are so contradictory as to be valueless and the same may be said in regard to the business at Hardings. There is as appears to be the ruins of a lime kiln just south of the site occupied by the house of Robert Thompson opposite the pumping station, the stone evidently having been obtained from a quarry on the Curtis farm. Diligent inquiry has failed to elicit any reliable information as to dates or persons.

The vein of limestone from which these kilns were supplied lies nearly northeast and southwest and is said to have been traced from the Kennebec River to Orr's Island. At the place where quarries have been opened the width varies from six to fifteen feet wide with an easterly dip. The strata is well defined and varies in depth from a few inches to ten or more feet. In some places cavities exist between the strata, generally filled with a soft red earth. It is perhaps needless to state that the bottom of the deposit has never been reached. The kilns were all built on the same plan, about ten feet square, inside narrowing to eight feet at the top and ten or twelve feet in height. The side and rear walls were heavily banked with earth, while the front wall, six feet in thickness, was pierced with two arches for firing. In filling the kilns, arches allowed beds built with lime rock reaching to the rear wall; on these the arch was piled from the top, until the kiln was rounding full; and the whole was then closely covered with cobblestones which at a certain period of the firing was plastered with mortar. These kilns had a capacity of about 100 barrels of merchantable lime, a considerable percentage of the contents of the kiln partially burned rock locally termed core.

From 72 to 85 hours continuous firing were required to effect what in the lime man's vernacular was a good burn, the differences in time being attributed to the weather, the quality of fuel and the care of the tender. From ten to twelve cords of wood were required.

Two days after the firing ceased the mass would be cool enough to handle, then the capping stones and core were removed from the top and the lime was ready for a sale.

The market was anywhere within a radius of twenty miles. Brunswick village and Bath were of course the largest customer, but teams from the surrounding towns were almost constantly arriving at one or another of the kilns. In one instance the writer

remembers that there were four horses each from Lewiston to Peter Jordan's kiln at the same time, the aggregate loads amounting to 50 barrels.

In common with the other commodities the price of lime fluctuated from year to year. In 1888 the price in bulk at the kiln was \$2.25, declining from that date to 75 cents in 1860.

Up to about 1845 lime was measured and sold in flour barrels; after that date the standard lime cask, holding almost one fifth less, was used in order to equalize the quantity and price with Thomaston lime which had commenced to come into competition.

The quality of Brunswick lime as compared with other brands was good, in so much as it made larger quantities of mortar, possessing greater tenacity and desirability. It required a longer time to properly slake and was somewhat harder to work, consequently was not so much in favor with masons. The output of course was powered by local demand. Some years only about 500 casks were manufactured; in others the quantity was nearly or quite 2000. Various causes combined to discourage the manufacturers in the years following 1850; the cost of production was doubled while the competition referred to above reduced prices. Very little lime was produced after 1860 and when 1870 arrived the lime business of Brunswick was only a memory.

THE INDIAN NAMES IN THIS LOCALITY VERY APPROPRIATE

Many Places Bear Titles Bestowed by Indians
and Earliest Settlers

Brunswick Record
May 31, 1928

In this three hundredth year since the settlement of Brunswick, it is perhaps fitting to recall a few facts pertaining to the early history of the town. The origin and meaning of local names is an interesting feature which may give a few sidelights on local history.

Occupied by the Indians before the coming of Thomas Purchase and other white settlers, co-inhabitants of this district for a period with them, the first settled districts, roadways and rivers bear many Indian names. Later these names were changed or given corrupted versions. The river "Androscoggin" bore various names, among them "Anasagunticook" and "Amascongan". The first name is the same of that tribe which lived on its shores. The latter name is probably the original of "Androscoggin". Various theories have been advanced concerning the naming of the river. Early documents bear the name in sixty different forms, as its name was known to different groups of people. In early days names did not quickly take on fixity and accuracy as in modern times with higher education and the press to give them permanence by printing. Individual preference for spelling and pronunciation was given free reign and little effort was made to standardize words. Indian names were made to conform to English tongue and speech. Gradually the origin of the word was forgotten and the task is left to scholars to trace to its beginning, if possible.

The name "Coggin" seems to have been a common family name in New England. With the Christian name of "Amos" or "Andros" as a prefix, the "Androscoggin" may be construed to be named for some settlers of that name. This is unlikely, however, as the river bore an appellation not unlike its present one at a date preceding that of the white settler. Another theory is that "Coggin" is an Indian word meaning "coming" and that "Ammoscoggin" means "fish coming in the spring". This is unquestionably a suitable and picturesque title. In 1688 Governor Andros made a visit to this province which may have led to the river being called "Androscoggin" for Andros' coming. This explanation is however unreliable as this river bore its present name in 1639, nearly 50 years before Andros made his famous visit.

Another authority says the word means "The Great Skunk River", not so inviting a title. Another says the name was derived from these Indian words which placed together mean "the high fish place." This seems to be a more creditable theory as the Indian names always furnished information or description of a locality, just as the Christian names of their people were descriptions, often very beautiful, or the character or appearance of the individual. The name "namas" to the Indian meant "fish" and by the corruption or dropping of the first letter, the word assumes likeness to "Skowhegan" which means "fish spear."

"Bunganock", the name of a little stream flowing into Maquoit Bay, runs at the bottom of a deep ravine. This suggested the name meaning "High-Bank Brook." Maquoit, one of the earliest districts in the vicinity, means "Bear-bay".

The Indians traveled as much as possible by water, but they had to go around falls, or wished to cross from stream to stream, they made little paths called "carrying places" thorough the forest, and over these they carried their canoes. These might be called the earliest highways, in reality narrow cleared trails for their short journeys on land. Early history gives us names of several "carrying places," one above the falls being called "the Upper Carrying Place," where they left the river and crossed to Maquoit. The lower was called "Stevens Carrying Place" from the owner of the land, and this lay between New Meadows and Merrymeeting Bay.

Merriconeag was originally the name of a "carrying place" at the upper end of Harpswell Neck, but finally it came to include the whole peninsular. The name in full was "Merriconneagus" and meant "Quick Carrying Place."

Cathance means "Bent" or "Crooked" applying to the river of the same name. "Pejepscot" as applied to the water extending from the falls to Merrymeeting Bay meant "Crooked like a diving snake." The original Pejepscot was the land adjacent to the river on the south.

Merrymeeting Bay had an Indian name "Quabacook" which was in the native speech, "the duck water place." Probably the Indians found the water and land in that vicinity abounding in fish and game. The English name probably is due to the meeting of five rivers, though some say that two surveying parties met here, enjoyed a meeting on its shore and named the place in honor of the occasion.

"Sawacook" was the land on the north side of the Androscoggin, now called Topsham, and meant "the burnt place," or "the place to find cranberries."

"Sebascodegan" was the Indian name of Great Island in Harpswell. It means "great measure" which indicates that the Indians had taken means to measure it and found it large.

The Indians names given to points in this locality are graphic and interesting, perhaps easier to be remembered then by the English names which followed. The name "Brunswick" is old in the history of England, and finds its origin in a little section of Germany, from which an English king once came. "Topsham" is not unlike the title of many an English village, "ham" being the suffix for a small rural community or village. Probably "Village on a Hill" is the original title for Topsham, and one well suited to its position.

The Indian Grave
Merrymeeting the Scene of Much Indian Tradition
T.S. McLellan
Brunswick Telegraph
April 18, 1900

At Merrymeeting Park is an Indian marked grave found in grading the grounds last summer. Undoubtedly there are many Indians buried in that vicinity as in the early settlement of that section by White people. Merrymeeting bay and the narrows were places much resorted by the Indians for fishing and hunting wild geese and ducks which were much more numerous than at present. The writer has a collection of Indian stone implements several of which were found at the Park and on the shore of the river. Among these are arrows, a tomahawk and sinkers. One of the arrow heads is made of green flintstone which were used for that purpose by the Mohawk Indians. The Mohawks in some of their wars subdued the Maine Indians and compelled them to pay annual tribute. Their tribute consisted of dried clams and dried blueberries. Every fall five or six Indians carried their tribute to the northern part of the state of New York, the home of the Mohawks on which the latter tribe held a feast. There are several places near the Park of interest to the historian. On the north side of Merrymeeting bay is Pleasant Point where some thirty hostile Indians were killed by a scouting party from the fort at Georgetown. The day previous the Indians had burned the little settlement of Brunswick falls and killed eleven of the settlers.

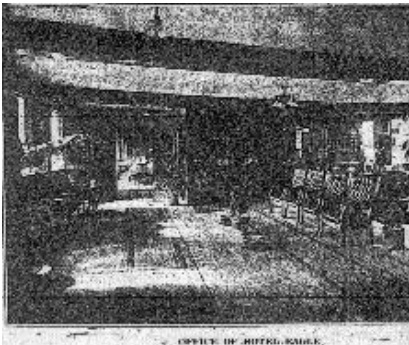
On the opposite side of the bay is the old cellar of Mr. Thomas Purchase's house who located there in 1618 when Boston was wilderness. He came here at that early period for trade with the Indians who had a trail from Merrymeeting bay to the head of Steven's river. Purchase continued here for many years doing a profitable business until 1675 when by the breaking out of the Indian war his house was burned, his cattle killed, he left the place. Probably much of the trade with the red man was in ardent spirits as the old Indian chief said, "He had paid Purchase a hundred pounds for water from Purchase's well."

Finding a Mohawk arrow head at Merrymeeting Park would indicate that at some former period a battle might have occurred there between the Mohawks and the Abenaki Indians who then possessed this part of the country.

THE HOTEL EAGLE, BRUNSWICK'S UP-TO-DATE AND POPULAR HOSTELRY

Developed From a Small Restaurant Into One
Of the Finest Hotels in This Part of Maine By Fred
J. Harrigan.

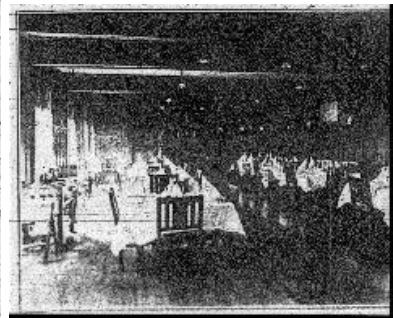
Modern In Every Detail, Benefited By Excellent
Train Service, it is a Favorite With the Traveling Public
Brunswick Record
December 31, 1909



Hotel Office



Fred J. Harrigan



Dining Room

Although no means of one of the largest, the Hotel Eagle of Brunswick ranks high among the leading hotels in Maine. In the few years it has been open, the Eagle has established for itself a reputation that extends far and wide, especially among the commercial travelers whose business brings them into the vicinity. Thoroughly up-to-date in every respect, conducted under the most careful management, equipped with all that adds to the comfort of the traveler, the patrons of the Eagle find in it every desirable feature to be found in the larger hotels of the big cities coupled with that natural asset

which can be claimed by no city hotels, an abundance of sunlight and plenty of pure fresh air.

Fred J. Harrigan, owner and manager of the Eagle, showed wisdom and foresight in selecting the location of his house. The Eagle stands at the head of Middle Street, but a short distance from the Maine Central Station, and but a few minutes walk from the electric car lines to Bath, Lewiston, and Portland. While off from the main street it is sufficiently near to afford easy access to the business district and at the same time be free from the many disagreeable features necessarily connected with a hotel located among business blocks.

One big factor in favor of the Eagle is the excellent train service given Brunswick by the Maine Central. The traveling salesman who spends the night at the Eagle knows that he will be allowed a good night's sleep, and that by rising by seven o'clock he will have plenty of time to enjoy his breakfast in leisure and get an early start to wherever he may be going for eight o'clock he may get trains east and west, and upon both the Bath and Lewiston branches, this enables him to have a full night's rest and still reach his destination without delay. At noon there are again trains in all directions. One-thirty and at two in the afternoon, trains run east, and between four and five there are two trains west. Six o'clock brings another Portland-Bangor train, and at midnight trains arrive from all points.

The accompanying illustrations of the Eagle made any descriptions almost unnecessary. As maybe seen the Eagle is a three-story frame building. It contains sixty rooms, furnished well, and equipped with electric lights, steam heat, hot and cold water, and private telephones. Sixteen suites have private baths.

Entering the Eagle one passes through a vestibule into the office. In the vestibule are to be found the long distance telephone and time-table rack. The office is 35 by 40 feet, high and light. On both sides there are several large plate-glass windows through which the sun shines at almost every hour of the day. The office is finished in mission style. On two sides, there are individual writing desks. In the front is the cashier's desk, check room and cigar counter. Through the center and at various points are large easy chairs of the most modern pattern, not the hard uncomfortable wooden ones to be found in so many of the smaller hotels.

Opening off the office on the left is the main dining room, 50 feet by 35 feet. All the south side, facing the railroad station is taken up by large windows. The furnishings here are mission style.

The table set at the Eagle is on a par with any to be found in the State. Its means is extensive; the food prepared by able and experienced cooks, and served by well trained waitresses. Opening off from the right of the office there are two private parties, and many the delightful banquets served in them.

Connected with the dining room is a serving room, containing a large china closet, and tables for preparing the trays for serving. The kitchen is connected with the serving room. Everything about the kitchen is neatness itself, and all the food is handled and prepared with the greatest of care. One the north side of the kitchen there is a small pastry kitchen and the store room, off from which are the large ice boxes and refrigerators.

Leading off the vestibule also is the parlor, furnished in a tasty and pleasing manner, adorned with palms and potted plants.

Leading from the office is the main stairway to the second and third floors. The rooms are arranged on either side of two long corridors. This gives to every room a large window opening upon the outside. There are no rooms in the house opening into courts or shafts, and this fact recommends the Eagle to many who dislike the rooms opening into deep courts that are so common among the city hotels. The rooms are furnished with a large iron bed, a dresser, two or more chairs, a set bowl connected with hot and cold water, and a private telephone connected with the office. There are hardwood floors throughout.

Sixteen of the rooms are now being connected with private baths and will be ready for occupancy within a short time.

In the basement are the lavatories. In the front part is a large room which will soon be fitted up as a sample room and this will make a valuable addition as there is at present no other satisfactory place in Brunswick to display samples. As the Eagle sets several feet above the ground, the basement windows are large, affording at all times plenty of light.

The Eagle Hotel has grown from a small one-story restaurant to the fine hotel it is today. It was built for its proprietor, Fred J. Harrigan, and although additions have been built several times, the first structure was erected with the belief that their accommodations would soon be outgrown and therefore planned with a view to additions, thus making the entire structure an architectural unity.

The first part of the Eagle to be built is what is now the pastry kitchen and store room. It was built seven years ago and was at that time used only for a restaurant and lunch room. It was at about this time that the Tontine burned, leaving Brunswick without a first class hotel, and while many were talking of erecting a large house on either the Tontine or Greene lot, Mr. Harrigan began in a modest way to build his place. The first addition to the house was of twenty rooms. The building first used was moved back to form the kitchen. What is now the office was used for the dining room and the office was situated in the part of the house now used for the parlor.

It was not long before the many conveniences of the Eagle, together with the highly satisfactory manner in which it was conducted, made it popular and the rapidly increasing business soon made it necessary to make a second addition. Three years later the house was again extensively remodeled. The kitchen was again moved, this time to its present location, a new kitchen built, a large dining room added, and forty additional rooms fitted up. Then the space formerly occupied by the office was devoted to the parlor, and the dining room taken for the office.

Since the Eagle was first opened June 15, 1904, up to the present time, additions and improvements have been going on constantly, and they are by no means completed. Even now plumbers are engaged in installing and connecting private baths for the suites. Steam tables and urns are to be installed in the kitchen, new lavatories are to be put in, a sample room is to be fitted up, and numerous minor changes made.

The broad piazza on the south side, a very pleasant place in the summer time, faces a large lawn of the Maine Central and the shade trees form a natural awning that makes it always cool, no matter how hot the sun may be. Guests of the Eagle enjoy this piazza very much; and every summer afternoon and evening many may be seen enjoying its delightful coolness and shade.

FRED J. HARRIGAN

Fred J. Harrigan is a Brunswick boy, and although comparatively young in the hotel business he has, by natural ability and strict attention to business, won for himself a place among the leading hotel men of the state. He first started in the hotel business in 1902, at that time taking the Bowdoin Hotel, on the corner of Maine and Center Streets. This hotel has been managed by a large number of people and has been run under almost equally numerous names. Mr. Harrigan made extensive alterations and built up a profitable business, but knowing the building was not suited for his future needs, he looked about for a suitable site upon which to build.

Against the advice of many he selected the lot of land on Middle Street adjoining the Maine Central, and here built his restaurant. His development of the restaurant into the Eagle Hotel of today has already been told above.



The Home of Mrs. Arthur B. Johnson Elm Street, Topsham

Brunswick Record

June 17, 1948

By Elizabeth R. Pullen

A moss-grown brick wall leads to "a brass-knockered" door, framed by a leaded fan-light, giving one at once the impression of the dignity and spaciousness within one of the most traditional houses of the area. The circular stair is perfect in its background of sepia and beige paper, which has been on the curving walls more than 100 years. The oval well at the foot of the stairs carries out the graceful line above and ornamented by a mahogany table, which follows the sweeping lines of the two-storied hallway.

The house, built by Samuel Melcher, who is responsible for so many of the beautiful houses in Topsham, was built in the late 1770's, at that time consisting of four rooms in the back ell and a low-storied building that was placed at right angles toward Elm Street.

The first owner was Jabez Perkins and the property was inherited by his son Nahum, who was born there and died there at the age of 99. Nahum was a member of the Legislature in 1825, and it was during this period that the formal front addition to the house was made. Two large drawing rooms, each with fireplaces, flank the center stairway, with bedrooms of the same proportions above. In the hallway back of the drawing rooms is an early version of a butler's pantry, a sliding partition, with a tilt-table built beneath it. Over the mantle in the west room hangs an engraving of this early patriarch, and all the furnishings in the house are heirlooms of the family.

It would be impossible in this case to separate architecture from furnishings. The delicate carving of the ceiling mantles and the chair rails would be an anachronism without the Heppie-White sofa or authentic Duncan Pfyfe table. The dining room in the lower-ceiling part of the house has a genuine Empire sideboard and cupboard, and a long-paneled white fireplace framing a Franklin stove. The bedrooms are equipped with Indian shutters of solid wood, running the full length of the windows and off the master bedroom is a child's room—a narrow nursery that opens in the back hall with three irregular steps leading to the service section.

In the seven generations that members of the Perkins and Johnson family have occupied the house, there have been seven separate heating systems. Starting with the primitive fireplaces of the 1700's, they progressed to the air-tight stoves. This was followed with what must have been an elaborate mechanism of the days: a built-in brick furnace in the cellar that was so huge it took two cord of wood lengths placed end to end. In Mrs. Johnson's day the remnants of this brick were still in the cellar, and it was a formidable undertaking to install the first hot air system. This was replaced with two installations of steam heat, and now modernism has taken place in the house only to the extent of having an oil burner.

There is modern cooking equipment, too, but early features of cupboards for china have been retained, along with the fire-frame and Dutch oven, which keeps the kitchen in entire character with the tradition of the house. Wide pine boards are the flooring throughout, some painted, faded "punkin" and others the grey of the period. The feeling for space of that earlier era extends even to the placing of shrubbery, for with 100 years of growth of the old lilacs and trees there is no crowding of planting. The house and its setting exemplify the love of light and a place in which the new generations could grow up in a traditional pattern of living.

"The Gentleman of Pejepscot" Builds "The Fair Stone House"

Reprinted from the First Parish Calendar
Dealing with Brunswick's History
Brunswick Record
February 7, 1935

For many years after his settlement here, Thomas Purchase was the only white resident in the territory now included in the Towns of Brunswick, Topsham, and Harpswell. It is not known that any other settler entered the region until after the middle of the century.

One of the few tasks to claim his attention was the building of a log cabin. The cabin was destroyed by fire sometime after the year 1639. Upon the same site he then built a more substantial and commodious home known as "The Fair Stone House," which was his home during the remainder of his residence here. The location of this home has been a matter of dispute since early days. No one can say exactly, but the probabilities point to what was known as Fish House Hill", later the site of the house of Miss Narcissis Stone, on Water Street, near Federal Street.

The first wife of Thomas Purchase died in the year 1636 without issue. Shortly afterward Purchase married Elizabeth Williams bore him five children. It is interesting in this connection to note that recently a descendant of one of those children addressed the Pejepscot Historical Society.

In 1632, that is many years after taking up his residence here, Thomas Purchase secured a patent to the territory of Pejepscot, "a tract of land lying upon both sides of the river Androscoggin, being four miles square toward the sea." The exact terms of this patent are not known as the original document perished in the fire which destroyed the home of Thomas Purchase. In addition, to ownership it doubtless conferred authority, for

during the remainder of his residence here; Thomas Purchase was a party to every attempt to organize the government of Maine.

In May, 1638, an attempt was made to organize the Province of Maine lying west of the Kennebec River into a civil government. The meeting was held in the house of Mr. Boynton in Saco. Thomas Purchase was present and was made one of the commissioners of the court. The undertaking, however, proved ineffective.

Another attempt was made in 1653. At the invitation of the General Court, Thomas Purchase, "The Gentleman of Pejepscot," called a meeting at the home of Thomas Ashley in what is now the town of Dresden. The undertaking also proved unsuccessful although Purchase was made assistant to the chief commissioner, Thomas Prince.

Beyond the rather frequent records of law suits of one sort and another, little more is known of the activities of Thomas Purchase. Most of his time was spent in fishing and trapping. The river was well stocked with salmon and sturgeon, and many kinds of fur-bearing animals were in the woods. He traded advantageously both with Indians and Whites, and doubtless enjoyed considerable prosperity.

In 1675 there began the long series of Indian wars which resulted in the depopulation of this region so that it almost reverted to its original state of wilderness. Returning home one day in September of that year Purchase found it in possession of a band of Indians. Seeing that he was outnumbered, and realizing that it meant that the war had arrived in Maine, Purchase fled from the scene. He was an old man and unequal to the rigors of warfare. He returned to Massachusetts and died in Boston in 1676 or '77.

The Draft, 1863, Causes Furor In Brunswick

August 17, 1950

John Furbish's diary of 1863, now in the Pejepscot Historical Society, speaks of the draft "ordered under the law passed last session of Congress. All unmarried men under 45, and all married men under 35, having been previously enrolled according to law by John L. Swift, Esq., and the names sent to the Provost Marshal's Office Portland, drafting for this Congressional district was proceeded with, and Brunswick's turns were drawn Saturday, July 25."

Conscript Badges Appear

The 103 draftees listed in the diary included two colored men.

The reception of the list of names caused much fun, and some long faces. Conscript badges in the form of red ribbon were plenty in the streets. Of the number drawn 27 were accepted, 35 rejected for disability, and 12 had not reported up to January 1, 1864. Two of the number died before it was time to report to Portland. Quite a number are absent at sea; three were aliens; three non-residents; 25 furnished substitutes; one reported for duty; six were in service, March 3, 1964.

A Healthy Town

"The provost marshal paid that Brunswick furnished 75 percent more of sound men than any other town in the district. A bounty of \$300 was voted by the town to all persons who went themselves or sent a substitute. To this the state added an additional

sum of \$100; and the families of such as went received a weekly allowance from the state.

The conscript camp was at Mackay's island in Portland harbor. The substitute brokerage was carried to a height near the close of the draft, some men paying \$450 for a man to wear the uniform in their stead. Many very hard "roughs" from New York and Boston were sent on, and some deserted soon after, but several executions in the army put a stop to the business. Still many will probably get off as they went, only for the money, and many drunk."

Riots Cause Joy

The draft riots in New York City, which cost 300 lives and destroyed much property, caused joy to "very many persons in Brunswick—but (they) soon found public sentiment and law so strong that they took the other track and form of speech."

A special town meeting voted down a "Copperhead plot" to weaken the draft by paying each draftee the \$300 necessary for securing a commutation. Later, however, the same sum was voted to every man mustered in or furnishing a substitute. The moderator, Hon. Marshall Cram, refused to entertain a motion to extend the payment to all draftees.

Toward The Union

Brunswick's going toward the Union cause, which was slow in getting underway, had become evident by 1863.

The town voted for Samuel Cony, the Union candidate for governor and Marshall Cram, the Union candidate for the legislature.

THE CORN PACKING INDUSTRY IN MAINE

Brunswick Is Headquarters For Vast Business Carried on by H.C. Baxter & Bro.—Thousands of Tons of Corn Handled By This Firm

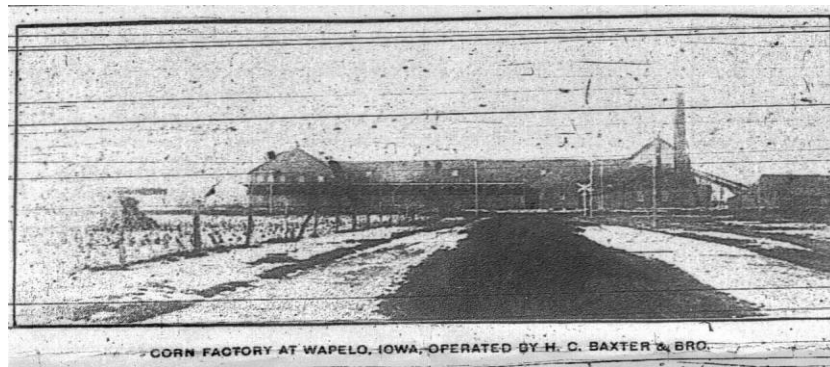
Brunswick Record

September 4, 1903

The sweet corn crop in this state, particularly in the northern and eastern sections, is lighter than usual and also later in maturing. The price paid is two cents a pound, or half a cent more than last year.

H.C. Baxter of the firm of H.C. Baxter & Bro., who are the largest corn packers in the country, says that they expect a fair crop. The pack in the extreme east and in the upper Androscoggin valley will be light, but, fortunately for this concern, they have but one factory in the former and none in the latter section.

The Maine factories operated by this company are located at St. Albans, Cornish, Kezar Falls, East Fryeburg, No. Fryeburg, and Lovell. They have others at Conway, N.H., Essex Junction, Windsor, Westminster and Brattleboro, VT. In addition to these they have at Wapelo, Iowa, the largest canning factory in the country. There the product



of from 1600 to 2000 acres is canned under one roof. The main building, a picture of which is shown on this page, is 246 feet long, besides a wing 85 feet long. This plant includes a husking building 155 feet long and a store house 90 feet long. The plant itself coves several acres, and there are cornfields covering 1600 acres all within a radius of four miles of the factory.

The yield in the Iowa fields this year will be large and will probably make up for the possible shortage near the eastern factories.

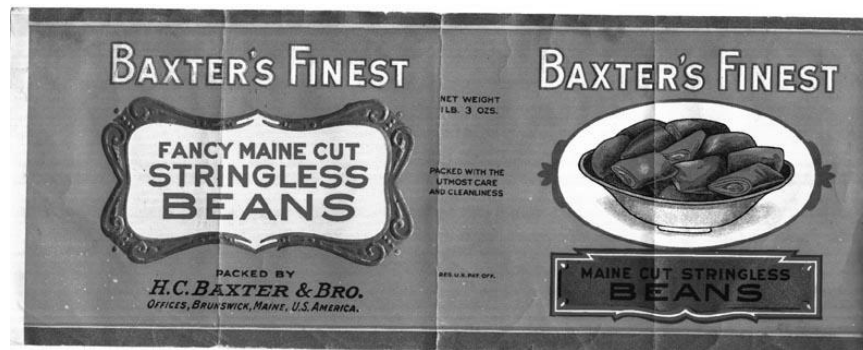
The packing season lasts only about three weeks and usually begins some time between the 1st and 5th of September. This year the factories will not be started before the 10th or 12th.

The firm of H.C. Baxter and Bro., in a good year packs about 350,000 cases of corn. Each case contains 24 cans, making a total of 8,400,000. This represents the product of 7000 to 8000 acres. All this vast business has its headquarters in Brunswick, the general offices of H.C. Baxter and Bro., being located in the Dunlap building on Maine Street.

To pack fourteen or fifteen thousand tons of corn in three weeks involves the employment of about 1300 men and a great deal of machinery. The corn must be handled

fast as it is brought in and that means, that each factory must have a large capacity. The factory at Wapelo, Iowa, is capable of packing 100,000 cans in one day. The other plants operated by H.C. Baxter & Bro., have altogether a daily capacity of about 650,000 cans.

At the close of the packing season they begin labeling the cans, and that operation lasts about ten weeks. Then the corn is ready for market. The work of making cans for next year's pack begins in January.



An example of Baxter's labeling: Stringless Beans

Maine corn has a good reputation in the market, as well as Maine apples and Maine vegetables. The northern climate gives it a flavor and a richness that southern grown corn lacks. The western portion of the state is the most reliable for corn growing.

In addition to their corn factories, H.C. Baxter and Bro. operates lobster factories at Petit de Grat, West Arichat, Grand Grave and Little Bras D'or Cape Breton.

The development of this business dates from 1888 when Hartley C. Baxter came to Brunswick. He had previously been with the Portland Packing Company, which was formed by his father J.P. Baxter, a pioneer in the business. Owing to ill health, H.C. Baxter retired from that firm, and in 1888 came to this town where he began operations by packing about 12,000 cans of corn. That was the beginning of a business which today is now thirty times as large as it was 15 years ago.

The quantity of corn packed by this concern can perhaps, be better realized when reckoned in miles. Each can is 4 ½ inches long. Placing end to end the cans of one seasons' pack, they would extend about 600 miles.

The firm includes H.C. Baxter, J.P. Baxter Jr., and R.H. Baxter.

Telephone Service Began In This Area 65 Years Ago

Brunswick Record

November 13, 1947

By William A. Wheeler

The telephone is today so much a part of every day life, it is so essential to the efficient conduct of business, that it seems hard to believe that in Brunswick, only some 65 years ago, there wasn't a single telephone in existence.

I believe that my father built and installed the first telephone line in town utilizing a rather crude but effective "drum-head" device between his home on Everett Street and his office at the "depot." It wasn't, of course, his invention, the principle had been known for a long time but he was the first, I feel sure, to put it to practical use, at least in Brunswick.

The equipment consisted of two circular wooden frames, with which he had turned from walnut at Colby's Mill, with sheepskin tightly stretched within them. With one of these contraptions at each end of the line, and a fine copper wire, tightly drawn, attached to a wooden ball in the center of the sheepskin, it was possible to converse satisfactorily for short distances. The vibrations of the sheepskin, carried over the taught wire, were reproduced on the opposite end with sufficient volume to be heard some distance from the receiver.

Editor Tenney, in the Brunswick Telegraph of February 11, 1881, tells the story that one day, while my father was changing the location of one of his drum-heads, he heard a voice coming over the disconnected wire. "Taking the wire in his teeth," says Tenney, "he received the message with remarkable clarity." The telephone, the editor further commented, might well become a most convenient instrument—a prophecy which has certainly been fulfilled.

First Public Phone

It was the same year 1881 that the first public telephone was installed in Brunswick. Strangely enough, I cannot find, in the file of the Telegraph for that year, any reference whatever to this important event. It would seem that such an innovation would have merited front page display but apparently it was accepted as a matter of course, not even worth reporting!

There appears to be no record of the exact date that "Central" was first opened in Brunswick, but, it was sometime in the early part of 1881. The records show that at that time there was a total of eight subscribers which couldn't have kept the lone operator unduly busy. The names of those pioneer subscribers, however, cannot now be ascertained.

First Central Office

The first central office was in the coal office of Elbridge Simpson, over the old post office, which stood where the Town Building is now; and Simpson's daughter, Ida, was Brunswick's first "hello girl." This small building, which had housed the post office for many years, was moved to Elm Street when construction of the municipal building was commenced. Its second story had been used for various purposes, and an advertisement in a newspaper of 1843 shows it then for rent by the postmaster.

Ida Simpson

Ida Simpson, with a tiny switchboard in the corner of her father's office, manipulated the crude battery-powered equipment, with its crank for operating the hand generator. She found the ringing somewhat of an effort and rather ingeniously hooked up the wheel of a sewing machine to the apparatus so that she could turn the generator by foot-power instead of by hand. It is doubtful if her "invention" was ever adopted for general use, but she used it throughout her term of service as operator.

Will Lincoln

It is recalled that Will Lincoln sometimes handled the switchboard while the office was in its original location, but it does not appear he was regularly employed by the Telephone Company. The office was closed at night and all day Sunday, but in case of emergency Lincoln could always be persuaded to go to the office to handle a long distance call.

Office Moved

According to the records of the telephone company, the office was moved to the store of A.W. Townsend in the Arcade Block in June, 1881, but there is a discrepancy here. Al Townsend began business in Brunswick, in 1881, it is true, but in that year his store was located under the old Universalist Church on the corner of Maine and Mason Streets. In 1883 he moved to the newly erected Odd Fellows Block, and it was not until 1888 that he located in Arcade Block, where the telephone central was installed. It seems probable, therefore, that it was in 1888 rather than 1881 that the office was moved from its original location; and that matches up with my own recollections, as well as that of some of my correspondents.

Early Subscribers

The records show that at this time there were 37 subscribers, but again there is no list in existence. I am quite sure that there were then few if any resident phones—the Bowdoin Paper Co. , The Cabot Mill, Bowdoin College, the railroad station, the Androscoggin Pulp Mill, and perhaps a few of the more enterprising merchants were the early subscribers.

One of these early subscribers—possibly among the original eight—was "Ote" Hubbard, whose livery stable was just north of the Tontine Hotel, where now is a garage. Fred Hubbard distinctively recalls an incident of those early days. His father, and his brothers, Jim and George, were musicians; and when playing their instruments in the stable office one day, a phone call came in from Dunning's stable in Bath. After a brief conversation, the trio played a selection for the edification of their Bath friends; the marvel that people in Bath could hear music played in Brunswick, nine miles away, was the talk of the town for days, and was given mention by Editor Tenney in the Telegraph!

Townsend's Store

Townsend's store was, theoretically at least, a book-store; but he sold not only books and stationery but a considerable line of fancy goods, toys, crockery, lamps and novelties. The telephone switchboard was on the south side of the store, about half-way down; and right alongside were the telegraph instruments of the Commercial Union Telegraph Company, later the Postal, of which Townsend was the local manager. He was also the Brunswick agent for Porter's Express, a small concern handling shipments between Brunswick and Portland. Each morning Porter himself would take the early train to Portland, checking in the baggage car a huge "drummer's" trunk. In Portland he'd do

the errands for his customers, packing his parcels in his trunk and traveling with it back to Brunswick on the afternoon train.

In spite of the various activities of his business, Townsend found plenty of time to handle the telephone switchboard. If he happened to be busy with a customer, the “drops” in the switchboard might go unnoticed for some time, but patrons were patient, and there was no complaint.

Charles Barron of Topsham was at one time a clerk in the Townsend store, and part of his duties was to handle the telephone calls. While I was never employed there, I used to spend a great deal of time in the store, and often sat at the switchboard to responds to the infrequent calls.

Around 1895, Irma Goodwin, now Mrs. George Bean Sr., was employed by Mr. Townsend, principally as telephone operator, and it would seem that the telephone business had then increases sufficiently to demand more attention.

I’m not sure of the date, but I believe it was somewhere around 1896 that Townsend sold his business to J.E. Davis, a traveling salesman whose home was in Freeport. The telephone business remained in the Arcade Block, with Miss Goodwin still presiding, until 1905, when, because of the increased demand for telephone service, the Company leased a portion of the old Public Library room in the Town building. There were more than 100 subscribers and larger quarters for the central office were badly needed.

Office Moved Again

For many years, the Brunswick Public Library had occupied a large room on the first floor of the municipal building, under the management of Lyman P. Smith and his estimable wife. When the telephone company took over the vacant space, a partition was built dividing the room, and the west end was converted into a central office, under a five-year lease, dated January 1, 1905.

Service Extended

According to the Brunswick Record, the removal gave impetus to a substantial increase in the number of subscribers. Sixty to 75 new installations were made shortly after the change, and, still according to the Record, “There is a larger number of rural subscribers than in any other town or city in Maine.” New rural lines were then being constructed to Freeport, Cooks Corner, Gatchell’s Mills and the River Road, in addition to the existing lines to Pennellville, Mere Point, South Brunswick and North Harpswell. Editorially, the Record commented that the telephone was “soon to become one of the common conveniences of modern civilization.”

The extension of telephone service to the rural area brought into existence a rather unique organization. For some time past, a group of farmers and their wives in the New Meadows district had met from time to time, for informal social gatherings. Most of them became telephone subscribers, on party lines, and social calls by phone became a general custom. So great a contribution to the comfort and happiness of rural families did the telephone make, that they formed an organization known as the Telephone Club. No list of members is available today, and I am unable to ascertain the name of those who were affiliated. The Brunswick Record, however, faithfully reported the meetings of the Club.

It was about the time of the removal of the office to new quarters that, the following item appeared in the Record:

“Persons who use telephones for the purpose of vexing others are criminals under the law and may be punished.”

Evidently the use of the “common convenience” was not limited to business and social calls in that day!

Within a few months after the new office was opened the number of subscribers had increased to nearly 300, and a force of seven operators was required to handle the calls. In an effort to still further increase business, with 500 subscribers as the goal, the company offered service for 15 months for the price of 12, or a trial of two months without charge. Calls to Bath were free, as an added inducement.

Staff Members

The staff at this time consisted of operators Mary Wade, Grace Gilbert, Mary Durgin, Mildred Barnes, Theresa McKinley and Harried Johnson. The office was then on a continuous basis, and as women were not employed for night service, the night operator was John Stetson. E.R. Spear was manager of both the Brunswick and the Bath offices, and Roscoe L. Douglas was located at Brunswick as inspector and lineman.

The telephone instruments in use were, for the most part, of the wall type, mounted on a board about two feet long, with a box at the bottom for the individual battery which supplied the power for ringing. On the side of the instrument was a small crank, and to call “central” the subscriber twirled this crank—and waited for a response. There was no bell in the central office, but on the switchboard a “drop” –a little plate about an inch square—was released, indicating to the operator on what line the call was made.

Numbers indicated the ring for each station. For example, “12” meant one long and two short rings; “22” two long and two short. However, in the early days few subscribers bothered with numbers. The operators knew them by heart, and it was only necessary to say “Give me Harvey Given’s store” and the connection was quickly made. Those were simple days. I recall once when the exchange was in Townsend’s store. I put in a call for Alonzo Day, whose shoe store was directly across the street from Townsend’s. “He isn’t there,” replied Miss Goodwin. “I just saw him going upstreet!” Imagine getting such a response from an operator today!

Power Switchboard

In 1912, the telephone company expended nearly \$30,000 in Brunswick to change the system from the old style battery-generated instrument to a switchboard using power from a plant in the central office—a switchboard which, said the company’s announcement, “is exactly like those used in the largest cities.” This change involved practically complete reconstruction of all lines in the town, a job which required the full time of eight men for a year. Under the new system, which became effective on a Saturday night when few calls were made, the operator was signaled by merely removing the receiver from the hook, the system which is in use today. Along with these changes, 30 public pay stations were installed in town.

The Set-Up Today

At this time, too, the quarters of the telephone company in Town Building were enlarged, and a rest room for the operators was provided.

Today there are in Brunswick 550 rural subscribers alone—50 more than the hoped-for aggregate of 500 in 1905. With a total of 2800 subscribers, a force of 30 operators is required, with two full-time plant department employees to care for “trouble-

shooting.” Margaret Cripps with a service record of 32 years is chief operator; and seven of the operators have been with the company for 10 years or more. The Brunswick office is managed jointly with the Bath office by George Otis, Jr. recently appointed to replace R.E. Bradbury who has been transferred to Vermont.

It is a far cry from the little sewing-machine-operated switchboard which served the eleven subscribers in 1881 to today’s modern equipment and round-the-clock service and it all has developed in the comparative short period of 65 years!

The Story of Casco Castle



South Freeport village, where the tower of Casco Castle still stands, is a small village once famous for shipbuilding. It is located twelve miles from Portland, Maine, by water and fifteen miles by land. In the early nineteen hundreds it was quiet, and communication with the outside world was by means of the Maine Central Railroad and in summer by steamboat from Portland and the islands. Local travel was by horse and buggy or sleigh.

The building of Casco Castle in 1903 is linked to the development of the electric trolley car that was then regarded as the ultimate in rapid transportation. The Brunswick-Yarmouth Street Railway was a link in the system by which a person with sufficient stamina could travel from Bangor to Boston “on the cars.”

Amos Gerald of Fairfield, Maine, a natural promoter, dreamed of making a fortune for himself and others in the street railway business. To increase patronage of the trolleys a number of amusement parks were built, the showiest of these being Casco Castle and Amusement Park in South Freeport.

The Castle was built on a high rocky hill overlooking the bay which gave it its name. The approach from the trolley line was by means of a suspension bridge across a branch of Spar Creek. A flight of steep steps led to the hotel which was built entirely of wood with gray shingles to simulate stone. Many described the Castle as a “Yankee’s dream” of a Spanish castle. It was joined by bridges to the stone tower which still stands today.



The tower is a remarkable piece of work. The contractor and builder was a local man, Benjamin Franklin Dunning. As nearby rocky fields were cleared, the stones were used for walls, really stone fences, which lined the roads and separated neighboring properties. Stones from some of these walls were hauled up the steep hill by ox and horse and built into the tower. Wooden stairs with platforms lined the tower which was one hundred feet high. The views of the bay and the countryside from the top of the tower were magnificent.

The hotel had accommodations for a hundred guests. Rates, according to the menu cards, were three dollars a day for room and meals or “twelve dollars and up per week.” Shore, steak and chicken dinners were fifty cents. It is well to remember that the common laborers then earned a dollar for a long day’s work and worked six days a week.

The amusement park that surrounded the hill on three sides was open to the public. There was a small zoo with a frequent change of denizens. There were usually monkeys, bison and Angus cattle (a rare sight in Maine in those days). Once there were two wolves and a coyote. One summer a peacock strutted about the grounds and put on a great display.

The formal gardens were worthy of the name. The gardener, J. J. Turner, was an expert and made the most of the rocky hillside. The Castle ballpark was the delight of local fans, for Freeport was and still is a great baseball town.

The picnic grounds probably attracted more people than the hotel dining room. Comparatively rapid and cheap transportation drew the crowds. The trolley fare at first was five cents for three miles, and on summer Sundays the open trolleys were packed.

The hotel itself had, it seems, only a few paying seasons. In spite of early reports it was never a resort for the fashionable or the wealthy. The rapid rise of the automobile led to the decline of the trolley, and fashions in amusements changed and after a few seasons the hotel was closed. A few attempts were made toward revival; the last was in 1914 which ended in disaster. In September, as the guests were packing up to leave, fire broke out, and the entire hotel structure burned to the ground. The wooden stairs in the tower sent flames shooting high into the air. There was so suspicion of arson as the wood was tinder dry. The masonry of the tower withstood the heat of the flames, and today is a well-known landmark for the fishing and pleasure boats that throng the bay.

The stone tower of the Casco Castle stands today on private property. The best place to view the tower is from Freeport's town park, Winslow Park, located at the end of Staples Point Road.



Telephone Service Began In This Area 65 Years Ago

Brunswick Record

November 13, 1947

By William A. Wheeler

It is important in narrating the history of Brunswick's youngest church, that mention is made of this fact—that a Saint is chosen as a patron, not as, a deity. The church is first and always the House of God. The Saint is chosen as a link between God and all who pray in the particular church.

Here in Brunswick, St. Charles Borromeo was selected as patron of the new Roman Catholic church, eleven years ago. The choice of him was appropriate, as he is highly regarded as an educator and was the founder of several colleges and universities; and in the mind of the diocesan leader of the Catholic Church, there was the hopeful prayer that St. Charles might always aid the directors of Bowdoin College to direct the young men under their care in the ways of true knowledge which includes ever a knowledge of God.

St. Charles The Saint

Charles Borromeo was born October 1, 1538, one of the six children of Gilbert and Margaret Borromeo. Of a wealthy and politically prominent family, he nevertheless early in life gave signs of a vocation to the church, and to the delight of his parents, expressed his fond desire to become a priest. He made rapid progress in the study of Latin and in letters in Milan, and at the age of 21, received the degree of doctor of laws—canon and civil—at the University of Pavia. When he was 23, he was made a cardinal in the church; that dignity not being then necessarily an ecclesiastical honor. Later ordained a priest and appointed Archbishop of Milan, his good judgment and profound piety became apparent. He was entrusted with many grave duties by his uncle Pope Pius IV, so much so that Charles was said in his time to practically rule the whole Christian Church.

He made it evident that the sole purpose of all his undertakings was the glory of God through the salvation of souls. He was assiduous in the administration of the Sacraments; at the time a fearful plague in Milan, he visited the sick, personally administering the last rites of the Church; he distributed his vast family fortune to the poor, and though placed high in the Church, he was never averse to follow the advice of persons of proved wisdom and virtue. He was most zealous in bringing to all the people a knowledge of religion, and with this in mind, he instituted a school for religious training

of the younger—or as we know it, the modern Sunday School. The extent of this phase of his work is seen in this, that before his death, he had established 740 schools with more than 40,000 scholars. He saw early, with deep regret, that many abuses had crept into the lives of some who were supposedly the religious leaders of the people, so he set himself to the task of correcting these abuses.

His foresight for the welfare of the church and religion was made manifest particularly at the great Council of Trent, where by the force of his will and his own character, he introduced many corrective provisions which remain til this day. In his efforts to root out of the Church those who were bad and false leaders, he made many enemies, with the result that several attacks were made on his life.

On his family crest, is the HUMILITY; that virtue was the basis of his life, as it must be in every truly great life. Thus, despite the honors heaped upon him, he remained always obliging, courteous, helpful. He was not a glamorous personality; he had a habit of stammering, which despite long labor, he could not correct; his personal appearance was not attractive in a worldly sense; but he did attract all who met him by his zeal and deep piety. From all, he forced the conviction that he labored for God, and his work was fruitful because God was with him.

In his personal life, history shows that Charles practiced what he preached to others, and full of good works and sanctity he died in 1584, and was canonized in 1610. His feast is kept on November 4.

Church Founded In 1931

With a profound knowledge of the life and works of St. Charles, and with the certainty that he would be for a spiritual influence, The Most Rev. John G. Murray, D.D., then Bishop of Portland, chose St. Charles as the special patron of the new church in Brunswick, eleven years ago, and appointed as pastor, the Rev. Thomas W. Dunnagan. The new pastor was well equipped for his charge. After graduating from Lewiston High School, his courses in the various branches of learning and study were made at Canisius College, Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Joseph's College, Three Rivers, Quebec and the Seminary of Philosophy at Montreal. He was ordained to the priesthood December 23, 1922, and thereafter for nearly eight years, was an assistant in various large parishes in Maine. On October 29, 1930, he began his work as pastor of St. Charles Church. The difficulty of securing a hall for mass was solved when with noteworthy generosity and thoughtfulness, President Sills offered the use of the Bowdoin Chapel as the temporary home of the new parish. There mass was offered two days later, November 1, All Saints Day.

Negotiations began for a site, and the house and lot at the corner of Maine and Nobel Streets were acquired, and work was begun there November 28, 1930. Considerable local history attaches to this location. The house was once used as a private school; then passed into the possession of Professor Robinson of Bowdoin College, later it was owned by Samuel Furbish from whom it was purchases in 1930 as the location of the new church and rectory. The house, more than 100 years old, was made into the rectory for the pastor's home is now so used.

Work on the new church building progressed quickly and on January 25, 1931, in the splendor of ecclesiastical ceremony, Bishop Murray celebrated Pontifical High Mass, and dedicated the new church to the honor and glory of God, under the patronage of St. Charles Borromeo.

With the church built, it was necessary for Father Dunnagan to organize and establish parishioners, and carry on the many parochial devotions and affairs. In all this work, he was ably and generously aided by his small group, deeply grateful for their new church. He did not spare himself in the building of his parish, and in what must have been extremely trying circumstances, kept to himself the unsuspected secret of losing his health. Early in 1939, he was forced to seek medication, but it was too late, and his devoted parishioners, learned with great regret of his death on March 24, 1939, at the age of 44. His memory has been perpetuated by his many friends and parishioners, in the erection of a beautiful tabernacle in the church where he labored.

The Rev. Alfred Simard was in charge of the parish until May 26, 1939, at which time the present pastor, the Rev. John L. Doherty, was appointed.

The Church At Present

St. Charles Church has been favored bounteously, materially and spiritually. The generous spirit of its good parishioners and friends even from distant places has produced many fine gifts. Organ statute, linens, vases, vestments and many other articles to be used in divine service testify to that generous interest. In 1940, a beautiful set of chimes and a gorgeous stained glass window, in the manner of the 13th century Gothic style, portraying the patron Saint's life and labors were installed. In September 1941, a complete renovation of the Sanctuary was made possible through the bounty of L. Eugene Thibeault of Bath, as were the chimes and window. These have added to the charm of this "little church on the hill".

Parish of 100 Families

These eleven years have seen the church grow from a very small group to a parish of nearly 100 families and there is testimony that those who built, built well. There have been periodic visits of the Most Reverend Bishop, the administration of all the Sacraments, the various devotions of religion to which in all these years an interested body—the parish choir has added its voice. It has lost through death, many of those who were the most loyal helpers and friends.

Some of its earliest families, proud of its growth, still look with interest to its further development. Its young families have seen their children grow with their church. It is the earnest prayer of all its present parishioners that it may continue to play its part in the spiritual life of the community, and that God who "always gives the increases" may always smile beneficently on its parishioners and those who made St. Charles Church possible.

**St. Onge Brothers Sell Grocery Store
30 Years Old Concern
Brunswick Landmark**

Brunswick Record
February 26, 1948

A business that has been a Brunswick institution for more than 30 years will change hands Monday when George and Ludger St. Onge will complete transactions for selling out their Maine Street grocery store. The new owners will be Emile Theberge and Emile Fournier, who will operate the establishment under the name of St. Onge Store.

Prior to embarking on their long and distinguished career in the grocery business, the brothers spent long periods of apprenticeship in the grocer's trade. George was 20 years with the store owned by Frank C. Webb which was located near the old Cabot Mill now the Verney Mill, while Ludger worked 17 years in the grocery of C.A. Lemieux.

In 1917 they started the business from which they are now retiring, and in 1918 they branched out further and purchased from the Gordon estate the block in which the store is now located, and which has been a Maine Street landmark for many years.

Of all the achievements, the brothers Ludger and George, as they are affectionately known, are proudest of the fact that their store has never been closed on a business day. Even at the time of a rather disastrous fire in the mid 30's, they managed to continue serving the public by opening a room in the rear of the block.

Even though they have worked very hard, the brothers have taken real enjoyment in doing business here and especially appreciative of the friendship and good will accorded them by their customers. Even though they have sold out their grocery store Ludger and George will retain ownership and management of the St. Onge Block.

The new owners have been well known to Brunswick citizens a long time. Mr. Theberge was for many years associated with Pennell's Men's Store, while Mr. Fournier has been employed by the brothers Ludger and George for 20 years.



**St. John's Parish Ministers To Over 1200
Families In The Community
History of Catholic Services Here Goes Back
100 Years; Church Participates In Many Town Activities**
Brunswick Record
December 4, 1941

According to reliable sources Catholic services were held in Brunswick a good hundred years ago. There is a well founded tradition that Bishop Cheverus of Boston said mass here on one of his annual tours between 1808 and 1817. In the 1840's Catholic services in Brunswick were conducted by priests from Augusta and Whitefield and it is definitely known that the Rev. James Reilly, pastor of St. Mary's in Augusta, said mass here in 1849 at the residence of Patrick Donnelly, on Cedar Street. In the 1850's the Rev. Edward Putnam of Whitefield came regularly to Brunswick to hold services for the growing number of Catholic laborers who made their home here. Mass used to be said at the home of John White near the Bowdoin College property, and also in the home of John Dolan on Elm Street. The Varney Hall near the Cabot Manufacturing Company was also used for Catholic services.

First Parish in 1877

Noticing the ever growing number of parishioners, the Rev. L. Bartley in 1866 purchased a Protestant church which became the first permanent Catholic mission of Brunswick, and here mass was said regularly until 1877 when the Rev. P. Powers announced the opening of a Catholic parish in Brunswick itself. In the previous year he had purchased the site at the corner of Pleasant and Union Streets from Captain McManus, and a rather substantial church building was erected. Catholics in town in 1875 numbered 667—477 of which were of Canadian descent.

It was on the first of January 1877 that the Rev. J.H. Noiseux was appointed pastor of the new parish in Brunswick which was dedicated to the protection of St. John the Baptist. That New Year Day of 1877 is a well cherished day in the annals of the Catholic families in Brunswick and a great incentive towards a happier and more prosperous existence. In fact, the growth of the parish was a steady one under the able pastorship of the Rev. J. H. Noiseux and also the Rev. James Gorman who became pastor in 1881.

Larger Church in 1882

The ever increasing number of adherents to the Catholic encouraged the energetic Father Gorman to start the building of a new and larger church in 1882. Hardly a year after the blessing of the corner stone of the edifice the spacious church basement was ready for occupancy and mass was said there. Immediately, the old church was converted into a school which was the first St. John's School of Brunswick. Father Gorman's new church was completed on the 24th of June in 1886. It was a day of rejoicing not only for the parishioners but for the town in general. In fact, everyone turned out for the ceremony of the blessing of the new church.

First School and Cemetery

Father Gorman converted the old church building into the first St. John's School in the year 1883 and lay teachers were given charge, and when in 1886 the new church was completed and blessed school rooms were partitioned in its basement. At about this time, or 1888 to be exact, the present commodious rectory was built and the first seven acres of St. John's Cemetery were purchased by Father Gorman, a project which greatly accommodated the large catholic populace.

The Rev. M. Sekenger

Father Gorman became pastor of St. Michael's, South Berwick in 1892, and made his departure from the local parish. His successor was Father Sekenger, very well remembered by the many present parishioners of St. John's, and the memory of this name is perpetuated in local organizations, especially the Sekenger Council of the Knights of Columbus. The first endeavor of the new pastor was to find religious teachers for the parish school and to enlarge the latter. Thus in 1893 he purchased a site for a school and convent on Oak Street. He immediately rebuilt the dwelling house which was on the premises, making it a commodious convent for the eight Sisters of Sion who came to Brunswick at the bequest of Father Sekenger and took charge of the parochial school. The school was known as the well remembered "little school." Many present parishioners have fond memories of that famous little building. Father Sekenger also made several changes to the parish church building, making it more beautiful and comfortable. His term of pastorship lasted 19 years and he was helped succeeding by nine assistant priests: The Reverend Father J. Carufel, Paul Roy, Arthur Decary, Joseph Drolet, J. Raimbault, Robert Lee, Louis Renaud, Jr., J. Tranchemontagne, and Joseph Orioux. Some of these are still pastors in the Portland diocese.

The Marist Fathers

In 1911, Father Sekenger ended his stay in Brunswick and Bishop Walsh gave the charge of St. John's Parish to a society of religious priests known as the Marist Fathers. The first representative to become pastor of St. John's was the well remembered and beloved Father Theophile Remy who took up the pastorship on August 14, 1911. He was assisted by the Rev. A. St. Martin, now pastor of the Sacred Heart Church in South Lawrence, Mass.

Church Destroyed in 1912

Father Remy's first endeavor was to build a school to accommodate the ever-increasing number of parishioners. The land had been bought and the plans completed for the school when, at four in the afternoon, April 12, 1912, a disastrous fire which originated near the railroad tracks, reached St. John's Church and destroyed it completely, a quick and merciless destruction of years of hard work and sacrifice. The

old St. John's Church had been a beautiful testimony of the faith and love of ardent people. A frame building with a basement of granite and brick, its side walls were relieved by Gothic windows. It has a clerestory pierced at regular intervals by windows. In the façade center there stood out portals which were approached and over them stood out an elaborate window containing six arcades and innumerable foils. The church tower arose from the left end of the façade, and above it was a latticed belfry and a pretty spire,

Present Church Built in 1912

The terrible happening of 1912 did not break, however, the undaunted spirit of the parishioners and their heroic pastor. No time was lost, the ruins were cleared, the rectory was moved to its present location and the foundations of the beautiful St. John's Church were laid. In the meantime, mass was held in the town hall which the town authorities graciously placed at the disposal of the bereaved Father Remy. It was on the 16th of March 1913 that the basement of the new church was completed and on the next day took place the dedication of the new school which had been under construction at the same time as the church. Shortly afterwards, in order to accommodate the Sisters who were to teach in the new school, Father Remy bought the present convent and the old convent was sold. Sisters of Mercy were then in charge of the parish education.

Ursuline Sisters in 1915

The task of education of the young people in St. John's Parish has always been an important and arduous one considering the large number of students, which today number well over 600, and the bi-lingual problem. The Sister of Mercy filled their task to perfection but in 1915 Bishop Walsh, for personal reasons, recalled the Sisters of Mercy and placed in their stead the Ursuline Sisters from Waterville, who, today are doing such wonderful work at St. John's. The splendid results obtained are an ample reward to the generous parishioners who besides supporting the Brunswick public schools by regular taxation support also their parish school.

Father E. Vinas in 1921

Father Remy's pastorship at St. John's lasted ten years during which he was succeedingly assisted by the Reverend Fathers, A. St. Martin, A. Ravel, F. Bergeron, L. Pelletier, and F. Morcel. It was Father Remy's own request that he relinquished the work of pastor and took up the charge of assistant. He was ably succeeded by the Rev. E. Vinas whom practically everybody in the parish fondly remembers. Both Father Remy and Father Vinas are now deceased.

It was Father Vinas' task during his pastorship, 1921-1927, to complete the superstructure of the church, and on the 26th of April, 1925, the atmosphere of Brunswick vibrated for the first time to the resounding peal of the three large and beautiful bells installed in the lofty church steeple. The blessing of those bells, which were henceforth to summon the parishioners to prayer and service, were held during an imposing ceremony on the April day of 1925. The honor of blessing the bells was given to Bishop Joseph Henry Prudhomme of Saskatoon, Canada.

Helping Father Vinas in his task of pastor were the Fathers H. Thiery, A. Madore, and F. Sollier. The greatest event of his pastorship was undoubtedly the blessing of the completed St. John's Church by the Most Reverend Bishop J. G. Murray, Bishop of Portland on the 27th of February 1927, exactly fifty years after the foundation of St. John's Parish.

Three Pastors Since Vinas

Three Marist Fathers have held the pastorship of St. John's Parish since Father Vinas completed his term in 1927. Succeeding him was Father C. Chambard with whom started a period of readjustment. Several debts had to be paid and larger parish accommodations were to be built or acquired. Father Chambard, who remained pastor for a complete term of six years, 1927-1933, enlarged the school and convent despite the trying times of the crisis of 1929.

Father J. Andre succeeded Father Chambard and became the valiant pastor of the parish from 1933 to 1939. Father Andre is well remembered for his untiring zeal in modernizing and enlarging the parish buildings and cemetery.

When Father Andre left in 1939, a man who "had gladly spent himself for the welfare of his flock" to use the words of St. Paul, he was succeeded by the present pastor, the Reverend J. Dauphin. Among the many assistants at St. John's parish in recent years were the well remembered names: Father Dion, Bouchard, Leblanc, Blanchette, Fluet, W. Cote, L. Dupery, J. Chester.

The Present Parish

It was the summer of 1939 that Father Dauphin started his pastorship of the local church. Although born in Vermont his family home is Lewiston. Before coming to Brunswick he spent several years in various Marist parishes and schools. Deeply absorbed in the progress of the local parish he leaves nothing undone for the welfare, spiritual and social, of St. John's Parish. The material aspect of the parish has already found a new shape under his able guidance. Several improvements have been made to the various buildings and a large tract of land has been added to the cemetery. The most recent census of the parish indicates that Father Dauphin is the pastor of over 1,200 families.

Assistant Priests

Father Dauphin is helped in his task by three able assistants, the Reverend Fathers Charles Le Flem, Leon Roy, and Victor Milot. Considering that services must be conducted weekly at the Catholic mission in Pejepscot by the priests of the local parish, there is a need for four priests to direct the numerous activities.

Father Le Flem is a native of France but has spent most of his life among American Catholics, having been stationed in a number of parishes throughout the United States. He came to Brunswick in 1937 and has been, since then, actively engaged in parish activities. He is director especially of the married women group of the parish organized under the title of Ladies of St. Anne.

Father Roy is a native of the State of Maine, his family home being Waterville. He has been helping out in the local parish almost continuously since June 1937, and since his ordination in 1936, has done some teaching in Marist schools. Among many activities Father Roy is director of the men's group of the parish, organized under the title of the Holy Name Society.

Fr. Milot is a native of Lowell, Mass. Since 1936, when he was ordained in the same class with Father Roy. Father Milot has spent a year teaching in Marist schools and has performed ministerial work in Marist parishes. He came to the local parish in September 1940, to replace Father Philip Fluet. Among his various responsibilities Father Milot is director of the girl groups of the parish organized under the title of Children of

Mary or Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and is also teaching, for the second year, a course of religion at Brunswick High School.

Organization For Men

An organization, spiritual and social, was founded for the men of St. John's Parish as early as 1883 under the title of the Holy Name of Jesus Society. So much benefit can be derived from such a society that it appears in practically every Catholic parish in the country. The officers in charge of this society in St. John's are as follows: Spiritual director, the Rev. Leon Roy; president, Henry Morin; vice president, Wilbrod Menard; secretary, Joseph Philippon; and treasurer, Samuel Lavallee.

Organization For Married Women

The married women of St. John's also have their society, known as the Ladies of St. Anne, organized many years ago. Through monthly meetings and various activities they mutually encourage one another towards a more perfect and happier state of life. The spiritual direction of this society is in charge of the Rev. Charles Le Flem. President is Mrs. Joseph Thibeault; Vice President, Mrs. Simeon Caron; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Paul Viney.

Organization For Girls

The girls of St. John's Parish are organized into the Girl's Sodality bearing the better name of Children of Mary. Enriched with spiritual benefits it has been a prosperous society of the parish. Due to the youthful qualities of the majority of its members it is a particularly active organization. The spiritual charge was entrusted to the Rev. Victor J. Milot. The president is Miss Cecilia Leclair; vice president, Marguerite Desjardins; secretary, Eugenie Menard; and treasurer Miss Gabrielle Fortin. Besides a monthly spiritual meeting the society holds several social meetings.

Boys and Girl Scouts

St. John's Parish sponsors four troops of Boy Scouts, two Troops of Girl Scouts and a large group of Cubs. Such a situation is more than wonderful but it is the result of much hard work and faithfulness. Many a time has Brunswick enjoyed hearing and seeing its Catholic Boy Scout Band (the only one in Maine) and Drum Corps. Many a time has Brunswick enjoyed the wonderful cooperation of the St. John's Boy Scouts in various public celebrations and undertakings in town. In charge of the Boy Scouts are the Rev. Leon Roy, chaplain, Louis Philip St. Onge, general chairman; and Utmont Nickerson, chief scoutmaster. In charge of the troops of Girl Scouts are Mrs. Harry Shulman and Mrs. Wilfrid Lapointe. The Cubs have their cubmaster in the person of A. Tetreault.

Other Organizations

Charities: The parish sponsors two societies to help the poor and unfortunate. One is the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the other the Ladies of Charity. Both are under the spiritual surveillance of Father Dauphin and have done wonderful work in helping the needy.

Higher Spirituality: For those members of the parish who feel more spiritually inclined than others, the parish affords two societies, the so-called Third Orders of Mary and of St. Francis. The first is under the direction of the pastor and the second under the direction of the Rev. Father Le Flem.

Missionary Societies: In order to answer the universal call of the many Catholic missions doing so much good through the world St. John's Parish sponsors its diocesan

unit of the missionary society called the Propagation of the Faith Society. The local director is the Rev. Father Roy, and the diocesan director is the Rev. R. Ouellette of Portland. The parishioners sponsor also a very well organized Mission Club.

St. John's School Spiritual Societies: The young people at the school have their own little spiritual societies. The societies are known as the Our Lady of Lourdes Society and the Junior Holy Name Society, the Holy Angels Society, and the St. John the Baptist Society.

School Aid Society: This society groups all the persons who have the generous desire of helping directly the upkeep of St. John's School. Mrs. Omer Morais is at the head of this organization which is functioning under the supervision of the pastor.

Fraternal Organizations

Of the many fraternal organizations in Brunswick the members of many are mostly the parishioners of St. John's Parish: to wit, the Knights of Columbus, the Daughters of Isabella, the Catholic Foresters, the Union S. Baptiste d'Amerique, the Artisans, the Vigilants and others. Indeed no one can deny that the parishioners of St. John's have done their share to improve the social standing of Brunswick by true Christian neighborliness, and readiness to alleviate difficulties and solve civic problems. As in the last war, a large percentage answering our country's call in its present plight, and should Brunswick be attacked in war or by disaster, every man, woman and child of St. John's Parish, bearing in their hearts and souls the protection of their Patron, will defend their beloved town.

A sincere word of thanks is offered to the Brunswick Record for granting space to make known the history and organization of St. John's Parish. It nobly promotes the spirit of the President of our country who in great truth insists that Christianity must be made known since the very foundation of our democracy are laid upon it!



St. John's School 1900
Maine Memory Network Photo

Spinney Digs Up Interesting Data On Brunswick Schools 1875 to 1897

Brunswick Record
December 7, 1939

Leon P. Spinney, superintendent of schools, brought to light some interesting information on the local schools from the period of 1875 to 1897 in his Thanksgiving number of "Impressions," a mimeographed publication for the teachers in the district.

Mr. Spinney is collecting material on the history of education in Brunswick for a thesis for the degree of Master of Arts at the University of Maine. The records of the Brunswick School Committee reveal the following rules applied to the high school:

"1. Any pupil whose average rank, as indicated by his or her examination papers at the end of the month, shall be less than 50 per cent will be transferred to the next class below the one with which said pupil has been identified; this rule shall apply to the 3rd class as well as to the higher classes; and its members shall be sent back to grammar school.

2. Each pupil with the exception of the College classes, shall have three recitations a day.

3. Any pupil, once having elected an optional study will continue that study through the course.

4. Any pupil tardy at the opening of either session without a sufficient excuse will receive ½ demerit.

5. Any pupil tardy at recess will receive 1 demerit.

6. Any pupil absent without a sufficient excuse will receive demerits at the rate of 1 per day.

7. Any pupil guilty of persistent misdemeanor, or leaving the room without permission, inattention in recitation, idleness, whispering or laughing shall receive ½ demerit, or if the offense is aggravated, 1 demerit.

8. Seventy-two demerits during one term shall indefinitely suspend the pupil receiving that number and said pupil shall not be allowed on the school premises during the period of suspension.

9. A suspended student shall be reinstated by the Superintending School Committee only, and shall be subjected to a critical oral examination at the time of restoration, and to the regular written examination at the end of the month."

Dec. 28, 1881. At a joint meeting of the School Committee and Board of Agents, Miss Carrie Potter was appointed temporary teacher in the High School for the remainder of the school year.

C.H. Cumson, Sec.

July 28, 1891 Miss Helen L. Varney taught one term at the Bath Street Primary School at \$4.00 per week.

(Ed. Note—Miss Varney was graduated from Brunswick High School in June, 1890, and began teaching the following September.)

At the board meeting held September 12, 1891, Miss Alice Dunning was chosen assistant in the Pleasant Street Primary School, for the fall term, 1891, at \$4.00 per week from October 12, '91.

The record of November 22, 1892 states that Clarence S. Sawyer taught in district No. 14 (Ham's Hill), at \$7.00 per week.

The first transportation mentioned is in the April 14, 1894 meeting when a Mr. Berry was engaged to carry pupils from districts No. 21 and No. 9 for \$3.00 per week (Number 21 was on Simpson's Point Road—New Wharf so called—and No. 9 was Mere Point Road. These two districts were combined and pupils transported somewhere else (where the record does not state).

The record of April 6, 1894 states: Upon recommendation of High School teachers, E.W. George, M.E. Stetson, I.E. Leonard, F. M. Woodward, F.J. Dolan, A.C. Woodside, boy members of the 4th class were strapped for poor work and Elmer H. Goud put on special probation till Thanksgiving.

March 14, 1896, it was voted to engage teachers for the rural schools by the year as far as possible; and to make a general change (of) those who had taught in the same district for two years or more.

On December 2nd, 1892, Dr. Gilbert M. Elliott was appointed to the school board to take the place of Mr. John A. Waterman, Jr., who had moved from town.

Monday, March 12, 1877, F.C. Robinson was elected superintendent of schools for the coming year. This is the first record of a superintendent of schools. Up until this time the members of the board did the supervisory work and each member was given certain schools which were to come under his supervision.



PHILOSOPHER, POET AND FARMER

Silas S. Holbrook of East Harpswell Widely
Known Through His Writings

Brunswick Record
September 8, 1905

A name familiar to Record readers is that of Silas S. Holbrook, the philosopher, poet and writer of fiction, whose home is on the banks of the New Meadows river in East Harpswell. Thousands know him through his writings and in this way he has secured a great many friends who have never had the pleasure of direct acquaintanceship. Mr. Holbrook is a very modest man and somewhat reserved, but his personality, (as one may guess from his writings,) is genial, and he possesses a gentle humor which makes him particularly agreeable to his friends. The "Uncle Siah" stories, a number of which have appeared in recent issues of The Record, are proving very popular, especially with those who are somewhat familiar with the places of which he writes and the local colorings that are not altogether imaginative.

Mr. Holbrook was born in West Bath and his parents were also natives of that town. It was there that he attended school. When the war broke out he was not much more than a boy, but, having the stature, the strength and the courage of a man he promptly decided to serve his country. In November, 1861, Mr. Holbrook enlisted in Company B, 15th Maine Infantry, and joined Gen. Butler's expedition to Ship Island. Later his regiment was sent to New Orleans. The 15th Maine lost heavily by sickness contracted in the swamps of Louisiana, the deaths averaging five each day. They were sent from there to Florida to recuperate and in May, 1863, again ascended the Mississippi River, remaining in the swamps of Louisiana until fall. The regiment was then attached to Bank's Red river and Texas coast expedition. Mr. Holbrook was sent from Brasos Isle, Texas to the hospital at New Orleans on December 15th, 1863, and was sick there until July, 1864, when with other convalescent comrades he was sent to Washington to join his regiment in the Shenandoah valley. The regiment was a part of the first division, 2d

brigade, 19th Army Corps, and was discharged on January 17, 1864, after having served three years and three months.

Mr. Holbrook served as corporal in his company. He has never forgotten the friendships formed during his army life and enjoys relating incidents and experiences in the South. He is a member of Sedgwick post of Bath.

In 1867 Mr. Holbrook bought the farm in East Harpswell where he has lived every since. It is a beautiful place, his eighty acres sloping to the shore and overlooking a broad expanse of salt water. Mr. Holbrook makes a specialty of poultry raising and makes them pay well. He also keeps a lot of high grade Jersey cows and makes butter for the Bath market.

Some years ago Mr. Holbrook served three terms as an officer in the House of Representatives at Augusta, and gained a valuable experience as well as a host of friends.



Miss Emma Sargent

**Shall The Rural School Survive,
Is the Question
Freeport Residents Still Strong For Local Schools That
Have Made Their Impress on Citizens of Past
Brunswick Record
April 23, 1931**

The question with many Freeport people who received their education in the little rural schools is concerned with the survival of this old time institution, which at least in town seems to be going out.

The older folks know all about these little schools, with ten or a dozen pupils ranging from little tykes of four or five to men with whiskers, all receiving instruction from the school teacher, in long ago days a woman who "boarded 'round" with the folks of the village.

There was no real education in those schools. None of your cloistered village and city buildings, where thousands, perhaps, of little folks go in the morning to listen to a sophisticated normal school graduate try to teach from books things that she never knew. There is a different kind of learning got from these new-fangled things, and it was only

the little old country school, red if you will, that was close to nature, and in being close to nature a fifth essence of knowledge was found there.

Today the tendency in school administration is to do away with the rural school. Superintendent of local schools R.G. Oakes tells of whole townships in the west where local schools have been closed and the pupils carried in busses to a central school. At town meeting last March the arguments of the proponents of the issue to close the famed Porter's Landing School were chiefly that pupils would get a better education in the central school.

Freeport has had a curious history of rural schools. One by one they have been closed, and on the least plausible excuse a movement is sure to be started for the closing of more. In several instances, such as the Pleasant View school, the building has been remodeled lately, and the old custom is sure of being perpetuated for some years at least.

Attention was centered on this rural school matter by the attempt of officials to close the Porter's Landing school, and the successful stand made by residents of the section for the retention of the school. According to the school and budget committee money could be saved, and everyone would be benefited by the change. The pupils would have the advantage of the better training at the center school, and transportation would cost less than upkeep of a school. Also, the necessity of repairs on the building would raise the cost.

This didn't sound so fine to the people of Porter's Landing who had children in the school, or who liked the idea of the old country school. A storm of protest rose immediately in town meeting, and the end was the decision to keep the school as it is, and the fifteen children in attendance will not have to take a trip to the village every day.

This Porter's Landing school is just 66 years old. It is now in need of repair, and the changes will be made this summer. It has the same old wooden benches that were in use 66 years ago when the first class assembled there. Tradition speaks from everywhere. Somehow a sense of learning penetrates to season whatever is learned, and all the lessons of all the years, have left their importance on the walls.

As such the Porter's Landing schoolhouse is more than just a school. So many people down at the Landing went to school there that they wouldn't think of substituting something else for the tutelage of their children. It is one thing to learn a lesson, and another thing to learn is in a rural schoolhouse, and there aren't many old folks who would say otherwise.

This sort of feeling was at the root of the stand that saved the school. A love for Miss Mitchell, the teacher who has been at the Landing for 18 years, and a recognition of her ability to get along well with the little ones was felt, too, along with the pride that the little section would have in realizing that it had its own school.

Almost everyone in Freeport sensed a loss lately when news came that Emma Sargent was dead. She, much like Miss Mitchell, was one of the old time rural teachers, and in her lifetime she taught lessons to all Freeport. For a time she was assistant to her brother Will, principal of the high school, and then later she went back to rural work.

Miss Sargent's patient, lovable, manner was her life. Everyone remembered her for it, remembered her as a rural school teacher, and the memory made childhood recollections the sweeter.

In the future there will be more controversy over these schools, without doubt. Almost every town is facing a similar matter, and Freeport, with as many of the rural

schools left as in most other places, finds it hard to maintain this or that school as attendance fluctuates from year to year. It is perhaps the age old controversy over efficiency and sentiment, and while efficiency is hard to get by in these days, the sentiments of the Porter's Landing won the first tilt.

At the present time there are fifteen pupils going to the Porter's Landing school. These are: Hope Curtis, Myron Hilton, Frances Leach, George Hale, Shirlie Curtis, Lawrence Thompson, Frances Dawson, Geraldine Blood, Dorothy Blood, Barbara Hilton, Ruth Warner, Florence Hale, Nathan Hale. Of these four are seven point children, awarded certificates of merit by the state health department. This is considered an excellent average for a school of the size.

Senter's Observes 30th Anniversary
Store Reviews Its Founding
And Changes During The Years
Brunswick Record
November 2, 1939

Tomorrow morning Senter's store begins its 30th anniversary sale, an event that will offer unusual values and merchandise to its customers. Prices all through the store, in all departments, will be marked down to observe the entrance of this store into its fourth decade of serving the community.

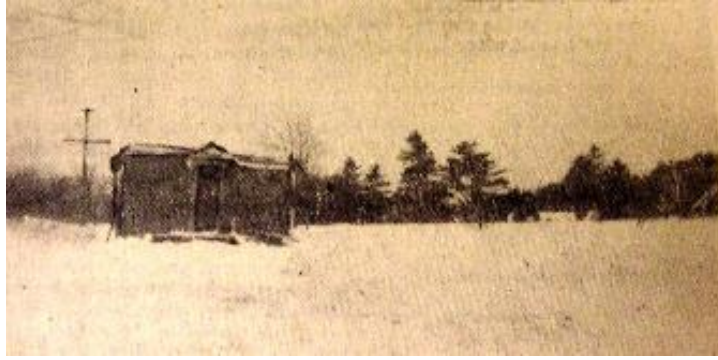
It is interesting to recall that W.F. Senter, founder of the company, began his Brunswick business in a single room on the second floor of the building which formerly stood where Senters does today. He had one room in conjunction with the Lombard dental parlor where he sold yard goods exclusively. He was for some time, prior to that engaged in selling throughout Maine for the C.F. Hovey Company of Boston, and his experience served him well as he started business here. In a short time he had taken over the entire second floor of the building.

Downstairs the McFadden grocery store was still operating, but in a short time a disastrous fire swept the building and, when it was rebuilt Mr. Senter took the entire building and put in a large stock of dry goods of all kinds.

Seventeen years ago he carried out alterations and additions to the store, and made numerous smaller improvements from time to time during the rest of his life.

After his death, and after the adjacent Fidelity building was built, the company made over the store again. A new front, making the store similar in appearance to the Fidelity block, was put up, and the interior was entirely redone.

A. B. Tedford, manager of the store, came from Bath in 1913 and has remained as a guiding hand in many of the problems of conducting such an important establishment. Many customers remember Blanche Coombs as Mr. Senter's first woman clerk—now Mrs. Copp. Others recall that the first clerk in Mr. Senter's employ was Col. Thompson of recent fame.



Schoolhouse, Oxen Unhitched, As Left
In Middle of Road
Record Reader Writes Poem About Building Abandoned
Near Harding's Crossing
Brunswick Record
January 25, 1934

No Gentle Reader this is not the House by the Side of the Road. It is the Schoolhouse in the Road. We won't mention any names in this little story but we hope that a word to the wise is sufficient.

Shortly after the first snow storm, which seems quite a while ago, the little country school, situated on the road between Harding's Crossing and Thomas Point, was taken from its venerable foundation stones, loaded onto skids and started on its way to Cook's Corner. A Brunswick citizen had purchased it for some purpose or other and had hired a Topsham man to move it. Time honored oxen were to be used for the job.

Just why we do not know, but for some reason the job was not completed. The building was moved a short distance and then abandoned in the middle of the road. The oxen were unhitched and taken back to Topsham and the schoolhouse has remained in the middle of the highway ever since.

The snowplow has been forced to plow a road out around in the field, but when soft going comes in the spring things will be in a mess. We hope that before then somebody will complete the job of moving the schoolhouse in the road.

One of our readers has burst forth in verse concerning the affair.

The Schoolhouse

It stood besides the roadway,
This little schoolhouse bright,
And in all of our opinions,
It was quite the proper site.

But it has gone from off the plot,
That house of education,
And now we find it occupies,

A public situation.

One day to my surprise I found
This schoolhouse in the road
And it cost me quite a penny,
To tow around my load.

We wonder if our friendly town
Has published a new code,
And now the law allows folks
To leave the schoolhouse in the road.

Sawmills Thrived in Brunswick in 1863
Described by Burton
Brunswick Record
March 2, 1939

The following is a theme written by Felix A. Burton of the Class of 1907 at Bowdoin College and submitted by him in 1903 to Professor Wilmot B. Mitchell, instructor of Mr. Burton's class in English.

Mr. Burton, now an architect in Boston, passed his summers in Brunswick at the time the article was written.

The story of the early sawmills here is particularly appropriate in this, the town's bicentenary year.

Lumber Industry of Brunswick

The land now constituting the town of Brunswick was bought by the Pejepscot Proprietors in 1714 for the purpose of laying out a town and shipping salmon and dried sturgeon to England.

On September 5, 1716, we find a note in the company records to the effect that "The Pejepscot Proprietors voted to employ persons to looking out a proper place for the erection of one or two saw mills within the limits of their purchase, and that the running gear be provided seasonally."

On November 28, 1716, Samuel Came of New York offered to build the running gear for a double saw mill, that is one with two "up and down" saws for 27 and the mill itself for 30. The offer was accepted. One mill was built at Bunganuck and another probably at Cathance.

From a memorandum made on the cover of the Brunswick Records in the Pejepscot collection it seems that in 1763 there were not less than six saw mills in Brunswick, 3 at New Meadows, 1 at Maquoit, 1 at Bunganuck and 1 at the Brunswick Falls.

This latter was according to the McKean records the first mill built on the Androscoggin. It was built by Jeremiah Moulton on New York and David Dunning in 1761. With this mill begins Brunswick's lumber industry.

In 1795, according to Given's plan of Brunswick, there were two saw mills at the upper falls and four others.

In 1820, including Topsham, there were 25 saws on the river. Three hundred men were employed and they had an output of 500,000 feet for each saw, or 12,500,000 feet per year brought in about \$175,000. This lumber was mostly shipped by way of Bath.

In 1825, a number of these mills were destroyed by fire and most of them rebuilt.

In 1835, Col. Laommi Baldwin of Boston in his report dated November 12 said that the Androscoggin discharged more water than any other river in the state, 40,000 cubic feet per second. At Brunswick the fall being 40.03 feet, 11.30 feet at the upper dam, 14.04 feet at the middle dam, 15.49 at the lower dam.

In 1836 there were 20 saw mills in Brunswick village.

In 1839, Wheeler's History of Brunswick says there were 30 saws in Brunswick. This was the most flourishing period in Brunswick's lumbering industry, between 1835 and 1843.

George Eaton, an old man living upon McClellan Street, a civil war veteran, who used to work in the mills at this time, and whose father worked in them before him, was kind enough to give me reminiscences of those days.

He said that starting up by the old "Free Bridge" there used to be an old grist mill, two double saw mills and a shingle and box mill all under one roof. This was on the Brunswick side. On the Topsham side, directly opposite was the Roger's double saw mill and on Goat Island Mitchell's double saw mill with a shingle and clapboard machine. These three mills were connected by a "V" shaped dam "The Upper Dam," with the point of the "V" on Goat Island. In 1839, however, Mitchell's Mill and the dam were carried away by a freshet and the dam was built straight across.

Below the "Upper Dam," about where the Cabot Mill is, was Patten's double saw mill fed by a canal forty feet wide and twenty deep. This was destroyed in 1832 by a freshet.

On Shad Island there was a double saw mill that made orange and lemon boxes to send down south and also a match box factory. These were taken down in 1866 during the "decline."

In the cove at the lower dam were a "Grist Mill" with a lumber mill that made "sugar strainers" for Cuba.

A double saw mill

Brown's double saw mill

Scribner's double saw mill

Humphreys' double saw mill and a Match factory

These were all side by side fed from a conduit that runs under the road before you get to the iron bridge. Each took some of the water by a branch from the main conduit, Humphreys' being the last.

On the Topsham shore just at the end of the bridge, then the "Toll Bridge," was Wilson and Haskell's "Big Mill" with four up and down saws. On the little stream which runs through to the "red mill" now there used to be the Stinson's single, Hall's single, Scribner's single and Wilson's double saw mills.

Then the lumbering industry was at its height. Booming companies caught the logs and distributed them for these mills, holding them in such quantities that Mr. Eaton has walked 3 ½ miles from the “upper dam” within a mile of Pejepscot on these logs and some of them were six feet four inches through at the butt and all good white pine.

Brunswick was the place where Androscoggin logs went. There was only one other small mill and that was at Lisbon Falls. Brunswick was the lumbering centre.

The mills shipped to Boston, New York, Philadelphia and other places down the coast for building purposes and to Cuba for the sugar industry even to Europe for some orders.

The lumber was shipped to Bath in “gunlows” or low scows then loaded on schooners. Teams hauled it to Bath, New Wharf at Simpson’s Point, Cushman’s and Pennell’s Wharves at Pennellville and Given’s Wharf at New Meadows. 40 double-horse teams were used to do the hauling. At this time there was quite a good deal of ship building going on. Even at Brunswick the river was 40 feet deep at the landing. At Maquoid, New Point, New Wharf, Pennellville, Skolfields and New Meadows there were ship yards and 9 sloops, 33 schooners, 44 brigs, 27 barks, and 55 ships, 168 in all were built. Building industry in Brunswick was much more lively than now. The Tontine Hotel, Town Hall, main building of the Cotton Factory, Maine Hall of Bowdoin College and many other buildings were built at this time. James Spollet carried on a carriage factory, and there was also a chair factory.

However from this time on, 1845, there began the “decline.” Many of the mills were burned or carried away by the freshets and now that the business was falling off, they were not replaced.

Like all such changes, this was gradual. In 1848 General Humphreys & Co. erected two steam mills on the point now in Merrymeeting Park near the narrows. The machinery was propelled by two 17-inch cylinder engines. There was one gang saw, two upright shingle saws, two shingle and one clapboard machine, one lath machine, one machine for heading molasses kegs, and two machines for making “sugar shooks” besides edgers and other saws. There was also a shipyard where two ships were built.

Although pine was getting scarce this looked like continued prosperity, the “sugar shook” industry was very profitable. The poor quality pine was used to make these boxes, four feet long by 14 by 20 inches. These were sent unnailed to be put together in Cuba. They brought about \$1.00 apiece. The reason for using boxes to pack sugar was the high price of cotton just before and during the Civil War.

These shooks were shipped directly to the West Indies. Mr. Stanley Brown, who worked in the Mill when a boy, said he packed 26,000 one year.

However, cotton went down, “shooks” went out of use, and one of the mills was burnt. The other was bought by Toothaker and Brown and taken down and set up in Brunswick in the Cove in 1870. The business was killed and the last “shook” was nailed in 1873.

In 1870, there were only three mills in Brunswick.

The Weld Mill, one single and one gang saw of 2 saws.

The Scribner Mill double mill

Brown and Toothaker Mill

All in the Cove.

The first two were erected in 1870 and Colby, in 1871, built a pulp mill in the Cove that was known as the Androscoggin Pulp Company and is now in operation.

In 1871, Colby, Chaney and Smith built a large mill called the Bourne mill from the Bourne privilege on which it was built after the fire. It cost \$23,000. The mill manufactured long and short lumber doors and sashes till 1875 when it went to Chas. Colby.

Thus in 1878 there were two saw mills in Brunswick, Chas Colby and Brown & Son.

In 1886 Colby sold out to the pulp mill and they together took it down to get more water from the conduit.

In 1886 Brown Sr. died and Stanley Brown, his son, and his brother went into business together.

In 1898 Stanley Brown carried on with the business alone.

In 1900 Stanley Brown sold out to the pulp mill, who tore the mill down and got full control of the water in the same year. Mr. Brown erected the present mill on Water Street.

This mill is almost wholly engaged in local trade. He employs 15 men, has one circular saw and a planing machine. He had just broken a \$80.00 saw on a bolt in one of the "Bowdoin College" logs and was compelled to get a new \$100.00 one. It is run by a 100 horsepower engine.

It covers 5 acres of land, has a capacity to put out 3 million feet per year, but it only runs part of the time and averages about a million.

Besides lumber for building purposes, Mr. Brown also cuts fire wood and has a sale for all the waste as kindling here in Brunswick.

Mr. Brown's personal opinion as to the reason for the decline of the lumber industry was not that the other mills had taken the business from them as much as that lumber itself was scarcer. Now that the timber land is owned by the big pulp companies and lumber corporations, portable saw mills clean out the local timber taking everything, while the stationary mill cannot afford to pay for transporting the smaller logs. The town of Brunswick grows too slowly to support a saw mill. The rate of increase is about one house at the most a year. And the price of buying logs from the Kennebec companies is too high to support any extensive outside trade.

And so here we are back again with the same number of mills there were here two centuries ago.



Savings and Loan Ass'n Purchases Eaton Manor For New Quarters

Brunswick Record
January 26, 1956

The Brunswick Savings and Loan Association this week makes the important announcement of the purchase of the residence and property of Dr. Dean C. Eaton at 18 Pleasant Street, Brunswick. The building will be used as new quarters for the Brunswick Savings and Loan Association.

Built by Charles Eaton, prominent hardware man, about 1911, the Eaton residence has long been considered one of the finest residences in town. For many years Dr. and Mrs. Eaton have operated a tourist home known as Eaton Manor, while Dr. Eaton also had his dental office in the house.

The decision by the Directors of the Brunswick Savings and Loan Association to use the property as bank headquarters follows the present trend to extend the business area on lower Pleasant Street. For an organization in thrift and home ownership, its location in a fine residence seems to be a logical move. The entire building will be converted into offices, some of which will be available for rental, while the entire first floor will be adapted as quarters for the Brunswick Savings and Loan Association and for the Clyde T. Congdon Insurance Agency. Shareholders of the association will undoubtedly find access to the building easier than its present location, while ample parking space will be available for its patrons.

The Brunswick Savings and Loan Association, a local cooperative bank, has been located on the second floor of the Lincoln Building practically ever since its incorporation in 1888. At one time it shared quarters with the Fairfield Swing Company and later the insurance offices of Harry F. Thompson and Clyde T. Congdon. For 31 years Harry F. Thompson served as Savings and Loan Secretary. Clyde T. Congdon has been secretary of the association since 1934.

The present move to the street level is in harmony with the general progress of Savings and Loan Associations throughout the country and with the growth of Brunswick's business community.

The Brunswick Savings and Loan Association plans to occupy its new quarters after they have been adapted for commercial use, probably in the late spring or early summer.

River Road Region, Site of New Houses,
Is Interesting Locality
Location of Standpipe And Early Pumping
Station; Golf Course And First Airport Nearby
Brunswick Record
April 17, 1941

That region of Brunswick on the River Road which promises a burst of activity as a result of the proposed housing development, consisting of 50 single family dwellings, to be built by Coffin brothers, Freeport contractors, has been important in the history of Brunswick for several reasons in the not too remote past. Besides being the site of the large new standpipe of the Brunswick and Topsham Water District, which has become the town's farthest visible landmark today, the section has been known in its time as the source of Brunswick's supply of drinking water, and includes what was the first airplane landing field in the State of Maine.

When the houses begin to rise on the 40-acre tract of land which is being sold to Coffin Brothers by Adelbert Bailey, the River Road section should become a focus of attention for local residents. This site of Brunswick's most ambitious housing development practically surrounds the gleaming new standpipe. It extends from a point just below Bailey's home, up over Standpipe Hill and down the other side to Waterworks Pond. From its boundary at the River Road it slopes gradually down to the Androscoggin River.

Years ago the local water supply was drawn from the pond at the northern end of this tract. In fact, the location of the water district's pumping station there gave that small body of water the name Waterworks Pond, which has stuck ever since. Just how far back this names goes is not definite—at least half a century, for the "50 Years Ago" column in the Record two weeks ago informs us that "An ice jam at the pumping station tipped the stone breakwater over on its side; but did no further damage and no way interfered with the pumping of water from the pond." Somewhere around the same time the first water tower was erected on Standpipe Hill—the tower which served Brunswick until the larger new one went into service a little over a year ago. Residents of the River Road insist there is still a pipeline from the old pumping station in the field below the standpipe.

When the Brunswick golf course was laid out, its eastern end was extended to the edge of this section. Today the golf course, on which is played the first tournament of the Maine golfing season, lies roughly in the triangle between outer Pleasant Street and River Road. It borders on the Adelbert Bailey farm only about 1,000 yards back from where the new housing development is to be located.

The River Road section again sprang into prominence during the early twenties, when a group of Brunswick citizens, headed by Harry Saunders, former editor of the Record, succeeded in laying out there the first airplane landing field in the town and the first in the State of Maine. The airfield was located just above the Bailey farm, on the old Estabrook place, now owned by Charles L. Douglas. Only a small brook and swamp separates the field from the golf course.

With the exception of the standpipe, all the developments which have brought the River Road section into prominence at various times have long since been moved to more favorable locations. But with as many as 50 new dwellings planned out there, the prospects for permanent development of the River Road are now the brightest in history.

Reviews History of Local Textile Men

Joseph A. Carlin Tells Of Reduction

In Hours And Early Days At Mill

December 14, 1939

Editor

Brunswick Record

Dear Sir:

I am once more renewing my subscription to the Record and may I add a few remarks to say that you have been a good successor to the Brunswick Telegraph and most especially these last few years with much interesting reading.

I have been reading the Brunswick paper since the time of Mr. Tenney in 1882 and it was a good paper for that time with a population around 5,000.

I came to Brunswick in 1882, I was then 18 years old and with the exception of three years have been here since. I was not blessed with much education. I was put in a cotton mill at the age of 10 as a "half-timer," half a day in school and the other half in the mill. At the age of 13 I had to leave school, and work in the mill as a full-timer, but I did put in two winters in night school and that was good for me.

I got a job as a mule spinner in the old Stone Cabot mill. The mill got out of date and was replaced in 1891 when Mr. Eaton came here and Mr. Burkett and Oscar Brown.

The hours of work in England per week was 55 ½ hours. At that time, 1882, I was only what was called a piecer, making less than four dollars per week, so that in order to become a spinner I came over here and got a job in the Cabot mill. The pay then for spinning was from 10 to 11 dollars a week. They ran the mill 66 hours a week. In 1887 they got the 60-hour law. William E. Looney of Portland played an important part as well as Mr. MCGillicuddy of Lewiston. In 1907 we got the 58-hour law and in 1914 the 54-hour law.

The textile workers of Maine got organized; that helped to get those reduced hours. It was a most uphill fight to get those hours reduced. During those years I was secretary-treasurer of the textile workers of Maine. About all the other states in New England had those hours many years before we got them here.

Well, the time came when they could get along without mules, rayon having taken the place of cotton, so the English mules were thrown out and so was I, as well as all the other spinners, that was 1924.

In 1920 Ellery Day was Chairman of the Republican Party. He was determined to stand for me to get me elected for Representative to the Legislature. I lacked 20 votes of being elected. Prof. Woodruff, Democrat got 1020, Mr. Masse 1011, Republican, Eudor Drapeau 995, Democrat, J.A. Carlin 995, Republican.

Very truly yours

Joseph A. Carlin



Merrymeeting Park Has Its Pleasant Memories

Popular Resort of 30 Years Ago was Pleasure Mecca

For Residents of this Section. Went the Way of All

Trolley Line Resorts

Brunswick Record

September 11, 1930

While memory holds a seat in this distracted globe tales will be told of those good old days, when ma and pa were 'a-courtin'; and Merrymeeting Park was in operation. Children's children even to the tenth generation will probably hear mention of that old amusement place where folks congregated, about the turn of the century, to enjoy themselves in a manner sorrowfully unknown to this modern generation, whose modern entertainments are after all sadly lacking, and without that romantic touch of years ago.

Merrymeeting Park! To the younger folks it is just a name of some old fashioned place where derby hats and long, sweeping skirts were seen in unthinkable numbers of holiday or Sunday, and the old folks thought they had a good time doing perfectly uneventful things, and getting through courtship for little or nothing. It was a place of top-buggies, and all that, a gay nineties sort of vacation ground where our modern maidens and our modern men would yawn their lives away and wonder how anyone could stand it.

But was that Merrymeeting? Was that what drew thousands of people, clinging precariously to open trolley cars, from Lewiston, Bath, Lisbon, Brunswick, Portland, etc., every afternoon and evening? Well, hardly.

Merrymeeting Park was one of these old trolley-line resorts which made all kinds of amusements before the automobile came along to spoil the fun.

It was considered great fun by people of all ages who lived in and near Brunswick to take one of the many open trolleys which ran to Merrymeeting Park daily and have dinner at the Casino before the vaudeville show or to take a picnic lunch to eat on the beautiful park grounds. The ride in the open trolleys alone was considered a lark. Everyone tried to be first in a car to secure a place on the broad front seat, in front of which there was no protection. The next most desirable place was the back seat, but the seats in the middle were always packed to capacity.



It wasn't the only one of its kind. There was Underwood Springs park, with its fountain on which played the parti-colored lights, remember? There was Casco Castle, for a time, over in Freeport, with its little zoo, its shore dinners, its motorboat trips down the bay. There was Lake Grove in Auburn. There was Riverton Park, a holiday rendezvous quite different from the Riverton Park of today. There was the Gem Theatre down at Peaks Island, and the Cape Cottage Casino, where a stock company put on the old melodrama—the kind with lighthouses, and people crossing ice in the river, and the “God pity all poor sailors at sea on a night like this!” But in a way, with all the features combined, none of these places compared with Merrymeeting.

Carload after carload of gay people were brought from far and near to this park. Without remembering it, one cannot imagine the crowds that flocked to the place, either with dobbin and the buggy or by trolley.

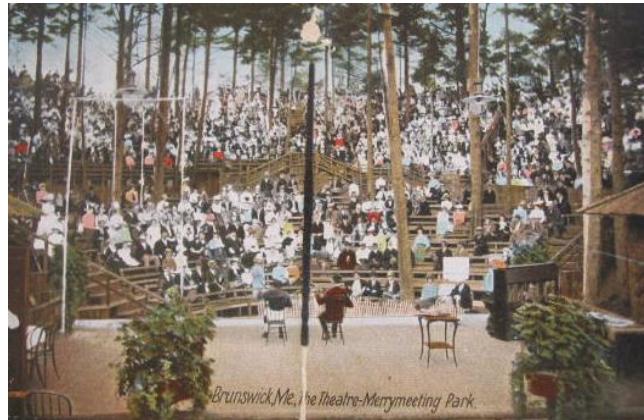


With the coming of the automobile all that stopped. People in those days had no way to get anywhere except by electric line. Realizing this, the electric lines sponsored the various parks, and proceeded to reap a harvest. The automobile provided a new way for people to go places, and without an exception these resorts closed down. It was inevitable, as it was unfortunate.

Riverton today is quite another world. Underwood Springs is now “The Famous Underwood Motor Camps,” and who knows where the Cape Cottage stock company is now, or the Gem theatre?

It is with regret that folks remember those places. It is with regret that Merrymeeting is remembered. Many a swain and many a maid tasted romance at Merrymeeting. Many a person had the time of his life there. Many a clam and Lobster has been devoured at the casino, and many a peanut has been fed to those animals in the little zoo.

There were the various “professors” who went up in balloons for the edification and amusement of the spectators. There were the afternoon and evening shows at the open-air theatre to tickle the crowds.



There was the old stuffed horse, a relic that today would probably assume a gigantic value as an antique. There were the outlandish water fowl in the pond, the rare animals from all parts of the world. There was everything to make a holiday, and always a crowd to enjoy it.

At the casino there were those shore dinners. Here is the menu:

Merrymeeting Park		
Lobster Stew		Clam Chowder
	Clam Stew	
Steamed Clams with drawn butter		Clam Broth
	Plain Bread	
Fried Clams		Plain Lobster
	Potato Chips	
Fried Lobster		Lobster Salad olive oil
	Tomato Catsup	
Doughnuts		Cookies
	Assorted Cakes	
Lemon Ice Cream		Vanilla Ice Cream
Tea		Coffee

And the price was exactly 50 cents.

Don't you remember when that miraculous troupe which performed the perfectly astounding trick of sawing a woman in two came to the floating stage at Merrymeeting to perform? Don't you remember when the audience gasped as Professor someone or other (any person was awarded a professorship in those days, you will recall) commanded “Up, Matilda, Up,” and a comely girl, reclining on a couch, immediately rose into the air and remained suspended until the professor permitted her to descend? He demonstrated, you remember, that she was not supported by any trick device by passing a hoop over her? Remember how folds were shocked because dancing girls appeared in tights? “What good does it do,” the older folks would argue, “to send our children to Sunday School if they are to be allowed to view such brazen indecency at the theatre?” Oh yes, there was something at Merrymeeting besides derbies, etc.

And the theatre at Merrymeeting, a natural amphitheatre among the trees, would perhaps shame even those grand coliseums of Athens and Sparta. And when the show had started, and in the cool of those limbs you gently pressed the dimpled hand of some lady, and munched peanuts, and—but that’s something you either remember yourself or doesn’t concern you anyway. Merrymeeting might have been medieval, my dear children, but it wasn’t such a great way from Heaven.

The theatre at Merrymeeting, however, was really a place of beauty. The spot was made for a theater, and tier upon tier of seats rose up on a natural incline, in a natural circle, with a natural dome of green leaves. Down on the stage, which was little more than a huge raft in the water of a charming little pond, natural too, the high class vaudeville artists went through acts which might not be as perfect as a talking picture, but which were fully as good, and not nearly so expensive.

About the country today are hundreds of vaudeville artists who have played to those trolley-car audiences at Merrymeeting. Recalling the early days of Merrymeeting Park, Mr. Bob Ott (the well-known comedian of the twenties), in talking with a Record reporter, spoke of Elsie James, Marion Miller, Jack Donahue and Andrew Tombs, all stage stars of the late 1920s, who years ago played at the Park with Bob. Mr. Tombs is now (1929) playing in “The Street Singer” with Will Rogers. Maud Scott, who recently brought her “Kiddie Revue” to Brunswick, is another star who formerly was connected with Mr. Ott’s musical comedy show, as was Ray Bolger (Scarecrow in the Wizard of Oz) in 1922 in Boston. Last winter in an ante-room backstage of the Cumberland theatre in Brunswick four members of a male-quartet talked with a Record writer about Merrymeeting.

“You can have everything I’ve got, and I’ll do anything I can for you,” said the bass singer as the four waited for their call, “if you’ll give me an engagement with a Merrymeeting Bay crowd. I’ve toured this country, been abroad, and sung in every kind of theatre ever was made. But I’ve never seen a place like “Merrymeeting”. His three companions, with a strange memory-fraught smile agreed. “For fifteen—yes—twenty—years we’ve seen things change. The old crowds are gone. When we go out on that stage tonight we’ll sing a number that this troupe has sung thousands of times. We sang it long ago at Merrymeeting, and it always went over big. People would cuddle together, the fellows would look at the girls, the girls would look far away, drop their eyes, and the only sound after we got through would be a little whisper of the breeze in the branches. It’s a romantic song, a love song, and Merrymeeting was the place for it. Merrymeeting was the best place for it.”

The tenor of the quartet, with face red with makeup, a brilliant red hat on his head, and everything ready for his number, finished the tale. “Tonight we’ll sing it with a jazz time, do dance steps with it, and if we’re good we’ll get a hand. There isn’t any more romance in that crowd out there than there is in a steam-roller. Yes sir, I’d give a thousand dollars if I could go back to Merrymeeting and sing that song.”

Out in the crowd that night was an older couple who remembered the troupe from days gone by. They remembered the song, and as the words were now “jazzed”, came over the footlights memory supplied the setting, and while your younger folks saw four men on the stage singing an old and faded song, this couple saw Merrymeeting, the silvery poplar trees, the crowded seats, ranging down to the stage, the sparkling water, the outlandish ducks swimming beyond—and relived for a brief moment a period of their lives which to them, also, was worth the thousand dollars. Perhaps more, for some of us have had some wonderful times down there at Merrymeeting. To others, it is just a name, just a sea of derbies, a wave of skirts, a flurry of rubber-tired gigs, a happy mob clinging to a streetcar.



No. 84. The Pavilion, Merrymeeting Park, Brunswick. PHOTOGRAPH BY F. E. HENRI, HENRIET.

Chris sent me a quote from the English Historian G.M. Trevelyan when I sent him an article from the old Brunswick Record. It seems quite appropriate for this occasion where we, for only a moment, get close to the shadows of so many that enjoyed this place.

More generally I take delight in history, even its most prosaic details, because they become poetical as they recede into the past. The poetry of history is the quasi-miraculous fact that once, on this earth, once on this familiar spot of ground, walked other men and women, as actual as we are today, thinking their own thoughts, swayed by their own passions, but now all gone, one generation vanishing after another, gone as utterly as we ourselves shall shortly be gone, like ghosts at cockcrow.



RELOCATION OF TOPSHAM BRIDGE WELL CONSIDERED

Frank J. Wood's Plan Has Number of Advantages—
Added Cost and Land Damages Obstructions

Brunswick Record
August 21, 1930

The State Highway Commission failed to reach any decision regarding the location of the new bridge between Brunswick and Topsham at a conference held with the Cumberland and Sagadahoc Commissioners and the Selectmen of Brunswick and Topsham following a public hearing Tuesday afternoon.

The hearing was started on the site of the proposed bridge following which adjournment was made to the Topsham Town hall, when speakers who favored both the present and the proposed new site were heard. The executive session followed and at its close the State Highway Commissioners announced that they hoped to reach a decision within two weeks.

Present at the hearing were Highway Commissioners Frank A. Peabody, William J. Lannigan and Edward E. Farnsworth, who presided; Clarence L. Bucknam, William H. Cram and William L. Cobb, commissioners of Cumberland County; Charles J. Dain, George M. Stinson and Charles B. Randall, commissioners of Sagadahoc County; Emile Tondreau of the Brunswick board of Selectmen; Edwin A. Mallet and W. M. Williams of the Topsham Board of Selectmen; Chief Engineer Lucius Barrows and Bridge Engineer Max Wilder of the State Highway Commission and nearly 200 citizens of Brunswick and Topsham.

Mr. Wilder at the opening of the hearing presented a plan showing the new route proposed in the petition presented the State Highway Commission by Frank J. Wood. If adopted the bridge would start partly at the present abutment at the Brunswick end and extend somewhat upstream, making it necessary to remove the greater part of the Scribner mill. Then it would extend in a straight line to the island back of Pejepscot paper mill. Crossing the island in a gently curve it would join the present highway just beyond Summer street in Topsham, practically at the site of the house owned by Mrs. Ida Hall Leh. That house and one of the houses near the short concrete bridge, owned by Pejepscot Paper Company, would have to be removed as well as Scribner mill.

The proposed bridge would cost \$224,000 and the approaches \$25,300, which expense would be divided between the state \$175,000, Cumberland County \$69,000 and Sagadahoc County \$6,000. The Town of Brunswick would have to bear the damages

caused by the removal of the Scribner mill and the Town of Topsham the damage caused by seizing the land of the Pejepscot Paper Company over the island, and by the removal of the two houses.

During the period of construction the present bridge could be used for traffic and could be left standing to accommodate the electric car traffic, as well as the water mains of the Brunswick and Topsham Water District and the electric light and telephone lines.

The proposed bridge would cost about \$100,000, plus land damages, more than it would cost to construct the new bridge on the site of the present structure.

E. Randolph Comee, representing the Pejepscot Paper Company, stated the proposal location would mean seizing a strip of land 65 feet wide and about 400 feet long belonging to the company. He said that this would interfere with some construction plans which the company has under consideration.

Arthur B. Johnson, representing the Brunswick and Topsham Water District, stated it would cost the district \$20,000 to move its pipe lines from the present location to the proposed bridge.

Frank J. Wood, the sponsor of the proposed plan, referred to the fact that the \$151,000 estimated as the cost of a bridge on the present site by no means represents the entire cost. If a bridge is built on the present site it will be necessary to build a temporary bridge from Swett street to Topsham Heights at a cost of between \$7,000 and \$10,000 to say nothing of the expense of maintaining the streets, which are not designed for heavy travel, in that section of the town. It also means that in the not far distant future the short bridge over Granny Hole Stream, will have to be rebuilt as public opinion will demand the elimination of the dangerous curve at the Topsham end of this bridge. This will mean an expenditure of between \$30,000 and \$50,000, so that all in all rebuilding the bridge on the present site will mean but slight saving in money.

Mr. Wood briefly reviewed the history of the present bridge, which was built half a century ago, before automobiles were even dreamed of and not bridge in an important link in the international highway extending from Route 1, the Atlantic Highway, to Canada by way of Jackman. Mr. Wood in closing urged the Highway Commission to look ahead at least 20 years.

Emile A. Tondreau of the Brunswick Board of Selectmen presented the following letter in protest to changing the site of the bridge:

August 19, 1930

State Highway Commission
Augusta, Maine

Gentlemen:

Re: Bridge Across Androscoggin River Between Brunswick and
Topsham

The attitude which the Selectmen of Brunswick take in regard to any proposed change in the present plans for reconstruction of the Bridge across the Androscoggin River between Brunswick and Topsham is briefly as follows:

- 1.. that the present bridge is unsafe and construction on any new bridge should be begun at the earliest possible moment.
2. that the local municipal officers have not the slightest disposition to attempt to dictate where the new bridge should be built, provided that any change will not involve any delay or any expense to the Town of Brunswick.
3. The Town of Brunswick at the present time is undertaking to carry out a rather extensive and expensive road program and we are now confronted with the need of a new High School Building in the immediate future, and such being the case we wish to strenuously oppose in behalf of the Town of Brunswick any change which would involve the expenditures of any amount of money by this community either for the bridge, for its approach or for any land damages,

Yours very truly,
Selectmen of Brunswick

Ellis L. Aldrich called attention to the fact that the bridge on the proposed new site would only be the same width as the proposed bridge on the present site.

G. Allen How praised Mr. Wood for his activity in behalf of building a better and wider bridge and said that the proposed scheme appealed to him.

Norman G. Smith urged speed in construction. He said that the plans for the Pejepscot Paper Company were vital to the interests of Brunswick and Topsham and he also felt that no stone should be left unturned to get the new bridge constructed as soon as possible.

William Taft urged the Commission to be careful in making its decision as the bridge is being built for future generations.

In reply to questions asked by Mr. Mallet and others, Mr. Wilder, the bridge engineer, stated that there will be no delay in starting the work of constructing the bridge, no matter which plan is adopted and that within two or three weeks specifications will be ready for the contractors. He also stated that all land damages, etc., by law have to be paid by the towns, the State not being permitted to participate in settling such claims.

Following the public hearing the executive conference of the state, county and town officials was held, after which announcement was made that the final decision would be made as soon as possible.

RELOCATING STREET LINES IN TOPSHAM CREATING INTEREST

Property Owners Have Been Disturbed
But Without Cause

Brunswick Record
May 19, 1932

The surveying and relocating of the street lines in Topsham has created considerable public interest. Two years ago the town voted to have the street lines in the village determined and the records of the same put in a road book. A property holder of any party contemplating the purchase of property is entitled by law to know just where the street lines come and the town is responsible for furnishing the same.

This spring Stephen Litchfield, local surveyor, started the job. He went to Wiscasset and found that in 1790 when Topsham was part of Lincoln County that the Lewiston and Bowdoin roads were laid out by the county, they were three and four rods wide. At Bath records were also found concerning the streets. In 1882, Main street was relocated by the County Commissioners, Topsham then having become a part of Sagadahoc County. Town records show that the street was also laid out by the town.

The results of the survey have created considerable interest, both favorable and unfavorable. Many property owners, thinking that this was an attempt to make preparations for widening the streets, have protested vehemently. The Selectmen, however, state that they have no plan underway. They are merely complying with the vote taken by the town. The points marking the original street lines are merely being re-determined. It is not known by the town officials whether the town would have a right to claim much of the property included within the street lines. Unfortunately property owners would in several cases have title to much of the land by right of perpetual possession and ownership.

On Main street the lines run not only through lands but buildings, as well. The line runs almost in the middle of the door on the southeast side of Caron's Doughnut Shop, putting several feet of the building in the street as originally laid out. When the place was built years ago the town made no protest and there is considerable doubt if the town could now claim any encroachment. The store occupied by H.W. Willis and the building occupied by the Post Office, are precariously near the established street and their platforms extend considerable distance into the street. People owning property on the street would be hit especially hard if the town had a right to claim the full width. The building occupied by W.O. Powers' store is partly within the line of Main street and questionably near the line on Winter street. The W.O. Powers' residence also gets it on both sides of the house. On Winter street the front door steps are cut off by the street line and at the rear of the house the lawn bordering on Elm street, is largely within the street line as laid out by the surveyors. Elm street was laid out to be three rods wide but at this place is occupying hardly more than one rod.

The John L. Jack residence on the corner of Main and Elm streets, would also be significantly disfigured if the town sought claim to the original street lines. The law on the front, bordering Main street, would be almost entirely within the street and only a few feet of lawn would be left on the Elm street side of the house.

As previously stated the street lines are only being re-determined in accordance with the vote of the town. As to how much of the land the town could now claim, or how much the town would want to try to claim is an entirely different matter. It will, however, be possible for future builders to determine whether or not they are building in the street.

Relics of Casco Bay Sailing Days Captain Charles Morrell Recalls Days Of Haunted Ships In Curio Collection

Brunswick Record

June 9, 1941

By Mrs. Alvah Thomas

Captain Charles Morrell of Orr's Island, who retired only five years ago after forty successful years as Captain of the Casco Bay steamers, is in possession of an old book which describes life on the islands seventy-five or more years ago. This book is entitled "Fish and Men in the Maine Islands." The book contains an account of the journey of a man named Middleton from Casco Bay to the Penobscot archipelago. He was set over from Harpswell Neck to Orr's Island in a dory as the steamers did not run to Orr's and Bailey's in those early days. The book contains some quaint pictures which are almost like wood-cuts, one of which is of "The Midnight Watch on the Hascall." This vessel, as the picture shows, was held in much dread by all sailors as it was supposed to be haunted and ghosts were seen walking in the rigging. The only way the Captain could get sailors to ship aboard her was to get them so drunk that they did not know where they were until they were well out in the Atlantic.

Captain Morrell who came from an orphan's home in Bath, to Orr's Island was taken out of school to go to sea on old Bill Thomas' fishing vessel when he was fifteen years old, tried a trip aboard the Hascall when he was twenty. Captain Morrell has written on the margin of the book: "I was cook on this when I was 20 years old. The Captain was Charles Bolton. It was hard to get a crew as the vessel was called haunted. One trip was all one would go. I got \$45 in 5 days. It was in February. We had so much ice on her we could not get the sails down when we got into harbor. The crew all left."

Another picture in the book is of the large mackerel fleet off Half Way Rock. It was customary to take mackerel with hand lines in those days. Another picture shows fish flakes on Orr's Island, a picture of old-timers long since dead cleaning fish on Orr's Island, one of whom was old Capt. Frederick Prout who was born more than a hundred years ago. There are also pictures of old hulks which were standing when Captain Morrell first came to the island, picture of two bearded old timers bringing a dozen sheep home in a dory from an outer island where they were always pastured summers.

Folks who visited the excellent exhibit of curios at the Bailey Island Tuna day last August found that many articles of special interest were lent by Captain Morrell. Captain Morrell says he is planning to present these curios as a permanent collection to the Library. At present they can be seen on the top floor of his home which is in one of the most sightly locations on Orr's Island. Many of these curios were given to Captain Morrell by Read Admiral Peary as these two men became close friends on the Captain's

35,000 odd trips back and forth to Portland on the steamers. The Captain can remember hearing Peary say long before we entered the first world war that the United States should establish air bases in every port along the coast throughout New England and keep quantities of trained pilots there for emergency. Thus Peary was about thirty years ahead of his time in offering this advice.

Captain Morrell has in his collection many pictures of the old island steamers. One picture is of the Gordon. She carried 250 passengers and was the first one to stop regularly at Orr's Island. She was low slung with a high cabin and made a much different appearance than the modern steamers and was much slower in moving. She was finally worn out and condemned and taken to Jenks for dismantling.

Another picture is one of the Merriconeag running through the ice in the winter of 1918. The bay was so frozen over at this time that landings were made a good half mile from the wharves. A channel was made regular by the Ice Cutter. The Sebascodegan was heavy enough to cut her own ice but the other steamers had to have Ice Cutters. The Sebascodegan was run into by the Revenue Cutter in Portland Harbor in the fog. The Cutter took off nearly all of one side of the Sebascodegan "cleverest and swiftest vessel in the harbor." Captain Morrell has a piece of wood about a foot long from her bow which was found near her smokestack after the collision. Clara Louise Burnham was a passenger at the time. The Captain has the ship's clock from this steamer on the wall of his den.

Another interesting curiosity is a short piece of frayed rope from the Gurnet, another island steamer. The first time Captain Morrell brought the Gurnet down from Portland there was a severe "norther." The rudder rope broke. It was necessary to fish down with a wire and catch the loose ends and tie in a piece of new rope. Quite a stunt in a gale of wind. If you don't think so, try it! Those were the days when the Captain was expected to do most of the work single handed. Captain Morrell often lifted a barrel of sugar weighing 350 pounds over the rails alone.

Captain Morrell, now seventy-six years old, never has lost a life in his long career as captain. As he expressed it, "One of the boys used to fall overboard once in a while, but we always managed to fish him out."

Recordman Explores Inner Recesses
Of G.A.R. Rooms
Dusty Archives Under Town Hall Eaves Reveal
Many Interesting Sights
Brunswick Record
June 22, 1933

With the sunset of every succeeding day the tall tales of Chancellorsville, Appomattox, Richmond, The Wilderness, Gettysburg—all the battles of '61-'65—pass farther and farther into the limbo of yesteryear; and it was not without reasons, that a writer in this paper a while ago said he would like to go through the rooms of the G.A.R.

It was with the idea that up in those dusty rooms under the eaves of Town Hall there might be something interesting, and with the cheerful assistance of Russell Hosmer, grand high key-keeper of the Sons of Veterans, the idea was proved to be correct.

Today there are only three, so I am told, members of the old Brunswick part of the G.A.R. still with us. One is Mr. Hubbard, one is Mr. Bartlett, and the third one is Mr. Hill out in California. It has been several years since this triumvirate has assembled to hold a meeting and talk over the brave deeds of the Civil War.

Instead, the sons of old army veterans have used these rooms for their meetings once a month, or twice a month in the event of a quorum shows up. It isn't, so I am given to understand, a particular active organization, perhaps because activity is not one of the objects of the organization, and perhaps because the old rooms are not extremely cheerful or inviting.

You get into the place, if you don't stumble on the steps, by going through something like eight or ten tightly locked doors. Russell Hosmer had an uncanny faculty for finding the keyholes in the dark, and when you finally arrive in the lodge room itself, it is to smell an air that must have been there when Lincoln freed the slaves, and which hasn't improved any with the tedious passing of time. Banners hang around the walls. Ancient lithographs entitled "The Departure," "The Return," "Custer's Last Stand," "Sherman Marching to the Sea," and so on look like relics of a forgotten past, and somehow seem very funny when you examine them closely. The idea of it affects you; it seems a trifle pathetic, and most depressing. But when you look closely at Gen. Sherman—astride a white charger and peering through a spyglass at a fire in the distance—it is just a bit comical. General Sherman is so daring, in appearance, and so long ago. The "Hell" of the situation (remember Sherman's epigram?) seems to reside in the fact that General Sherman wasn't able to see what he was looking at. In the foreground a bunch of men are ripping up railroad tracks like all getout.

The carpets on the floor are torn and dirty. The electric lights don't. Some of them contrive to case a feeble gleam, but you have to light a match to see if they are going. By unlocking a few more doors and going out into the old banquet hall, you will find a closet (also locked) in which some Spanish War guns are kept, along with a few hidden cutlasses, dirks, and sundry stickers. The broom is also kept in this closet. The cupboard with dishes in it is full, and the dishes are fairly clean. The silver is locked up. The tables have a layer of dust of many inches on them, and folds of cob-webs cling to the old

company banners which mean nothing to anyone born within the last fifty-years—the insignias are half-moons, stars and bars, circles and stripes, etc.

The library is separated from the main lodge room by a portiere that is ready to fall, it seems. The portiere rod is a couple of pikes of some sort thrust through saber handles. The sabers are thrust into the walls, and hold the whole thing—dust and all—up.

The history of the rebellion is told in some 500 volumes that are locked behind glass. Russell Hosmer didn't have a key to that, and he didn't know of anyone who did. There are swords, photographs, flags, curious, souvenirs, medals, this and that and the other, all locked up. Several Civil War muskets are likewise embalmed. A large lithograph of General Grant leans against the bookcase, and he looks very much as if he were tired and sick of the loneliness of the place. Some dozens of other generals and captains share his melancholy.

As you go out by the front door you see all kinds of playing cards scattered about the smoking room floor, and in a cupboard is an ancient drum that probably will never again bespeak earthly thunder.

Up over the door that leads out to the stairway is a picture of two jackasses, looking down at the person walking beneath. The wording under the picture is "When, shall we three meet again?" Russell Hosmer told about the visitor years ago who asked "And where is the third one?"

It is amusing, and yet unpleasant. There are things enshrined up there. Heroes seem to march around; and if you listen perhaps you can hear a roll of drums on the Potomac. But if you just look—you see dust, and age, and not much of anything. The old heroes really are gone, and their measured strides will never answer the roll. It's just what it stands for—and with Memorial Day coming, and thoughts turning back to the Boys in Blue, one feels just a bit sad over it.

But all the doors are locked again as we came out, and the dust is still undisturbed, and the air is still the same, and General Grant will keep on looking disgustedly at the 500-odd volumes of "The History of the Rebellion."



Recalls Early Days In Topsham Mrs. Lydia Mower of Monmouth Was Born in Topsham In 1804

Brunswick Record: February 12, 1904

Over in Monmouth resides a lady who has many friends in that section and one who is rounding out many years of a pleasant life and with the latter part of this year will have passed her one hundredth birthday. This is Mrs. Lydia Mower, who is living there with her daughter in her ninety-ninth year. Mrs. Mower is small as one of years younger and each day finds her busy with her work and taking an active interest in the affairs of the day.

Mrs. Mower was born in Topsham November 27, 1804, the daughter of Lemuel Thompson, and came from a long-lived family. While her birthdays, have not all been on Thanksgiving day, she was born on the date of that anniversary and has had many Thanksgiving birthdays since. Among the pioneer residents of Maine, her father was one of the first settlers of Topsham and later went to Kennebunk, erecting his cabin in the woods some three miles from Topsham.

Her father lived to the good age of ninety-six years, and of his large family of children, ten lived to manhood, but Mrs. Mowers is the last of the family remaining, one of the brothers, Benjamin, living to the age of ninety-two years.

During the past years, her busy hands have completed ten large bed quilts and more would have followed had the patchwork held out. Many friends have received gifts of mittens and stockings from the hands of Mrs. Mower and she has assisted in the housework and the making of clothes for relatives.

When a reporter called at the pleasant home of Mrs. Donnell, the daughter of Mrs. Mowers, he was quickly made at home and the bit of time spent there was long to be remembered. In speaking of old times, Mrs. Mower said: "We used to use flint instead of matches and the punk and tow prevailed; instead of the present kerosene lamps being the tallow candles, which our mothers were obliged to mould out before moulds came into vogue. In those days we never dared let the fire on the hearth go out, because it was so hard to start them again and quite necessary to resort to the use of flint and punk. In those days it was not an uncommon thing to go to a neighbor to borrow coals, taking home a fire brand in the tongs which we had taken along."

“Yes, it was quite a job in making the candles, which we used without a mould, but we took pieces of wick and dipped them in hot tallow, allowing them to drip a bit, and then with each dripping they could be held in the cool cellar to harden. This proved rather a slow process, but we got quite a fair shaped candle in the end and they proved very serviceable.”

“White bread in those days was somewhat limited, but in later days it became very common. Milk was plenty and bread was made from buttermilk, butter often being seen in the milk. Soda was not very plenty when I was young and when we got out of the powder, we used a preparation made from corn cobs, which was made by burning the corn and cobs to ashes and then adding water to make a lye, which after straining, was, to all intents and purposes, as good to raise a batch of bread as the best soda in the market. Sometimes we used hardwood ashes, for liquid soda, but it did not prove so satisfactory as that from the ashes of the corn cobs.

Pastry was limited and cakes and pies were not often made except when there was company around. Our cooking was all done over the fireplace and pork, beans, potatoes, Indian meal, pudding and bread, constituted the common bill of fare. The potatoes were boiled in a kettle suspended from a crane over the hot fire, which could be swung in and out as the cook desired. Meat was fried in a long handle spider or frying pan, held over the roaring flame.

While the cooking was very primitive, I have never been able to find anything that would excel the suet cakes, which were cooked by my mother in the old Dutch oven. The children never tired of those cakes and my mother always had some ready for us when we returned from school at night.

When I was a young girl it was rather hard for children to get shoes to wear and the cost and the limited amount of money in circulation, cut down our supply, so that one pair had to last a long time. In summer time, to save expense, we walked to school in our bare feet, and except on Sunday to church and other prominent gatherings very seldom wore our shoes. Churches were not very plenty and the nearest to my father's house was some four miles away, we all walking there on Sunday. There were no carriages then and it was a case of walking or going on horseback, and the older folks usually used the horses, leaving the children to walk. Often in the days gone by, have I rode on the rump of a horse while I held with one hand to the crupper strap and the other to the waist of my mother's dress. When going to church, we children walked along the road carrying the shoes and stockings in a little bundle, which were put on just before entering the church. After church we repaired to a spot nearby and taking off shoes and stockings, walked home.”

Mrs. Mower was married at the age of thirty-seven years to Calvin Mowers of Greene and removed to that place where two children were born to them, who are yet living, Mrs. William Harris of Minneapolis and Mrs. A.B. Donnell, with whom she resides in Monmouth at Highmore farm. Her husband died thirty years ago and after residing with her daughter some years in Lewiston, her daughter moved to the West and she continued to reside there until ninety-one years of age, when she went to Auburn and afterward to Monmouth to reside with her daughter.

During the year 1899 she made twelve patchwork quilts, five of them having 1200 pieces. They included crazy quilts, log cabins, silk and various patterns. Hundreds of stitches and yet the needle work is perfection and each piece daintily fastened with fine

and regular work. "Yes," says she, "I should be miserable if I did not work and I spend the greater part of my time in sewing. I had rather do it than anything else."

Mrs. Mower's father, Lemuel Thompson, owned the first carriage which was ever brought into the town of Topsham, and it was of course taxable property. For many years, Farmer Thompson was the only man in town who owned an 'up-to-date carriage,' and was most conspicuous as a result, while the carriage was quite a curiosity.

"As I remember the carriage," says Mrs. Mower, "it was a rather crude affair, having a high box seat and fender, with straight shafts and wooden springs, yet it was the envy of all. It was a decidedly hard riding vehicle compared with the carriages of the present day and greatly admired."

Mrs. Mowers has a lot of interesting stories of the days of husking bees, the husking and kitchen dances, which prevailed in the days long ago and her company is a pleasure to all who have the pleasure of her company.



Recalling Brunswick of Other Days

Brunswick Record

December 26, 1929

The block in front of the steeple of the old Universalist Church on the corner of Maine and Mason streets, now known as the St. Onge Block, was bought and remodeled by Lorenzo Day in 1853, the roof having previously burned. The roof assumed its present appearance when bought by the St. Onge Bros. The side of the gully, which shows in front of it, was so steep that it is related that General Knox, on a visit to Topsham, was tipped out of his gig and broke a leg. The store just this side of the St. Onge block has nearly always been occupied as such by Eaton Hardware Co. previous to its removal to its present location. The old Universalist Church, the spire and front of which show beyond the block, had three stores under it which were occupied at various times by Alonzo Day's Shore Store, Johnson's Drug Store, Steve Maynard's Oyster Parlor and Edwin Graves' Harness Shop. The latter is still there. The white building, on the other side of the street, in the background is Centennial Hall, owned by T.S. McLellan, which still stands, and now houses the Kennebec Fruit Company and the Brunswick Hardware Company. In front of it, standing on the sidewalk in front of the town building, shows the old post office. At the extreme right appears the steeple of the old Baptist Church which, when it was moved, is related to have fallen point downward into a cistern used by firemen. The belfry was taken to the yard of Jordan Snow's house on Pleasant Street where it remained for many years as a summer house.

A great many citizens of the town can remember details of Brunswick fifty years ago; a few can bring up valuable recollections of a decade or two earlier, but there is no one living who can give us a century old picture of our town. On written records and historical documents must we rely for authentic information regarding the significant past. Only a few, perhaps, realize how deeply rooted our present social organization is in the activities of the men and women of 100 years ago.

Picture for yourself our Maine street, broad as now, but rutted with wagon tracks and horse's hoof marks, over which farmers were accustomed to drive, bringing their farm products to town to sell or exchange for store products; tying their team to the

customary wooden hitching post, with an iron ring in the top, while they went in the stores to conduct in a leisurely fashion their business with Ebenezer Stone or Caleb Cushing, two of the town's most enterprising businessmen. As was the custom with men of acumen they invested not only in their private enterprises, but financed most of the town's affairs. They were bankers, lawyers, real estate boosters and tradesmen all in one.

The stores were dimly lighted by kerosene lamps and heated by wood stoves. Everything was sold from locally tanned hides to imported India cotton. The general store was very general indeed, which may perhaps pardon it for the lack of order and cleanliness which is prevalent today. The hours for trading seem to have been regulated by the customers, for the Brunswick Telegraph of fifty years ago voices the opinion that closing hours of stores could very well be set at nine o'clock for weekday evenings, and ten o'clock on Saturdays, and that customers could suit their trading habits accordingly. No doubt a tradesman of one hundred years ago could have gone bankrupt in a month had he attempted to regulate his hours as the businessman does today; his neighbors would have dubbed him lazy and shiftless and gone elsewhere for credit.

Practically all business seems to have been done on credit. Prices were high for those times, cash was scarce and long-term credit was expected. Occasionally dealers became irate and posted demand for immediate settlement of outstanding accounts. A great deal of faith was placed on personal integrity and a reputation for honesty and fair dealing was as good at the bank as a man's signature on his note. To the merchant of a century ago his business seems to have been his whole existence. Social engagements were few, the chief of them being church services on Sunday. No one traveled great distances for pleasure as we do today. An occasional holiday boat excursion to Portland seems to have been the height of social gaiety. The tradesman spent twelve hours daily in his store and there conducted not only his regular business, but his private affairs, discussed politics and local affairs and enjoyed what social life his leisure permitted him. The tedium was more likely than not relieved by a glass of grog or punch with his friends. He did not necessarily work any harder than the man of today, but he was longer occupied with it, and his work was slower by lack of modern equipment which makes labor lighter now than then.

It must be remembered that a trip from Harpswell to Brunswick was an all day one for a heavily loaded farm wagon. Town customers were often obliged to wait for evening to transact business at the center of the village, for most of the residents had gardens and livestock to tend in addition to whatever the head of the house engaged in as a regular profession. Money was scarce and must be spent for commodities which could not be raised. One could raise his own potatoes and have his supply of butter and milk assured by keeping a cow, while the man who did not raise a pig or two for his winter's consumption of salt pork might be considered shiftless. The general practice of turning cows to graze and pigs to root where they would was not considered anything out of the ordinary until the last of the century. The slough hole about the public watering trough at the head of the Mall remained there within the remembrance of the older members of the so-called "younger generation." The Mall, as has been recorded at some length in a fairly recent issue of the RECORD, emerged from an unsightly marsh more than a half century ago as the result of the combined efforts of the townspeople.

Houses were rather small and low ceilinged. The difficulties of lighting and heating resulted in the entire family, even among the well-to-do, living in a few rooms.

The front part of the house was reserved for special occasions, which accounts in part for the long life of furniture of those days. The wealthy carpeted their floors and kept the windows closed. The heavy blinds which now are regarded as ornamental only were closed like shutters to keep the sun from fading the upholstery in the summer. The shades were closely drawn except on the rare occasions when the room was opened, when it smelled close and damp like a house that is uninhabited. Shade trees were encouraged to protect the houses, but actually they drew damp and mold, rotted the shingles and produced an unhealthy atmosphere. The editor of the Brunswick Telegraph scores this procedure which was evidently the mode as late as 1879. Those who can remember even twenty-five years ago recall the gloomy atmosphere which many house retained.

Long distance travel was carried on by stage coach. In the year 1826 the Maine Stage Company, the first company to which any reference is found, is reported as arriving from the eastern, western and northern routes at twelve o'clock at noon and that they were so well regulated that they often arrived at the same time. Brunswick is quoted as being better situated than any other place in the state in this respect. Opposition lines to this stage were conducted by private owners of coaches. One of these left Hodgkin's Tavern on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday for Bath and reversed the route, traveling through to Portland, on alternative days of the week. In addition to these stages was the daily mail route, thought to have been begun about 1810. In 1826 the post office stood on the corner of Maine and Mason streets and in the next year was moved near the foot of the Mall. The postmaster received the yearly income of one hundred and sixty dollars and from this sum was obliged to pay for clerk hire, office rent, wood and lights. Mails arrived at 11 p.m. and two a.m. Joseph McLellan was postmaster from 1828 to 1840.

The town boasted a large number of taverns, some of which were located in what are now private, dignified residences. The Stinchfield House on the corner of Maine and School streets and Hodgkin Inn, located where Dr. Elliot's house now stands, were among them. The Tontine Hotel was built in the year 1828 by an organization known as the "Brunswick Tontine Hotel Company" which included the names of the town's most distinguished citizens, among them David and Richard Dunlap. This establishment cost \$7,000. It was considered most palatial for the times, boasting thirty apartments, besides closets and store rooms and a hall which was said to be surpassed for elegance by no other in the state. Until the building of the railroad in 1849 the Tontine Hotel was the principal stage office and public house of the town. On the outskirts of the village were a number of taverns which gathered unsavory reputations for the carousing and drinking which was allowed to be carried on there. Among them was "Pumpkin Tavern" so called on account of its sign which was a large ball about the size and shape of a pumpkin. Travelers seldom patronized it, as it was more a grog house than a tavern.

The social life of Brunswick seems to have been rather gay if reports of the same are true. Literary societies flourished, holiday celebrations and dancing was the vogue, if one can determine anything from the number of dancing schools held in Brunswick and Topsham. Travel being arduous (on one occasion the stage coach tipped upside down on McKeen street and eleven occupants, Gov. Dunlap among them, were bedaubed with mud) and hazardous even for those possessing the necessary funds for such travel, local entertainments were devised by entertaining citizens to enlighten the minds and brighten the spirits of our residents. A great deal of thanks was owed the professors of Bowdoin College for entertainment of educational worth, then as now, for Professor Packard and

Cleveland and many others gave free lectures on science and literature, fields in which they never tired of working in the interests of discovering new theories and facts.

The earliest known course of lectures was given by a Miss Prescott on the subject of "English Grammar" in 1825, the course of 45 lectures costing three dollars. Surely no one needed to remain ungrammatical for so extensive a course was never offered at so small a sum! Subjects discussed at lectures included electricity, physiology, steam enginery, and hygiene, all of which were as new then as the subject of aviation is today. Sources of information were not as plentiful. The weekly papers of 1829 gave out national news, disasters and discoveries, for it was the function of the local editor to distribute general information and explanation of events which are made known to the public today by the metropolitan dailies and the radio.

Gatherings were held at Washington Hall which stood where the post office now stands and this hall was the most popular meeting place until the building of the Tontine Hotel, which had a fine reception hall and ballroom rented for public purposes. The Odd Fellows had a hall where the Lemont Block now stands while the Masonic Hall was on Mason Street and was for a time used both as a schoolhouse and lecture hall at a later date. Last of all it was converted into an engine house for the local fire department. In these various halls met the Topsham and Brunswick Athenaeum, a literary society and the Washingtonians, who represented later the temperance leaders of the town. There is recorded mention of a Female Humane Society, but it cannot be determined whether it was composed of humane females or a few males in favor of humane treatment of females.

In 1825 was held the first meeting of the surviving soldiers of the Revolution. In 1827 a meeting was held for the relief of Greeks and the sum of \$116 was contributed, a generous amount for foreign relief considering the number of residents and the scarcity of money.

Many literary societies were organized and died out in a short time; The Pythonian Society in 1825, the Brunswick Lyceum in 1829, the Peace Society in 1826. The Mozart Society of Music was founded in 1829, existing, we understand, actively up to the present time.

The Temperance Society, organized in 1826 seems to have been active, for the records show that the sale of liquor within four years decreased one half the sale at the earlier date amounting to 12,000 gallons. In 1828 the town officers issued orders that no surveyors of the town highways were to use or distribute ardent spirits at the expense of the town. This, however, interpreted to mean a retrenchment on expenses rather than that the officers had been converted to a belief in the evils of intoxicating drinks.

Some of our residents remained of the Puritan attitude of mind that amusements were devised to turn the sober minded away from the serious subjects of life. One member of the First Parish Church objected to the acceptance of an organ on the ground that it had a distracting influence and was considered to have an immoral tendency.

Celebrations, particularly those on Fourth of July, seem to have figured conspicuously in the social life of the town. A great deal of civic and community interest centered about these affairs for splendid parades were formed on these occasions, including among those who marched, not only fraternal organizations as they do today, but the selectmen, the school committee, overseers of the Cabot Manufacturing Company, overseers of the College and beautiful young ladies in gaily bedecked

carriages. The day was devoted to speechmaking and banqueting, finishing with fireworks in the evening. The social value of such celebrations seems to be entirely a thing of the past.

One of the most interesting organizations of 100 years ago was the Brunswick Watch Association, formed in 1826, the first protective society mentioned. It was an organization of citizens voluntarily joined together to protect the town against fire during the winter. The preceding year had occurred "The Great Fire" which consumed 33 buildings and caused a loss estimated at \$90,000. Citizens were ordered to bore holes in the shutters in order that fire might be more readily detected. The watch had a system of by-laws drawn up by Joseph McKeen, Parker Cleaveland, Caleb Cushing, Richard T. Dunlap, Abner B. Thompson and Benjamin Weld. The watch consisted of four persons, two of which made five rounds of the village; two remained at a definite rendezvous. A "Watch Book" kept a record of events observed during those hours. The expense of the watch was paid by voluntary subscription for the first year; later it was assessed to the amount of property they had exposed to fire. At midnight a supper was served consisting of hot coffee, bread and butter, cheese and cold meats. The watch system was reorganized in different ways until the middle of the century when adequate fire apparatus was obtained. Outstanding citizens of the town and college professors took turns at the watch as well as other citizens.

For many the most important social life centered about the churches. Regular services, prayer meetings, suppers and special services constituted an important part of the life of our citizens. A number of newspapers and magazines were published here, the Androscoggin Free Press; the Herald, a Baptist publication which was one of the first to stand against intemperance; the Escritoir and Northern Iris, both college publications, the latter published just one hundred years ago. In 1830 the Brunswick Journal made its appearance; the year following the Juvenile Key was published by the two children of Joseph Griffin, their ages nine and seven respectively.

The relation between the town and college officials was what it is today, one of respect and mutual interest. Unfortunately the feeling between the student body and a group of town boys brought about bloody "yagger" fights, and there were occasions when it was dangerous for student to encroach upon the town property or for the town boys to venture within the college campus. Much good red blood was shed in the cause of redressing grievances, real and imaginary, with the only outstanding result an opportunity for both factions to display manly virility.

A social and civic life of a century ago offers a great deal that is interesting to those who care to study the records of the past. It is the nucleus of our social and intellectual life of today; it has helped fashion our ideas along conservative lines. With conservatism that is strictly a product of New England we shall doubtless continue to perpetuate many of the customs that were made for us a century and more ago.

Real Estate Sales In Brunswick During the Year

Brunswick Telegraph

February 11, 1854

Factory property on the middle dam	\$50,000
Two houses & lots near Factory to Cabot Company	\$ 2,000
Brick Stores corner of Maine & Mason Sts.	\$ 3,200
House & lot on Pleasant St. corner of Union	\$ 2,000
House & lot on Lincoln St to A. Boardman	\$ 850
House & lot on Lincoln St to T.M Richardson	\$ 1,100
House & lot on Lincoln St to A. Whitman	\$ 1,000
Cottage & lot on O'Brien St.	\$ 1,100
'Drew's Building on Maine St. Opposite the factory	\$ 1,200
House & lot on Maine St. near Town house	\$ 4,500
House & lot on Federal St.	\$ 1,500
Lots on Lincoln St. to W. H. Hall	\$ 700
Lots on Water St. to J. Alexander	\$ 500
'Titcomb House' and lot on Federal Street	\$ 3,000

One year since the most that anyone would offer for the last named property was \$2,000; it was held by the owners at \$2400; but no purchasers could be found at that price. Within the last few days it sold for \$3,000 to one of our shrewdest businessman and is considered a good bargain. It is bought by a lumber manufacturer who can build cheaper than any other man who is not a dealer in lumber or a carpenter.

These facts speak significantly of the increasing prosperity of our village, as there is no circumstance of a local character to give increased value to this particular property. Several small farms in this immediate vicinity have also recently been bought by persons from abroad for which it would have been difficult to find purchasers a year or two since. There is a great deal of cheap land in this vicinity which might be properly cultivated for the supplying of this market and the markets of Bath and Portland with vegetables and milk;--being a light sandy soil has heretofore been held in contempt by farmers—but people are beginning to understand that this sandy soil if properly cultivated yields as richly remunerative returns as any other. It is worked at much less expense for labor, and for vegetables in preferable to the clay loam and is available for cultivation earlier in the spring.

Within two miles of our depot there is much of this land, which can be bought \$2 to \$25 per acre. With this facility for acquiring a homestead it would seem that no man, however poor, need have any excuse for being destitute if they would only exercise common industry. There is no more profitable appropriation of the soil in the vicinity of large towns than market gardening. And with the above named markets brought close to our doors by the railroad there must be a constant and increasing demand for vegetable products. Portland and Bath consume vast quantities of vegetables and fruits produced in Massachusetts on land worth from \$100 to \$500 per acre, and at prices which made grocers rich. Strawberries, tomatoes and cranberries rank among the most profitable productions of the gardener. For the two first our soil is admirably adapted, and we have

plenty of bog and swamp land which might by a small outlay be converted into cranberry meadow yielding to the careful cultivator \$400 or \$500 per acre. I have seen returns from cultivated cranberry bogs in Massachusetts as high as \$600 per acre.

The object of the above remarks is the hope of inducing some few or many to take into consideration the means of bettering their conditions that are not only within reach, but, as it were, actually in their grasp, rather than to be looking to California or some other far-off place.

Readers Submit More Lists of Town's Historic Houses

Mr. Gilman Points to Houses Built by Dunlap Family;
Miss Owen List Homes of Sea Captains

Brunswick Record
December 28, 1939

Though the long tradition of maritime enterprise which connects a large part of Brunswick history with the sea and adventurous sea captains has long since ceased to be an active influence in the town, many vestiges of the tradition still remain. Many reminders of that old tradition are to be seen today in the architectural style of old Brunswick homes.

In an article submitted to the committee on historical houses, Miss Clara M. Owen presents a rather extensive list of the home of old sea captains, many of which were built by the captains themselves. Another list, submitted by Mrs. Martha Gilman, includes Brunswick homes that were built and occupied by the Dunlap family.

Mrs. Gilman's list is as follows:

Lincoln House—moved from Maine Street to Lincoln Street—rear of Lincoln Block. Built by John Dunlap 1772

Dunlap—Gilman House—built by John Dunlap, 1799

Cottage—Gilman Yard—built by Charles Bisbee, 1794

Upham House—Maine Street, built by David Dunlap, 1818; sold to Benjamin E. Weld of Boston, lumber dealer

Larrabee House—Corner of Maine and Mason Streets, built by David Dunlap soon after 1818

John Dunlap House—House occupied by Mrs. Ellery Day, Federal Street, built by John Dunlap Jr., sea captain.

Gov. Robert P. Dunlap House—the rear of an older house; the three storied front built by him

Richard T. Dunlap House—moved from Maine Street, where the Tondreau Store is, to its rear on Bank Street

David Dunlap House—Bank Street, once Chick-a-biddy lane: the houses on the north side of the street were built by David Dunlap, on his land. They were once all cottage houses. They are over a hundred years old.

Miss Owen's list of houses in Brunswick where sea captains lived is as follows:

Federal Street—Jeremiah Larrabee, No. 1; Robert McManus, No. 9; Frank Jordan, No. 17; Jeremiah Merryman, No. 19; Jesse Snow, No. 31; Robert Foster, No. 34;

Peleg Curtis, No. 32; William Murray, No. 36; Osborne Murray, No. 36; Edwin Thompson, No. 36.

These houses are now standing and a second owned by Captain Frank Jordan is the Bowdoin College President's house. It has a cupola, "Sea Captain's Architecture," and anchors in the iron gate, No. 85.

Other Captains who have lived on Federal Street are: Benjamin Melcher, No. 71; Denny Humphreys, No. 17; Minot Dunning, John Dunlap, No. 9; Charles Humphreys, No. 42.

Captain Daniel Stone, on No. 8 Water Street, large house and estate.

The Captains living on Maine Street and Park Row are as follows: James Ross, No. 3 Bath Street corner of Maine; William Decker, No. 181 PR; Robert Skolfield, No. 179 PR; Robert Bowker, No. 165 PR; Alfred Skolfield, No. 161, PR; Samuel Skolfield, No. 159, PR; Solon Turner, No. 155, PR; Lincoln Skolfield, No. 153, PR; George Skolfield, No. 153, PR; the rest on Maine Street are: Edward Forsaith, No. 106; Alfred Merryman, No. 152; John Bishop, No. 156; Nathaniel Badger, No. 166; Charles Badger, No. 166; Clement Martin, No. 232; Henry Martin; Charles Mustard, No. 234;

_____Morrison, No. 300; John D. Pennell, No. 157, PR; _____Giveen, _____Stanwood; Robert Pennell I, No. 163, PR, and Robert Pennell 2, No. 163, PR.

James Otis, William Otis, James Otis 2nd, Edward Otis and Albert H. Otis, all Captains, lived at No. 6, Cumberland Street.

Lincoln Street housed James Hall and Horatio Hall; George McManus, No. 11; Bill Hall, No. 16; Horace Coombs, No. 12.

On Noble, Potter and Page Streets the homes of David Coombs; Captain Potter (1st house built on street, No. 12); Leonard Merrill, No. 7, Potter Street and Captain Reed, No. 4, Page Street.

Captain Roscoe Fuller lived at No. 4 Franklin Street

Captain Orr lived at No. 39 School Street along with Edward Otis at No. 10 and Alfred Dunning at No. 8.

Dunlap Street housed Captain Giveen.

Captain Street lived at No. 10 Cleaveland Street while Captain Henry Merritt lived on the same street.

Captain Thomas Skolfield and Captain George W. Curtis lived on Union Street along with Robert Stanwood at No. 66 and Captain Lunt at No. 70.

Captain S.S.C. Jordan occupied No. 40 or 42 Harpswell Place and Samuel Berry on Harpswell Street.

Ramblings: Jake Conant

Brunswick Record

January 27, 1935

By Isabelle F. Congdon

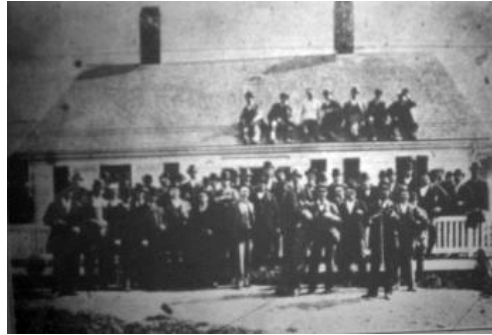
My reminiscences a few weeks ago on “Jake” (Jacob J.) Conant brought to me a photograph of Jake taken in his middle years, loaned to me by Mrs. Andre Ouellette. Born Madeline Footer, Mrs. Ouellette passed her childhood in her family home near Hardings, and her family lived near the Conants. She recalls buying potato chips from Jake when she was a little girl. She has recalled that Jake in one period had a small building near the trolley station on the Brunswick side of the New Meadows River where he sold his home-made potato chips to those who came picnicking and boating on the river. Jake had huge kettles of boiling fat and a slicing machine for potatoes so that he turned out huge quantities of potato chips daily all summer. A big box of the fresh-made chips cost ten cents.



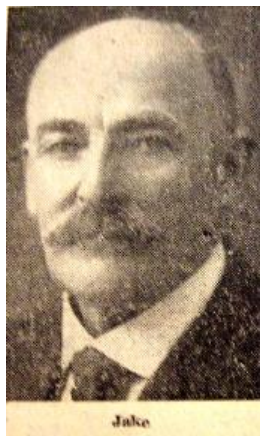
The boating and trolley era I well remember. I think the period was about 1908 to 1910. It is the latter date that Jake became affiliated with Mr. Cahill at the famous New Meadows Inn. Possibly Jake’s succulent chips, became a part of the New Meadows meal.

It is difficult to find one’s way now to the spot besides the New Meadows that formerly was crowded with people on a warm Sunday afternoon. Hundreds of boats were anchored along the shore, both above and below the bridge. A kind of shed was built opposite the trolley tracks on a knoll overlooking the river. One crossed the dusty road on foot and was soon in the midst of a teeming crowd. Tickets for various boat rides were sold at the shed overlooking the wharf. Boats, private and public, plied up and down the river, stopping at Foster’s Point and various other landings, the furthest being Gurnet, a good afternoon’s trip, it was, from New Meadows to Gurnet and back. Mr. Hartley Baxter’s famous yacht, the “Kanawha”, was anchored just off New Meadows Point. It was a great age for boating, and those who had boats had friends. Others stood about the landing to watch the crowds, enjoy a lunch or a stroll. The trolley ride back to Brunswick was only five cents. The influx of people to one spot made a kind of carnival children loved. Chips, oranges, candy, pop, and Pine Spring ginger ale—all were available to buy for the hungry and the thirsty.

New Meadows Inn had a kind of grandeur about it in those days when every trolley load that crossed the river from the New Meadows boat landing was destined to enjoy an unsurpassed meal for fifty cents.



People talked about New Meadows Inn as a phenomenal development, but at the same time they simply referred to Mr. Conant's inn as "Jake's." To the best of my knowledge, Jake in those days was still serving shore dinners all winter when New Meadows Inn was closed. He began serving shore dinners way back in 1880 and opened an inn in his newly-purchased home at Hardings in 1893. Some summers he made and sold potato chips at the New Meadows boat landing. He was in some line of business related to the serving of seafood most of his adult life. Everyone knew Jake's place and it was never empty.



And now we present the picture of the suave looking gentleman himself in his middle years. His hair has receded and he wears a flowing mustache popular with gentlemen of his day. His eyes are sharp and keen creating the look of a dandy, Jake must have been a successful businessman. He had an original idea of serving seafood in courses that has paid off handsomely for many restaurants in Maine. Jake's idea, hatched in 1880, is still going strong.

Pupils Of Old School District No. 4 Hold Reunion in Harpswell

Brunswick Record
September 10, 1942

The nineteenth meeting of the old pupils of "Dist. No. 4" and their descendants was held Friday evening of last week at Miller's Inn. Supper was enjoyed and this was followed by the business meeting with the president, Mary Randall, in the chair.

The meeting was opened with the Lord's Prayer, followed by reports from the various committees. Resolutions on the death during the past year, of the Rev. Winfield S. Randall, a member of the organization, and Mrs. Althea Quimby, a former teacher, were read and accepted.

The new officers elected were, President, Anne Hodgkins; Vice President, Paul Thomas; Secretary and Treasurer, Lizzie M. Hodgins, the latter having served in this capacity a long time.

After the adjournment of the business meeting, a social hour was enjoyed with the new president in charge. "Harpswell" was the keynote of the evening. A fine tribute to Mrs. Quimby from the "Union Signal" was read by the President; a poem by Frank Bailey which was published in the "Record" was read by Frances Cobb; and an interesting discussion of Harpswell in shipbuilding days, with choice anecdotes and bits of information, was participated in by all present. The year 1958 will mark the 200th anniversary of the incorporation of the town, and it is hoped it will be properly observed.

Present were Orville and Helen Pinkham, Annie Allen, Lizzie Hodgins, Anne Hodgins, Katherin Marsh, Frances and Walter Cobb, Margaret and Frost Bailey, Edwin and Leila Randall, Charles and Addie Durgan, Jennie Stover, Bessie Johnson, Will and Mary Randall, Vera Lowell, Margaret Merriman, Bert and Jennie Curtis, Damaris Merriman, and Ella Fisher of Portland.

PULP AND PAPER MAKING
An Address by Hon. F.C. Whitehouse Before the
Saturday Club
Brunswick Record
May 6, 1904

At the meeting of the Saturday Club on the evening of April 28 three addresses on "Our Home Industries" were given by men connected with three important industries. The interest and value attached to these addresses is such that in justice to our readers and on account of the historical significance of the matter, presented, it was thought best to give considerable space to them. For that reason it became necessary to reserve the address made by Hon. F.C. Whitehouse for this week's issue. Abstracts of the first two were published last week.

Mr. Whitehouse in his introduction reviewed briefly the history of paper making. He said in part:

The early history of paper as a writing material is obscure. Various authorities place the first making of paper as far back as the second century, B.C., but only in very small quantities and of indifferent quality. No great amount was made until about the eighth or ninth century, A.D., and then the quantity was small in comparison with later developments. The Chinese were among the first Asiatics to take up the manufacture of paper, and while in a small way (and up to the present time they do their work by hand) they have excelled in the art and make a class of novelties and printing papers that have found a ready market, and in many ways are superior to modern machine-made papers.

Some little time ago I had brought to my attention by the examination of a wasp's nest the fact that man was not the first and original paper-maker. This little insect in the creation seems to have been endowed with the ability to make paper, and if you are interested and take the opportunity to examine its little house you will find one of the most skillful and beautiful pieces of workmanship in the line of paper making you have ever seen. Not only this, but you will further find, if you can make a chemical analysis of the materials used that he is also a wood pulp maker. The basis of his paper is wood pulp made by his own peculiar process, which is superior to the method of man in that this little insect makes a wood pulp paper that is very strong, impervious to water, air and light and indestructible—this last thing man has not been able to do. While cotton and linen rags are indestructible in paper if properly prepared, wood pulp is not; and while many kinds under modern preparation are whiter and cleaner as paper stock, and when properly prepared make more beautiful paper to look upon, it is less permanent and durable than stock made from cotton and linen rags.

Machinery for the making of paper came into use the latter part of the 17th century. Prior to that time every part of the work was done by hand and necessarily in a small way. Up to this period only cotton and linen rags had been successfully used, and the reduction of these materials to pulp was a slow process; sufficiently rapid, however, for the next stage of manufacture, (the forming of the sheet of paper), which was done on a little mould or sieve. This mould or sieve was made very much like the housewife's flour sieve, except it was usually square with the wire screen put on the bottom of the mould, the size making the dimension of the sheet of paper wanted and the depth the

thickness of the sheet. After the stock was prepared with a suitable mixture of water it was dipped up in the mould and shaken to weave the fibres together as the water filtered out through the wire on the bottom, thus forming the sheet of paper.

‘ In the year 1798 Roberts, an Englishman, invented what is known as a Foudrinier machine, taking its name from a man who introduced it into common use in England, in 1804, and in 1820 in the United States. This is the machine in common use in all parts of the world at the present day, and still carries the name Foudrinier. The invention and introduction of this machine was the natural outgrowth of the times.

Paper was the vehicle for the circulation of knowledge. The world was breaking away from its traditions, and instead of an education for a few the whole world sought the one thing which meant progress, and the improvement in the condition of all the people. The world demanded more and cheaper paper. Old methods were inadequate. Naturally new and increased facilities followed and the want was supplied. From this date on the increase has been certainly astounding. No one dreamed of such a growth in the industry. For the first half of the 18th century it was held back by the fact that we had only cotton and linen rags for stock, and the supply was limited, keeping the price of paper, too high.

Our own country was the great consuming nation of the world. During the last half of the 18th century the United States made and used more paper than all the rest of the world. The great hunt was for paper stock. We went to the uttermost parts of the world for rags, to India, China, and Japan, the cotton wearing nations of the earth, and collected all the accumulations of rags of ages. We went to Egypt and unwound the mummies to secure cotton rages. I remember very well since I have been in the business of buying hundreds of tons of mummy rags.

The supply was being exhausted. “What shall we do,” was the cry of paper makers. For a period during our Civil war straw was used, but the quality was poor and cost very high. At this time newspaper was selling as high as 27 cents a pound and the cost was ten times the present market price. The supply of stock was so limited and the cost so high that the old world began the destruction of its libraries and record archives. Thousands of tons of old books were taken from the shelves where they had rested for perhaps centuries, the covers torn off, baled and sent to this country. Germany, France and Italy all contributed to this demand. It also as inadequate and the paper maker looked for other worlds of paper stock to conquer.



About the year 1805, a Frenchman by the name of Voelter conceived the idea that paper stock could be made of wood and set himself to work to develop the idea. Several years of investigation developed little, but finally what is now known as a pulp grinder was put into operation, and crude and imperfect pulp was made. The machines were

brought to this country. One small mill was built in Massachusetts and the second mill in this county was put in operation about 1872 in Topsham, and in a building now part of the present paper mill plant on Great Island. Afterwards, the plant moved to the present pulp mill in Brunswick. From these small beginnings has grown the enormous pulp making industry of the present time, furnishing an unlimited supply of cheap stock for the manufacture of the lower grades of paper.

Concurrent with the manufacture of the cheap article known as ground pulp, was begun the manufacture of a higher grade of wood pulp by chemical process. There are two methods in common use for reducing wood to pulp, known as soda and sulphite process. The preparation of the wood in all processing is similar and the best woods are spruce and poplar. For mechanical or ground wood, spruce is most used, this kind of wood being more fibrous, furnishes the greatest strength. In newspaper, the spruce sulphite pulp furnishes the base carrying qualities of the sheet and the ground wood the filler. In book papers composed of all wood fibre, bleached being a strong fibre is used for the base, and the softer poplar soda fibre is used for the filler.

Coincident with the discovery of the methods for the manufacture of wood fibres, the consumption of all kinds of newspaper increased enormously, prices were reduced, and as a consequence, new uses were developed. Newspapers not only increased the size of their issue of four or six pages, to twelve, eighteen, twenty-four and frequently more. The modern Sunday paper came into existence, with its issue of forty to sixty pages, immense editions, some of them consuming hundreds of tons of paper. All this brought about the cheap cost of white paper, and the building of immense mills, and the development of great water powers was made to meet this increasing demand. Not only was there this great increase in plant, but there has also been a wonderful advancement in method and efficiency. Thirty years ago it was a good paper machine that made five tons of paper in twenty-four hours. Today it is a poor one that will not make from twenty-five to fifty tons in this time.

The increase in the number of mills in this country during the last half century has been wonderful. In 1850 there were 443 establishments making all kinds of paper in the United States with a capital of ten million dollars invested. In 1900 there were 763 establishments, with a capital of one hundred and twenty-seven million. Maine had four and one quarter million invested in the paper industry in 1890, with a product of 7608 tons of newspaper, value \$611,000; in 1900 its investment had increased to seventeen and one half million, 123,738 tons of product, value \$4,122,000. In 1800 Maine was ninth in the list of states in its product of paper; in 1900 it has advanced to third place in product of all kinds of paper and second in product of newspaper, New York being in the lead.

There is made and consumed in the United States at the present time about 2400 tons of newspaper daily, and this is largely used in the publication of daily papers, the city daily consuming the most of it. One contract recently closed for the supply of one publication is 400 tons daily. Figured on the basis of 40 lbs. to the ream and 500 sheets to the ream, it would mean 5,000,000 eight page newspapers. This supplies two issues of the same paper, one in New York and one in Boston; therefore this immense quantity (400 tons of newspaper) must be handled into press rooms, carted through the streets of the city, printed and distributed to the readers—5,000,000 of people at least, and probably a great many more, read these papers.

To give you an idea of what it means to make this 400 tons of paper, I would state that it takes a cord of wood to make a ton of sulphite pulp. Therefore figured on the basis of the usual combination, it would require 480 cords of wood and about 20 tons of clay, this last item being used to make the paper lie flat in manufacturing and to give it a better surface. If we carry out this calculation on the basis of one and one half cords of wood to the thousand feet of logs, figured on the accepted authority of 3000 feet of standing timber to the acre, we find it has been necessary to cut all the spruce from 117 acres of land daily to supply this one newspaper with its daily supply of paper.

Continuing these calculations, in the United States at the present time, to supply the daily call for newspaper, we are clearing land of spruce at the rate of 642 acres a day, 2880 cords per year 200,304 acres 808,560 cords of spruce wood; and this is by no means all the wood used for pulp in this country. There are other kinds of paper using wood, perhaps it is safe to say as much as is used in newspaper approaching 2,000,000 cords annually.

It would almost seem that we would exhaust the supply, but good authorities say there is an ample supply and it is growing about as fast as it is being cut. There is no question but the paper manufacturers must go farther away for their supply; and it will cost more, still there are immense areas of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and New York that have not been cut and will not be reached for many years. The prudent land-owner in this country is more fully realizing the importance of cutting his lands judiciously, preserving it for the future. Large quantities of wood are being brought from the Dominion of Canada, where there is an almost unlimited supply. North of the St. Lawrence river there are millions of acres that never had an axe struck on them. This seems remote for our use, but the need of the wood will soon develop means for bringing it here.

The mills are now bringing wood long distances and at high rates. In these days distance does not seem to be an obstacle. The people of this age seem to have on their seven league boots.

The great demand for wood, in addition to the regular call for logs for lumber is coming to the attention of land owners, and all thinking people who are interested not only in the prosperity and perpetuation of the commercial interests of our state, but in the healthfulness and the beautiful natural scenery.

Destroy our forests! Who could want to live here? Two years ago the Ladies Club of Maine made some move in the interests of forestry and while they made progress there is much more that they may do, and I do not know if any influence that would be more potent. This Saturday Club and its individual members, can exert some influence in this direction, and while you are doing many good works there is none that needs doing more, and none that can bring more satisfaction or more substantial results in the direction of making our State attractive to live in, and inducing others to come here to live, and for pleasure, than the encouragement and practice of improved methods in forestry.

You ask me about our mills. We have water power that turns the wheels. We have the building necessary for the conduct of our business. We have machinery in the shape of paper machines, pulp engines, boilers, steam engines, pulp grinders, wet machines, and pumps, all of modern design.

We employ 550 men. We consume 37,000 cords of wood annually and 25,000 tons of coal. We use in our manufacture clay, oil, felts of wood and cotton, brass wires,

lumber and innumerable other things necessary to the operation of a modern pulp and paper mill. We make pulp, put it into paper, and we sell that paper for about 2 ½ cents a pound. Do you wonder how we can do it for that price? Go over to our mills some time when you have an opportunity. I invite you all to do so, and I will show you how we do it, or if I am not there will have some one competent to do so.

Professor Pierce Tells True Story Of Harpswell School Days

Brunswick Record

May 16, 1946

The following story is written by Harry Raymond Pierce of the faculty of Berry College in Georgia. He and Mrs. Pierce spend their summer at Harpswell Center. Professor Pierce says that his is a true story, that it really happened to him and does he remember it well!

My Marm said "Mercy me! Don't throw those stones around here in the yard with your sling. You will surely kill someone if you should hit him in the head."

I said, "Heck, we won't hurt anyone, Marm. Look it how straight I can throw this stone as the big barn doors." I let her go aimed at the barn all right, but the stone slipped out of the sling and came back. WHANG BAM against the house where Marm was standing right snug up to the window.

"Mercy on us," Marm says, covering up her head with her apron. "Henry, can't you do something about those boys throwing rocks all over the place in these slings? They are dangerous—might have killed me just now with that rock coming backward instead of going forward toward the barn."

My Father said, "Let's see that sling—and Bert, you take your sling and go along home with it. Harry has to weed the garden, and you had better do the same thing for your garden. One boy is a boy; two boys is half a boy; and three boys is no boy at all." I never knew why that was because three of us could think more things to do than I could alone, anytime and anyplace.

Bert sneaked over later on, crawled along the stone wall, and said, "Say Had, I'll help you pull weeds if you will go fishing when we get through." "Heck", I said "my Father wants me to stay here and pull weeds."

"Well suppose he does?" Bert says. "What does he care what you do after the weeds is all pulled?"

I said, "I guess he don't care if we pull them all first." We finished in a hurry cause Bert was a humdinger for work or anything if he could go fishing afterwards.

"Take your sling along, Had, so's we can throw rocks on the way." I climbed up on top of an old barrel and found it on the top of the cupboard in the old kitchen.

On the way to Safford's Brook we met Hervy. Then there was three of us. Hervy says, "When you come to the parsonage, you can try hitting the window there cause no one lives there now, so it don't make no difference."

Bert said he wouldn't be the first one to break a window in any house, but Hervy was older and knew more than we did anyway, and he "cast the first stone." Then we didn't care so much and let them go "ping" right through the glass. We picked certain window panes to shoot at, and played we were David and the windows were Goliath.

Hervy went on home and must have told his folks what we were doing cause his Grandpa, who always talked through his teeth like some dogs show their teeth at you when they don't know you yet, said to us, "You ought to have your ears cut off, both of you."

Everyone knew about the parsonage windows, even my Father, when we got home, and that was about the worst thing that could have happened to me—for him to know about it, I mean.

My Father saw me coming along way off, and he waited for me instead of going on about his work as he usually did—most always, anyway. He said. "Young man, is this the same sling I took away from you this morning?"

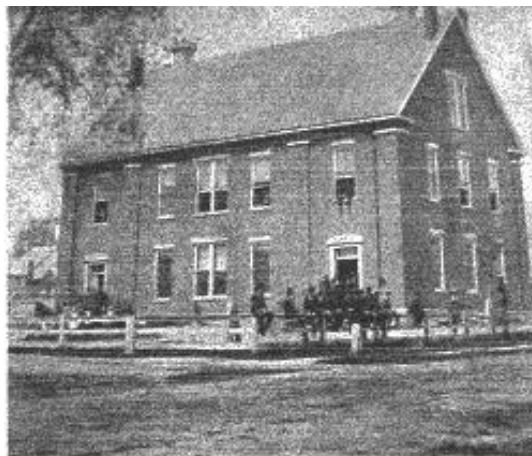
After examining it closely I said, "I think so—it looks the same, or about the same—must be the same one."

Father cut a limb from the tree he was standing by and said, "You go out in the barn and wait for me." The waiting was worse than the feel of the limb on my bare legs. After he cooled off a spell and had talked it over with Almore, Bert's Father, he came to the barn. I could see him coming through a crack in the door. He didn't talk to me about anything 'cause he said, "You know what this is for" (looking at the stick). "You know better than to break windows, anywhere at anytime," or something like that, he said.

After a few whacks at me, he said, "Where is that sling?" I was glad to give it up 'cause he had to stop hitting me in order to look at it and be sure it was the same one I had climbed up to get. Then he hit me some more, even harder than the first licks. The he said, "Go and drive up the cows for milking."

I said, "Can't I even have my sling to keep in my pocket? 'Cause it's the only piece of moccasin leather I could find to make one of." And he said, "No."

How could David have learned to throw rocks so straight if he hadn't practiced a lot? That's what I'd like to know.



Present High School Came From Meeting Held In 1843

Brunswick Record

March 18, 1948

By William Wheeler

On a raw March day in 1843, a little group of gray-bearded men gathered in the old red schoolhouse on School Street to discuss Brunswick's educational system and what should be done to improve it. Stemming from that conference, held more than a century ago, the town now has one of the most modern and beautiful high school buildings in the State.

Like all Maine towns in the 19th century, Brunswick had a system of school districts, each independent of the others. With 20 districts in the entire town, the village proper had three, known as district 1, 2, and 20. Each one had one of more elementary schools presided over by a woman teacher and limited to the primary and grammar grades. The population was growing and there was a college in the Town, but Brunswick had no school in which its youth could prepare for a college education. Foresighted citizens realized the shortcomings of the existing system and decided to take action. So, at a special town meeting, D. R. Goodwin, John C. Humphrey, Alfred J. Stone, S.P. Cushman, B.H. Medes and Isaac Senter were appointed as a committee to investigate the possibility of establishing a high school and on that March day they met to carry out their duties.

Sitting uncomfortably on the small benches in the little red schoolhouse, the conferees considered the situation. It might be possible, they thought, to combine the three village districts, and by pooling resources the aggregate funds might support a high school.

With pencil and paper they figured it out. The three existing districts had a combined annual appropriation of \$1,100 for school purposes. Of this sum, \$150 a year was needed for rent, fuel, textbooks and incidentals, leaving a balance of \$950 for teachers' salaries. It could be done.

There could be in each district, they reasoned, three primary schools in session four months of the year, each to be taught by a "mistress" at the munificent salary of \$10 per month. That would take \$360 of the potential \$950. Then there could be a grammar school in each district open three months a year and presided over by "masters" who would receive \$32 a month each. That accounts for \$288 of the available salary fund.

With this ample provision for elementary education, the tremendous sum of \$302 was left to provide for a high school faculty. With a single male teacher at \$50 per month, a high school could be operated for six months—they could do it—Brunswick could have its own high school!

A formal report was made embodying a detailed plan for the proposed new system, but for some reason not now apparent, the whole matter seems to have been dropped for several years. It was not until 1848, five years later, at a special town meeting that it was voted to discontinue districts 1,2, and 20 and to "constitute one district to be called the Village District, provided such shall be the wish of the several districts respectively." District meetings were called in June of that year, and it was voted to refer the matter to the Legislature for authority to combine the districts.

In August, the necessary bill having been passed, the newly organized Village District met, elected officers and recommended that the plan of the original committee be carried out.

But then the proponents of higher education in Brunswick struck a snag. There were diehards who preferred the old system perhaps on the ground that “what was good enough for me is good enough for my children.” A petition was sent to the Legislature asking for repeal of the act incorporating the Village District on the plea that it was unconstitutional. This petition, signed by John Crawford and 104 others, including the names of 17 who had previously favored the original petition for incorporation.

Countering this adverse move, Robert P. Dunlap and 221 others also petitioned the Legislature, asking that the previous action be allowed to stand. The majority won and the Legislature refused to repeal.

Then, those who opposed the consolidation took another step to kill it—the refused to pay their school taxes, without which the establishment of a high school was impossible.

After repeated attempts to bring the recalcitrants into line, the matter was finally submitted to the courts, and in 1851, eight years after the movement started, a ruling of the court definitely established the constitutionality of the Village District and its rights to collect school taxes.

In the meantime, it appears that some sort of high school, on a tuition basis, was conducted in Brunswick through private enterprise. The sessions were held in public halls, such as the hall in the old Tontine Hall and Hodgkins Hall, located in the rear of the residence on the corner of Maine and Pleasant Streets best known today as the home of the late Dr. Gilbert Elliott.

It is known that one term, at least, was held in “the hall in Dunlap Block” in the winter of 1843, by one Alfred W. Pike. The cost of tuition was \$3 to \$5s, “according to the studies pursued”, and text-books were supplied at a cost of 50 cents per term.

Immediately following the verdict of the court, the directors of the Village District called a meeting at which it was voted to purchase from Miss Narcissa Stone the lot on Federal Street, between School and Green Streets, at a cost of \$1,000, to be paid in five equal annual instruments. Miss Stone, whose home was on Water Street, and for whom “Narcissa’s Hill” was named, appears to have been wealthy for those days, and a map of the period indicated her ownership of considerable real estate in Brunswick.

The District took over the land in June, 1851, and in December of the same year, the big brick building was dedicated. Its cost is recorded as \$5886.44—there is no record as to what the 44 cents were for.

It is this first high school building which today holds a warm place in the memories of Brunswick boys and girls of my generation. It was a plain, severe, brick structure, resembling a factory rather than a school; and it stood about half way between School and Green Street. Its gable end faced Federal Street and its doors opened into a large play-yard facing Green Street. In my day, the yard was enclosed by a white-washed rail fence, with posts at the several entrances.

At the southeast corner was the boys’ entrance with a small hallway opening into the ground-floor rooms and a stairway to the second floor. The girls’ entrance, identical in arrangement, was at the southwest corner.

On the ground-floor was the grammar school, which for many years was ably conducted by the late Annette Merryman. Assisting her, at the time I attended her school, were Octave Merryman and Lydia Swett, the latter the daughter of Be Swett, whose residence on Pleasant Street was one of the most pretentious in town. The entrance doors opened directly into a large assembly room where Mrs. Annette sat in state on her “throne.” There were two small recitation rooms, one at each end of the building—and that was all.

The second floor was a replica of the first; and here Charles Fish, of beloved memory, had his principal’s office. With him were Miss Mary Sanford and Miss Carrie Potter, and these three constituted the entire faculty.

Because of the lack of classrooms, two groups at a time, often recited in the main room—one sitting on settees at the rear of the room and the other in the front seats. Somehow we managed despite the inevitable confusion.

The third floor was a high attic; but at the westerly end a small room was partitioned off for a physics and chemistry lab, and her “Pa” Fish was at this best. He taught, as I remember it, not only chemistry and physics, but algebra, geometry, trigonometry and Greek.

There was not running water in the building, hence no toilets; and the only available facilities were house in a small building back of the schoolhouse. A part of the “initiation” of boys entering grammar school involved being locked in the outhouse just before the bell rang. Miss Annette always knew why the initiates were missing, and sent some boys to release them.

The first high school graduation I can remember was when I was seven or eight years old. The exercises were held in Lamont Hall and, as I recall, there were just seven in the class, each having a part in the ceremonies. The graduation ball was held in the same hall in the evening, and I was permitted to attend. All I remember about it is the ice cream.

Even in my time, the old building was wholly inadequate and a new structure became imperative. Around 1890 the Town appropriated \$20,000 for a new building and appointed the Hon. Stephen J. Young, William H. Pennell, Anthony F. Bradley and Arthur Woodside as a committee to supervise construction. The sum was found to be insufficient for the type of building planned and at a special town meeting in August, 1891, at which a further appropriation was asked, it was voted to postpone the matter until the regular meeting the following March.

Construction of the new schoolhouse began early in 1892, and the building was dedicated April 29, 1893. It stood on the southwest corner of the lot, facing Federal Street, and at right angles to the location of the former edifice. Like the old building it housed both the grammar and high school. This building was destroyed by fire on January 22, 1915.

The third high school building was erected the same year on the foundation of the burned structure, under the direction of a committee consisting of Russell W. Eaton, Dr. Gilbert M. Elliott and Harvey J. Given. For some years it served the Town, until in its turn it became outmoded and outgrown and the construction of a new modern high school building was undertaken.

The present handsome edifice, the first for almost a century to be placed elsewhere than at Federal and Green Streets, was opened on February 21, 1938, with

Percy E. Graves as principal. The building committee, the fourth to be constituted in the history of the high school in Brunswick, consisted of Dr. Kenneth C.M. Sills, chairman, Emery Booker, clerk, Samuel L. Forsaith, E. Randolph Comee and George Drapeau. The former building was renamed the Hawthorne School, and is used today for grades sub-primary through six.

That gray-bearded committee who first proposed more than a century ago, that Brunswick should have a high school could hardly have foreseen the future fruit of their plan. In one thing, at least, they were right. In their formal report to the Town they said this: “ Brunswick school system is not excelled in any town in the State.” Throughout the century which followed that statement has been constantly verified and it is equally true today.

Picturesque Paradise Spring
A Famous Little Basin Beloved Alike by Longfellow,
And Hawthorne, Who Saw It in His
“Visions of the Fountain”

Lewiston Journal

June 23-29, 1900

(From M 112.8.3, Vol. 3 Longfellow Scrapbook—“Longfellow at Bowdoin”)
Bowdoin Special Collections

Brunswick, Me., June 16 (special)

A few rods below Brunswick, down across a field or two, and through a stubby grove of Norway pines, is one of the boiling springs for which Brunswick has gained some local fame. It is a delightful spot, and the tiny fountain of bubbling purity is in a natural basin, formed by walls that slope gradually forty feet or so—and are yearly growing greener—to the liquid central point, the mossy banks garnished in summer with dainty blooms and fine cut ferns. Overhead, the branches of the elms and beeches swing down green arms, and tender green fingers reach to grasp the sunlight that dances on the waters. This is Paradise Spring—the new Paradise Spring, and here, as eighty years ago and more, the students of Bowdoin College stray on summer days, with their books under their arms, to study book learning and nature at one and the same time. Did I say here? Yes, and beside the old Paradise Spring, for this spring has gained followers only since the old one was covered over. The old spring was first visited early in the nineteenth century, and was located on land belonging to the college, about a quarter of a mile to the northeast of the Pine Grove Cemetery. As early as 1819 this spring was visited by Theodore McLellan, who is still living in Brunswick, a white haired old gentleman, loved and respected by the younger generations who always refer questions of the earlier days to this gentle old student. For at his tongue’s end are stories and traditions of the pioneer days in Brunswick far more interesting than the most daring inventions of the latter day writer. Mr. McLellan describes the spring as it looked then, taking its rise at the base of a hill, amid a thick grove of trees. Even then, its appearance indicated that it had been a place of resort for several years. Circular seats built by students, nearly surround the spring, and names and initials of names since widely famous are cut in the bark of the nearby trees. But because this cool lounging place became more or less familiar to the smaller town urchins, it was gradually abandoned, so that in 1830, few students studied or even visited there, and slowly, the new spring grew into favor. Here other seats were built in rustic comfort, and a small pond was formed by damming the wee brook with a fallen log. Although the dam and the seats have fallen into decay, the natural beauty of the spot remains, and charms the occasional visitor.

In ’48 or ’49, however, when the Bath branch of the Portland & Kennebec railroad was put through to that city, the track was built directly over the spring, and thus the landmark was obliterated. To be sure, a pipe was laid into the spring, so that the pure water can be obtained for purposes of commerce, but what is that to a spring on whose banks Hawthorne has studied, and Longfellow has recited those mellow lines, which have a charm that shall last for all years?

Nearly eighty years ago a Fourth of July celebration was held here at the spring. Among the parts delivered were a poem by Alpheus S. Packard and an oration by George

Evans, when they were students at Bowdoin, and before they won their honored titles in after life.

Forty years ago or so, an incident occurred which started a laugh in Brunswick circles. For three nights in succession, the watchman at the station saw three dark figures with lanterns, pair down the track toward the famous spring at midnight. At last, overcome with curiosity, the watchman, followed them on one of their weird jaunts, and found them digging like men possessed, at the foot of an old hemlock tree, a few rods west of Paradise Spring. On one side of the great tree, a large square of rough bark had been hacked off, judging from the appearance of the inner bark and the resin, several years previously. When the watchman accosted them as to what they were digging for, they told him with all honesty and credulence that they had been told by spirits that an immense sum of money was buried at the foot of the tree, and that by excavating they hoped to find it. But the three people died before they had excavated deep enough to find the gold!

It was by this spring that Hawthorne received the inspiration that resulted in his "Vision of the Fountain." In this sketch, you remember, he describes the spring as it looked to him on a bright September morning. "I rambled into a wood of oaks, with a few walnut trees intermixed, forming the closest shade over my head. The ground was rocky, uneven, overgrown with bushes and clumps of young saplings, and traversed only by cattle paths. The track, which I chanced to follow, led me to a crystal spring, with a border of grass, as freshly green as on a May morning, and overshadowed by a limb of a great oak. One solitary sunbeam found its way down and played like a sunbeam in the water.*** The water filled a circular basin, small but deep, and set round with stones, some of which were covered with slimy moss, the others naked, and of variegated hue, reddish, white and brown. The bottom was covered with coarse sand, which sparkled in the lonely sunbeam, and seemed to illumine the spring, with an unborrowed light. In one spot, the gush of the water violently agitated the sand, but without obscuring the fountain, or breaking of glassiness of its surface. It appeared as if some living creature were about to emerge—the Naiad by the spring, perhaps—in the shape of a beautiful young woman, with a gown of filmy water-cress, a belt of rainbow drops, and a cold, pure, passionless countenance. How would the beholder shiver, pleasantly, yet fearfully, to see her sitting on one of the white stones, paddling her white feet in the ripples, and throwing up the water, to sparkle in the sun. Wherever she laid her hands on grass and flowers, they would immediately be moist, as with morning dew. Then would she set about her labors, like a careful housewife, to clear the fountain of withered leaves, and bits of slimy wood and old acorns from the oaks above, and grains of corn, left by cattle drinking, till the bright sand, in the bright sand, in the bright water, were like a treasury of diamonds. But should the intruder approach too near, he would find only the drops of a summer shower glistening about the spot where he had seen her." And again, he visits the spring in January, and finds that the spring "had a frozen bosom."

Of Hawthorne, in the student days when he was a frequent visitor at Paradise Spring, most interesting reminiscences are told by Mr. McLellan. It is such an enjoyable sensation to chat with a man familiarly of an author whom you have always set apart in a niche by himself, but whom you find was once exceedingly human, but bright an companionable student in old Bowdoin! During his college career, Hawthorne was once suspended for failing to raise his hat to Pres. Allen—"Old Gull Allen," the fellows called

him—in the street, but never failed to take off his hat to Peter McGall, who sawed the students' wood. The brook which flows across the mall today was once called Hawthorne's brook, because he dearly loved, on Saturday afternoons, to fish the stream for trout, with which it abounded, from its source, seventy-five rods west of the railway station, to its foundation head, near Spring street. Hawthorne was as close a student of Ike Walton as he ever was of his college books, although he confined himself closely in regular study hours. Hawthorne was of a Quaker extraction and was shy and somewhat reserved.

Henry W. Longfellow and his brother Stephen, were both members of the class of '25 as was James Ware Bradbury, that oldest of United States senators, now living in Augusta, 98 years old and Jonathan Cilley. Cilley, Mr. McLellan remembers, was lively, brilliant and attractive. Everybody liked him. He boarded with Mr. McLellan's mother and the two lads have often hunted partridges together, even in the oak woods about the two springs. Later he practiced at the court in Topsham, and boarded at a Brunswick hotel, the Stinchfield. When court opened everyone asked, "Has Cilley come yet?" And every evening the wits of the town gathered in the hotel office to exchange repartee and hear his pithy stories. Mrs. McLellan has always maintained that had it not been for the unfortunate duel in Washington while he was still a young man, and in which he was killed; Cilley would have sometime occupied the United States Presidential Chair.

Henry Longfellow was a different character from his brother. Henry was tall, slender and as straight as the proverbial arrow, and walked with a military gait, while Stephen had a shuffling gait and was decidedly awkward. They were roommates at the home of "Parson" Benj. Titcomb on Federal Street—and it is thought by many it was the pretty daughter of Parson Titcomb who is the heroine of the "Vision of The Fountain," seen by Hawthorne, who at that time, had rooms in the next house. Henry was social and familiar while Stephen was reserved and made but few acquaintances. When the bell rang for recitation or prayers, Henry left his roommate at once and walked straight to the recitation rooms while Stephen waited till the summons had ceased sounding, and then slowly, with stooping shoulders, took his leisurely way to the college campus, with his books under his arm and both hands deep in his trouser pockets.

In the house on Federal Street, Brunswick, later occupied by Judge Barrows, was written one of the first productions of Henry W. Longfellow that appeared in book form. This was "Outre-Mer, A Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea," and his book, written soon after his return from his European trip, was first published from the press of the late Joseph Griffin, Mr. Theodore S. McLellan, who was the foreman of Griffin's establishment at the time, doing all the press work, is responsible for this story. Professor Longfellow furnished his copy in a form peculiar to himself—on the back of old letters, a dozen or so stitched together in a manuscript booklet. Of course, when it came to furnishing each compositor with a take of copy, the booklet had to be taken apart, and each type-setter was given a portion, beginning and ending with a paragraph, the separate pieces being returned to the professor with the proof sheets.

Longfellow did not understand, and in consequence did not enjoy the experience of seeing his manuscript mutilated, and on the next batch of copy he wrote:

"Mr. Griffin! Mr. Griffine!

If you let that 'Devil' Theodore
Tear my copy any more
I'll destroy him in a jiffin!"

This seemed a chance sent for a practical joke of the richest sort, and so "that devil Theodore" had the verse set in type and interlined between two of the most intense lines in the literary work, and returned to the professor. Now when Professor Longfellow saw his threat in cold type, and interjected into his loved story, he was seized with a cold fear, and rushed post haste to the office, worrying lest the senseless verse might be published in his book, and he set everybody in the building by the ears until the lines had been stricken from the form.

Longfellow held the professorship of modern languages in Bowdoin College, particularly French and Spanish, for seven years. His well-known literary talent having forced itself upon the attention of a prominent trustee, by his fine rendering of an ode to Horace, he was partially selected for the chair, and being at that time a youth of nineteen, he was given three or four years of study abroad. He entered upon the chair now known as the Longfellow professorship in 1829, and resigned in 1836 to accept a corresponding position at Harvard.

But it was while a student here that most of the incidents occurred that are treasured in the memories of the older inhabitants. He had rooms at Parson Titcomb's, occupying the southwest corner chamber. Now Longfellow was an accomplished flute player, as were many of the younger men at that time, this being considered as the most gentlemanly accomplishment. To, on a warm and pleasant summer evening, he frequently seated himself by his open window, for the quiet half hour directly after supper, and while the mellow twilight faded into dusk, he practiced silvery ripples on his sweet-voiced flute.

In the next house lived this same Theodore McLellan, then a lad in school. Between the two houses was a field which young McLellan wanted to cultivate when not in school, while in a pasture fifteen rods or so south was a clump of pine trees, where colonies of red-breasted robins tuned up. And from the first toot of the reedy-throated instrument, it was answered with notes from the feathered throats and young McLellan, the man with the hoe, was cheered and his labor lightened by the answering notes of flute and robins.

Many of Longfellow's earlier poems, including "An April Day," "Autumn," "Woods in Winter," "Sunrise on the Hills," and the "Spirit of Poetry," were written, as he himself said, during his college days, and all of them before the age of nineteen. It is very likely that his lines,

"Inverted in the tide
Stand the grey rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below."

Were suggested by scenes along Merrymeeting Bay, during his solitary rambles over the country, while

**the solemn woods of ash deep crimsoned
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,

Where Autumn, like a faint, old man, sits down,
By the wayside a-weary.
might well be the woods around the old Paradise Spring.

Petition of 1836 Shows Topsham's
Interest In License Question
Scan of List of Signers For Familiar Names
Among The Forefathers Of the Present Generation

Brunswick Record
February 24 1938

The view of the differences over the malt liquor license question last summer, a similar problem relating to Topsham citizens over a century ago, which has come to light in the record paper of a series recently discovered in the Topsham Town Hall, is of interest.

In 1836, as well as in 1937, petitions were a favorite resort to gain an end, but feeling was not so evenly divided on this subject and the list of names, despite the fact that Topsham then had a smaller population, attached to the following petition, was probably much more easily obtained than was last summer's.

"To the board of Topsham authorized by law to grant licenses to Innholders, Retailers, etc.

The undersigned citizens of said town, respectfully request that you will not grant licenses to any person in said town to sell rum, brandy, gin, or other alcoholic liquors, the ensuing year and our reason for the following request is that the public good does not require it, August 29, 1836.

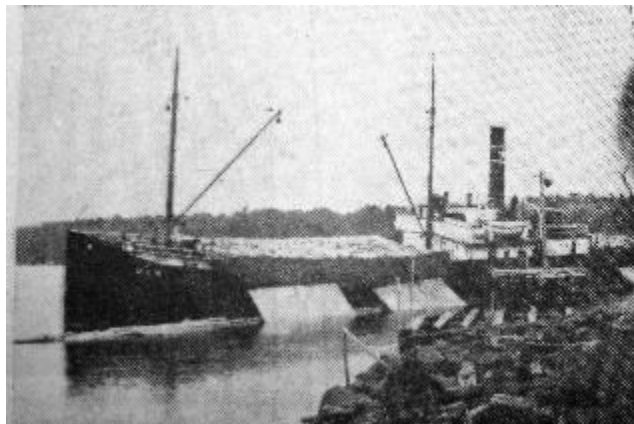
Morrill Jameson	Isaac Mallett	Benjamin Barron	Alexander Sutherland
Joshua Foy	Hiram Kendall	Clarkson Goud	Leeman Hebbard
Eben Stinson	Jackson Goud	John B. Larrabee	James Maxwell
Charles P. Quint	Paivier Fuller	William W. Patten	Nathaniel Green
William Work	Gardner Green	James H. Melcher	Stephen Fall
Samuel Giveen	Nathaniel Walker	Jacob Graves	Nahum Perkins
Levi Graves	Thomas Richardson	John Graves	John F. Richardson
Hiram Heney	D. L. Weymouth	Alexander Graves	Ellis Tedford
Joseph Wade	Samuel Perkins	Abner Wade	Joseph Sinelin
Foster Bradley	Erastus Niles	William Mallett, Jr.	Stephen Crews
Joseph T. Nash	Alfred White	George Whitten	Nathaniel Plummer
Sanford A. Perkins	Uriah Jack	Nathaniel Haynes	Jordan Alexander
Horatio Tedford	Isaac P. Ham	James Wilson	Mathew Patten
Stockbridge Howland	John R. Haley	Hiram Bowie	James McKeen
Benjamin Barrow	O.A. Merrill	Stephen G. Stinson	John A. Robinson
Alfred S. Perkins	Bensen Morrell	William S. Cotton	William Randall

Daniel Welch	James H. Hildreth	James Fisher	David Thompson
Isaac Cook	Samuel Jameson	Joseph Barron	John Haley
James Cook	Thompson Hunter	William Dennett	Wilson Hunter
Howard Small	Stephen Elliot	John Harrington	Jabez Perkins
William Whitten	A. M. Howland, Jr.	Charles Hall	Elijah W. White, Jr.
Saith C. Coombs	John Tebbets	Humphrey Comston	Charles Loring
Alvah Marston	William Barron	Gould Jewell	James F. Mustard
Samuel Marston	Jesse D. Wilson	Lemuel Hall	Isaac Chase
Samuel H. Fuller	Alfred Forsaith	David Scribner	Uriah Whitney
Sparrow Clure	Fairfield Golden	George Skinnet	William Orne
John Barron	Joseph V. Coombs	H. Curtis	David S. Giveen
Rufus Patten	Isaac Varney	James Bray	Samuel Purington
George Berry	Smith Chase	David Alexander	Daniel Graves
Isaac Patten	David Alexander	William Sprague	Wilson P. Hunter
John H. Whitehouse	Collamore Mallett	Peter Hopkins	Benjamin Thompson
Nelson Jones	John Jameson	Daniel Hall	James Wilson
John Masters	James Haley	George Howland	Joseph Whitten
Given Jameson	David Dunlap	David Foster	Ephriam Richardson
Abiza Bowman	Thomas Winchell	Charles Staples	Jonathan Haskell
Alvah Jameson	Benjamin Jordan	Joseph Patten	Tom Hopkins
Holman Staples	Benjamin Flagg	Mank Morse	Thomas P. Howard

Among the names in this list many Record readers will find those of fathers and grandfathers and older residents will doubtless recognize names of former prominent Topsham citizens and other forefathers of the present generation.

Pejepscot Paper Company's Pulpwood Terminal

Brunswick Record
June 11, 1937



The above picture was taken shortly after the arrival of the Norwegian steamer Ulv, last Thursday, at the Pejepscot paper Company's new pulpwood terminal in the Kelley-Spear Co., yard.

The steamer has been made fast to a 450 foot boom and the three "barn doors," so called have been hoisted into position and attached to her rail. The deck cargo is slid into the boom waters down these doors, which serve to protect the boom. Once the deck-lead is off, the pulpwood is hoisted from the steamer's hold in chained bundles and swung into the river.

One will note the steamer is equipped with her own boom-derricks, three of them, which are employed to hoist the doors into position and to unload the ship's hold.

The new pier, built part way out of the boom, can be seen directly opposite the steamer superstructure.

The steamer is pointed north and the boom continues a matter of 200 feet to a point of ledges. It is secured at both ends on iron poles and rises and falls with the tide.

Once the wood is in the boom waters it is rafted to the mouth of the conveyer. Conveyer, which enters the water at extreme lower right, does not show in picture.

Steamer Ulv will make one round trip a week to Salmon River, N.B., to obtain wood. Her cargo of 600 cords can be unloaded in a day.



Here Is The Conveyer

Here is a broadside view of conveyer at the Pejepscot Paper Co.'s new pulpwood terminal, Kelley, Spear Co. yard, North End. An endless chain, running out below the low water mark, carries the wood from river to pile on shore.

Directly under top of the conveyer, extreme right is the control house that contains meter used in operating chain carry. When the pile of wood reaches height of the conveyer, shown here, there are extra sections that can be added to the conveyer, allowing for greater height of pile.

At the foot of the conveyer, on left, will be noted wooden horse. In the event of a break in the chain, under water, tackle attached to this horse permits conveyer being hauled up for repairs.

On the extreme left can be seen three men on one of the rafts used in poling the pulpwood into the mouth of the conveyer.

With extra sections, the conveyer can pile from 4,000 to 5,000 cords of the wood. Motor trucks, with trailers, will transfer the wood from the pile to the mills in Topsham.

PEJEPSCOT HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S
COLLECTION A VALUABLE ONE

May 1, 1924

Continuation of the Catalogue of Exhibits, Unique and Rare,
Which are Housed in Brunswick's Home of Antiques on School
Street, Which was the Scene of Much Interest Last Summer
By Residents and Tourists Alike

- 191: Co. Thos S. Estabrook's Foot Stove. Mrs. Thos Estabrook. Eighteenth Century
192: Cane. Mrs. Pendleton. Made and used by James Wilson of Topsham
193: Apple Parer. W. E. Gordon. From L.T. Jackson's house
194: Specimens of Rock from Site of Cabot Mill. R.W. Eaton
195: Case containing specimen of bees and comb
196: Human Bones. R.W. Eaton. Dug up near site of old Fort George, 1891, where Cabot
Mill now stands
197: Foot Stove. Mrs. C. J. Gilman
198: Old-fashioned Bed Wrench. Alonzo Day
199: Ancient Bed Wrench. Mrs. Louisa A. Wheeler. Used in early part of Nineteenth
Century
200: Arm Rest, from Old Meeting House at New Meadows
201: Hoop Skirt. Estelle Stinson. Style of 1858-60
202: Child's Standing Stool. John Furbish
203: Cradle. Jane M. Owen. In this cradle were rocked the eleven children of Rev.
Benj. Titcomb, and afterwards the six children of Philip Owen, Jr.,
And it remained with the Owen family since 1815. Probably thirty
Years old at that time
204: Old Cradle. John Furbish
205: Trundle Bed. John Furbish
206: Bed Canopy, woven by hand; about 1830. Mrs. Samuel W. Pearson
207: Old High Posted Canopy Bedstead. Mrs. Chas. Stinchfield
208: Tin Baker. Sarah A. Thompson
209: Tin Kitchen or Dutch Oven; used in family of Father Stetson. Mary Stetson
713: Ancient Candle Moulds. Mrs. Annie M. Towne
714: Ancient Candle Moulds. Mrs. Annie M. Towne
715: Foot Stove. Mrs. Annie M. Towne
716: Ancient Crane and Crane Hooks. Mrs. Annie M. Towne
717: Gridiron; for use in fireplace. Mrs. Annie M. Towne
718: Old Gridiron. Mrs. Annie M. Towne
719: Ancient Iron Kettle. Mrs. Annie M. Towne
720: Ancient Coffee Mill. Mrs. Annie M. Towne
721: Wrapping paper; used by Daniel Stone, about 1820. Daniel Stone
722: Snake in Alcohol
723: Samples of Cartridges and Cartridge Paper; in use before "fixed ammunition"
was invented. From attic of house of Philip Owen, Brunswick.

Clara M. Owen

- 779: Original package for Holland Gin. Mrs. H.A. McLellan
- 784: Belt Plate; dug up in Pine Grove Cemetery
- 785: Wrought Iron Floor Nails; from Upham House 1822. A.J. Lyon
- 786: Wrought Nails; from Dr. Lincoln's House. J.W. Curtis
- 787: Bolt; from Safe taken by the "Border Ruffians" from Missouri at the sacking of Lawrence, Kansas. John Furbish
- 788: Board; from Capt. John Dunlap's Trading Post, New Meadows. Early Eighteenth Century. S. L. Holbrook.
- 789: Case; containing 55 newspapers 1782-1816. Various donors
- 792 Contribution box; used in this Historical Society's Building when it was occupied as a church. Found in the building when purchased
- 812: Ancient Frying Pan; for use in fireplace. Mrs. J.S. Towne
- 813: Ancient Frying Pan; smaller size, for use in fireplace. Mrs. J.S. Towne
- 814: Wall Candlestick, made of Tin; used in this Historical Society's Building when it was occupied as a Meeting House or Conference Room. Mrs. J. S. Towne
- 815: Ancient Tin Teapot; used by family about 1760. Mrs. J. S. Towne

South End Maine Hall

- 210: Candlesticks once owned by Mrs. Samuel Owen and afterwards by Co. T. S. Estabrook in his inn, 1810. Mrs. Thos Estabrook
- 211: Snuffers, about 1814. Mrs. Thos Estabrook
- 212: Snuffers and tray; about 1842. Mary W. Davis
- 213: Snuffers and tray; about 1818. Mary Thompson
- 214: Ancient Snuffers. Alonzo Day
- 215: Old-Fashioned lamp for burning Whale oil. Sarah A. Thompson
- 216: Night Lamp; belonged to Benjamin Pennell. Early Nineteenth Century
- 217: Tinder Box, in use as early as 1820. Probably earlier. Mrs. Joel Dennett
- 218: Oil Lamps; used in house of Benj. Furbish
- 219: Oil Lamps for burning fluid
- 220: Astrol Lamps; owned by Ebenezer Everett. Abram York
- 221: Lantern with horn sides; owned by Judge M. O'Brien. Mrs. L. Ward
- 222: Ancient Night Lamp
- 223: Scales, belonging to Elisha Dennett, about 1600. Sarah Dennett Ricker
- 224: Old Inkstand. Wm. S. Noyes
- 225: Candle Moulds. Louisa A. Wheeler
- 226: Candle Moulds. First used in 1841. last used by donor in 1889. Mrs. Joel Dennett
- 227: Candle Moulds. Alonzo Day
- 228: Candle Moulds. Mrs. Andrew Whitehouse
- 229: Dark Lantern; owed by John F. Moody
- 230: Tinder Box and Candlestick; used before the introduction of matches. John Furbish
- 231: One of the Oil Lamps used in lighting the Cotton Mill previous to 1848.

John Furbish

- 232: Lantern; very old. John Furbish
233: Ufford Lamp; for Whale oil. Jas. H. Raymond
234: Lamp
235: Saw Mill Lamps; used in Brunswick Saw Mill. Wm. Welch
236: Lantern; formerly used in Pickers' room at Cotton Mill.
Wm. Welch
237: Model of Fort George. Begun Aug. 1715; Completed Dec. 1715. On the
site of present Cabot Mill. Made by Benjamin
Furbish. Ben. Furbish
238: Canteen; carried by Daniel Graves of Topsham in 21st Infantry. War of
1812. Wm. B. Graves
239: Mould for making bullets. Abram York
240: Ladle; used in Fort George during the Indian Wars; for melting lead
for bullets. T.S. McLellan
241: Gun Flint Lock. Abram York
242: Bullet Mould. Chas. A. Rogers
243: Springfield Rifle; 1864
244: Old Percussion Lock Rifle
245: Harding Rifle. Orlando Dunlap
246: Musket, used by father of H.K. Alexander in Revolutionary War.
H.K. Alexander
247: Gun; presented to Capt. F. C. Jordan in China. Probably several hundred
years old. F. C. Jordan
248: Old Flint Lock Musket and Bayonet. Loaned by B. L. Furbish
249: Percussion Lock Rifle. Miss Reed, Topsham
250: Flint Lock Musket and Bayonet, Seventeenth Century. Isaac Hacker
251: Old Musket and Bayonet. Jane M. Owen
252: Flint Lock Musket; known as "Queen's Arm". Herbert Talbot, South
Freeport
253: Bayonets. L. Townsend
254: Old Bayonet. Chas. A. Rogers
255: Cartridge Box; used by the donor in 1835 when member of Maquoit Co.
of Militia. Hiram K. Alexander



Bed Key

Two important "tools" utilized by early American firemen were the bed key and salvage bags. With firefighting apparatus able to supply only a small stream of water, a fire that began to gain any headway was soon out of control. Arriving firemen quite often opted for immediate salvage efforts in the fire building and surrounding exposures. The bed key was a small metal tool that allowed the men to quickly disassemble the wooden frame of a bed, quite often the most valuable item owned by a family, and remove it to safety.



Peary's Famous Pinky Is Rotting in Casco Bay

Brunswick Record

March 6, 1941

By Alfred Elden

Far up Harpswell Sound, in Lower Casco Bay on the Maine Coast, careened on its rotting bilge lies the wreck of a pinky schooner—all that remains of the eight-ton vessel Mary, launched at Portsmouth, N.H. in 1811 and last owned by the late Read Admiral Robert E. Peary.

About twenty-five years ago, when the Mary was towed to its final resting place, there was only one vessel under the American flag older than she, the schooner Polly, built at Amesbury, Mass. in 1805. She was a privateer in the War of 1812, took prizes, and was at length made a prize herself; she was "knighted" for her services by the Daughters of the American Revolution, and ended her days as the private property of Alfred Johnson of Brookline.

In 1907 the late David A. Wasson, young editor of "The Portsmouth (N.H.) Herald" and a writer on marine subjects wrote an article for a New York paper on the few

surviving pinkies. It attracted the attention of the then Com. Peary, who asked Mr. Wasson if he could find him a true pinky, as he would like to preserve the type.

Refitted to suit the North Pole discoverer's ideas, the Mary might have been preserved indefinitely at the Peary summer home, Eagle Island, Casco Bay. But the admiral's death ordained otherwise.

A Massachusetts historical society, anxious to preserve this one remaining specimen of the pinky that was worth saving, a few years ago made arrangements to acquire her, tow her to Portland and have adequate repairs made. But examination showed that the ancient hull had lain too long on the mud flats of Stover's Creek. Mrs. Edward Stafford, of Cambridge, Mass. who was Marie Agnignto Peary, daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Peary, also gave the matter careful study, but came regretfully to the conclusion that it was too late. Years ago, Lower Casco Bay folk took it for granted that the Mary had been abandoned, so they aided nature to complete the job of wrecking the once famous hull.

The pure pinky had a blunt bow, a sharp stern and high bulwarks, which came up gracefully aft and ended in a peak several feet outward from the stern post. Within their protecting sweep the helmsman and crew were safe from toppling crests as on the mountainous poop of a Spanish galleon.

The first pinkies had no bowsprits and their foremasts were far forward. Their rudders were hung "out of doors" and they steered with tillers eight to ten feet long.

Up to forty-five or fifty years ago, there was a sprinkling of these ancient craft in commission. Primarily built for fishing, most of them drifted into the coasting trade.

The old Metamora ran into Portland and Boston. This pinky was built at Gloucester in 1834. After a notable career as a fisherman and coaster, she went aground on a ledge off New Harbor, Me., in a thunder storm and squall. Later she slid off into deep water and sank. The Fleetwing, launched at Marblehead in 1854 and making Portland her home port, undoubtedly was the last true pinky ever built in New England.

A famous pinky, the "bones" of which still are visible was one of the Eagle. This craft of twenty-one tons was built at Duxbury, Mass., about 1840, but for many years was owned at Swan's Island, Me. It must have been thirty years ago that she came sailing into Portsmouth Harbor for the last time from her home port of Gloucester with a load of dry fish.

T.J. Coolidge, a summer resident at Newcastle, was captured by the ancient hooker and made the skipper and offer that was accepted. At considerable expense, he had a dry dock constructed at Little Harbor in Rye, and there he planned to preserve the Eagle alive and floating. Her billowing bilges were coppered and her sides freshly painted. But the ice of a New England winter made it necessary to haul her out on land. There she lies disintegrating.

There still are several hybrid little schooners around Passamaquoddy Bay and New Brunswick ports which are commonly referred to as pinkys. But they are mere pretenders—no more than double enders, much wider and shallower than the true type, having only one mast and without the high bulwarks and rail aft.

Patten Papers Include Orders To Topsham Captain in 1798

February 7, 1935

Following is an exact copy of "Regimental Orders" written in the form of a personal letter sheet directed to Capt. Actor Patten of Topsham from the Lieutenant Colonel Commandant and dated August 15th, 1798. It is interesting to note the exactness of the orders and the attention given to minute details as to dress and appearance.

This letter is the record of the series of three stories which the Record is publishing based on old documents in the possession of Ralph Patten, Topsham Road Commissioner. They were his great grandfather's who was Capt. Actor Patten, 2nd. The third installment to be published next week will be a copy of the Muster Rolls of the citizens the militia dated 1797 and 1798.

The letter is written in longhand, very clear and its contents should be of interest to many. All the letters are very well formed; the use of the old fashioned letter "S" looking like "F" makes it sometimes difficult to read and the spelling is not always like ours of today. Whether it was the custom then or the peculiarity of the writer is a question. The ink is still very clear and dark.

"REGIMENTAL ORDERS"
Georgetown, August 15th, 1798

THE LIEUTENANT COLONEL COMMANDANT entertains a most lively sence of the honour done him to the command of the Regiment; and that the best return he can make will be faithfully discharging the dutys of his office.—It has been his invariable rule in the several Military Grades which he has had the honor to hold, cheerfully to observe to observe and obey the Orders & instructions of his Superior Officers. Not doubting but from the patriotic respect & attachment to the laws, that the Officers and other Citizens who may be under his Command will strictly obey for their own security and happiness, & those of their Country, all such Military Orders that shall be given agreeably to Law & Military principles.

It is at all times of the greatest importance that the Militia be in as perfect a State of Organization as the nature of the system will admit, which never required it more than at this period—and without the strictest attention of the officers who have the command of the different departments we never can have an effective militia.

However, the Commandant cannot but feal highly gratified with the respectable appearance which the Militia companies of this Regiment made at the Battalion Inspections the last year, particularly the company under the command of Capt. Patten. The Commandant anticipates from the Military spirit which has so prevailed in the regiment the last year, & the strict attention they have paid to the duties of their Offices in this that we shall soon be as respectable as the other regiments in the division. It appears by the Company returns this year that there has been some addition to the Arms & Equipment since the last inspection. By the Present Law of this Commonwealth for regulating & governing the Militia it is enacted that from & after June 1798 all muskets for arming the Militia shall be of bores sufficient for balls of the eighteenth part of a pound. The time contemplated in this Act is now expired; it is therefore incumbent on

every officer particularly those commanding Companies to see this and every other part of the Militia law executed.

It is further enacted in said Law that every commissioned officer whose duty requires them to serve on foot shall be armed with a sword & Espontson & every officer who duty requires him to be mounted shall be armed with a sword and a pair of pistols. And the uniform required by this act is a dark blue cloth coat of such fashion and with such faicings and undercloaths as the Major, or Brigadier Generals shall direct with their several commands.

Whereas the Brigadier General has by & with the consent of the Major General, directed, that the faicings and undercloaths of each Regiment of Infantry within this brigade be Buff with plain gilt buttons. That the coat be cut with a Military Air, with lapels, and the skirts extending a little below the knee, to be hooked up and shew a buff lining; that the width of the facing shall not exceed 2 ½ inches, the cuff to be sown of the same width & open in the seam under the hand, to be fastened with a hook and eye with 4 buttons, thereon, and the same number on the pocket flaps and the buttons on the breasts of the coat to be in pairs—The Epauletts of the Officers to be gold—It is recommended that the Adjutant, Quartermaster—Surgeon, Surgeonsmate, Sergeant Major & Quarter Master Serjeant coats be cut in the same fashion, & with lapels as the other officers and instead of faicings to be edged with buff and the drum and fife Majors coates to be cut in the same fashion & the ground of their Buff & edged with blue & their lapels, cuffs, and pocket flaps to be decorated with a narrow binding of taste, their undercloaths to be Buff.

The Drummers and Fifers to be uniformed as the drum & Fife Majors except their coats being faced instead of edged, & to wear a Buff or White feather in their hats. The Drum and Fife Major to be distinguished by two worsted shoulder knots of intermixed colors, the ground and facings of the Regiment, and every other Officer ought to be furnished with such apperatus & badges of Distinction as becomes the dutys of their office. The Brigadier General in his late orders anticipates the pleasure of seeing every Officer in his Brigade completely uniformed at the Annual General Review which will be on the 26th of September next.

The Commandant of the Regimen flatters himself that his Officers will be ambitious to gratify the Brigadier in his wish as it will do honour to themselves as well as respect to the General Officers. Major General Dearborn in his late orders recommends that the Officers of his Division wear the Military Cockade & their Uniform dress for Sundays & other public occasions. The Commandant of this Regiment has mounted the Cockade & intends to wear his uniform dress on Sundays & other public occasions and anticipates the pleasure of seeing every officer in his Regiment show their readiness to turn out at the shortest notice, by adopting these measures. It is expected that the Commanding officers of Companies will strictly attend to the Arms & Equipment and see that they are brought into the field in a fit manner for duty, as the inspection will (it is presumed) be stricter than the last, and also that they cause their Clerks to compleat their inspection roles more accurately than they were the last year.

The Commanding Officers of the several Militia Companies in each Regiment are requested to appear with their respective companies on the Field of Capt. Simeon Turner in Bath on the twenty-fourth day of September next at nine of the clock in the forenoon completely equipped as the Law directs, there to assemble in Regimental Parade for Inspection, Review and Discipline. The Commanding Officers of Companies are

requested to recommend & solicit the Non Commissioned Officers & privates to bring into the field 12 blank cartridges to make use of on occasion—The Regiment will be formed on two Battalions with Capt. Patten's Company of Light Infantry on the right, & Capt. Shaw's Company of Artillery on the right and left of the whole. In addition to the inspection will be performed by each Battalion the Manuel Exercise & Wheeling, from column by platoons in the right and a fifth platoon, the right in front and display.

The Field and Staff Officers of each Regiment are requested to appear likewise at the time & place above mentioned, with their respective Non-Commissioned Staff to, perform on parade—the duties of their respective officers—The Rendezvous for the Officers will be at Major Page's where they are requested to meet as soon as they are in Town.

By Order of

Denny M. Cobb, Lieut. Colol
Commandant of the 1st Regiment
1st Brigade 8th Division
Dan'l Philbrook, Adjut.
of said Regiment

Capt. Actor Patten Jun.
Topsham



PARKER CLEAVELAND HOME ONE OF BRUNSWICK'S MOST NOTABLE HISTORIC HOMES

Brunswick Record

October 9, 1930

Has Always Remained in Family and Today Looks

Practically The Same as It Did When Occupied

by Bowdoin's Great Scientist

by Isabelle C. Congdon

Few of the visitors to Brunswick who eagerly ask to be shown the Longfellow and Harriet Beecher Stowe houses realize that there is in the same vicinity, on Federal street, another house as important historically as either of these. It is a fine large dwelling of Colonial design which faces the end of Cleaveland street where it was built a century and a quarter ago by the man whose name is still to be seen on the door-plate, Parker Cleaveland.

One hesitates to make historical comparisons without being widely experienced, but it is the writer's impression that there is probably no other house in town which retains so much of the atmosphere of early times or the personality of its first owner as does the Cleaveland house. Yet there is nothing of the museum flavor about the place; books, pictures and furniture remaining where they have always been, subject to the constant use of the occupants of the house. The present owners, the Misses Grace and Ellen Chandler, explain the unusualness of this by saying that things never were divided among the descendants as is generally the case. Of the eight children born to Parker Cleaveland and his wife, only one, Martha Ann Bush Cleaveland, who married Peleg Whitman Chandler, a Bowdoin student and pupil of the famous professor, bore him grandchildren. The other children remained unmarried or their heirs are dead, with one exception. After Parker Cleaveland's death, the house was bought from the College by Mrs. Peleg W. Chandler, who probably also purchased the furnishings and personal effects from the other heirs, and there was never an occasion to mention the house in a will until it became to be divided between the present owners.

One provision was then made regarding it, that after a certain period, the Misses Chandler should either pay Bowdoin College the sum of \$5,000 or give over the house to

that institution. They chose to keep the house, although for many years it had been used only as a summer residence for the Chandler family.

The history of the Cleaveland house begins in 1805 when Parker Cleaveland, then instructor at Harvard College, received a call to Bowdoin as professor of mathematics and natural and experimental philosophy. President McKeen, in failing health, was endeavoring to conduct the college through her first years of struggle to establish a sound educational and executive policy. Massachusetts Hall had just been built, a house for President McKeen had just been completed and until the building of Professor Cleaveland's house, the entire work of the college—teaching, executive and housing, was divided between these two establishments.

In 1806, the year in which the first Bowdoin Commencement was held, the third building which was to figure importantly in the history of the college, the Cleaveland house, was built. Instead of the usual story and a half house, which would have been more befitting the salary and circumstance of the young professor, Prof. Cleaveland had built a large Colonial dwelling, with eight or more high posted rooms, a large and probably draughty hall, a house which must have been conceived from his memory of Massachusetts homes with which he was familiar. He was a native of Byfield, Mass., the seat of the oldest academy in New England, and was graduated from the famous Dummer Academy, two and a half miles from his old home, and also from Harvard College in 1799. Coming to Brunswick from communities which were already old and well established in 1800, it is not strange that he should endeavor to follow their traditions.

It must have been appalling, nevertheless, for his young bride, Martha Bush of Boylston, Mass., whom he married in September, 1806, after he acquired his new position, to undertake the problem of heating and furnishing so large a home. They lived there, however, for the next half century, accumulating the necessities and, surprisingly enough, many of the luxuries of those times. Apparently nothing was ever destroyed either by the Professor's family or their descendants. It is to be wondered that so many portraits, valuable pieces of furniture and dishes could have been bought by the struggling professor, who received at the time of his appointment to Bowdoin, only \$800 per year and never more than \$1200 during his entire teaching career of fifty-six years.

The Cleaveland house, though built according to the ideas of Parker Cleaveland, was really owned originally by the College, the College Boards authorizing him a loan of not over \$1,000 to purchase land and erect a house, which they accepted in 1814 in satisfaction of the debt, allowing the use of the house for the care and upkeep. Salaries seem to have been a matter of difficulty for the governing boards to meet at that time, the President receiving only \$100 and the use of his house. During President McKeen's last illness his work was carried on by Professor Abbot and Cleaveland, who refused to accept additional pay for those services, following the resignation of Professor Abbot, Professor Cleaveland received only \$100 additional for teaching the former's classes in the classics. When President Allen was removed by the legislature, the Boards voted that this duties should be divided by the Faculty, and his executive duties were assigned Professor Cleaveland. There is evidence that he performed these well, for in 1855, the Boards voted that the Professor's note given the College, when funds were being raised earlier, should, out of consideration of his long and faithful service, be returned to him. We have no historical record at hand, which proves his discharge of obligations to the College in respect to the house, but the deed which was turned over by the College to his

daughter, Martha Ann Bush Cleaveland Chandler, is clear and free. It was indeed, a source of surprise to certain of the College officials to discover recently that the College ever had owned the house.

Parker Cleaveland's house, for it is still essentially his, has, in the main part, a parlor on the left of the entrance hall, a living room at the right, back of which is a small dining room, the walls wood paneled and a wide fireplace with a mantel above it. This room was originally the kitchen where the cooking was done with copper and iron cooking utensils which still hang by the fireplace. The fourth room downstairs is the library.

The front hallway of the Cleaveland house contains many historical mementos. The fire buckets hanging on the left were those used by the Washington Fire Club in 1821, Parker Cleaveland being a leading member. Samplers made by five generations hang on the left wall. The long couch was one on which Professor Cleaveland died one morning on his way to his classes. The beautiful archway at the rear leads to a back hall at the left of which is Professor Cleaveland's interesting study. The room, called by him "the Study" may be reached through the rear of the main hallway across from the dining room or directly through the hallway at the main entrance. The stairway is unusual, having both a front and a rear flight, meeting in a double landing at the second story. These landings are joined by a wide archway.

The study is the most interesting room in the house. It was here that Parker Cleaveland probably spent most of his home life, surrounded by his beloved personal possessions, but also by his working materials. As men do who accomplish a great deal in science or literature, his work was also his recreation and he never removed himself far from the center of it. The study is a small high posted room overlooking the gardens and woods toward the east. It has a tiled fireplace, a bare floor of wide boards and has papered walls and ceiling, which was originally, the owners tell us, painted with clouds.

Professor Cleaveland's study is in practically its original arrangement and contents. The center table and his own chair are there with his remarkable library to the right, and a secretary-cupboard at the left of the doorway contains his distinguished correspondence. The drawers, until recently, contained all the commencement parts up to the time of the Professor's death. The College financial accounts are still to be found here. On the northeast corner, near the window is a tall pine bookcase, holding the Professor's little library of tan leather bound books, few in number, it may seem to the visitor, but really a large library for his time. Below the case is a narrow desk, on which now rests the family Bible, containing the birth record of his family and descendants. In the center of the room is his hard pine rocking chair near a round pine table, both of which give evidence of long usage. Back of them is another light pine cupboard which contains personal accounts as well as those of the College, old bank books on the Union National Bank and the Brunswick National Bank. Some of the entries are interesting, indicating payments made to Joseph Griffin, a well known publisher and printer of the last century, also amounts which he indicated were for traveling expenses for members of the faculty, even one for himself to Boston, which is surprising as he is reputed to have refused to take journeys of an sort for nearly half a century. The entries are small sums, which is to be expected, as he himself computed the cost of good board and room in 1828, to be but \$1.16 1-2 per week. Even Longfellow boarded and roomed himself according to the former fashion of student living.

It was here in this library that much of the executive work of the college was carried out by Parker Cleaveland, work which called upon him to act as registrar, dean, treasurer and, in the absence of the President, as head of the College. It may be surprising that he was never called upon to serve as authorized head of the College, but it was a distinction which he preferred not to take when he was mentioned in that capacity. His preference for the life of a teacher was always marked, but in that connection he rendered to his students able direction which many a higher college official might have envied.

Another cupboard in the Cleaveland library contains more than half a century of correspondence from Parker Cleaveland's friends, beginning with letters from Professor Abbot who first interviewed him regarding a prospective position at Bowdoin at the time when Professor Abbot made up the entire College faculty. The letters are all tied in neat parcels of brown paper, labeled with the name of the correspondent and the date. The writer noticed letters from Mr. Gardiner from whom the present Governor of the state is descended. A careful study of these letters by a student of history would doubtless be very enlightening. Unfortunately the correspondence with foreign scientists, Goethe, Humbolt, and other scholars, with whom he kept in touch, disappeared years ago from his cabinet. In a drawer in this same cabinet were kept the Bowdoin College Commencement parts until in 1906 they were turned over to the College. Longfellow's part was here for many years but during the absence of the owner, it too was removed by some unknown visitor. Here also may be found bound periodicals which Professor Cleaveland kept systematically for years. Some of the issues are as early as 1820.

On the library walls are portraits of many of the first members of the Bowdoin College faculty as well as contemporaries at Yale and Harvard College. There are gifts from Longfellow and Hawthorne, both of whom were Professor Cleaveland's pupils. Here, too, is kept the barometer readings of which were kept daily, to be used later as the first official reports by the national weather bureau. An example of one of the first lightning rods is also here. It was probably made in England and was used on Professor Cleaveland's house. Professor Cleaveland, extremely afraid of lightning, had rods, the first of their kind, put on his house. He said he was more afraid of lightning than most people because he knew more about it. His fear is thought to have been hereditary, his mother, he in her arms, having been struck by lightning.

The parlor of Parker Cleaveland's house is a veritable treasure room of valuable furniture, portraits and bric-a-brac. This room formerly contained one of the first Chickering pianos which was bought by Professor Cleaveland for his bride.

Unfortunately the personal peculiarities of Parker Cleaveland are better remembered locally than his really remarkable contributions to the fame and welfare of the town. His ability as a scientist has already been recorded elsewhere in the history of national science. That he was a pioneer in this field, honored by sixteen or more literary and scientific societies here and abroad, sought as a teacher and lecturer far and wide, with offers of a salary double that which he was receiving has renowned to the fame of Bowdoin College, the state and even the nation. It is more pertinent to us that the rocks of Brunswick furnished him material for his famous beginnings in mineralogy, inspired by a curiosity to determine the nature of quartz crystals obtained by workmen blasting ledge near the Falls. Nor did his exploration cease with this analysis. His fertile mind was soon busied with other discoveries which grew until in 1816 he was able to publish his "Elementary Treatise on Mineralogy and Geology." This placed him in the front rank of

living mineralogists and caused him to be sought by great scientists in this country and abroad. At this time he was acquiring a reputation as lecturer in Chemistry, for he was voluntarily giving lectures on his subject in addition to his required work in Mathematics. He was virtually the first head of the Bowdoin Medical School which was established in 1820, the same year in which Maine became a state. By reading the Brunswick Telegraph of one hundred years ago one can find notices of numerous lectures on natural science which he was giving to the local public. These lectures were based on his own discoveries in this little explored field of science and were very popular at that time.

Bowdoin graduates of the past recall Professor Cleaveland as a teacher of great and exacting ability. He bore a reputation for punctuality, system and a great mastery of whatever subject he happened at the moment to be teaching. His delight in research, his manifold duties for the College never slackened his ardor for the highest type of instruction. Opinions vary as to whether or not he wasted his great talent in teaching or whether he found in it his highest achievement. However the case may be, in lecturing he was at his best. The few public lectures he was prevailed upon to give outside this town were enthusiastically received, but whether his distaste for travel or his devotion to his own routine, which he kept almost religiously, caused him to abandon this method of instruction and henceforth reserve for his students and the residents of Brunswick, his happy faculty for conveying knowledge so that it seemed the individual experience. Indeed Death overtook him one morning, while in failing health; he made ready to go to his classes as for fifty-six years had been his unfailing custom. His death was mourned far and wide but most of all by those students who had been so fortunate as to study and work with him.

Professor Cleaveland's interests were by no means limited to the scientific. We shall probably never know the trivial matters of local importance to which he gave his time and attention. We know that he was President of the Washington Fire Club which was organized locally in 1820, for the fire buckets which were his hang in his front hallway, bearing his name and the date. Wheeler's History mentioned his name as one of the committee which organized the "Night Watch" of a group of men who had night patrol in squads to watch for the breaking out of fire. He also took his turn in patrolling the village. One must remember that Professor Cleaveland was not only a professor at Bowdoin for half a century but that he was also a resident and property holder of this village and that a man of his caliber was undoubtedly one of the town's leading citizens. His abilities, as evidenced by his activities in behalf of the College, were broad and varied; indeed in present times one rarely finds a man as versatile. His study for the ministry and his preliminary studies at law at Harvard, both professions which he eagerly favored at different periods in his student life, stood him in good stead in his later years. His sagacity and clear thinking prove that he could have been an asset to the legal profession, while his deep religious conviction seemed at one time to have destined him to an outstanding place in the church. These qualities he merged in the teacher, who altogether too seldom has both knowledge and the power to impart it to others.

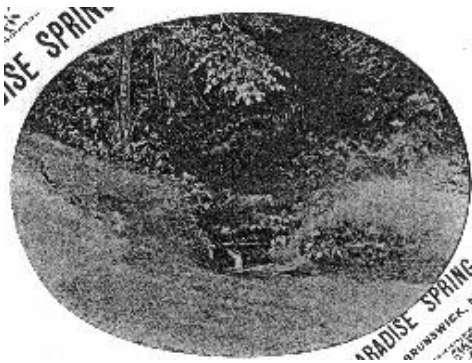
In the little study of his home, Professor Cleaveland performed the duties of college dean, praising, recommending, censuring as the case might be those students sent to him or for whom he sent. In spite of his severe countenance, he seems to have had tolerance for wrong doing and belief in the power of Divine forgiveness. Here were laid the foundation of many a lifelong friendship. Whenever Longfellow or his family visited

Brunswick it was at Parker Cleaveland's house they stayed. His friendship with his former pupil has survived to the present generation. Other visitors of later times came here; men well known nationally such as James G. Blaine, Thomas B. Reed and Chief Justice Fuller. Honors and distinction fell upon this quiet old teacher by men who had learned from him. One, Franklin Pierce, attained the Presidency. After his death, in 1859, the Maine Historical Society published an address given by President Woods in his honor, an address which paid tribute to Parker Cleaveland both as a scientist and as an ardent and active member of that organization, only one of many to which he devoted his attention.

What remains of Parker Cleaveland's scholarly achievement renown to the honor of Bowdoin College, the state, and the nation.

Paradise Spring Water
Sent To All Parts of World
Beverage of Bowdoin Poets Now Preserved
And Made Available For the World

Brunswick Record
January 22, 1925



Not far from the site of the old Merrymeeting Park is a spring on the side of a little hill from which flows the purest water in America. Years ago it was a familiar haunt of Longfellow and Hawthorne and the brook flowing from the Spring has been called Hawthorne Brook. In the year 1835 a poem, "Paradise Spring," was recited at Bowdoin Commencement, indicating the regards in which the place was held at that time.

The famous Class of 1825 placed a log beside Paradise Spring curb as a seat for those who used to walk there to smoke or talk. When the present springhouse was erected it was necessary to remove the log, which is preserved as a valued relic in memory of the two great authors who were members of the famous class.

In time one of the officers of the present Paradise Spring Company, who had long been interested in waters for his own use, investigated the reports of springs to be found in this country, and discovered that the product of Brunswick's Paradise Spring was one dominantly superior water in America. In purchasing the spring and the land surrounding the company intends to preserve it and the water for all time.

The purest water in America deserves, of course, the most careful bottling methods that can be employed. Each bottle is washed and rinsed eighty-seven times before it is sent to one of the fastest bottling machines on the Continent, capable of filling sixty-five cases, of twelve quarts each, every minute. The water gushes forth at the rate of twelve hundred gallons each hour, summer and winter, at a temperature of about forty degrees. It flows through pipes of glass into silver lined storage tanks and the bottling machine is also silver lined. Thus its soft and sparkling qualities are carefully preserved and it has lost nothing in its short run from the spring to the bottle.

Analyses back as far as 1873 show that Paradise Spring water has for over fifty years been standard as to purity and freedom from mineral content. Paradise Spring has always been one of Brunswick's chief assets and its preservation and transportation so that other parts of the world may use it is one of the town's most interesting industries.

PARADISE SPRING REplete WITH ASSOCIATIONS OF PAST

Natural Amphitheatre Once Echoed to Voices of
Longfellow, Hawthorne and Other Famous Bowdoin
Men

By Lyndon A. McMackin
Brunswick Record
July 4, 1929

Thousands of tourists and local residents pass by the Paradise Spring on the Bath Road every year and notice the large sign reading "Paradise Water" but few realize that around the spring some of America's most beloved and famous men gathered during their college days to drink the delicious water, and orate to their fellow students. Probably Paradise Spring meant to most people, a large flat building, where the bottling is done, and a business that has been closed since its last owner, John J. Burchenal of Cincinnati, Ohio, passed away.

The spring itself, is back among the pines and hemlocks in a little bowl shaped glen. The spring bubbles forth at the bottom with hills on three sides. One might easily imagine a bowl with one side cut out to allow the water to drain away. And here is this glen, this natural amphitheatre, such celebrities as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, two of Bowdoin's and America's most famous men of letters, Franklin Pierce, Bowdoin's contribution to the Presidential Chair of the Republic, Sergeant Smith Prentiss, famous orator, and Hon. James W. Bradbury of Augusta, distinguished Senator from Maine;--and such men as these gathered to give declamations beneath the towering pines and hemlocks that are still preserved.

Seats were put around the side of the amphitheatre by the class of 1825 at Bowdoin College and for many years after, it was used as a gathering place for the more intellectual of the student body. The old grads coming back for commencement always made their pilgrimage to the little den.

Rev. Elijah Kellogg refers to the spot in his Whispering Pines Series and perhaps Longfellow might have recalled it when he wrote the little gem:

From "A Gleam of Sunshine"
There is the place, Stand still, my
Steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been.
The Past and Present here unite
Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Shortly before his death the late Hon. Charles J. Gilman accompanied the late Ex-Senator James W. Bradbury, the last member of the Class of 1825, to the spring. With them was Charles A. Gilman of Union Street. He remembers hearing the aged Ex-Senator remark that he hoped someone would see that the spot was preserved with all its beauty. He said it was used for declamations and other activities up to 1855, and declared it to be one of the most historic spots connected with the college.

The section was first owned by David Linscott and from his hands passed to Rev. Ezekiel Smith. The late Hon. Charles J. Gilman, representative to Congress, bought the property about forty years ago. Twelve years ago it was transferred to the late John J. Burchenal of Cincinnati, Ohio. He built a stone house over the spring and built a considerable business, bottling and shipping the fine water to all parts of the country. The property is now owned by the Burchenal heirs who are not actively carrying on the business. The property will undoubtedly soon be sold to someone who will open the establishment again.

When Longfellow and Hawthorne first discovered the spring they dug out around it and placed two large logs to hold up the bank. Twelve years ago when the stone spring house was built, Charles A. Gilman, who has charge of the property, found one of the logs had rotted away. One was fairly well preserved, however. With great care it was removed and is now on a rack over the door of the office of the Paradise Spring Co.

A poem written by Isaac McLellan, Jr., of the class of 1826 at Bowdoin College, tells of associations around the little wooden glen.

Paradise Spring
A poem pronounced before Phi Beta Kappa Society
Of Bowdoin College, Thursday, September 3, 1835, by
Isaac McLellan, Jr.

Scenes of my youth I with joyful step, once more,
Your verdant walks and classic halls I tread;
One more, by lonely Androscoggin's shore
My rambling feet to ancient scenes are led.
On the gray rock that crowns the rolling tide,
Again I pause, to view thy billows play—
To trace thy forests waving far and wide,
Thy woody isles, with sylvan voices gay,

And the bright, yellow sands that skirt thy curving bay.
Long in the depths of thy deep woods I stand,
And hear the wind its hollow roar prolong
Mid the tall pine and darken o'er the land;
Yet oft, at times, sweet as the seedy song
Hymned by some vast cathedral's tuneful choir,
It sighs in music through the shades,
And lulls the savage forests with its lyre;
Then thrill the leaves in all the murmuring glades,
And Nature lists, entranced, within her dim arcades.
A moment turn we from the rough roadside
To yon green grot, with many a tree o'er head;
Down its smooth slope, a rivulet's bubbling tide
O'er mossy stone and golden sand is led;
Long hath it poured its pure translucent wave
In its rude urn, by Nature hollowed out
The white-birch loves its tresses there to lave,
And larch and willow o'er it gaily float,
And cast their twinkling leaves in playfulness about.

Here sings the red-bird at day's mellow close,
And shy wood-doves their gentle mates have wooed;
The rabbit comes at even, to seek repose
The partridge hither leads her hungry brood,
Secure in that lone haunt from lawless foes;
The robin builds her dwelling without fear,
And the shrill quail oft wakes the sleeping wood;
For Nature keeps and endless Sabbath here.
Profaned by no rude clang of loud machinery near.

The students call thee Paradise of old,
And still that blissful title marks the spot;
Sweet was they fount transparent, clear and cold,
And deep the shades of they sequestered grot.
Oft have I sought thy fountain's mossy brim,
And thy dense screen, when blazed the noonday fire,
Nor left the spot till sunset lights grew dim—
What time the glow-worm lit its little pyre,
And silence spread her hush o'er all the woodland choir.

And there my mates would bring their serious lore—
Legendre, Enfield, Euler and Lacroix—
O'er Butler's grave analogies would pore,
Or with old Locke their patient minds employ—
On Smith or Upham fix their studious gaze,
On Newman's Rhetorick, or learned Say—

By Cleveland led, earth's mineral wonders trace—
With Newton through the heavenly regions stray.
Or chase o'er Paley's page, all sceptic doubts away.
And oft the burning eloquence of old,
And classic song, beguiled the listless hours,
Livy his rich historic wealth unrolled,
And Cicero charmed with the most persuasive power,
Or shook the Forum with his stern harangue.
Then grand Demosthenes would raise again
That awful voice, through ancient Greece that sang;
And noble Maro still repeat the strain
He sang by Tiber's wave and famous Mantua's plain.

Oft Echo's voice within that sylvan hall,
Great Homer's glorious measures would repeat;
For well we loved to muse o'er Illum's fall.
Through the long wars that compassed her defeat.
Each heart would thrill, as round her leaguered gate
The Grecian hosts its swarming hordes would pour,
When the wild bands, urged by mutual hate,
From morn til eve prolonged the battle's roar.
Till earth was heap'd with slain and drunk with human gore.

Nor classic toll, nor stern scholastic lore,
Nor sacred song, our mind would all engage;
But oft o'er glorious Byron, would we pore,
Or wizard Shakespeare inexhaustless page.
Touched with the tale of sweet Ophelia's grief,
And Desdemona, wronged by one so dear,
And Juliet's live, so true, so sadly brief,
Or fired to read of Richard's black career,
Or Macbeth's crime, that sent good Duncan to his bier.
But oft, I ween, unnoticed lay the book,
And idle chat the precious hours consumed;
Perchance the drowsy murmurs of the brook.
And sighing breeze, with grateful smell perfumed,
Would fill our yielding senses to repose,
And the green bank with listless slumberers strew.
Insidious wiles of unrelated foes!
For well, full well each luckless dreamer knew
When recitation came, would come the fatal screw.

PAPER INDUSTRY

Brunswick Record

September 4, 1903



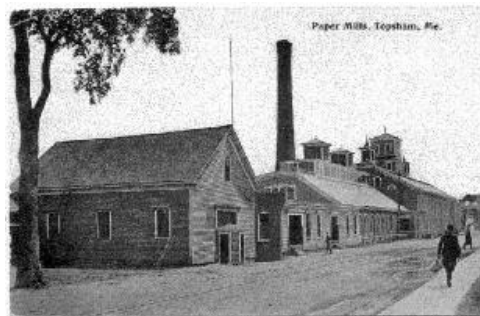
W. H. Parsons

The one man to whom is due the credit of developing and directing the paper making industry in this vicinity, a business of great importance to Brunswick, Topsham and Lisbon Falls, is W. H. Parsons of New York. Although he has not been identified personally with these towns, his business sagacity and the capital at his command have been potent factors in the industrial life of the community.

Mr. Parsons was a prime mover in the organization of the Bowdoin Paper Mfg. Co. thirty years ago, a time which marks the beginning of the real development of paper making here. Since that time the production of paper in this vicinity has increased a hundred fold. Instead of about a ton and a half of paper per day, the amount produced in 1874, the three mills in Topsham, Pejepscot and Lisbon Falls, all of which are controlled by W. H. Parsons & Co. produce now about 150 tons of paper per day.



Pejepscot Paper Mill



Paper Mill, Topsham

In speaking about paper making Mr. Parsons said: "Its development can be illustrated in no better way than by a comparison of the machinery used. Thirty of forty years ago the best machine would have cost from \$8,000 to \$10,000. The product of that machine could be about three or four tons of paper in 24 hours. Today a modern machine cost from \$50,000 to \$60,000 and it produces from 30 to 35 tons of paper per day. Formerly paper was made almost entirely from rags and kindred substances. Almost thirty years ago a process for bleaching straw was tried, but it did not prove particularly successful because it was too costly. Soon after came the introduction of wood pulp. The grinders used in this process were at first able to produce only about half a ton of pulp a day. There are grinders—in our midst today which produce 50 tons a day.

The consumption of paper has increased relatively to the improvements in production."

Mr. Parsons was one of the first to introduce the sulphite process. He went abroad personally to investigate the manufacture of pulp by the use of sulphite and the mills here were among the first to adopt the process.

The machines at Pejepscot and Lisbon Falls are run at high speed, and produce more paper per inch of machine than any others in the world.

Mr. Parsons has been a merchant in New York for 49 years, having conducted business in his own name for one of the longest periods known in modern New York. He was a commission merchant for a time and his first interests in Maine was as an agent of the A.C. Dennison Co. of Mechanic Falls. He is the dean of eastern men connected with the paper industry, having been longer identified with it than any one else in active business.

As a citizen of the metropolis Mr. Parsons is prominent in the business and social life of the city. He is one of the oldest trustees of the Bowery Savings Bank, and during his connection with that institution he has seen the deposits increase from about \$30,000,000 to over \$90,000,000. This is the largest savings bank in the world. He is a member of the Metropolitan club, Union League club, City club, Atlantic Yacht club, Midway club and others.

Mr. Parsons is president of the Westchester County Bible Society, and president of the Rye National Bank. His country home is located in Rye, it being the estate of his maternal grandfather, Ebenezer Clark. He is a trustee of the Fort Valley High and Industrial School and of the Westchester Temporary Home for Children.

In business circles he is a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and two years ago was a delegate to the London Chamber of Commerce, attending a banquet where he had an audience with King Edward and the Queen. He was formerly president of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, resigning two years ago, and is still a director in that organization. With all these interests in New York it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Parsons has not been closely identified with the affairs of Brunswick and Topsham; but he has always kept in close touch with business in the vicinity and has contributed largely to the development of the lower Androscoggin valley.

Mr. Parsons is a Presbyterian elder and is identified actively with that church. In this connection it may be stated that he is a strong adherent of Sabbath observance. He believes that the stability of government, in view of the influx of people of foreign birth, depends largely upon the position of the American-born citizen takes with reference to

that and other matters. While he doesn't favor the observance of the Sabbath in the way in which the Puritans did, he admires them for the standing they took and their adherence to the principals governing them in that as in other things.

Mr. Parsons has two sons, who are in business in New York, and one daughter, the wife of David S. Cowles, who is associated with him in business.



PAPER BOX INDUSTRY BEGAN IN BRUNSWICK ROTARIANS ARE TOLD

Algernon G. Chandler Has Very Informative
Paper at Club Monday Noon
Brunswick Record
November 4, 1926

Members of the Brunswick Rotary club at their weekly luncheon Monday heard a most interesting story of the beginning of the paper box industry, which was first started in this town and which has developed under the management of the Dennison Manufacturing Company until it is now one of the leading industries in New England.

The story was told by Algernon G. Chandler, whose father, the late Frank W. Chandler, was for many years one of the leading officials of the firm. Much of the information in this talk Mr. Chandler secured from letters of his father. He made the talk a real intimate one and in this way was able to bring out many interesting side-lights connected with the early days of the firm.

Mr. Chandler's paper was as follows:

Picture a cobbler sitting at his bench busily engaged in cutting out cardboard. As the cardboard is scored, his daughters form the pieces into neat little boxes, and cover them with strips of paper. This scene happened in Brunswick in 1843, in the little house at 8 Everett Street, where my sister Mabel Chandler, now lives. The man was Colonel Andrew Dennison and here the first American paper box was made.

One of these daughters was my grandmother and we believe that one of these first boxes is still in existence in our family. I believe that another daughter was Harry Varney's grandmother.

Aaron Dennison was then a jeweler in Boston, and was buying his boxes abroad. He decided that he could make a better box at home. He journeyed to New York, and bought a bundle of box board and cover paper and with these under his arm traveled to Brunswick and explained to his father what he wanted done.

They soon became so busy that they found the ell of the Everett Street house too cramped and moved to the corner of Maine and Mill Streets.

At this point I want to call your attention to the wonderful old elm which stands in front of the old Dennison homestead on Everett Street. The story goes that Colonel Andrew drove his oxen from Topsham using an elm ox-goad which he had cut on the way. He stuck this into the ground when he left the oxen in front of the house, and on leaving forgot to take the goad with him. This took root and grew to the enormous elm we see there today. Another story which seems more authentic comes from "Bob" Dunning who had a very retentive memory and could tell more about old Brunswick than any man I ever met.

He says that he was riding by one day when Aaron was standing in front of the house looking at the tree; and Bob asked him who planted it. Aaron told him he had brought it from Topsham on his shoulder.

The Cobbler's bench came to my mother, who presented it to the Dennison Company. It now occupies a prominent place in the main entrance of the Dennison office building in Framingham.

Aaron L. Dennison started the box-making business and was responsible for its successful beginning. Then he turned it over to his younger brother, E.W. Dennison. Proudly he watched the younger man develop the sales and manufacturing divisions. He saw the business grow out of the Dennison homestead and seek new quarters. He unselfishly yielded to his younger brother the credit for making the success. E.W. Dennison, on his side, always acknowledged his debt to Aaron for having begun the enterprise.

After retiring from the box business Aaron Dennison devoted himself to watch making and made the first American machine made watch. He went to England after the war and manufactured watches there until he died. I can remember Aaron Dennison very vividly. His visits from England were very pleasantly remembered by all of us children. He was very tall and spare with iron gray beard and had a very kindly smile. He was never without a bag of peanuts in his pocket and that was one reason why we children were always glad to see him. When he returned to England he always took several barrels of peanuts and apples with him. He was a vegetarian. Became so after seeing the cattle steamers.

In 1855, E.W. Dennison bought out his father's business and moved everything to Newtonville. Everything was made there until 1864 when Mrs. M.D. Swift started a shop in Brunswick where the St. Onge Brothers are now. This was up two flights of stairs, and it was here that my father first entered the Dennison employ.

He was between 13 and 15 years old when, owing to the strain of keeping up a large family during the war, his father told him one day that he was to leave school and go to work and that he was to show himself that very afternoon at the M.D. Swift shop and tell Mr. Algernon Hinckson, the foreman, that he wanted a job, and that his father had applied for it, for him.

A boy chum overheard this conversation and hurried down ahead of father and told Mr. Hinckson that Frank Chandler had decided he didn't want the job. When father arrived the chum was at work on the job and Mr. Hinckson said the place had been filled by this other boy who had said Frank Chandler didn't want the job. Father told Mr. Hinckson that the boy had lied and that he had carried out his part of the bargain to the letter.

Mr. Hinckson was impressed and called Mrs. M.D. Swift and told her that he thought this boy was telling the truth and he wanted him to have the job.

Father got the job and in his own words said: "I got the job and incidentally I did my best to give the other fellow a good licking, but I was pretty sore when I went to work next day."

One more story about my father and then I will try to get on with the growth of the company. He had been working about a year for Mrs. M.D. Swift when he noticed that she was paying "lumpers" to carry her strawboard stock up two flights of stairs, one cent per bundle. These bundles weighed 50 pounds each and there were 400 to them in a 10 ton carload. This had to be handled in a day, of course, as rain might spoil it. Father asked if he couldn't have the job. It was given to him and on the day when this arrived he was excused from his cutting machine and lugged the 10 tons of cardboard up onto the third floor. He did this for several years and didn't think he was overworking.

In 1867 the company started a branch shop, in charge of Benjamin L. Dennison, in the Poland Block, upstairs, where Bob Lombard's barber shop is today.

In 1870 this was moved into the Dunlap Block and occupied the second and third floor.

In 1872 father was made superintendent of all the work in Brunswick.

From 1873 to 1879 many new lines were taken on and new machines were perfected.

In one of father's old letters I found where he discovered that one of their box machines which was being built at Robinson's shop in Hyde Park was being made in large quantities to sell to all the other shops in the world. He had gone up to see how the work was coming along on this machine and found the floor littered with dozens of the machines nearing completion.

During this time the making of Morocco and plush cases for jewelers was taken in. These had been made for Dennison by German families in New York City, who brought the art over with them.

Father spent considerable time in New York visiting these families and learning the art, and soon they were all made in Brunswick.

On Christmas night, 1879, the Dennison block was burned with all stock—machines, patterns, books—nothing left but the key to the front door and no door to put it in.

By hiring the old gumshop on Market Lane, Dirigo Hall, Day's Block, and the Straw Shop at the corner of Maine and Mill Streets, they were able to make their regular shipment of 150 gross of trochee boxes at the end of the week and other work was well under way.

This fire came on the eve of the great business boom of 1880 and the increase in orders was very great, but, handicapped as they were, while the new Dunlap block was building, they filled all orders on time.

On October 14, 1880, they moved into a model shop, the new Dunlap block.

A short time before this the Cove Mill had been built, where Dennison's fine jeweler's cotton was manufactured, and also colored twines for jewelers were prepared for the market. Now Mr. Hiram Merriman installed a big pump in the basement of the mill which pumped water through 1200 feet of pipe and furnished a water supply to the Dunlap block. This also ran their hydraulic elevator and as Brunswick had no regular water supply of its own, at this time, Mr. Merriman and his pump were big factors in case of fire on Maine Street.

In 1881 they began making jeweler's display trays of black walnut lined with plush. These sold for about \$25 apiece to the jeweler. All the wood for these was cut and finished in the new wood-shop at the Cove Mill. This same year they began to make wooden mailing boxes in various sizes and as this business grew, they began to acquire large wood lots of pine on the Androscoggin and had real river drives from Swift River down to the mill. Wallace Jack's father had full charge of cutting and bossing the drive which at this time had as many as two million feet of logs in the boom.

This wooden box business grew to such an extent that it was soon all done across the river in what was known as the Red Mill. This stood very near the short bridge in Topsham, which was a covered bridge at this time.

About March 1st, 1893, all the Dennison work was moved to Roxbury and many Brunswick workers went with the factory. It was while at Roxbury that the famous Dennison handy boxes were worked up. A salesman then on the road and now manager of city salesmen, Mr. Charles Buxton, came to father and suggested that a box to hold two balls of twine would be a sure seller. Father convinced him that a regular handy box containing cord, tags, labels, paper fasteners, glue, etc. was a better guess.

They tried this out and with great success, this item being a steady seller today.

It was in Roxbury too that crepe paper making began. Mr. Sawyer, superintendent of the Roxbury works, came into Dept. 8, now father's department and asked him what he knew about crepe paper. Father told him that he had observed that when the pulp was taken from the vat the queer crinkled effect closely resembled the English crepe paper. Mr. Sawyer jumped to his feet and cried: "By George, you've struck it." They went into the basement and rigged up a contrivance which in a very short time was turning out a crepe paper equal to the English product.

The decorating of crepe paper came from an accident in this way: At the Brooklyn factory Mr. Brown was in charge and on entering the factory one morning, found that a large pile of crepe had toppled over onto a bench where some wax dyes had been used and some of these dyes had soaked into the edges of the paper, giving it a very pleasing effect. He took it to H.K. Dyer at the store and asked him how he liked it. He said go ahead and make a lot of it. This gave them the idea of decorating the paper and soon Mr. Brown had a second-hand wall-paper machine experimenting on decorated crepe.

The tag business started in the Dennison salesroom and small factory at 163 Washington street, Boston.

Here E.W. Dennison made jeweler's cards and tags and then perfected the shipping tags which really made the money for the start of the enormous business which they have today.

In 1897 all branches had grown to such an extent that a spirit of centralization began to be felt and soon the plant of Para Rubber Co., in Framingham, was purchased and all branches moved there.

Today the Dennison plant has a floor space of over 25 acres. A branch factory operates in Marlborough, and a large factory in London has been started recently. There are Dennison stores in most of the large cities of the U.S. and Canada and one in London. The company employs over 4,000, pay wages well over six million, and the yearly gross sales run over 16 million.

In spite of an ever increasing line the company has reduced its items from 10,000 numbers to 8,000 during the last few years.

The prominence of the Dennison company is not due to its size however, Good management and wonderfully fine spirit in the working force are two great factors in winning for the Dennison company its good name.

Mr. H.S. Dennison, the present head of the concern, is a great believer in cyclical business depressions and has made a real study of these periods. In 1920 they guessed so well when the slump was coming that by putting renewed energy on certain lines that had not been pushed especially before, they were able to keep sales up to very nearly normal and to keep a force working only 4 percent under that of normal times.

The company has definitely decided the rate at which it can grow without creating too many problems of expansion. About 8 percent a year is as much as they want to grow.

A short time ago they made up 19 Christmas cards simply to keep the dye printing department at work during a slack period of the year. These met with a wonderful sale and the sales force clamored for a larger line of these cards. But Dennison put out just 19 numbers each year because they felt that if they accepted all the business they could get in this line, it would have a new peak, created by an item intended to fill up a hollow.

The industrial partnership plan is too complicated to go into, at this time, but in a few words, it means that every employee after working a certain period, becomes a shareholder, and shares in the profits after a certain dividend has been paid to holders of preferred stock.

There is a suggestion box and, in 1924, 4128 suggestions were dropped in. Cash prizes are given for good suggestions and when a man has put in any ten suggestions he gets \$25 whether they were of value or not.

The unemployment fund is a fund set aside for employees in case of their being laid off for a period. At this time a single man is paid 60 percent and a married man 80 percent of his regular wage. Sometimes a man is shifted from his regular job to an inferior job in case of a slack time in his department. There he is paid the difference out of this fund.

The company maintains a splendid library at the works and also a traveling book case.

Prof. Feldman of Dartmouth college in a recent paper on the Dennison company speaks very highly of the attention that is given to the employees along educational lines. He says in one place: "It so happens that some months ago I happened to have one of the first copies of B.S. Rowntree's inspiring new book 'The Human Factor in Business'. Mr. Dennison noticed and borrowed it. Later when I visited the factory at least four of the executives recommended the book to me. One said: 'There's a book for you: It's a Bible'.

Being curious to know how many of the executives had come to read the book I talked with the librarian and found that Mr. Dennison had invested heavily in Rowntree—at least a dozen copies.” Mr. Dennison had had a copy available at convenient times and informally had mentioned the book or passed it over to one executive after another. A number thought they had his private copy.

It is this technique, in small part, which develops executives into bigger men and makes for more and more of cohesion of thought and feeling on essential industrial policies.

Edward P. Webster, president of the Lewiston-Auburn Rotary Club, E. Farrington Abbott also a member of the Lewiston-Auburn Club, Mr. Higgins of the Augusta Rotary Club and Rev. E.D. Hardin of Bath Rotary Club were guests at the meeting.

Page Street Boys Dig Up Buried Tombstone

Brunswick Record

April 18, 1938



These youngsters found a tombstone when they dug a hole back of a building on Page Street. They are Gilbert and Peter Vermette in the hole, and at the rear, left to right, Charles Vermette, Eugene Donahue, and Donald Lincoln.

Digging a hole, as boys will, a group of Page Street children last week uncovered a buried tombstone which occasioned much conjecture in that vicinity.

The tombstone bore the legend “Capt. Samuel Harding, 1805”. Mrs. Albert Vermette, mother of the two boys who found the stone, conducted some research that morning to find out who Capt. Harding was but was unsuccessful.

The Vermettes live at 15 Page Street, the old Ted Dolan place, alongside which is a store...

Orr's Island Was Once Sold For A Bottle of Rum, Says The Legend

Brunswick Record

July 1, 1948

By Margaret B. Todd

Little Sabascodegan or Orr's Island was once sold, so the legend goes, for a barrel of rum. This gives rise to the story of the beautiful Indian princess, Golden Sunbeam.

Long, long ago before the days of the Orrs and the Sinnetts and the Johnsons, long before any white men set foot upon the beautiful islands of Casco Bay, Golden Sunbeam lived on Little Sabascodegan Island. She was the daughter of a mighty Indian chieftain, and by right of succession, became the leader of her people.

Golden Sunbeam ruled her people wisely and they lived in peace and joy and plenty, greatly blessed in the land entrusted to them by the Great Spirit.

One day some white strangers landed on the island. They made themselves at home. As the curious Indians drew near, the white men gave them some fire water. This made the Indians noisy, quarrelsome and untrustworthy and caused great sadness for Golden Sunbeam.

She promptly called a council of her chiefs and they vowed to drive the white men from their shores. As soon as darkness gave sufficient protection, the 500 picked warriors surrounded the leanto of the white men. With tomahawk and bow and arrow, they slew the white men and his children and with firebrand caused great desolation. For many days the battle raged until no white men remained.

But soon the white men came again, this time in greater numbers. This time the white men forced the Indian to withdraw from Little Sebascodegan. Hard pressed, the Indians fought bravely, but were steadily driven back from the islands to the mainland. Then the Indians were forced to take refuge in the forests that lined the Androscoggin River. Here they were joined by the braves of the mighty chieftain Leaping Panther, a tribesman of Golden Sunbeam's mother. But the combined forces were not match for the numberless white men. Although the Indians attacked the white men many times, destroying many settlements, the Indians were driven steadily on---far beyond the Mississippi---far from Little Sebascodegan.

Or as the story goes.

Orr's Island Once Known As
Little Sebascodegan
Famous for Associations with
Works of H.B. Stowe
Brunswick Record
June 12, 1930

From early histories it is learned that Orr's Island, which then bore the name of Little Sebascodegan, was in January 29, 1739, granted to William Taylor and Elisha Cook. In 1748 the greater part of the island which is about five miles long and of varying widths, was purchased by Joseph Orr, from whom it takes its present name. In those days the Island was a part of the town of North Yarmouth, and was covered with forest growth of pine and spruce.

Among the early settlers were Thomas Fitzgerald, William Gibson, Richard Jacques, and Dr. Nathan Biles, who married the daughter of William Taylor, one of the original owners of the island. In 1764 Joseph Orr built a blockhouse near the center of the island which proved of service during the Indian wars. No trace of the building remains.

The Orr brothers, Joseph, Clement and John, were descendants of John Orr who came to Boston from Ireland in the 17th century. Joseph Orr in 1759 married the widow of William Wyer of North Yarmouth. To them two daughters were born, one of whom, Lettice, married John Reed of Topsham, where she died at the age of 93.

The father of John and David Wilson, who were ancestors of all the Wilsons of Orr's Island, was David Wilson, who came there from St. George in 1770 and settled in a little valley, south of Biles Point. The first of the Sinnett family on Orr's Island came there about the same time. Later came the Black and the Hamilton families.

Had Salt Works

Saltworks shoal is situated on the eastern shore, and salt works existed as early as 1702. They were utilized by the inhabitants, being located in an out-of-the-way place from interruption.

The first bridge connecting Orr's Island with Brunswick was built in 1838 by nine residents and in 1852 was given to the town. Five years later the bridge was burned by unknown persons, but was rebuilt soon after. A bridge of recent construction now connects Orr's Island with Bailey Island.

The first meeting house erected on the island was in 1855, and by agreement was occupied quarterly in turn by the Methodist, Free Baptist, Calvinist Baptist, and Congregational denominations. The first school teacher on the island was Henry Kennebecum in 1856. One of the natural curiosities of the island is a narrow strip of soapstone running across the Southeast side. It was discovered while digging the cellar of the old Orr house.

Harriet B. Stowe

The Pearl of Orr's Island, a story of the coast of Maine, was published by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe in 1862, just ten years after the publication of Uncle Tom's Cabin, which obtained enormous circulation in the country and in Europe. The Pearl of Orr's Island also proved a popular novel and up to 1890 had passed through 28 editions. The Pearl House, as it is called, is over 100 years old. Parson Kellogg of Harpswell, to which

town the island belongs, was the Parson Sewall in the story. When Mrs. Stowe wrote her novel and made the heroine's home in the now famous Pearl House it was occupied by Deacon Ralph Johnson of the Kellogg Congregational Church. It was the boast of the deacon and his wife that they had never read a line in a novel. Accordingly, when Mrs. Stowe's book appeared they were loud in their expression of indignant disapproval. But the book placed Orr's Island on the map and there it has remained.



Chandler's Bookstore, Maine Street,

ORIENT Reporter Continues Story Of Chandler's Bookstore

Brunswick Record

February 20, 1947

By Fred Willey

From 1906 until 1920 Chandler's was the sole agent for out-of-town newspapers, and all the New York and Boston papers that came into town were sold and delivered by the store.

"That was a job! I had twenty teams that went out on Sundays to deliver the paper to all parts of the country—often as far away as twenty miles. In the winters we used a sleigh, and I employed twenty boys in town to deliver the papers in their wagons. Just the other day Lawrence Brown who works for the Brunswick Savings came up to me and told me he was one of my paper boys. And Harold Brown, the barber upstreet, was one, too."

Mr. Chandler was also the Saturday Evening Post agent for Brunswick. In those days such a job required social obligations so that he often took his carrier boys down to his cottage for "ice cream and a ball-game."

Since 1906 he has stored up a wealth of stories and incidents which have increased as steadily as the town's population from 5,000 to 15,000.

Back around 1912 for instance, two enterprising students decided to enter the textbook trade and thus give the Bookstore some competition. They successfully

negotiated with the New York publishers and secured numerous orders. "This went on for the winter term," declared Mr. Chandler, "and I found that I was selling only half of the stock I ordered."

Mr. Chandler went to the college and asked them if they could influence the boys somehow to drop their business. But when he discovered that nothing could be done about it, he cancelled his orders for the fall semester. Just before the college opened, an official told Mr. Chandler that the student agents were no where to be found. Would he order the books and resume relations again? Yes, provided he could receive some guarantee in writing that he would be the sole agent for the college.

"I found out that one of the boys was in California; and the other was working as a bellhop at Old Orchard Beach. I went down to see him and found him lying on the beach basking in the sun. He agreed to sign over the contract to me, and he also signed for his partner. When the other boy came back from California sometime later, he was hopping made and seriously considered suing me for \$10,000. That led to a contract with the college that I should have their textbook trade until I was ready to quit."

Quite often second-hand book dealers would use Chandler's as a clearing house for the purchase of books from the students. They were apparently hard-bargaining Yankees who could demand and get their own price. Mr. Chandler related that sometimes the boys would become so disgusted over haggling and failure to receive a fair price that they would chuck their books in their car, drive down to the bridge between Brunswick and Topsham, and nonchalantly toss them one by one into the Androscoggin.

"I examined the books after the dealers bought them and found that where I had sold a book originally for two dollars, the boys had erased the figure, marked down three dollars, crossed that one out so that it was still legible, and then had written \$2.50 underneath. The incoming freshmen were thus charged fifty cents over the original price for a used book!"

Concerning faculty members, Mr. Chandler seemed a little reticent to relate some of his experiences; all he would say, after a slow puff on his cigar, was a conservative, "Some of them aren't very good businessmen."

ONLY STOCKING FACTORY IN MAINE

Brunswick Knitting Mills a Growing Industry—

Capacity 250 Dozen Per Week

Brunswick Record

August 2, 1907

During the past four years a new industry has developed in Brunswick, known as the Brunswick Knitting Mills, a product of which is cotton stockings of men's half hose. From a small beginning the business has grown steadily until it is now an industry of some importance to the owners and to the town. It is interesting to know that this is the only stocking factory in the state, and also that the leading brand which it manufactures is called "The Brunswick."

The factory is located near the corner of Cushing and Cumberland Streets in a building well adapted to the business in its present proportions. Quite likely a large building will be needed before long.

In October 1903, the business was started, with one machine, a very modest beginning. In addition to the work of manufacturing it was necessary to build up a trade, to get goods on to the market. As fast as demand grew and warranted an increase in the production another machine was added. At present eleven machines are operated in the Brunswick Knitting Mills. From a small output at first the product of this factory has increased to a maximum of 250 pairs of hose every week. The demand at present is well up to the full capacity of the plant.

The factory competes with large and wealthy concerns in other states and is able to meet competition. Special claims are made for the Brunswick knit stockings. The quality of yarn and the wearableness of the goods are said to be superior to those which other manufacturers place on the market to sell for a similar price. A special claim is made for the dye used in coloring the stockings. One of the most important points is that the Brunswick Knitting Mills use no acid process to injure and burn the fabric, a process that destroys the wearing qualities and which is used in the manufacture of some kinds of lisle finish and oxidized goods.

The popularity which the "Brunswick" half hose has earned is shown in the increasing sales in this vicinity. Last year about 1800 pairs of this brand were sold in Brunswick, and men who have worn them once usually ask for them the second time. The trade has increased this season.

The process of manufacture is one involving special machinery that works automatically. Hand work is required in transferring the top (which are knit on double sets of needles on special machines) to the regular hose knitting process machines, and more hard work is necessary in finishing the hose after the knitting process is completed. As an illustration of the capacity of the factory, it may be explained that one operator on one machine can knit a stocking in less than 90 seconds.

The product of the Brunswick Knitting Mills is limited at present to two standard brands, "The Brunswick" half hose in two colors and in black; the "Columbia," also in two colors and in black. This season plans have been made to place on the market a heavy weight stocking for fall wear and this will be known as the "Kit Carson" brand.

The men, the personalities in this business, without which there would be no enterprise of this kind in Brunswick, are E.W. Cobb and T.C. Hunton. They are young men and both fitted, by experience and special study, for the work which they are doing. Mr. Cobb was previously engaged in this business at Suffolk, Va., and, besides that experience, has made a special study of dyes. Mr. Hunton in the Androscoggin mill in Lewiston, gained a valuable knowledge of cottons and particularly cotton yarns. In addition to their knowledge and experience they both have the ambition and the ability to apply themselves to their business, which are essential to success. This industry has grown and developed by their efforts, and it illustrates very clearly the possibilities that are open to young men right here at home.

Oldest Man In Harpswell Recalls Experiences As
Civil War Soldier

“Uncle Jimmy” Johnson Remembers Seeing
President Lincoln On Battlefield; Was
A Member of 25th Maine Regiment

Brunswick Record
May 15, 1941



“Uncle Jimmy” Johnson, the oldest man in Harpswell,
sitting in his favorite chair in the living room of his
snug little home that looks out over the waters of
Mackeral Cove at Bailey Island.

Down at Bailey Island, on the east shore of Mackeral Cove, there lives an old man. Now ordinarily it would be disrespectful to speak of anyone as an “old man.” But the age of this particular Bailey Islander is a thing to marvel at, a thing which he is justly proud. “Uncle Jimmy” Johnson does not mind being called old; for he holds a position that is at present unique among the residents of his community. Far and wide, ‘Uncle Jimmy’ is known as the oldest man in Harpswell.

Uncle Jimmy (there is hardly need to put the name in quotation marks; that is the name by which everybody knows him) is fast approaching the day when he will have looked out on the pageant of life for an entire century. Exactly how old he is no one is certain. The Town records of Harpswell, at the house of Town Clerk Margaret Skillings, give the date of his birth as Nov. 8, 1843 which would make his age about 97 and one-half years. Members of his family insist, however, that their records show he will be 99 on his next birthday. In the move of a century, one or two years more or less don’t make much difference, he feels.

As one of the few remaining Civil War veterans in this region, Uncle Jimmy, keeps returning in his reminiscences to his experiences in the Union Army, and still treasures the memory of the one and only time he saw President Abraham Lincoln.

When war broke out between the northern and southern states in 1861, young Jim Johnson, who was hardly more than a boy, enlisted, along with other young fellows of the vicinity, in the 25th Maine Regiment. He’s not sure whether he had to stretch his age a bit in order to be accepted by the army, but he did become a soldier. The 25th Maine had

hardly got down to the fighting front in Virginia, however, when he was struck down by typhoid, a disease, incidentally, which he had twice during his life. For months he was laid up in a Philadelphia hospital.

Uncle Jimmy is continually amazed by the tricks memory plays on him. "My memory ain't what it used to be," he says, shaking his head. Yet he still has a vivid picture in this mind of those months of sickness and convalescence. The hospital was on the corner of 16th and Philbert Streets in Philadelphia, he recalls clearly. His ward was one flight up, and he had the second bed from the door.

On the other hand he can't remember when it was that he had his precious glimpse of President Lincoln. He knows that it was just after he had been released from the hospital. At that time he had the choice of returning home or going back to finish out the few remaining weeks of his enlistment. "I went back to the boys of the regiment," Uncle Jimmy says sharply. It was on a battlefield that he saw Lincoln, passing in a wagon. He thinks it was just after the battle of Bull Run, but isn't sure whether it was the first or second battle of that name. At any rate he remembers also seeing a sight that recalled the line from the old pirate song, "Fifteen dead men lying in a row."

Although not all of his life has been spent there, Uncle Jimmy is a native of Bailey Island. All of his youth, or until the war, was spent in and around the Island. There is where he learned to love the sea and was educated in the technique of lobstering, which was to become his main occupation later on. After the war he joined Captail Dall of Worcester, Mass., a retired Army officer, who was making a survey of the Maine Coast, from Sequin to Mt. Desert. Sometimes later he moved to Portland, and for 27 years he remained in that city, employed by the lobster concern of C.W. Marston Co.

On Nov. 26, 1868, Uncle Jimmy married Elizabeth Arvilla Sinnett. They had six children, five of whom are still living. With the exception of the daughter with whom he lives, Mrs. Helen Durant, none of them has remained in this section. His oldest daughter, Mrs. Flora Smith, makes her home in Quincy, Mass., his only son, Arthur, is a resident of Cambridge, Mass., Mrs. Bessie Durgin lives in Kezar Falls, but Mrs. Addie Annis resides in Malden, Mass. The only other daughter to remain in this state was Mrs. Grace Wiley of Portland, who died several years ago. In addition, Uncle Jimmy has seven grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

When he returned from the lobster business, Uncle Jimmy went to live in Boston. Then he moved to Malden, where he lived with his youngest daughter, Mrs. Durant until last year. Last September, Uncle Jimmy came along with the Durant family for a visit to Bailey Island. He started living there and liked it so much he decided to stay all winter in spite of the fact that snow and cold have confined him pretty much to the house during the past few months. Uncle Jimmy has enjoyed the winter spent among the scenes of his boyhood. And especially has he enjoyed looking out over the waters of Mackerel Cove from his favorite seat in the living room.

In spite of his advancing age, Uncle Jimmy remains remarkably well; he can still say that he has scarcely had a sick day in his life, except for the two instances of typhoid. All his faculties remain nearly unimpaired, and he can hear and see almost as he could 30 years ago. His daughter and grandchildren all remark at his amazing gentle disposition. They rarely hear so much as a grumble from the patriarch of their family. And Uncle Jimmy assures them that he is content to remain among the familiar scenes of Bailey Island the rest of his days.

Old Time Town Meetings Scenes Of Hot Debate

Brunswick Record
August 15, 1946
By William Wheeler

Perhaps town meetings in Brunswick today are invariably harmonious and devoid of dispute and disagreement—I haven't attended one for years and I wouldn't know about that. Looking back to my boyhood, however, and remembering some of the annual gatherings in the old Town Hall which I attended only because I was able to sneak in, with other kids of my age, unnoticed by the officers at the doors, it seem to me that most of them were marked by rather acrimonious debate.

Many Issues

There was for instance, the question whether Brunswick should become a city, or remain what it was then, the largest town in the State. There was the question of water supply, bitterly argued—that is a story in itself. There was the question of supplanting the street gas-lights with the new-fangled electric arc lights, placed on tall poles with “dish-pan” reflections; there was the proposal to spend tax-payers money to build road rollers to pack down the snow on “Main” street, strongly opposed by voters from outside the village limits. There was the question whether Brunswick should have a “liquor agency” in accordance with State law. And—perhaps outstanding in my memory of the town meetings of my youthful days—there was the question of constructing a sewer system in Brunswick.

Brunswick A City?

The first agitation for raising Brunswick to the dignity of city status began as long ago as 1857—and the subject has cropped up at numerous times since then. In that year, a mass meeting was held in McLellan's Hall to consider the matter of application for a city charter, and apparently the citizens present were rather enthusiastically in favor of such action. A committee consisting of Daniel Elliott, merchant, A.G. Tenney, editor of the BRUNSWICK TELEGRAPH, and A. C. Robbins was appointed to conduct necessary correspondence. To draft the proposed charter, the meeting appointed lawyer Ebenezer Everett, Joseph McKeen, cashier of the Union Bank, Richard Greenleaf, Charles J. Noyes, civil engineer, and Benjamin Furbish, the tinsmith and hardware merchant. In preparing the petition, it was carefully drawn so that, in the event a charter was refused by the town as a whole, it could be accented to apply only to Brunswick Village.

“East Is East...”

In those days—in fact almost from the incorporation of the town—there was divided sentiment between sections of the town. “East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet” seems to have been the motto: the east side, the west side, and the village proper were frequently at odds. So strong did this feeling grow that from time to time the suggestion was made to divide into two townships, and incorporate two towns instead of one. The situation actually reached the stage of an article in the warrant for the annual town meeting in 1886, when it was proposed to petition the State Legislature to “set off and incorporate that part of town east of the 12-rod road from Mere Brook

northeasterly to the Androscoggin River at, or near the Narrows.” The motion was voted down, however, and the secession of the east side was averted.

It was because of the divided sentiment that the committee drafting a proposed city charter included a provision that the village alone might be made a city, if the charter should be rejected by the entire town. Just what would have become of the outlying districts had this plan been carried out is not clear. Brunswick village would have become the “City of Brunswick,” with its mayor, its board of aldermen, and its council. What then would have been the status of the “east side” and the “west side,” separated by the newly made city? There could hardly have been both a City of Brunswick and a Town of Brunswick within the same corporate limits.

Speculation on this point is fruitless, however, because as a matter of fact, the proposal was voted down. At the town meeting in 1858, a committee consisting of three residents of the village with three citizens from the east side and three from the west side was appointed to investigate the feasibility of application for a city charter, and to report at a special town meeting one week later. Their report, duly made, indicated that while residents of the village generally approved, both the east side and the west side, were uncompromisingly opposed. Put to vote the motion to apply for a charter was overwhelmingly defeated.

The proponents of the plan, however, then fired the second barrel of their gun. The plan called for an alternative of a city charter for the village alone; and by vote of the town, the “village school district” was given leave “to petition the Legislature for a charter for said district under the name of the City of Brunswick.”

Accordingly, a bill was passed by the Legislature, and signed by the Governor, which, however, would be null and void unless accepted by the Town within 30 days. A special town meeting was called, and in spite of the fact that the village alone was affected by the bill the charter was rejected by a majority of 101 votes.

Whether of not further attempts to obtain a city charter were made in the interim I do not know, nor can I find any record of such action; but I do know that in 1892 an article was inserted in the Warrant for the annual town meeting “to see if the town will vote to apply to the Legislature for a city charter agreeably to petition of George I. Thompson and others.” The record bears only the laconic notation by Town Clerk Thomas H. Riley “article dismissed”—but that doesn’t tell the whole story. It is my recollection that the pros and cons of the proposal were hotly and vigorously debated and that feeling in the town ran high.

Largest Town In State

In 1892 Brunswick was the largest town in the State, with approximately five-sevenths of its population residing within the limits of the village. A great deal of opposition to the acceptance of a city charter was based on that fact—it was considered better to remain the largest town rather than become one of the State’s smallest cities.

I don’t know the situation back in 1858, but when the proposition was brought up in 1892, I remember that there was one prominent citizen, who, it was said, had his eye on the mayoralty chair, and who fought hard for the charter in order that he might run for election. It may well be that similar aspirants since that time have advocated application for a city charter, but as far as I know it has never again reached the stage of a definite proposal at a town meeting.

Sewer Oratory

It was in 1892 that the town was first given opportunity to vote upon the installation of a sewer system and again the record merely shows “article dismissed.” Again, however, that brief and business-like entry fails to tell the whole story. The walls of Town Hall resounded with oratory, for and against the proposition; it was defeated because of the opposition of the voters outside the village limits. Once more the “east side” and the “west side” combined to defeat the villagers.

Village Corporation

In 1893, the Brunswick Village Corporation was organized, and incorporated by the Legislature. Whether or not the installation of a sewer system was the prime reason for the formation of the Corporation doesn’t appear; but the fact remains that one of its first official acts was to pass a vote to construct a sewer within the corporate limits, at a cost of \$50,000. It wasn’t accomplished as soon as that statement indicates, however. Meeting after meeting was called, and the subject was hotly debated—so hotly that on one occasion which I clearly recall, two very prominent citizens, on opposite sides of the fence, engage in vigorous physical battle during a meeting and had to be separated to avoid bloodshed.

We had orators in Brunswick in those days—perhaps that is true today, I wouldn’t know. We boys, perched upon the window sills of the auditorium, listed with bated breath to the polysyllabled phrases rolling out the mouths of the verbal gladiators. Argument and invective, logical, reasoning and mere name-calling, made up the scenario of the real drama, with the gavel of the moderator ceaselessly pounding in an effort to preserve reasonable order.

But in the end, the motion was passed, and Brunswick got its sewer system. In 1894, a vote was passed giving the contractor a license to excavate the streets and the work began.

Maybe today East and West have met; perhaps town meetings in Brunswick are tame, peaceful and harmonious affairs. If that is so, something which we used to have has been lost!

Old Patten Papers Reveal Local History Of Over A Century Ago Record Uses Them As Material For Series Of Articles Mentioning Ancestors of Many People Now Living Here Brunswick Record January 31, 1935

Some weeks ago Ralph J. Patten in rummaging through the attic of his home found tucked away in a box back under the eaves a lot of papers, old letters and receipts and other documents probably placed there by his great grandfather, Captain Actor Patten. Among these papers Mr. Patten found some that he thought would be of interest to people in this and neighboring towns, as their ancestors as well as his are mentioned in

many cases. He has brought then to the attention of the Record as they give a true account of the events and the men living in this community almost a century and a half ago.

The Record is interested in publishing copies of these treasured letters and commissions and the Master Rolls of many citizens who were in Capt. Actor Patten's company of Militia. These will be printed in three issues, the first relating to Capt. Actor Patten's Commission, second his Regimental Orders and third, the Muster Rolls.

Ralph Patten is living in the house his grandfather, Capt. Patten built in 1816. It is a beautifully built home of brick on the Meadow road overlooking the surrounding country for some distance. The bricks used to build the house were made on the place, in their own kiln. The walls of the lower story are four thicknesses of brick, and the upper story three thicknesses. Evidently there was a basement kitchen used for the main living room, a fireplace and crane neck still remaining, with a fireplace in every one of the main rooms, nine in all. A member of the Patten family has always lived in the place and some of the descendants of Capt. Actor Patten carefully placed these documents for safe keeping.

The photograph with this story shows the Commission appointing Actor Patten to Captain of a company in the First Regiment of the First Brigade, Eighth Division of the Militia of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, dated the first day of January 1796. At the left is the signature of Samuel Adams, then Governor of Massachusetts under the seal of the Commonwealth. The printing and writing is very clear, the signature of Samuel Adams called "the Father of the Revolution" being distinct though that of a feeble hand as he was seventy-five at the time he signed the paper, and had been Governor of Massachusetts for two years since 1794.

On the back of this commission, in the handwriting of Lieutenant Colonel John Reed, is the following statement: "Topsham, March the first 1796 I certify that Capt. Actor Patten has been qualified as the law directs before me" and also the following: "By virtue of the power and authority to me given by the gen. Order of the G. Feb'y Last, I hereby certify that the within Commission is to be considered of the same force and validity as if it had been originally numbered and made out for the fifth regiment of the 1 brigade and 8 Division, to which Regiment, by a late arrangement and transfer, Capt. Actor Patten within named and commissioned now belongs, and where he is now to be obeyed and respected accordingly—Given under my hand at Augusta this 15 day of September A.D. 1803" signed H. Sewall M Gen 8 Div. The handwriting of the last is very fine and looks almost like engraving.

Mr. Patten also has another interesting paper with a signature of great value, that of William King, first Governor of Maine, dated in the year 1820, when Maine first separated from Massachusetts. This is a form vesting Actor Patten 2nd of Topsham with the power of Justice of the Peace affixed in Portland the 29th day of June 1820 and in the forty fourth year of Independence of the United States, and the signature of Arthur Ware, Secretary of State, appears at the end. Governor William King, signature is under the seal of Maine.

The home now owned by Ellis L. Aldrich was built for Mr. King's sister Mrs. Benjamin J. Porter and later came into Mr. King's possession and sold by him to Mrs. Field for a girls' boarding school. Mr. King came to Topsham from Scarborough and entered into the sawmill business, one of the first industries in Topsham, starting in by owning one half of a saw, later the whole saw and soon the whole mill.

He was one of the corporators of the first cotton mill in Brunswick and of the toll bridge between the two towns, was active in politics but had moved to Bath at the time he was elected Governor.



Old Merriconeag House, Harpswell Landmark, Is Not Being Dismantled To Sell For Salvage

Brunswick Record
December 4, 1952
By Margaret B. Todd

The Merriconeag House, once South Harpswell's pride and joy will soon disappear completely from the local scene. For many years, the once-famous landmark has been an eyesore, for time has been exacting its toll of the neglected structure, aided and abetted by perennial crops of young fry with sling shots who regarded the hundreds of small window glass as heaven-sent targets.

T. Tarjanian, a Cambridge Mass. tailor, owner of Merriconeag Hotel property, recently sold the dilapidated structure to Edwin R. Randall of West Harpswell for dismantling. Tarjanian retains the ideally-situated property and plans to sell—either in one parcel, or cut up into cottage lots.

Built in 1876

It was in 1876 that the Merriconeag House was built by Theophilus Stover of West Harpswell for Joseph Pinkham of South Harpswell. Sylvester Orr had been assigned the contract for construction of the hotel, but he died before the work was started. "Theop," as he was called by one and all, took over the assignment to help Pinkham out, although at the time he held other important building contracts.

"Theop" Stover was quite a carpenter and many Harpswell buildings stand as eloquent tributes to his skill. He had moved the Stover homestead from the field to its present location on Route 123 at West Harpswell, had built on an addition and was residing there. Stover was the grandfather of Mrs. Sophie M. Bibber, the present occupant of the homestead.

"Theop" was very energetic and not afraid of hard work or long hours. While he was supervising the construction of the Merriconeag Hotel, his daily program included

walking from his home at West Harpswell to the hotel to see that all was in order for the day—workmen present and accounted for, work laid out for each man and all materials at hand. Then he'd row across the Merriconeag Sound to Bailey Island and put in a full days work on a house he was building there for Hudson B.M. Orr. At the conclusion of the day's work at Bailey, he'd row back to South Harpswell, stopping at the hotel to check on things before walking back to West Harpswell for supper.

A Broad View

The four-story hotel boasted 34 rooms. Of course, there was no electricity and no modern conveniences. Because the structure was laid out like a giant letter T, all rooms afforded excellent views either of the Sound of Pott's Harbor. From the observation tower, reached by means of a steep circular staircase from the upper floor, visibility without obstruction on a clear day would equal 10 miles or more in all directions.

Today, the casual passerby who cares to pick his way through the rubble and debris cannot fail to be impressed by the place. Pushing open one of the two double doors at the entrance, one stands in a square, ample foyer. It isn't difficult to picture the hospitality offered here in the old days—especially if a fire of driftwood logs were burning in the large brick fireplace. Interesting construction in the foyer is the wood paneling, just one foot wide, three feet up from the floor level that skirts the room.

Opening out of the foyer is a wide graceful stairway to the second floor. The wood paneling motif, mating the foyer, is repeated up the stairway. The hand-curved mahogany balustrade is a thing of beauty.

To the right of the foyer is evidence of the comfortable parlor which also had a fireplace. To the left of the foyer, a square room, also with a fireplace, evidently served as an office. Across the hall from the office is what must have been a combination smoking room and cloak room.

Large Dining Room

Passing through the foyer to the rear, one steps into the cheerful dining room with its superb view of the sea. Thirty-three feet square, the room could comfortably seat at least 150 persons. Evidently the walls here have been painted a canary yellow and for trim, a one-foot wallpaper border had been added to the top. Conveniently connected to the dining room by a long serving window and two service doors is a large airy kitchen.

Austin Pinkham, son of Joseph Pinkham, was the first hotel manager. Austin Pinkham was the father of Mrs. Annie Estes of South Harpswell, who was born at the hotel and raised there. Mrs. Estes recalls that her mother made the pastry for which the hotel was justly famous. She recalls the large parties that came in horse drawn vehicles from Bath for fried clams and fried fish.

The hotel was operated without interruption for a period of 50 years.

Fine Workmanship

As the business of dismantling the hotel continues, the wreckers become increasingly aware of the fine materials and workmanship that went into its construction. From the dining room will come 32 two x 10's. Over the foyer are three x 10's; and there are hand made nails in profusion.

One souvenir of the hotel will remain in town. A heavy oak table is now a prized possession of the Harpswell Garden Club and is presently in use at Centennial Hall at West Harpswell.



Old Hunter Tavern Topsham Landmark Which Has Stood More than 160 Years

Located on Middlesex Road Was Once Place Where Stage
Coaches Halted on Way From Portland to Augusta to
Refresh Passengers and Give Horses Rest Period
Brunswick Record
February 10, 1930

Just how long the "Old Red House" on the Middlesex road, Topsham, has stood, or just how long it will stand no one can tell. It was built sometime prior to 1770 according to information in Wheeler's history of Brunswick, Topsham and Harpswell, but references have been made to it in books before that date. No one disputes the fact that it is the oldest house in town.

The place is also known as "Hunter's Tavern" for in 1770 Thomas Hunter used it as a stopping place for the stagecoach. The Middlesex road was then the main route from Portland to Augusta and a stagecoach line ran the route for several years. The tavern was not used to much extent, except as a resting place. The taverns in Brunswick were equipped with stables and travelers generally stopped there for the night. But traveling by stagecoach was a bit more wearisome than by automobile today and small taverns were kept open at several points along the route.

Probably few modern houses of frame construction would stand the weather for more than 160 years as well as the "Old Red House". The original clapboards, hewn out with the broad axe and running in many cases the whole length of the house, are still keeping out the wind and rain. They show the effects of the weather and the red paint put on years ago only shows in spots and places, but they still serve their purpose. The hand hewn timbers are still sound.

The building stands out alone, near the highway, with a broad field at the rear, giving mute testimony to a day of glory long since passed.

Some of the rooms still have the paneled walls, the height of luxury 100 years ago, but many of them have been walled up with plaster board.

The place passed down through four generations of Hunters. The last of the Hunter line to occupy the place was Mrs. Jane P. Frost, wife of the late O.E. Frost. She sold it to John Atkins, the grandfather of the present owner, John Leavitt. Like the old house itself, the owner seems to have stood the gaff of time pretty well. To look at him you would say he was not over forty but he is well in his sixties.

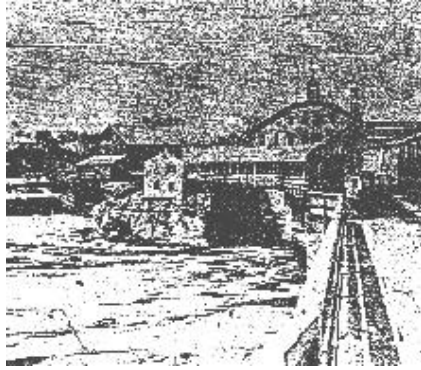
The old Alfred Hunter farm, which adjoins the tavern property was once a part of the estate, running from the Androscoggin river back for several miles, but Thomas Hunter divided it with his brother John more than 100 years ago.

**Old Fish House At Orr's Island
Reveals Civil War Documents Concealed
In Walls
Building Is Proved To Be First School House
Built More Than One Hundred Years Ago
Brunswick Record
July 7, 1949**

Now that the famous father-and-son lobstering combination of William E. Sylvester, Sr. and John E. Sylvester of Orr's Island has been augmented to include a third generation, John Jr., the trio needed more fish house space. They already owned a presentable structure called the Bait Barrel, located at the end of Brim Alley. They leased from Robert Orrin Linscott, a Dartmouth College sophomore home for the summer, a smaller fish house, adjacent to the Bait Barrel, with option of purchase and proceeded to make repairs.

The building had been lathed and plastered, but the plaster was more "off" than "on" and the Sylvesters decided to remove the rest when there they made discoveries. The building proved to be the first schoolhouse and, in the old days, was located somewhere near the site of the present summer home of Miss Eleanor Lungren of Philadelphia, Pa., on Tower Hill. It was probably built by James Orr for the then young fry. It hasn't been used for a school for more than 100 years, according to the oldsters. At one time, James Orr's nephew Alf used the structure to house a thriving grocery business.

Stuck to the lathes under the plaster were portions of old newspapers. One masthead reads: The Evening Argus Daily, Portland, Saturday, July 4, 1863, Vol. XXI, No. 457. This carries a dispatch from Headquarters Army which tells of the battle of Gettysburg, and the "Rebel Gens. Longstreet and Barksdale killed!" In addition to war dispatches the legible portions contain advertisements for merchandise and real estate.



Old Covered Bridge Across Androscoggin Source of Terror To
Female Population
Running Toll as Great Pastime as Stealing Apples or Crashing
Gate at Count Fair and
Youngsters Who Succeeded Enthroned in Hall of Fame by Mates
Brunswick Record
February 13, 1930

The talk concerning the reconstruction of the bridge over the Androscoggin river between Topsham and Brunswick, has brought to the minds of many of the townspeople the old fashioned toll bridge which used to span the stream. The irate expostulations of the toll house keeper as some daring youth slipped by and continued on his way to spend his money for the lady of his heart instead of paying his toll, echo in the memories of some of those who were "the boys" back in the '60s.

Running the toll was as much of a pastime then as swiping apples is among the youth of today. Often-times they did not run roll to cheat the collector, but merely to see if they could get away with it. The same general principles applied to running toll as "crashing the gate" in our own day at the county fair. If a fellow could get away with it he was enthroned in the hall of fame and if he was caught he was "just out of luck."

The first bridge across the Androscoggin was built in 1796 and from then to 1871 all the bridges were privately owned by corporations of business men in Brunswick and Topsham. Those corporations built the bridges and kept them in repair, charging toll to all who used them. Several types of bridge have spanned the river, including the covered wooden bridge that was a source of terror to the feminine population of the two towns. They did not linger on the bridge to watch the moonbeams play on the crests of the wavelets of the current below. For one thing they could not have seen the moon except through a crack in the covering. But that was not the greatest reason why they hastened their dainty steps when forced to cross the bridge at night. There were many dark corners and their timid hearts fluttered perceptibly for fear that some rude member of the masculine sex might be lurking in the shadows to do them harm.

The bridge was purchased by the towns of Brunswick and Topsham in 1871 and since then has been free of tolls. The covered wooden bridge was taken down in the fall of 1877 and an iron bow bridge was built. At that time the bow bridge was considered

one of the wonders of engineering and was considered as the last-minute design in bridge construction. The present iron bridge was erected by the King Bridge Company in the year 1889 and has been re-enforced several times as the traffic became heavier.

An interesting account of the history of the bridges between the two towns is found in Wheeler's History of Brunswick, Topsham and Harpswell:

"In 1795 an attempt was made to have a bridge built across the Androscoggin River by the towns of Brunswick and Topsham, and the town of Brunswick voted very generally to build one-half of a bridge across the Androscoggin River, to begin near 'Doctor Nye's Mill.' A committee was chosen to see the matter carried on, and the town also voted to raise \$300 for building the bridge, but not to assess the money until leave to build it had been granted by the General Court. Nothing came of this attempt to construct a free bridge, but the next year certain persons were empowered by the Legislature to build a toll bridge from Nye's Mill, in Brunswick to the Middle Rock, and thence below the 'Great Mill' in Topsham.

The act of incorporation the 'Proprietors of the Androscoggin Bridge' was passed and approved February 26, 1796. The incorporators were William King, Benj. Jones Porter, Cutting Noyes, Amos Lunt, James Wilson, Daniel Clark, Joseph Langdon, Ebenezer Emerson, Isaac Johnson, John Blanchard, John Merrill, Pelatiah Haley, Actor Patten, Ben. Hasey, Wm. Owen, James Stone, John Merrill, Jr., and Theod. Symmes. A schedule of rates of toll was prescribed by the act, which should be in force for thirty years; after that, subject to legislature.

In March an additional Act was passed, fixing the number of shares at five hundred, at eight dollars each, and providing that no one person should purchase more than six shares within six days from the opening of the book, thus enabling persons of limited means to become shareholders and preventing the control of the bridge being monopolized by a few individuals. The bridge was built in the fall. In the spring of 1811 the bridge was carried away by a freshet, and was rebuilt the same year at a cost of 54,591.42.

June 22, 1814, the toll house and greater part of the bridge were carried away by a freshet. They were at once rebuilt at an expense of \$3,599. In the spring of 1827 the bridge was again carried away, and the directors voted to rebuild and to make the abutments of stone. Previously they had been made out of wood. The expense, including a toll house, was about \$6,000. Since 1827 the bridge has not been disturbed by freshets.

In 1842 the bridge was destroyed by fire and rebuilt the same year. For some years previous to 1842 the bridge was repaired and made free April 10, 1871."

The records of the Town of Brunswick show that at the annual Town Meeting, held on March 27, 1871, it was "Voted that the sum of five thousand and sixty-eight dollars (\$5,068) be raised to pay for the Androscoggin Bridge as bargained for by the Selectmen pursuant to a vote of the Town, August 21, 1870; voted also that the Selectmen be authorized to hire on credit of the Town the sum of five thousand dollars and use as much thereof as may be necessary in accordance with the law in the purchase of the Androscoggin Bridge."

The purchasing of the Androscoggin Bridge by the towns of Brunswick and Topsham was authorized by an act of the Legislature, passed March 17, 1870. On August 26 of that same year a special Town Meeting was called at which the Selectmen were authorized to make arrangements with the bridge owners for the purchase of the bridge.

Although the toll rates were not high, the residents of the towns felt that it would be for the interest of both towns if the bridge were made free. The paying of toll each time one crossed from one town to another was unpleasant, and to those who crossed frequently, and who did not have an annual permit, it was expensive. The toll rates appear to have varied at different times. At one time they were two cents for a person on foot, six cents for a single team and 10 cents for a double team. Annual passes or permits, as they were called, were issued for one dollar a year. These permits allowed the purchaser and members of his family to cross at any time and as often as they pleased, on foot, or in at team for one year.

One of very few if not the only one of these old permits in existence at the present time is now in the possession of Miss Octavia Scribner of Topsham. The permit was issued April 6, 1841, and permitted Benj. Havey to pass the Androscoggin Bridge with horse, sleigh, chaise, or on foot until April 4, 1842. The permit is signed by David Scribner who at that time was one of the directors of the bridge corporation. On the back of the permit is signed "Apl. 16, 1841. Rec'd Pay, B. Jaques.

The wording of the permit follows: Permit Mr. Benj. Havey andto pass the Androscoggin Bridge, with horse, sleigh, chaise, and on foot till the 4th April, 1842, for one dollar and ...cents, provided he pay quarterly in advance. David Scribner, Director. \$1.00 to the toll Gatherer. Androscoggin Bridge, April 4, 1841.

Persons on receiving such permits will give in the names of their families, when required; and if there are any male members over the age of 21 years, such will not be included, unless with the understanding of the Directors. The right of revoking a permit is reserved, on refunding money which may have been paid over the time they have used said permit. No deduction is to be made on account of the Bridge being down for repairs to be rebuilt, unless the travel is interrupted more than one month. Having a permit does not allow the carrying of passengers, any two horse carriages or wagons, any vehicle used for teaming, or any other privilege not named in the permit. All permits paid in advance, unless over one dollar and fifty cents. Accountable for no damages sustained while violating the laws inspecting bridges.

These permits were held by nearly all families in the two towns who had occasion to cross frequently from one town to the other. As the amount paid for the annual pass would have been soon used up in paying single tolls, it was both more satisfactory and cheaper to hold a permit than to pay the few cents toll every time one crossed.

Whoever remembers the old toll bridge will remember Benjamin Jaques, who for years was in charge of the bridge. With his wife and family he lived in the toll house, situated upon the large rock near the Topsham shore. He was a small, alert man, full of life, and ever on the lookout for tolls. Men who are not numbered among the older residents of the two towns, and some who do not call themselves old, are fond of telling how they used to run toll. The evening was the favorite time for pursuing this pastime. A number of boys would go to the bridge in the evening, when everything was dark and still, and start to run across, hoping to reach the other end before Mr. Jaques could stop them.

The toll bridge was not pleasant to cross at night. The sidewalk was roofed over, and the top beams were also roofed. Through the middle of the driveway there extended a high partition. Teams going from Brunswick to Topsham used the east or lower side, while teams going from Topsham to Brunswick used the west or upper side. This did

away with any possibility of accidents by collision but made each driveway narrow and not as satisfactory as an open bridge.

Memory of some of the older residents of the two towns goes back to the old white bridge which was taken down and rafted to the property of Samuel Haskell, on the Topsham bank of the river and there utilized as a wharf upon which he built a large barn. In 1842 a fire caught on the Brunswick end of the bridge. The covered structure acted as a large flue for the wind and the result was that within a short time the entire structure was destroyed. The fire swept through the long bridge at a terrific rate, dense volume of smoke issuing forth from the ends. The bridge was rebuilt the same year.

In 1877 it was decided to replace with an iron structure the wooden bridge which had become weakened with age and use and was not considered strong enough for the heavy travel which it was forced to carry. While at work taking down some of the beams Joseph Curtis, a workman, was struck by a falling timber and knocked into the water. He was instantly killed.

At this time an iron bridge, known as a bow bridge, was erected. This was used until the present structure was built, the bow bridge having in its turn become too light for the increasing weight which it had to carry.



OLD CHURCH ERECTED IN 1758
Historic Structure at Harpswell Center is Still
Used by the Selectmen of the Town
Brunswick Record
July 31, 1903

Long before the Revolutionary war the people of Harpswell began the erection of their first Meeting House. That was nearly a century and a half ago, but the building still stands and continues to be used for public purposes. It is a monument to the early settlers of Harpswell, men who sacrificed a great deal to make this church a substantial enduring edifice. The history of the town is inseparably connected with this building, and the fact of its existence serves as an historic link which arouses the pride of every native, and the interest of every visitor.

During the greater part of a century the Meeting House was the leading place of worship in Harpswell, at the same time serving as the Town House. When the new church was built by the First Parish in 1844, the old structure was somewhat out of repair, and it remained for the most part unused until 1856 when it was taken possession of by the town as a Town House and Selectmen's office. Every since that time, 47 years ago, it has been used by the town.

According to Wheeler's history this building was built in 1758 and 1759. The window frames and sashes were purchased in Boston, May 19, 1759. Rev. Elisha Eaton was the first pastor. The church was organized in 1803 and Mr. Eaton was at that time chosen pastor. He had much to do with the construction of the building and continued as pastor until 1764 when he died. His son, Samuel Eaton, was his successor and was obtained that year. He graduated from Harvard College in 1763 and continued in the ministry for 59 years, or until his death in 1822.

The building is neatly painted and is still fairly well preserved. The boards are an inch and a half thick. Birch bark was used for sheathing beneath the clapboards. The old-fashioned hinges and hand made nails are still to be seen there. The interior has been changed little since the church was erected. The great high pulpit of elaborate design, flanked on either side by pews, still remains, as well as the sounding board and the gallery.

Back of the church is the old cemetery and the common, which under the care of the Harpswell Center Improvement Association are kept green and attractive.

This church was particularly fortunate in having for its pastor men of the ability and character which distinguished Rev. Elisha Eaton and his son Samuel. Their work and influence in Harpswell meant much to the town.

The last preacher at this old church was none other than the famous Elijah Kellogg. In 1843, before the new church was completed, Mr. Kellogg occupied the high pulpit and gave his message to the people of Harpswell. The benediction of this good man and the benediction of his predecessors had their effect in Harpswell, and the old church, blessed by their labors, still inspires a feeling of reverence. It is consecrated so long as it stands.

An illustration of the historical significance of this old structure is seen in a poem delivered in 1899 by Capt. L.H. Stover:

FAIR HARPSWELL

This town is beauty richly dressed
Was by its earliest settlers blessed,
And what they did for us we know
One hundred and fifty years ago.

They gave this common and were led
To found the city of the dead,
They built this church above the sod
Where they all came to worship God.

We trust that you will here retain
What relics of this church remain,
Preserve this pulpit sound and good
In which old Parson Eaton stood.

This church and everything around
Seems now to me like holey ground,
It marks a time when all had grace
To meet and worship in one place.

Old Black Handled Knife Is
Treasured By Harpswell Family
Mrs. Henry Marsh Has Blade Her Father Used
To Free Lifeboat, Saving His Life And Those of
His Crew
Brunswick Record
December 4, 1941

It's just an old black-handled knife, nearly fifty years old. But in the Hodgkins and Marsh families of Harpswell, it is known as "The Thanksgiving Knife."

Used for many years to carve the Thanksgiving turkey, it is a treasured possession of Mrs. Henry Marsh, daughter of the late Captain Frank H. Hodgkins and Mrs. Hodgkins, who still lives at the family homestead in West Harpswell.

This simple, black-handled knife wasn't always used to carve turkeys. It is a treasure because it once saved the lives of Captain Hodgkins and his crew. The Harpswell sea captain and his crew were shipwrecked back in 1902, when their ship, the Pettigrew, laden with lumber, ran into a hurricane off the Atlantic coast. A rescue ship finally hove in sight, and as the captain was gathering up a few belongings before abandoning ship, he took along the old knife. As the small boat was being lowered, one of the blocks jammed, and if it hadn't been for that old knife, the boat would probably have been smashed against the ship. But the captain quickly drew the knife and cut the ropes and the boat was free.

Captain Hodgkins arrived home just two days before Thanksgiving. Deprecating his narrow escape he jokingly remarked that he had not been able to save his shirt but had brought home a knife to carve the bird with. Ever since then, the old, long, black-handled knife has been a part of the Thanksgiving ritual in the Hodgkins family.

This old tradition has been used as the basis of a story in the November issue of "The American Girl," written by Miss Anne Francis Hodgkins, sister of Mrs. Marsh, summer resident of West Harpswell, and head of the Girls' Service League in New York City.



New Tourist Inn Offers Atmosphere Of Complete Comfort And Hospitality

Mrs. Florence Witherby, of Dingley Island Fame, Renovates
Old Swett Home and Furnishes It For Overnight Guests and Meal Service

Brunswick Record

December 9, 1937

A very creditable addition made to places in Brunswick offering overnight accommodations and meal, when the Tourist Inn opened last week at 42 Pleasant Street in Brunswick.

The Inn is located in the large house known as the Swett home. Readers will recognize it from the picture accompanying this story. It was built about 55 years ago and is one of the best constructed houses in town.

A few months ago it was taken over by Mrs. Florence Witherby, who will operate it as the Tourist Inn. She has a splendid experience and background for the enterprise, for since 1914 she has been the proprietor of Gray-Rock at Dingley Island, that beautiful shore spot near Cundy's Harbor, famous throughout the state for its meals and hospitality.

Mrs. Witherby first gave the Pleasant street property a thorough cleaning and renovating. She then moved into the comfortable and tasteful furnishings from Gray-Rock at Dingley Island. These fit perfectly into the arrangement of the Pleasant Street house, to provide comfortable sleeping rooms, cheery living and assembly rooms and a most attractive dining room. Throughout, it has the atmosphere of a home rather than that of a public hostelry.

Mrs. Witherby has installed new plumbing throughout the house, a feature of which is running hot and cold water in each bedroom. Several old fireplaces have been left open, adding to the livability of several of the sleeping rooms.

On the first floor are a spacious hall, a front living room, the dining room, Mrs. Witherby's own quarters and an entirely remodeled kitchen in the rear. Upstairs are rooms accommodating at present 10 persons and there is space in the rear of the house for other bedrooms to be added.

A connecting barn provides garage space for four cars and the space over it may later be converted into more bedrooms.

It is Mrs. Witherby's present intention to take overnight guests and furnish them with breakfast, although she is prepared to take permanent guests in some of the rooms.

In addition, she is ready to serve meals on advance orders to parties of local people, such as clubs whose members want to dine out occasionally, or ladies who wish to entertain at luncheon and bridge. The lovely silver and china which is so pleasingly remembered by former guests at Gray-Rock will be in service at the Tourist Inn.



NEW PAROCHIAL SCHOOL OPENS

About 500 Pupils Enrolled—Services
Held in Basement of New Church

Brunswick Record
March 21, 1913

The handsome new parochial school, which for the past 10 months has been under construction for the parish of St. John the Baptist, was opened Monday with the enrollment of nearly 500 scholars. This number is expected to be increased at the opening on the next term.

The new school is a handsome building 94 by 64 feet, two stories in height and built of brick with granite trimmings. It contains five classrooms on the first floor for the primary grades and six rooms on the second floor. One of these rooms is to be used as an assembly hall, while the others will be used for the higher grades. The school contains nine grades, beginning with the sub-primary and going through the ninth grade, the ninth grade having the regular curriculum of the public schools and in addition typewriting and bookkeeping are taught. A graduate of the school is thoroughly fitted to enter the Brunswick High School or any similar institution and those who have entered higher schools in the past have invariably maintained a high standard of scholarship.

The school has 10 teachers and instruction is given in English and French.

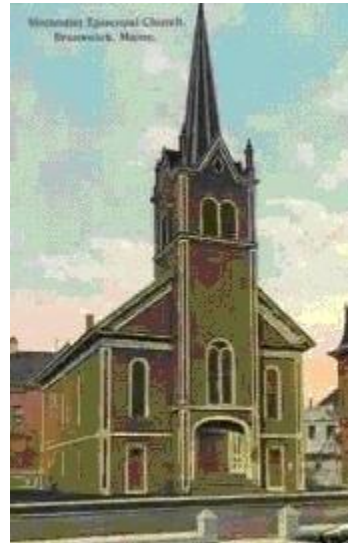
With the opening of the new school, the old convent and the old wooden school building in its rear, and the school on the corner of Mill and Cushing Streets will be given up and the old convent will be sold.

The formal dedication of the school building will be postponed until later in the spring when the grounds have been graded and other improvements made.

The basement of the new church of St. John the Baptist, which is being built to replace the church burned in the big fire of April 26, 1912, was used for the first time

Sunday. The basement has been finished and will be used as the church for a time until funds are secured to continue the construction of the edifice. When the church is finished the basement will be divided into two large rooms, one for weekday services and the other for society meetings.

Sunday three masses were held, all of which were very largely attended so that the capacity of the church is taxed to its utmost. The last mass was sung by Rev. Fr. Archambault of Lewiston. The new church was privately blessed Saturday evening by the pastor, Rev. Fr. T. J. Remy.



NEW METHODIST PASTOR

Rev. W. P. Merrill Began His Pastorate in Brunswick

Last Sunday

Brunswick Telegraph

May 1, 1903

The new pastor of the Methodist church, Rev. W. P. Merrill, is one of the well-known clergymen of this conference, having preached for more than 25 years in this section. During this time he has supplied some of the prominent charges, among them being Berlin, NH, Bridgton, Portland, Berwick, and the Beacon Street church in Bath. At Berwick, where he remained for four years, Mr. Merrill remodeled and refitted the entire church at an expense of \$5,500 and paid the bill. At Bath he also made improvements to the church to the extent of \$3,000. It is said of Mr. Merrill that he is particularly successful in raising funds.

In Bath he enjoyed a wide popularity being recognized as a man of broad sympathies and marked ability. Mr. Merrill preached here last Sunday for the first time and was greeted by a large congregation. He is much gratified at the cordial reception.

Although a stranger in this town he is not unfamiliar with its character and traditions, for he is a native of Portland and has always known Brunswick.

ORIGIN OF THE CHURCH

The Methodist church in Brunswick, now one of the strongest religious societies in town, was organized on April 25, 1836, 67 years ago. The present house of worship on Pleasant street was erected in 1866. Previous to that time services were held in the old "Baptist Branch Meeting House," which was bought in 1836 for \$1,900. The origins and early struggles of this denomination, while not unlike the history of other churches here, contain much interest. One of the old sayings about this church was that it formerly consisted of Hiram Tibbetts and 16 old maids. Mr. Tibbetts says that, the statement is hardly true. He says the statement was made by a clergyman in 1867 when it was proposed to hold the conference in Brunswick, and that the number of old maids was 49 instead of 16.

The real founders of this church were Mrs. Snowdon, Miss Jane Blake, Miss Eunice McLellan, Miss Margaret Todd and Miss Maria Walker, who in 1820 were baptized and formed into a class. From that class grew up the present Methodist church.

The first Methodist preaching was in 1821, services being held by Rev. Melville B. Cox in the Franklin Bridge house on Franklin street. It is related that opposition to the Methodists was exceedingly bitter. Rev. Mr. Cox coming here on Sabbath evening after a long ride called at the house where he had previously been entertained, and was refused admittance, the man saying he could not receive him, that he must turn him away or be turned away himself. The preacher went to the Meeting House and preached without his supper and drove eight miles to find a lodging.

The original organization of the church in 1836 was as follows: Stephen M. Vail, Clerk; trustees Allen T. Cobb of Durham, John Wilkinson of Bath, Ebenezer Moore of Gardiner, John Moore of Gardiner, Eliphalet Bryant of Brunswick, Ephriam Sturdivant of Cumberland and Samuel G. Lane of Brunswick.

LIST OF PASTORS

The church records show the following list of pastors:

Rev. Mark Tralton	1836	Rev. James McMillan	1869-72
Rev. C. P. Bragdon	1837	Rev. H. C. Sheldon	1872-4
Rev. C.C. Cone	1838-40	Rev. C.W. Morse	1874-6
Rev. A. P. Hillman	1840-2	Rev. W.S. Jones	1876-9
Rev. Ashahed Moore	1842-44	Rev. James Moxam & Prof. Ladd of Yale	1879
Rev. Cornelius Stone	1844	Rev. F. C. Rogers	1880-83
Rev. Daniel Fuller	1845-7	Rev. W. W. Sterling	1883-85
Rev. John True	1848-9	Rev. W.S. McIntire	1885-88
Rev. Ezekial Robinson	1850	Rev. F. C. Haddock	1889-93
Rev. Charles Munger	1851-2	Rev. W. B. Dukeshire	1893-96
Rev. Joseph Hanks	1853	Rev. W. F. Holmes	1896-97
Rev. J. C. Perry	1854	Rev. E.D. Holmes	1897-1901
Rev. Parker Jacques	1855		

Rev. C.W. Morse	1856-9	Rev. D. E. Miller	1901-2
Rev. John Cobb	1860-1	Rev. W. P. Merrill	present pastor
Rev. Josiah H. Newhall	1862-3		
Rev. W. W. Baldwin	1864		
Rev. John B. Lapham	1865-7		
Rev. Stephen Allen	1867-9		

New Meadows and Kennebec River Yachtsmen Wish Canal

Brunswick Record
September 21, 1912

On September 21, 1912 an article appeared in the Brunswick Record entitled “New Meadows and Kennebec River Yachtsmen Wish Canal”—“Have Revived Talk about Connecting the Two Rivers. Bed of old Canal Can Still be Seen, New Canal Could Be Constructed at Slight Cost.”

The article copied the words of the July 7, 1905 article by Prof. George Vose. Only a paragraph differs:

“By looking at the map it will be seen that the deep inlet called New Meadows river, was formerly called Stevens river, reaches much further inland than any of the other bays, coming at its head less than a mile of Merrymeeting Bay. It is a matter of history that the New Meadows valley was settled at an earlier date, earlier than the region of either Brunswick or Bath. Several reasons have been given for this. The entrance from the sea is easier than the Kennebec, the land was brought quicker under cultivation, and the borders of the river were covered in good timber. There is very little in the way of reliable records of the early settlements, excepting those concerning troubles with Indians past of the town, the first buildings being around Mill Cove. From 1789 to 1812, five saw mills and four grist mills were built about the cove by Joseph Berry, and Englishman, who owned a large tract reaching from Kennebec to the New Meadows. It is now known locally as “Berry’s Mills.”

NEW LOCATION FOR TOPSHAM BRIDGE IS THE PROPOSAL OF FRANK J. WOOD OF TOPSHAM

Plan Would Eliminate Short Bridge Over Granny Hole
Stream, and Obviate Temporary Bridge During
Construction and Re-Survey Means Delay

Brunswick Record
July 19, 1930

A petition signed by approximately fifty citizens of the towns of Brunswick and Topsham was on Wednesday presented to the State Highway Commission by Frank J.

Wood of Topsham asking for a new survey of the proposed Maine street bridge between Brunswick and Topsham with a view of relocating the structure so as to provide for a three land highway and to eliminate the very dangerous curve at the Topsham end of the short bridge.

The petition reads as follows: "We, the undersigned residents of Brunswick and Topsham, hereby request you to investigate the proposal of Frank J. Wood of Topsham for a relocation of the Brunswick-Topsham bridge over the Androscoggin river with a view to ascertaining whether or not such proposal is feasible, practical and in the interests of the State and the Towns of Topsham and Brunswick."

Mr. Wood also interviewed the engineers of the Central Maine Power Company in regard to the plan with a view of having the engineers of that company, in cooperation with the engineers of the State Highway Department, consider a plan for rebuilding the present semi-circular lower dam with a new concrete dam, which would cross the river at the site of the bridge and which would form a part of the proposed bridge structure. Such a dam would permit a large mill pond and would enable both the Central Maine Power Company and the Pejepscot Paper Company to operate their plants under more favorable conditions during drouth periods.

The proposal of Mr. Wood calls for the removal in whole or in part of the Scribner grain mill at the Brunswick end of the bridge and the seizure by right of eminent domain of such property near the corner of Main and Summer streets in Topsham as may be necessary to provide a junction of the proposed approach of the bridge to the state highway without too much of a curve.

According to his plan the new bridge would start from the Brunswick end in such a way as to eliminate the slight curve at Scribner's mill and thence continue in a nearly straight line in the rear of the Pejepscot Paper Mill. Then following the west bank of Granny Hole Stream a new highway would be laid out to its intersection with Main street Topsham near the present corner of Main and Winter streets.

Mr. Wood has pointed out to the State Highway Commission that while the bridge is under construction it would be possible to use the present bridge, which would save the cost of building a proposed temporary bridge from Mill street to Topsham Heights, which temporary bridge will probably cost approximately \$10,000. It would also save the expense of rebuilding the short bridge over Granny Hole Stream at the Topsham end of the present highway and would save the land damage that will have to be paid the Pejepscot Paper Company for the land now occupied by the lawn in front of the mill, which will be almost entirely within the limits of the approach of the bridge as now planned.



New Casino Brunswick Telegraph November 26, 1898

Merrymeeting Park in the near future is to have a beautiful casino which shall make this pleasure resort equal to anything of its kind in the State. The building will be beautiful and up to date in every respect.

The ground floor will be the casino proper, or the amusement hall. The second floor will be finished into dining rooms; while on the third floor will be the rooms for the employees, eight rooms being finished for the first season. The building itself will be 260 feet by 80 wide, and will be entirely encircled by airy piazzas and balconies, 18 feet side. A magnificent stone porte-cochere will be built at the entrance and steps from the balcony will lead to the top of this, where seats will be arranged. The center of the casino will be carried up into a square tower, and in the highest point of the tower will be a roof garden, arranged with tete-a-tetes, benches, and seats of all kinds, and little tables and gay with blossoming plants and music. The casino will be surrounded by a cupola, which will be furnished with seats and made comfortable for sight-seers.

The big hall on the first floor will be 115 x 42 feet, and the stage will be deep and convenient and well supplied with scenery of all sorts. Two dressing rooms will be elegantly fitted and furnished. The basement will be arranged for a bicycle house and check room.

The main dining room will be 42 X 61 feet and the remaining space will be divided by flexible partitions, so that eight small rooms may be made, or all thrown into one large hall if desired, which would be 164 x 42 feet. At either end of the big hall are immense fireplaces, so big that 8-foot cord wood sticks can be burned, and a flashing, roaring ruddy blaze will go far towards furnishing a big room and thawing guests into a cordial, enjoyable and enjoying state of mind and body.

These fireplaces will be built of the fine granite which is taken out of the premises, and the two picturesque chimneys, the porte-cochere, the foundation, and the great gates to be erected at the main entrance, will be built of this granite, supplemented and made more artistic by the mossy old stones and boulders which have lain undisturbed till the gray-green lichens have crept over them and touched them with the finish that delights the modern generation.



Mrs. Sarah Pletts House on Lincoln Street

Brunswick Record

January 20, 1949

By Elizabeth R. Pullen

The white clapboard house which has been Mrs. Sarah E. Pletts' Brunswick home since 1920, was, according to Capt. Hall, a long-time resident of Lincoln Street, the third oldest house to be built there. The exact date is unknown, but for many years it belonged to Archie Hopkins, who operated a general store at the present site of Jarvis' Restaurant. The deeds in Mrs. Pletts' possession refer to it as the Snow House and record that in 1889 it was sold to James Alexander. Its early origin is testified to by the old brick walk, irregular and weathered.

The lavish use of glass across the front entry and the remodeled long, sun room gives the house a distinctive note. The tall trimmed boxwood hedge is another feature that makes the approach to the house an unusual one. At the time the late Dr. Pletts purchased the house, it had the typical side veranda. The doors were converted into French doors into the main living room when this porch was lengthened and glassed in to make what is virtually the chief living space of the downstairs, with its light airy roominess well adapted to the many activities of a large family.

Mrs. Pletts' five sons were all born in Brunswick and raised in the family home on Lincoln Street. The large white barn attached to the house was used, within their memory, for the horse and buggy with which Dr. Pletts made his calls. A photograph in the family shows the doctor starting out on his rounds with the buggy and the family sitting in the new automobile that was soon to replace the horse as the means of transportation.

The large front room was used by Dr. Pletts as a reception room and the ell-shaped room adjoining as a consultation room. This has now been done over to form a small den as an adjunct to the main central living room, and with its Venetian blinds and handsome Gov. Winthrop desk provides a cozy nook for writing and glass-top door harmonize well with the 10 wide windows that run the length of the opposite side.

The original mantel in the middle room has been retained, and colonial craft carpeting recalls the early character of the house. Another fireplace, with brick Dutch oven in the kitchen had to be removed for the sake of expediency, as in so many of the older houses of town.

A kitchen had at one time three steps leading down and a double floor as the owners found out when they installed permanent heat in the kitchen. The old hot water system, which has a tank on the second floor of the back stairs, has proved so adequate, however, that it has never been changed, and is thus a landmark of earlier construction of utilities.

A rear shed was incorporated into the kitchen at the time of remodeling that room, and a wide, benched breakfast nook built in. As in many of the old spacious kitchens, even the addition of the most modern equipment does not take away from the feeling that this room was once an integral part of family life, as opposed to the strictly formal kitchens now so much in vogue.

Mrs. Pletts has used floral prints and wallpaper to set off the dignified mahogany and light maple of the cheerful upstairs bedroom. An extra bedroom has been built out of the typical storeroom that so often adjoined the back stairs. Two of the bedrooms have the built-in chests of drawers, flush with the walls, that was such a convenient device of houses in the early 1800s.

From the moment one enters the gay hydrangea-patterned hallway into the light run porch, one is aware that this hold house has been filled with the pleasures of a growing family, and that Mrs. Pletts has adapted it and herself to their needs and wants.

Mount Ararat Proves Popular Camping Ground for Tourists

Warden Cheetham, on Constant Lookout For Fires,
Discovers Many At Considerable Distance Away
Brunswick Record
September 15, 1938

One of the attractions in Topsham for tourists is the new Mt. Ararat public camping grounds and watch tower, according to fire warden William Cheetham, whose guest book in the tower bears witness to nearly 600 visitors, many from the south and west, who climbed the 55-foot tower this summer to look out over the twenty-five mile expanse of territory that can be seen on a clear day. Mt. Washington is one of the sights tourists are eager to view from the tower.

Although a number of fires are noted every week, Mr. Cheetham told the Record, only one serious fire has occurred in this vicinity since May. Frequently the wind is blowing in such a way that Mr. Cheetham is able to detect much further away from him than they are from wardens nearer the source of trouble, and a phone call may prevent a possible serious fire.

One of the recent fires detected by Mr. Cheetham was one in New Gloucester about 20 miles away. The wardens, provided with a map, field glasses, and telephone, are on the constant look-out for smoke, particularly in the early afternoon, when fires are most likely to occur, either in their own or in another warden's territory.

The Topsham tower is the lowest one in the state, and, at the same time, the one which claims the greatest number of fires, because of the dense population in its district, Mr. Cheetham told the Record.

About three times as many tourists as visited the tower have made use of the public camping grounds at the foot of the mount, Mr. Cheetham testified from his lofty and scenic vantage point. The public fireplaces of stone and cement built by the CCC boys, as well as the pump built over a spring there, have proved useful to numbers of tourists, as well as to local persons, who have enjoyed picnics at their site.

Mouldy Trunk In Topsham Town Hall Yields Quaint Historical Data

Brunswick Record
October 6, 1938

A few spare hours and a rainy day, together with admission to the secrets of an old mouldy trunk in the Topsham Town Hall are all any villager could wish for an afternoon of profitable entertainment.

Recently uncovered there by an ardent admirer of the Good Old Days were three marriage licenses signed by the Rev. Elijah Kellogg, noted Harpswell author. They were the certificates, which were rarely given out in those days, belonging to William Alexander of Main street, Topsham, and the late Addie M. Mallett, married Jan. 12, 1887; the late Charles E. Pierce, and Lucinda E. Warren of Main street, married Oct. 12, 1886; and the late Charles H. Alexander and the late Hattie B. Crowley, married March 6, 1884.

In the trunk, lined with a copy of the Eastern Argus, Portland, 1805, were numerous notes of wedding intentions to the town clerk, and among them, coyly and confidently scribbled, was the following:

"Mr. John H. Thompson, sir. Pleas to Publish to the people on Sunday the 6 Day of April instant that Mr. Seth S. Cary and Miss Hannah F. Hildreth intend marriage. Keep Dark until Sunday and Oblige. (signed) Seth S. Cary."

The suggestion, by the many marriage records found, that Topsham was a good place to live is proven beyond a doubt by a record, found in 1772, of the town's collective wealth at that time. The list reads as follows:

Land, 493 acres; oxen, 138; horses, 12; cows, 190; swine, 99; sheep, 309; Jameson's sloop, ¼ owned here; Hunter's sloop, 15/16 owned here; Stanwood's sloop, ½ owned here; Malcolm's sloop, 13/16 owned here; Maxwell's sloop, 1/8 owned here; Thompson's mill; Cathance mill; Car and Hodges mill; Winchel's Negor; Reed's Tavern; Hunter's Tavern; Whitney's Tavern and ferry; Merrills Retailing.

Although, on the whole, the citizens of yesteryear found Topsham good, occasional reports to the contrary prove that there were exceptions to the general rule. Among the papers of 1883, the following dated Jan. 4, and sealed with the familiar sealing wax, has been found: "To the Selectmen of the Town of Topsham in the County of Lincoln.

Notice Stage Co. for Damages:

The Proprietors of the Maine Stage Company hereby give you notice; that they shall demand damages to the amount of \$150 for the overturning and destruction of their carriage near Purinton Tannery, in Topsham on Saturday the 12th, January A.D. 1833.

Cause—the insufficiency of the road and bridge over a small stream at the foot of a hill near such tannery.

And the said Proprietors request the Selectmen of said town of Topsham, to put said road and bridges in a good and sufficient state of repair, as soon as may be. (Signed) David Shaw, Agent for said Stage Company, Jan. 14, 1833.

MORAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN

Abstract of Address Delivered

By President Hyde Last Sunday Evening

Brunswick Record

January 19, 1906

An address was given last Sunday evening in the Congregational church by President Hyde of Bowdoin College, and he was followed by Superintendent of Schools Pennell who made a brief appeal for contributions toward the purchase of a piano for the Bath Street Primary School.

President Hyde's subject was "The Moral Education of Children." He said in Part: "Teaching boys and girls to do right is very much like teaching them to do anything. Before we come to our specific question, let us take a little excursion together and see if we cannot pick up some principles which we can apply to our problems when we come back. We might ask 'How does a boy learn to drive a horse? How does he learn to play a banjo? How does he learn to make a box?' One example will do as well as another. I propose then we take an excursion out in the harbor and say 'How can we teach a boy to sail a boat?'

First, we can call him in and set him to reading, spelling and writing the nautical terms. Then we might call him into a room at stated periods and give him lectures on reefing, tacking, luffing, jibing and the other things a sailor has to do. How long do you suppose it would take us to make a skipper of him by that method? Forever and a day. What shall we call this method? Let us call it 'Teaching by Impression.'

Second, we might take the boy out in a boat with us; but we do all the sailing ourselves. Whenever he wanted to take hold and help, we might order him to sit down and keep still. How would that method work? It would make him mad. If he had any spirit, he would take the first chance to go off sailing on the sly by himself; and very likely would get drowned. By what name, shall we call this? Let us call it, 'Repression.'

Third, we might take the boy out sailing with us and let him take the tiller in his hand but keep our hand on his hand all the time so that although he makes the motions, yet we guide and control every motion he makes. How would that work? He would learn the motions of sailing. His hands and arms and muscles would get a sort of training in sailing, but his judgment and will would get no training at all. He would in this way learn to sail in smooth water over a clear course with a gentle breeze. But if a squall should strike him in a narrow channel he would be utterly helpless. What shall we call this method of holding onto the learner's hand and controlling all his motions? Let us call it 'Compression.'

We have been making progress toward teaching the art of sailing. Let us try it once more. Fourth, we may take the boy out and let him hoist the sails, cast off, makefast the sheets and take the tiller in his own hands. He will luff when there is no need of it and

jibe when he didn't mean to; the sails will flap and the water will come in over the rails. We shall not make so good a course as if we had held onto his hand; we shall not reach our destination as quick as though we had taken the tiller and told him to sit down; we shall not keep so dry as we should if we had given him his lesson out of the book on land. But we shall teach the boy to sail. This way will make any boy a skillful skipper in a year or two. No boy was ever successfully taught to sail a boat in any other way. What name shall we give to this method? Let us call it 'Expression.'

From our little cruise down the harbor we have brought home four words, all alike in stem, but having each a different prefix. They all agree in the idea of bringing pressure to bear upon the boy. All teaching involves that. But they differ in the way the pressure is to be applied. One presses words into him, out of any direct connection with the things to which they apply. That we called impression. The second calls up images in the eye, and desires in the heart, and impulses in the will, but drives them back into the boy. That we called repression. The third allows him to act, but controls every action. That we called compression. Fourth, we let the boy act for himself, making and correcting his own mistakes under competent and sympathetic oversight. That is expression.

There are these same four ways of teaching a child to live a good life. First, we may try to fill his head with precepts and moral maxims. This doesn't work. You can't make these precepts stick in his mind. He sheds them as a duck's back sheds water. Even if you do succeed in filling his head with these maxims, you make a prig of him. He doesn't know what they mean. Whenever he tries to apply them he makes a fool of himself. Not until you can make sailors by lessons out of a book on dry land will you succeed in teaching boys and girls to be good by mere preaching and verbal advice. Impressions alone will not do the work.

Second. When the boy wants a knife, a kite, a ball and bat, cards, pictures, books, a banjo and a bicycle, you may say he can't have them. When he wants to skate and hunt and fish, and dance and sing, and join a club with other fellows, you may forbid him to do those things. We may refuse to let him meddle with the interesting things we are doing. This is the method of repression. Formerly it was very common here in New England.

Compression is better, but by no means the best. This is tried oftener and with more apparent success on girls than on boys. We draw up a long list of 'don'ts,' prescribe precisely what is proper and what is not; superintend every move; direct every activity; force life into the groove of approved conventionalities and think we have produced a moral man or woman. We have done nothing of the sort. We have reared, and fattened with conceit, a Pharisee. In the storm and stress of life such a person is utterly helpless and useless.

I suppose there is hardly a well-to-do community in the land where daughters of the rich have not been reduced to mere priestesses of the conventional, through having no natural outlets for their interest and energy, and having the fetters of formality riveted upon their undeveloped wills. These poor, compressed creatures will not go far wrong in ordinary circumstances; though they have been known to take the first good chance to elope with the coachman, or do some dare-devil deed to vary the monotony; but they never amount to anything; they finally settle down to the soulless conformity to the standards that have been set up for them; and make censorious critics of the bolder, freer souls whom they secretly envy but never can really understand.

One way remains—the royal way of self-expression under wise and friendly guidance. Give the boy and girl the things they want so far as you can afford them, let them engage in a many spontaneous activities as their time and strength permit. Invest largely, liberally, recklessly in their freedom; for that is the stuff character is made of. Yet share these interests with them; live near enough to them to keep their confidence; don't be surprised or shocked to see them make mistakes. Mistakes which they make and correct for themselves are better than perfect patterns you impose upon them. The boy who makes no mistakes will never make anything; least of all can he ever make a man.

Things that he cares for, and persons to share the things he cares of with—these are the two essentials of moral education. For the best results these things that he cares for should be many and varies, yet capable of orderly arrangement into a coherent scheme of life; and the persons who share them with him should be wise enough and strong enough to help him to the right subordination of these things to each other, and to the comprehensive purpose which unifies his life. Wise guidance in the free expression of his natural interests, according to a just standard of their relative worth, and in devotion to a plan that includes them all; these are the conditions of sound and successful moral education.

Though superior to the other three methods of moral education, this guided self-expression does not exclude the others. Rather it includes them; and it is only when included in and sanctioned by the principle of self-expressiveness, that the other methods are justified. As aids to self-expression, these other three ways all have their functions to perform.

Expression at times needs repression. Freedom must come gradually. The teacher who is leading the pupil on to fuller and fuller self-expression, so gaining his confidence, that when desire and impulse are fairly and squarely repressed, the child knows or at least feels, that there is a good and wise reason behind the repression; and he will not permanently rebel. Such repression in the interest of fuller expression, is of course inevitable with very young children, and becomes less and less as the child advances to maturity. Such repression never embitters and never alienates.

Repression alone, apart from free-expression, is deadly. But in preparation for it and subordination to it, repression of the foolish, the wayward and the wanton, is indispensable to expression in the wise and worthy ways. Unless the sailor takes the helm when the squall strikes the boat, there will be no boy or boat for sailing later on.

Expression likewise involves impression. The boy who is in earnest to do something is only too glad to get advice as to how it shall be done. It is only when given in the circumstances which it fits, and in the crises that call for it that impression really sinks in. Then it is a most welcome and potent aid to expression and is abundantly justified by it.

For the training of youth through wisely, guided expression there are four great agencies—home, school, settlement or club, and church.

First and best is the home, for father and mother are willing to give the time, strength, patience and sympathy which a child's life demands of those who share it with him. Some homes are better than others. Tutors and governesses are very poor substitutes for what a father's wisdom and a mother's love ought to do for a growing child. Unless wealthy parents have unusual wisdom and more than ordinarily fortunate in their choice

of tutors or governesses, their boys grow up in idleness and dissipation and their girls become peevish and useless.

The school is the next great agency in aiding self-expression. Its mental tasks; its social give and take; the requirement that each shall count for one and for no more than one; hard work; fair play; all contribute to make the child an effective social force. Kindergarten methods at the beginning, manual training later on, the intimate associations with each other, and with loved and honored teachers; the reading of good literature together; the study of music and drawing; all aid that self-expression which is the stuff strong sweet character is made of. Until recently our school systems have been conducted in the interest of the adult that is to be, rather than the child that is. They have relied on impression, repression and compression. The new education aims directly at the child as he is; and by training him to express what is latent in him, leads him on toward the life he will live later. The difference between a school driven by the old brutal methods under a hated taskmaster, and a school led by the modern methods under a teacher whom the scholars trust and love as the interpreter and guide of their mental and moral life, is about as good a picture as we can find anywhere of the difference between heaven and hell.

Beyond home and school lie the leisure evening hours. How those are spent tell a tale of a very vital section of one's morality. When left unfilled they invite to their empty chambers all the devils that infest the streets and saloons, and dens at night. This is an opportunity of the settlement, and above all the boys' club and girls' club. No city or town of considerable size is a morally safe place for youth to grow up in which lacks these agencies. Even for boys who have good homes, and some intellectual and social resources, the expression of the gang instinct at the time when it first ripens, is a great safeguard against the effeminacy and conceit which threaten the youth who is too carefully sheltered and too delicately reared.

If we want to educate young people in virtue we must do it by the costly but effective method of providing self-expression, under the guidance of good people who give their time and strength to the task.

Beyond home and school, settlement and club, lie the hours of Sunday and solitude. These secret chambers of the soul must be filled with good or else they will fill themselves with all manner of vulgar vice and secret turpitude. These hours of silence, these seats of the sub-conscious, it is the special province of religion to enter and occupy.

To bring and keep the boys and girls under habitual spiritual influence; to give them a sense of personal identification with the life and work and worship of the church, and to cultivate in them a sense of individual and personal responsibility to God, is the crown and consummation of moral education. But just because true religion is so deep and vital an experience, it is foolish and pernicious to insist on digging it up by the roots at stated intervals and exhibiting to others its processes and products. Youth is the time for seed-sowing, germinating, sprouting, not for showy blossoms and ripened fruit. The attempt to force premature religious development has been the gigantic blunder in the moral and spiritual education of our day—and the inevitable reaction is upon us. Forcing processes may catch and captivate the weaklings and extort from them products which can be publicly exhibited and tabulated in statistics. But whenever these devices are in the main reliance for religious education there you pay for the superficial conquest of the weaker sort of youth by the deep and lasting alienation of the stronger half who feel that

all this premature experience would be for them to lie and the profession of it would be hypocrisy.

The personal influences of the teachers in the Sunday school, which is far more consequence than the lesson taught, the quiet moulding of beautiful and reverent worship, the pressure of expectation which the wise and patient church exerts over its children, the friendly interest of pastor and older members on the inside, are the agencies on which the church must mainly rely for the slow, silent development of moral and spiritual character to youth.

Perhaps my critics will ask, if you insist on expression in everything else, why do you object to it in the one case of religion? To which I answer: the expression I have been advocating everywhere else has been spontaneous expression, at the time of the ripening of the impulse. It has been expression in deeds, rather than in mere words. Now a form of expression which is gotten up for young people by adults, and forced upon them by vows and pledges, and mainly takes the form of public utterance, is not the expression of youth; but his compression by his elders, and by the institution they have devised, and he has joined. If a boy or girl of sixteen has something he really wants to say about the spiritual life, for the expression of himself and the help of others, by all means let him have the opportunity. I have no doubt that there are a few precocious girls and still fewer precocious boys who really hunger and thirst for such an opportunity. But if you limit such so-called 'expression' to those who have something to express and want to express it, you will find that there is not one Christian girl in ten or one Christian boy in a hundred who really desires in his inmost, honest soul, to do anything of the kind. All the instincts of modesty, all the reserves of immaturity, all are dead against it; and nothing but a false and induced conscientiousness can drag the utterance out of him.

Religion of the modest, quiet, silent, growing, living, worshipping type is the greatest agency for the moral education of youth that we have.

Such religion, however, and such blessed fruits of the religious life, cannot be raised in a hot-house, nor stimulated by hot-house processes. The strong boy will have none of it.

Young people are naturally religious, and thank God, they are naturally honest too. Let the church take an active interest in all that interests them and provide for its natural expression, let it welcome them to everything it has to offer and force upon them nothing for which they are not ripe, and the children of the church will grow up to be the children of God; and they will surprise their friends, and themselves with the impossibility of doing deliberate wrong, and the determination to do essentially right.

I have said nothing about the saloon, the brothel, and the gambling den; or the safeguards against them. Those are matters for legislation, and police protection, with which moral education has very little directly to do. A plain statement of the consequences of these things to health, happiness and fortune is occasionally useful. But direct resistance to evil is not the method of moral education, nor the secret of moral victory. Here as in most athletic contests and military campaigns, the victory is practically decided before the race is run or the battle is fought, by training and condition of the runner; by the strategy and efficiency of the army. The race or the battle simply makes an outward record of the relative efficiency of the contending forces; and that efficiency is prepared and trained in advance.

A boy who has been trained exclusively by impression or repression or compression; who is not in confidential relations with father or mother; who is not interested in any work at school or shop, and admires no teacher or master; who belongs to no well managed club of congenial fellows, and has no healthy evening interests and resorts; who is connected with no church; has no systematic inspiration after higher things, and no sense of membership in what is better and greater than himself;--that boy is doomed in advance to moral ruin. He will find the saloons, and brothels and gambling dens if there are any; and his demands will create them if they are not already provided. Not all the legislation and police force in the world can save from destruction such an empty, impotent creature as he. For his nature cries out for satisfaction in honorable, social, and spiritual directions, he will, yes he must, seek and find the semblance of it in sensuality and shame.

That is the terrible, half-truth which Calvinism exaggerated into the doctrine of total depravity, the bad is better than nothing, and men will have the bad if they are not trained to appreciate and love the good. But the good, if attractively presented to the soul that is prepared for it by proper training, and introduced to it by true and trusted friends, is infinitely more potent than the bad. Give it half a chance, and ninety-nine times out a hundred it will win. Over against the black, fatalistic picture of the feeble, morally uneducated youth I just presented let me draw the brighter, triumphant picture of the boy who has had a real moral education.

He is full of healthy, natural interests; he hunts and fishes; swims and skates, rides and sails, climbs and tramps, hunts and plays tennis, baseball and football; has vigorous boys and pure girls among his many friends; enjoys music, reading, and decent dramas, has a home he is fond of; and a father and mother from whom he would hide nothing that he does or desires to do; has some work, mental and manual, he is proud to do as well as he can, under teachers and masters whom he respects and whose good opinion he prizes; has some comfortable and genial place to meet the fellows of his own age and interests; under the helpful direction of some one older and wiser than they; and a church and a pastor to encourage and develop the deeper aspirations of his soul. The saloon, the brothel, and the gambling den, and all the other flaring devices of evil, are powerless to do such a boy the slightest harm. His training, his habits, his associations, his aspirations, have made him immune. His victory is won in advance.



**Modernized Pastime Theatre To Be Opened
On Holiday Afternoon**
**Building, Thoroughly Reconditioned Inside and Out,
Is One of the Most Attractive in Town District**
Brunswick Record
December 24, 1936

With a matinee on Christmas afternoon at 1:45 the Pastime Theatre will open again after eight years of darkness.

It will opened by the Maine and New Hampshire Theatre Company of Boston, the same ownership and management as the Cumberland. William C. Murch, manager at the Cumberland, is to manage the Pastime as well. He did this before the Pastime closed, just after he came to Brunswick.

Assisting him in his work will be Alexis J. Fournier, who will be assistant manager of the Cumberland, and John Peabody who will be assistant manager of the Pastime.

Alice Boucher is to be in the ticket office at the Pastime, and John Dalton and Eloie Richard will be ushers. Peabody will be doorman, Ferdinand Cloutier is to be operator.

The new brick front on the building, greatly improving its appearance, is only the first of the improvements. Complete new sound equipment of the latest type has been installed, and the theatre has been completely conditioned for talking pictures. The new front and neon sign will make the building one of the most attractive on Maine Street.

The first picture to be shown will be Wheeler and Woolsey in "Mummy's Boys." Matinees will be only given on Saturdays and holidays, when they will start at 1:45. The evening show, six nights a week, will start at 6:45, with two performances during the evening. There will be three changes during the week, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

The last time the theatre was used was for a lecture by Carroll L. Beedy, former Congressman. The theatre closed before the days of sound pictures.

Miss Worthley Writes Of Old-Time Business

Sends Anecdotes Of Early Watchmaker

Brunswick Record

August 7, 1952

The Brunswick Record recently published a query by John Pinkham of Guilford, regarding the old-time firm of Worthley Brothers of Brunswick. Later, it published a letter from Will Hennessey giving some details of the business, its location and the fact that it was operated as a watchmaking and jewelry firm by Nathaniel Worthley and his brother Emmons.

Lately, a letter has been received from Miss M. Elizabeth Worthley, of Altadena, Calif., a former Brunswicker who is a descendant of this family. Miss Worthley sends the following information:



Nathaniel True Worthley and his brother came to Brunswick in 1867, their watchmaking and jewelry business was in a building nearly opposite the old Universalist Church. Emmons also had a photograph studio which he later moved to Lewiston. The elder brother trained his son N.T. Jr., among 25 apprentices, in watchmaking. He also taught engraving and was considered one of the finest in the East.

He was an intimate friend of Aaron Dennison who was a founder of the original Waltham Watch Co. Many times, Dennison called Worthley to Waltham for consultation and asked him to join the firm.

Among patents that Worthley held was one on the first home washing machines built in the United States; his Victoria acetylene gas machine lighted the whole of St. John's Church.

He and his wife, Amanda, were highly musical and they and their eight children had a fine orchestra and chorus in their home. The children all became professional people of distinction.

Miss Crowell Writes Series Of Articles On Bailey Island
Summer Resident Presents Intimate Pictures
Of Life On That Enchanted Isle

Brunswick Record
Feb 8-March 21, 1940

Miss Annie L. Crowell has spent many summers at Bailey island and is thoroughly in love with that delightful spot adjoining Brunswick on Casco Bay.

For Bailey Islanders—native and by adoption—and for all readers of the Brunswick Record, she has prepared a series of articles about the Island. Their dainty style and understanding will, we hope, appeal to all who read them.

“Oh have you heard geography sung?
For if you’re not ‘tis on my tongue
About the earth in air that’s hung
All covered with little green islands.
Oceans, gulfs and bays and seas,
Channels and sounds, straits if you please,
Great archipelagoes too, and all these
All covered with little green islands.”

Thus went a song I learned as a child in school. It captured my imagination and the lilt of it has been in the back of my mind all my life. But it is only a scant dozen years since I found them—my little green islands—spread out in what the United States Geological Survey called the Casco Bay Quadrangle, all slanting from Northeast to Southwest, looking as if some giant hand had combed them out of chaos. And certainly some gigantic force must have lifted them up, for the strata of rock are not horizontal but vertical. And way over on the eastern edge of the Quadrangle lies Bailey Island, which I own as a possession of the soul, though I have no legal claim to a single square inch.

Bailey Island, is about two miles long and its widest part only about half a mile. A long ridge runs like a back-bone through the center of the island, worn down in two places almost to sea level. At the southern tip much of the softer parts of earth and stone have been washed out and worn down, leaving high rocky projections extending like fingers of one’s hand. It seems probably that the northern end of the island was originally attached to the mainland, though in the memory of man there have always been narrow gaps between it and Orr’s Island, between Orr’s Island and Great Island and between this and the mainland. Until a bridge was built between Bailey’s and Orr’s this gap must have been a perilous place in stormy weather, and the bridge serves the people well, but it is an open question whether it has proved a good thing for the town financially. There is, by the way, but one other bridge in the whole world constructed as this one is, in the corn cob pattern and without cement. That other is in Scotland.

About at the center of the island a causeway connects it with a long slender arm, a parallel ridge, that is flung, protectively, about a beautiful little bay, called Mackerel Bay, which often shelters many fishing boats and pleasure craft during the night or in stormy weather. Even in this cove reefs are visible at low tide, all pointing in the same direction, Northeast to Southwest. There are other rock formations, of course, as is common everywhere on the New England Coast. There is a Giant’s Stairway and a Thunder Hole,

where the water sometimes shoots up twenty feet or more, when tide and wind are just right.

There is another cove on the ocean side called Little Harbor, though only rowboats enter it. Rocks and woods and pebbly beach make a beautiful setting for it, and for those who do not swim, it is an ideal place for bathing. Even when the surf is crashing at the entrance to the Harbor, the water is fairly quiet at the inner end, though after a storm it is sometimes white with foam all the way in.

I cannot tell you a fish story, for I do not fish. But once on this pebbly beach of Little Harbor I saw a whole school of red jelly fish stranded, and I went up the hill and told the friend in whose cottage I room, that one of them was a yard in diameter. She would not believe me till she climbed down the hill with a yardstick and verified my statement.

Speaking of pebbly beaches, Bailey Island has a wonderful variety of pebbles, shaped and smoothed and polished by the bits of rock or stone that have been washed out from the softer strata.

On the ocean side of the island are long stretches of great rocks with the same general slant. Once in a while some lone rock stands out by itself, more solid than the rest, such as one called Pinnacle Rock and another on Mackerel Cove called The Nubbin.

Originally the island was, as were others in Casco Bay, heavily wooded, but a disastrous fire swept off the greater part of the woodland, so that one finds it now only at either end of the island. The woods at the lower end are chiefly spruce, with some fir and occasional white birches. I have seen but two maples and strangely, no pine, except as set out in the grounds of some summer resident. There is so much pine elsewhere in Maine. In the deeper woods there has been no forest care. The trees are so crowded that they grow very tall, with most of the foliage at the top. Often one may see a dead tree remaining upright because it has no room to fall. My friend and I managed once to pull down a slender dead tree and carry it back to the house, like a Yule log, for the open fire. There is one section of woods in particular where the daylight is very much obscured. Through the thick gloom one walks over dead wood, a veritable carpet of dry twigs. A chance spark might easily start another fire to denude the whole southern end. Indeed fire is one of the dreads of natives, for water is so scarce.

I went alone once through those gloomy woods. Deep dusk! Thicker silence, punctuated by the snapping of twigs under foot. Are those goblins mocking me from behind that pile of forbidding rock? I stumbled into a depression, doubtless between two of the stronger strata, like the reefs, and looked up to see weird moss, like some poor relation of the Florida variety, waving some signal to me from a high spruce branch. But I persevered and at last came to a low stone wall—and there—beyond lay a tiny rectangular meadow, surrounded by woods, but dreaming peacefully in the sun, with a sweet breeze rippling the grass. Why it was there, how it happened to be there, who can tell. Even in the late twilight it would be friendly.

“The way to Fairyland may lie
Through grasses tall,
Through grasses tall.
The fire-flies flash and sparkle by,
The night-birds call,
The night-birds call.

Your cheek is brushed by gauzy wings
Your feet shall follow elfin things.”

Such was the contrasts of this bit of a meadow to what I had just left, that it seemed a marvel. I shall never want to try and find it again lest on a second visit the charm escape me.

Crossing the meadow and climbing another stone wall, I found myself on the high bluffs at the southern point of the Island, overlooking the projection of rock which I have described. These bluffs are wooded, but with young fresh growth, and in between are bayberry bushes and patches of bunch berry leaves and trailing vines. A tiny half-hidden path (not “wide enough for two who love”) leads one up and down over the vertical rock strata, with glimpses of the ocean framed in trees, and finally, out to the highway. Once I came on a small camping party there. Two boys, about twelve or fourteen, had rowed around the end of the Island, beached their boat in a so-called cove between two projecting rock bluffs. They had tied their rope around a big stone, climbing the bluff, pitched a small tent, set up a wooden cannon to use in case of attack by pirates and were ready to eat their supper and turn in. They asked what time it was and looked amazed and disappointed to learn it was only half-past four.

On another walk (on the edge of the dark woods this time) I found an Indian mill, a perfect circle, a perfect bowl, worn down into the rocks and filled with a growth of fine grass, etc., that could be lifted bodily out. In the spirit of philanthropy I wrote to Bowdoin College about it, but received a reply that Bowdoin would not be interested. The following summer I went to look at the mill again and found to my amazement it have been removed. The ground had been smoothed over and was covered with fresh growth of grass and Canada Mayflower. I inquired of the owners, who lived at some distance, and they knew nothing of the mill or its removal. If I had not shown it to a friend the year before, I might have thought it was a dream. No one can make me believe it was not spirited away by the denizens of the forest, or by the spirit of the Indian squaw who had so patiently labored at it.

Besides trees, bayberry of course grows in profusion, and sweet fern, there are blueberries, blackberries an even cranberries in miniature bogs. What the spring flowers are I do not know. I have found only the leaves of bunch berry and Canada Mayflower to suggest spring, but in early summer wild roses are lavishly spread, and in September there are quantities of the delicate white orchard called ladies’ tresses.

But for the most part Bailey depends on its color on the marvelous panorama of sea and sky. From the high ridge of the island one looks up the Bay to several other islands with their woods, and when it is clear there is a fine view of Mt. Washington and its neighboring peaks. A gorgeous sunset is reflected in the water with breath-taking beauty. And those of us who in 1932 watched from the shores of Mackerel Cove the total eclipse, could have found no better vantage point, for it was all reflected in the dancing water, with attendant streaks of strange colors. Once at sunset I saw a complete mirage. A whole group of wooded islands, perfect in contour and spacing, were reflected on the sky as if in a mirror. And there is never failing delight in turning from the flaming after glow to the delicate tints over the ocean, while of course moonlight has always added charm over water, and the narrower path of silver light from Jupiter.

The name "Casco" is a corruption of the musical Indian word Aucocisco, which means "a place of rest," and no more fitting description of the Bay could be found than in this single word.

But Bailey Island has history as well as beauty. In 1750 it was purchased from the Indians by Deacon Timothy Bailey for a pound of tobacco and a gallon of rum. The honest Deacon was born in Hanover, Mass. in 1709, a great-grandson of Peregrine White who was born on the Mayflower in 1620. The Indian name for the island was Newaggen, variously spelled. Under the white men it belonged at first to the Town of North Yarmouth, but later was included in the territory belonging to Harpswell. Great Island formerly known as Sabascodegan, Orrs, Haskell, Birch, several smaller islands and the peninsula of Harpswell, with Bailey, are included in the township of Harpswell." One can imagine how these islands must fight and cooperate to fight at town meeting to get their due.

Deacon Bailey built the first house on the island, of course only a log cabin. Other settlers followed. They occupied themselves with cutting down the wood which was so plentiful and sending it to Salem and other ports. Farming and fishing became the natural occupations, though farming on Bailey must have been even more difficult than in the "Granite State." On the ocean side of the southern part of the island is a long stretch of very rocky land, to this day called the Pasture. It does not seem as if even one animal could have existed on what grows there, without being "on relief." At the upper end of the island is the oldest house still standing, built in 1763, and at the lower end is the second oldest, built in 1788, owned by Mr. Frank Johnson, proprietor of the Johnson House. "The Johnson family is one of the most prominent on the island, and are proud of their descent from a fine old English family, the first Johnson to settle in America having been Sir James J. A son of one of the earlier Johnsons was a sea captain, whose voyages took him to the Azores, the Mediterranean and other far off ports, as well as those nearer home. In the West Indies, at Aquilla on St. Martin's island, he met a lovely girl, whose father was French and whose mother was of Dutch parentage and fell in love with her. He charmed her with stories of the wonderful places he had seen and in particular of his own beloved island, a gem in the blue waters of Casco Bay. Sophia Letournier listened to him fascinated and finally consented to marry him. He built a home for her near the northern end of Bailey. It commanded a magnificent view of the ocean, but no other dwelling was in sight. It is not to be wondered at that she suffered from homesickness till she became almost ill, yet she made a true and loving wife and is described as one of the nobles of women," that the Johnsons of today still have appreciation of the beauty in the midst of which they grow up seems certain. A little Johnson boy, six years old, overtook me one early evening and trudged along with me. After a companionable silence, he suddenly remarked, "Doesn't the ocean look pretty tonight?"

These early settlers were all of courageous stock. The story is told of another of the Johnson women, that one day her husband and sons had to go to Harpswell Bay to a tide mill to have some corn ground. "There is a fine breeze," said Jacob, "and by four o'clock, we shall be home with the grist." Abigail replied with a merry laugh and the whirl of her spinning wheel. At sunset she milked the cows and did her housework, as if she had no thought of the little band of unfriendly Indians, who so often prowled near. But she sat up, on the watch, with a musket across her lap, wondering what had so delayed her men. It was long after midnight when the Indians crept up to the house and Abigail

saw dimly the form of an Indian starting to climb in the window. She cried out: "Ho! Jacob! Jonathan! Fire your guns!" And hoarsely imitated her husband's voice in reply. Then she fired two shots from the old flint-lock gun and the Indians fled. In the gray dawn Jacob and his sons came. They had had to wait for the tide to turn. As they heard the shots in the still air, and greatly alarmed, pulled hard at their oars. "How was it Nabby?" Jacob shouted, when he saw his wife on the shore. "Oh! We caught the biggest brave," laughed Abigail, "but he put his hand in the meal chest before I could aim at him. Maybe the porridge will not taste as well to you." "Everything will taste sweet since you are safe," he said and kissed her.

Another of the best known families on the island is that of the Sinnetts. The original Sinnetts went from Normandy to England at a very early date. Sir Walter Sinnett, a valorous knight, accompanied the Earl of Stringbow, Richard de Clare, in 1172 to Wexford, Ireland. It is said that all the Sinnetts of England and America sprang from this ancestor. Michael Sinnett was born in Wexford in 1730. When he was 21 he and a companion went to Dublin for a holiday, and while strolling on the wharves were lured into a boat lying at the pier and were carried off to Boston, where they were sold for their passage money. Joseph Orr, for whom Orr's island was named, happened to be in Boston at the time, and, wishing someone to help him on his farm, chose young Sinnett as being the sturdiest and most promising of the twenty or so young men who were to be disposed of. Although Sinnett had known nothing of farming, he became a good farmer and worked the allotted time as a bond servant. After he received his freedom he married one of the Orr girls, and with a yoke of oxen and a hundred acres of land was considered well off. Later when his wife was in Massachusetts on a visit, some men from a British man-of-war came suddenly on Michael, and with some others he was carried off in their vessel to New York. From there they were marched to Quebec and forced to take part in the siege of Quebec and other battles until 1763, when peace was declared. After his discharge Michael walked home through the wilderness. His wife, who had returned to Orr's island and done her best to keep up the farm, not knowing what had become of her husband, was milking one night when she felt a hand laid tenderly on her shoulder, and looking up found her husband smiling down at her. Later Michael fought in the Revolutionary War. His wonderful vitality has been inherited by many of his descendants, among whom is Mr. Everett Sinnett, Postmaster and keeper of a general store at Mackerel Cove, on Bailey island.

During the Civil War the coast of Maine, especially Casco Bay, was terrorized by the Southern privateer Tallahassee. The fact that this ship was off the coast destroying shipping was known by the War Department and, in all parts of New England, all ships that were in port remained at anchor; but ships from foreign ports, not having been warned, were captured, looted and burned. Yankee gunboats were constantly on her track, but she always eluded them. On her cruise the Tallahassee captured thirty-three vessels, of which sixteen were burned, ten scuttled, five boarded and two released. One schooner was commanded by Capt. Clary of Bailey Island. During the last of her cruise in Casco Bay waters, the Tallahassee appeared off the eastern shore of Bailey. It was at a time of day when all the male population (not in the army) were away fishing, except one old man who was, more or less of a cripple. Panic seized the women when they saw the Tallahassee dropping anchor between Ragged Island and Pond. The old man rose to the occasion, ordered the women to dress in their husbands' clothing, armed them with long

sticks and marched them through the woods to the edge of the beach. Here he stationed his troops so that the sticks thrust out through the trees looked like rifles. Meanwhile the gunboat lowered her crew into small boats. As they approached the beach, the old man shouted a warning to keep away, under penalty of death, and pointed to the trees. Thinking there was a large body of men there, the officers ordered the crew back to the ship, which soon weighed anchor and sailed away.

There are fifty families now resident all year on Bailey. The main occupation is lobstering, with some deep-sea fishing, and the markers of buoys of the traps are sprinkled all around Bailey and among the nearby islands, each man knowing his own, of course. One hears the put-put of the motorboats in the early morning. Between seasons the men repair traps and build new ones, for even a slight storm might carry off or ruin some of them. The lobsters are packed carefully in barrels and shipped to Portland and elsewhere. I think nothing of riding up to Portland on the little boat with a dozen or more barrels of the delicious creatures.

There are naturally some traditions connected with the Island. The open places between the projections of rock, of which I have spoken, are called Pirates Coves, though they are not in any sense caves; but it is said that small pirate ships could slide into them and be completely hidden, because the rocks are so high. It is quite firmly believed that an Islander did actually find some Spanish god here.

Then there is the story of a spring so pure and unfailing that the Indians named it the Spring of the Great Spirit. After Deacon Bailey had settled on the island, there came to him the old Indian chief named Mingo, who said that because of his veneration for the spring he wanted to die and be burned on the island, yet he wanted no white man except the deacon to know the location of the grave. The good man promised him his request should be granted. So, somewhere close to the shore of a little cove, that now bears the name of Mingo's Cove, he was buried, and two of the parallel ridges of rock doubtless form two sides of his tomb.

Then if you stay up too late and wander into the aforesaid Pasture you may meet the headless man, who is supposed to haunt the place.

Bailey Island is a grand place to be in a southeast gale. Everyone knows what a storm can be on the coast, how it forces the rain through the walls of thinly built cottages and how tremendous blasts make the very beds quiver and shake.

"Rain on the Island! Where the roofs are steep!
Across the silver shingles in their place
The heavy drops like the swift out-rides race,
The trampling storm, with fury in its sweep
Tries to drown out the roaring of the deep."

After one such night in September, it began to clear. All the summer boarders left on the island, and some of the natives were out on the bluffs watching the surf. Before the sea quieted at all, the wind suddenly changed so that when a great wave reared its crest and broke, the spray was blown backward, far backward, and when the run came out there were rainbows in the foam, a sight I have seen but once in my life before.

There are also occasional fogs, and I have known one to last four days. But it is salted, and that is different from a Connecticut River fog. And it is flavored with the scent of firm balsam and bayberry. One listens to the lowing of the big fog horns on the coast,

and the tooting of the little steamer as it feels its way into Mackerel Cove, and one gives thanks for the open fire and safety.

Just here I would speak of Captain Morrill of the Steamer Aucocisco, who, when he retired in September 1935, at the age of 70, had been on the same job 46 years, and for 33 years Master of his ship. At a conservative estimate he had traveled a million miles on Casco Bay, with 'nary an accident'. Upwards of four million lives were under his personal care during the 33 years. He was often confronted with the very worst weather conditions, having on his daily route to cross three Sounds, where the combining seas can be as rough waters as anywhere on the Atlantic Coast. His greatest perils included, besides dangerous summer fogs, wedging his way through ice twelve to sixteen inches thick and meeting ice floes daily for many weeks in the winter months. Many heroic rescues are to his credit; small boat parties, capsized or in grave danger from squalls, and men in small boats with disabled motors, drifting out to sea. Twice he saved men in drifting ice floes, and once cut men in boats from wedged ice, death being imminent in all cases. But he considered all this as in his line of duty hardly worth mentioning. One day on the winter boat I heard him order his men to bring the anchor to the bow just under the window of the pilot house. Then he turned to me and said: "When I want that anchor, I want it in a hurry." I happened to be on the Aucocisco on his last trip, and had a chance to tell him how sorry I was that he was retiring. His reply was: "I'm not retiring, I'm quitting my job." He is one of Maine's grand old men.

Fog and storm come at times of course, but on a summer day there can be no lovelier sail than the one down Casco Bay, in and out among the wooded islands, with here and there a wider view of open ocean. More than once on late Sunday afternoons, when there was no mail to deliver and no passengers for Long Island, Captain Morrill would take the outside course, through the narrow channel between Peak's and Pumpkin Knob, out to the Atlantic. One could imagine oneself en route for England. Then by and by the boat would turn reluctantly back to Cliff Island and the Bay, and when the sunset colors faded there would be a soft mist of enchantment gradually veiling the more distant shores.

Thinking of Bailey Island itself, the weather one recalls most often is when the ocean is turquoise and beryl and the sky and Bay deep sapphire; when there is flashing of white wings and dipping of white sails; when the air, mingled of sea and bayberry and fir, is live-giving.

"And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying."



Methodism Here is Supported By A Fine
Spirit of Loyalty In Parishioners
Heroic Little Society Started in 1821,
Succeeded By Steady Growth To Present
Church On Pleasant Street
Brunswick Record
November 20, 1941
By the Rev. A.H.Graham

Brunswick Methodism dates back to 1821, when the Rev. Melville B. Cox first began preaching in this little village on the Androscoggin. The first class consisted of five members, Mrs. J.S. Snowden and the Misses Jane Blake, Eunice McLellan, Margaret Todd and Maria Walker. Not a man could be found to enlist in the new army. Not until 1836 could a board of trustees be organized, and only then two of the seven, S. G. Lane and E. Bryant were Brunswick men. The Rev. Mark Trafton was appointed pastor at the conference in August, 1836.

First Church In 1865

Intense struggle and great sacrifice were the constant lot of the heroic little society until 1865, when the Rev. J. B. Lapham became pastor, and did such constructive work that a new church was erected on the site of the present edifice. Since that time both the membership and the building have undergone many and varied changes.

Under the ministration of the Rev. Stephen Allen, 1867 to 1869, the membership was increased considerably and many property improvements made. The next three years was a period of continued revival under the pastorate of the Rev. James McMillan. Out of 116 received on probation 40 became members in full standing and good report. A noted scholar of the church Professor Henry M. Sheldon, later Professor of Church History in the Boston University School of Theology, was pastor at Brunswick from 1869 to 1872. Here he met his wife, Miss Louise McLellan, daughter of Theodore McLellan.

A touch of character was added to the edifice when in 1875 the doors were recessed. We see twenty-eight members added under Rev. W.S. Jones 1876-1879; and as we further peruse the record we note the organizing of the Sunday school in 1878. This

same year saw the installation of an organ. Four years later the society built a chapel on Richmond Camp Ground.

During the pastorate of the Rev. F.C. Rogers, 1880-1883, the pastor and people working together without any outside help saw a moderate increase in membership, and a good state of finances. The organ debt was erased and a furnace installed in the vestry.

Parsonage In 1884

The Rev. N.M. Stirling remained two years, during which the present parsonage was purchased. He was followed by the Rev. W. S. McIntire who remained the three-year limit. In this time the spiritual interest of the church was quickened by the work of a praying band which held cottage prayer meetings.

No historical notations were made during the pastorate of the Rev. F.C. Haddock who served four years until the spring of 1892.

Spiritual progress was hindered by adverse conditions, but the ministry of the Rev. W. B. Dukeshire was not in vain, for material progress is written into the record for the years 1892 to 1895, this ministry witnessing a spiritual quickening under evangelistic program led by the rather picturesque preacher, the Rev. I. T. Johnson, very pronounced in his utterances.

Fifty members were added during the pastorate of the Rev. G.D. Holmes, 1897 to 1900, and property improvements were made. However during Mr. Holmes fourth year a problem arose which his successor, the Rev. D.E. Miller, found a source of hindrance to any vital spiritual progress in the next two years. However the next five years under the leadership of the Rev. W. P. Merrill witnessed a spiritual revival with an increase of twenty-three members, the formation of an Epworth League, and a Women's Home Missionary Society of fifty members.

The Rev. J. F. Haley found spiritual progress in evidence during the years 1908 to 1911, a period in which many property improvements were made both in the church and parsonage including the placing of memorial windows in the church, and new hymn books for both the main auditorium and vestry services.

On October 14, 1916, the church observed its eightieth anniversary. Former pastors aided in the observance while the Rev. J.E. Sawyer, D.D. who was present at the dedication of the church edifice in 1866 came from his home in Bath and spoke at the exercise.

Fire In 1917

At 9:40 Sunday morning February 25, 1917, the fire alarm was sounded, bringing the town fire apparatus to the church to fight a stubborn and costly fire which caused damage accounting to about \$5,000. All the Protestant churches having offered the use of their edifices, the gracious offer of the Free Baptist building was accepted. Under the leadership of the pastor, the Rev. George E. Ackerman, D.D., the church, through its trustees, brought to pass the necessary reconstruction with such dispatch that the rededication exercises were held two months in advance of the anticipated time.

New Church

On July 8, 1918, the Rev. Joshua M. Frost, superintendent of the Portland District, preached the dedicatory sermon and conducted the impressive service of dedication without the usual appeal for money, the finances having been cared for beforehand. The congregation observed a new modern steel ceiling, hardwood floors, an indirect lighting system, and restored memorial windows.

Dr. Ackerman, who had come from a prominent church, in the Midwest to serve Brunswick at a much reduced salary, for reasons of health, shortly before the dedication exercises, while visiting in Philadelphia, was claimed by death to the great sorrow of the Brunswick parish.

During Dr. Ackerman's pastorate the church went over the top in raising \$1,000 for the campaign for missions. Following Dr. Ackerman for a one year pastorate came the Rev. H.A. Clifford whose wife, Cora Knight Clifford, was a very active worker for missions and other Christian activities of concern with social and moral uplift.

Harold G. McMann and Arthur A. Callaghan served in succession as pastors and later were appointed district superintendents in the Maine Conference. During the pastorate of the Rev. Charles Parkin, 1924 to 1927, a men's fraternity was formed, and a survey of the parish made. The Rev. D. P. Pelley, 1927 to 1931, was supported by his son, Lincoln, who was possessed of a beautiful baritone voice. Mrs. Pelley was instrumental in organizing the Loyalty Club, an important factor in supporting the church.

The Rev. W. H.H. Taylor promoted revival services during the years of his pastorate 1931 to 1934. The mortgage was paid and part of the parsonage land was sold during these years. The Rev. J.R. Howse brought to the pulpit good preaching the next two years, and made preparation for the redecorating of the church and auditorium, which was realized during the pastorate of the Rev. A. G. Davis, 1936 to 1941, and also the painting of the exterior of the church building.

On Sunday, November 22, 1936, a service of Holy Communion was observed, ushering in the observance of the centennial of Methodism in Brunswick. At the morning service the sermon was preached by the district superintendent, the Rev. A.A. Callaghan, a former pastor; Charles Wesley Burns, bishop of the Boston area, preaching at an afternoon service. Others taking part during the day were Mrs. E.L. Crawford, reading a history of the church, and A.B. Tedford, speaking for the trustees; also assisting were the Reverends M.G. Powers, Ernest Heyward, and Sheldon Christian. The exercises were concluded on Tuesday evening by a Thanksgiving service.

The Church Now

Mr. Davis, concluding a five-year pastorate last May, was succeeded by the present pastor, the Rev. A.H. Graham, who is supported by a fine group of church officials, who realize that Methodism has a real service to render the cause of religion in Brunswick. The church is fortunate in having the talented musician, Ernest T. Stanwood, to preside at the organ during the Sunday morning services. The Ladies' Aid under the presidency of Mr. A. B. Tedford and the Loyalty Club, under the presidency of Mrs. John French, give good service. The stated meetings of church are: Sunday, morning and evening services and church school which is at present conducting under the leadership of its superintendent, Ernest A. Purinton; and on Wednesday evening a mid-week devotional meeting, followed by an official board meeting the first Wednesday of the month, while the church school board meeting follows the evening meeting each third Sunday.

As a Christian body, Methodism finds its strength not in its buildings or programs, but in that degree of loyalty to the leadership and teachings of the great head of the church, Jesus Christ, exhibited in the lives of its members and communicants.



Messier's Store Now Affiliated With IGA

Brunswick Record

December 13, 1956

Messier's Garden Superette on Route 24 at Cook's Corner became affiliated last week with the Independent Grocers' Alliance chain of independent grocery stores.

With the new affiliation the name of the store changed to Messier's Garden IGA. The "Garden" in the name comes from the Brunswick Gardens housing development across from the store.

Little changes will take place in the type of stock carried by the store or its service to its customers, but lower prices will be available through the IGA cooperative merchandising arrangement. Prices on IGA brand products are competitive with the products offered by the large chain markets under their own brand names.

Founded in August, 1955

Messier's store is only a year and a half old, having been founded in August, 1955, by Leo A. and Paul W. Messier, both of whom were born and brought up in Brunswick. They began to seek the coveted IGA affiliation soon after they opened the store, but each store has to be studied by IGA for a year and rated according to efficiency of operation, financial condition, and in other factors, before the IGA affiliation is granted. There are three other IGA markets in Brunswick.

The store has been growing in the amount of stock carried and in customers since its opening, and is "bursting its seams" now, commented one of the proprietors this week. Plans are being made to enlarge the building, probably next summer, to increase the selling area by about one-third.

Merrymeeting Park
The Historic Past and Picturesque Future
The Scene of Indian Massacres and Merrymeeting of Long Ago
How the Artistic Hand of Mr. Blaisdell Has Transformed it

The Brunswick Telegraph
July 23, 1898

The hundreds that have visited the Merrymeeting Park since cars began running Sunday morning have been amazed at the transformation scene wrought by the artistic hand of the best landscape gardener in this part of the country, Mr. Blaisdell and a force of less than fifty men in a month.

Many of our citizens have used the site of the old steam mill for a picnic ground low these many years, little realizing that it would some day become the great pleasure ground of Maine.

The park is 135 acres and in this extent contains forest, shore, river, isle, hill and dale. There is an opportunity for ten thousand pleasure seekers at every known amusement.

The point itself will be left in its wild state. No artist could better it. Neath the cool shade overlooking the Androscoggin with its many picturesque scenes, many will still linger whatever artificial scenic beauties may be produced.

As one enters the park by carriage road a mammoth three story hotel with wide veranda and ornamental front will meet his gaze, when the aforesaid hotel is finished. It will contain a dance hall suitable for the Ivy Hop, private dining rooms besides a general dining room of large proportions.

Passing behind the hotel one goes down into a valley by a cozy path and the chain of lakes meets his view.

In the center is a large platform of rustic construction ornamented on each corner by a bank of flowers enclosing and ornamental seat. This is the stage of the theatre. It will be surrounded by water at all times. On the further side a walk leads to the shore and a log cabin of unique design will serve as a dressing room.

The platform can be seen from the hill, the hotel piazza, either shore of the lake, the platform walk over the dam and a mammoth rustic bridge of Japanese design spanning the lake in an arch at its widest point.

A lake in which the platform stands will be about 6 feet deep at the dam running back to a grassy shore where is a little wooden island in which will be a sort of dance on the green facility. A natural amphitheatre surrounds this and it was at first picked out for the theatre, but the plans being enlarged it will be left as nature left it, a pretty little grove in the midst of the lake.

There are walks running in all directions, miles of them but you can't walk but a few steps without coming to a rustic bridge.

There are scores of bridges over water, over hollows in the land but little spring crop up almost everywhere and are led down to the lakes.

Running up one side will be wooded land penetrated by little brooks which will be utilized for a deer park. These paths wind in and out in interlocking circles, up to the

high land through overarching trees till the paths meet at a summer house of two stories, so situated that the whole park and the bay and river may be seen. An ideal spot for an afternoon smoke.

This is a mere outline but it will give some idea of the plans to be carried out. Before the crowd comes in a favorable time to visit it.

T.S. McLellan furnishes us with the history and romantic reminiscences of this location.

This locality recently purchased by a number of enterprising gentlemen and now being laid out for a summer resort on which is to be erected a large hotel and boarding house, a restaurant, a theatre and other buildings of recreation and amusement is not surpassed by any place in our state as a romantic, sightly, and desirable place of resort, and to the lover of nature and the historian possesses attraction unsurpassed.

The name Merrymeeting is as ancient as the bay on which it is located. There are five rivers emptying their waters into this bay, viz: the Kennebec, Androscoggin, Cathance, Abigadasset, and Muddy rivers. From time beyond record it was the custom of the Indians to come down these rivers in their canoes every fall, landing at Pleasant Point and holding green corn dances and powwows, lasting several days, and the custom was kept up long after the English had settled in the vicinity.

This locality was visited by Sir George Popham in 1607, who formed a settlement at the mouth of the Kennebec river. He gives an account of a boat journey up the Kennebec and Androscoggin rivers and informs us that after a journey of thirty miles he came to falls and they had to haul their boats up the falls with ropes. Some antiquarians say that the falls he referred to were the falls between Brunswick and Topsham. The falls when the three dams were up possessed a fall of forty-eight feet all within a distance of less than half a mile. The water pours in a white foam over ledges and rough boulders and it would seem impossible to haul boats over these rough ledges without having them broken into fragments. More probably Popham referred to the Narrows two miles below the falls at the village of Brunswick. At the Narrows there is a fall, at low water, of two feet or more. At this place a high ledge extends into the river some twenty rods and in the spring freshets causes the ice to gorge in such vast quantities that it sometimes remains unmelted till mid summer.

From the high locality where the hotel is to be erected a good view of Brunswick and Topsham Villages, located two miles west, Mount Ararat two miles northwest and Merrymeeting Bay, Pleasant Point and the many green islands in the river and bay are to be seen as well as a large territory of the surrounding countryside.

On the Brunswick shore of Merrymeeting bay was erected in 1628 a trading post for traffic with the Indians, while Boston was wilderness. Here Thomas Purchase built a house and storehouse on the Indian trail leading to the head of Stevens river a mile and a half distant. Here with his wife, children and several men in this employ he resided. Here and at the falls he remained many years till driven off when the Indian war broke out in 1675. The Indians made this short land route to the ocean instead of doing down the Androscoggin and Kennebec some twenty miles, then they went to sea for fishing and digging clams.

On one occasion Pleasant Point and Merrymeeting Bay did not prove so pleasant a locality for the Indians as it had at their powwows and green corn dances. In July, 1722 they made an attack on the little settlement at the falls, burning the homes of the settlers

and killing ten of the occupants, after which they repaired to Pleasant Point to celebrate their victory with the rum they had plundered from the homes they had destroyed.

The smoke of the burning buildings and the report of the cannon at Fort George attracted the attention of soldiers stationed at Bath and had them to suppose an Indian attack of Fort George. Col. Harmon manned two boats with twenty soldiers and proceeded up river to their relief. They arrived in Merrymeeting Bay at midnight, and discovering a light on Pleasant Point, muffled their oars and noiselessly landed where they found many Indians sleeping around a fire. A rustic poet of the time described the event in verse as follows:

Ah, the sweet and pleasant morning,
While we around them stood
But Ah! The previous morning,
Englishmen lying in their blood,
Come, said gallant Col. Harmon,
This, their neglect is our gain
The let us fall upon them
Our cause is good, we will maintain
And then we fired two volleys
And with haste we made away,
For fear the Indians would surround us
And we should not get away,
Some did say that we killed thirty
Others say that we killed more
The number to us is uncertain
I believe we killed a score.

The land where Merrymeeting Park is located was taken up by Ebenezer Stanwood in 1717 and remained in the family for more than a hundred and thirty years. He was an officer in the Indian Wars. His son, David, lost an arm at the capture of Louisburg in the French and Indian War and his grandson, Co. Wm. Stanwood was an officer in the Revolutionary War and the second wealthiest man in Brunswick in the early part of the present century. He erected and resided in the house now occupied by Dr. Palmer. He built quite a number of vessels at the Narrows, among them the brig Hope which was captured by the French in 1789, and paid for by the French government in 1834 and the proceeds divided among the heirs of the original owners two years since.

Some fifty years since the land was purchased by J.C. Humphreys and Sons and steam mills erected at the Narrows, but steam being more expensive than water power it was not a success. One of the mills was taken down and re-erected in the Cove and is now utilized as a lumber mill by Mr. Stanley Brown. The other mill was destroyed by fire.

The grounds now being prepared for a park are passed through a dozen times daily by the electric and steam cars and are located two miles from Brunswick and Topsham villages, seven miles from the city of Bath and one and a half miles from the seashore at New Meadows.

The location of the hotel is on high ground where a gentle breeze from the ocean wafts its cooling air over it and its shaded walks and groves afford cool retreats during the hot summer months.

Less than five minutes walk brings the visitors to Paradise spring where the purest water to be found furnishes a cooling beverage. Ever since the founding of the college in

Brunswick, more than a hundred years since the spring has been a resort to the college boys and the young people of this town. The water pours out at the foot of a hill in a shaded grove of tall trees which the students some years adorned with a circular pond surrounded by circular seats for a pleasant retreat in the summer. From this spring many of the families in the village are supplied with pure water in preference to using the city water supplied from Nequasset pond.

Over five thousand acres of plains land are drained by two springs, Paradise Spring on the east and another spring on the west side of the plains which has been utilized by damming at the outlet creating a pond from which village people are supplied with spring water ice in the summer.

The rain water which falls on the Plains is filtered through forty feet of clear sand before it finds an outlet in springs. The water at Paradise Spring has been analyzed several times by expert chemists and pronounced perfectly pure.

In 1817, when Hon. Geo. Evans and Prof. A.S. Packard were students in college, a public celebration of the 4th of July was held at Paradise Spring—Evans delivering the oration and Packard the poem.

Many of the names or initials of former students and the popular belles of Brunswick in the early part of the present century are engraved on the trunks of the trees standing around the spring.

Meeting in a distant city a few years since an old graduate of Bowdoin, he inquired if there had been any changes at Paradise Spring and told me that a few days previous to the graduation of his class, he and another classmate buried a dozen bottles of wine and brandy near the spring for use at some future class meeting, but had never met since.

Ninepin alleys, swings and gymnastic fixtures for exercise and recreation, a light draft steamer, sail and row boats for excursions among the numerous tree-shaded islands in the bay and river will be among the attractions at the Merrymeeting Park.

M.



Merrymeeting Park In Its Hey-Day Forty Years Ago Brunswick Record Presents Pictures of Brilliant Amusement Resort, Only a Nickel Fare Away

Brunswick Record

November 9, 1944

By Virginia Hall Benton

Most of us become nostalgic when we think of a tune, an incident, or an institution which had meaning in our lives. An institution which became a vital part of the area for many Brunswick Record readers—which was responsible for much of the gaiety in the last day of the gay nineties—was Brunswick's own, New England famous, Merrymeeting Park.

Merrymeeting Park, whose entrance was opposite the Brunswick Naval Air Station, was aptly named; it was a place of merry meetings, offering an amusement park for the kiddies, a background of romance for the young folks, a recreational resort for the newly married, and a beautifully appointed, dignified dining room, where the most meticulous found dining a delight.

Built in 1898

Built in 1898, Merrymeeting Park's existence was due to the ingenious plan of the L.B. & B (Lewiston, Bath and Brunswick) Railway Company for increasing transportation on their lines, which, a few years later, were taken over by the L. W. & A (Lewiston, Waterville and Augusta) Railway System. Daily, huge crowds were brought by trolleys to the Park from Gardiner, Augusta, Waterville, Lisbon Falls, Lewiston, Auburn, Bath, Freeport, Yarmouth and Portland.

Among other parks built by electric railways as stimulants to business during this era were Tacoma Park between Lewiston and Gardiner, Casco Castle in South Freeport, and, at Auburndale, Mass., the still extant Norembega Park. Several independent parks among which was Frost Park of Lisbon Falls, came into being along the railway lines about this time to take advantage of the amusement-seeking crowds riding the trolleys.

50 Acres

Merrymeeting Park covered more than 50 acres of great natural beauty—a fine sample of typical Maine forestry—full of hemlocks, spruces, and pines, shady maples

and stately elms, and slender, tall, white birches. A natural ravine was a tremendous asset, for it became the site of the park's famous amphitheatre where first-rate vaudeville shows by well-known stock companies, and band concerts were presented; and in another part of the gully, a dammed up brook became a pond where white swans floated lazily about, and occasional row-boat explored its smooth surface. A maze of paths wended their way throughout the park as far as the banks of the pond, where benches invited the romancer to sit a spell and rustic bridges urged the explorer to the opposite side. At night, strings of electric lights shining through the woods proclaimed this area, far and wide as a fairyland of laughter and gaiety.

The park buildings, though few in number, were inclusive in their entertainment facilities. They consisted of the rustic amphitheatre, whose simple stage, with two dressing rooms at the rear, was semi circled by rising tiers of about 1,000 seats lining the sides of the gully. The building connected with the fenced in area of the zoo housed a number of animals and reptiles. The "round house" was a refreshment stand beneath a circular bar, shaped like a circus tent, where candy was made, popcorn was popped, and "smokes" and cold drinks were served. The "Round House" was the headquarters for light refreshments. Basket-boys received their day's supply of candy, popcorn and refreshments here and called their wares about the grounds and in the theatre.

But the casino...that was the crowning touch! It was large, elaborate, beautifully constructed and could hold its own with our modern architectural perfections—a dignified three-and-a-half story, brown shingled building, trimmed in white, finished off with a jaunty tower, and sporting a stone foundation and an arched stone entrance-way with a turret. It had generous verandahs on the first and second floors, rambling completely around itself. Its lawns were carefully terraced, its driveways smooth. Inside the floors were of spotless hardwood. The first floor served as a lobby, where several concessionaire's stands—tobacco and candy mostly—stood. The third floor was for the employees, while the second was the scene of the famous dining room that offered New Meadows Inn, then in its glory, very real competition.

The basement of the casino was probably the busiest spot in the park, with Elijah Boyd, who will be remembered by the older residents as the collector of fat for the soap factory on Bath Street, managed by the late Clarence Bryant, father of Miss Blanche Bryant. Mr. Boyd received 10 barrels of lobsters, the casino's specialty, every Saturday from Boothbay Harbor, to feed Sunday's throngs, which numbered approximately 600 between the dining hours of noon and three o'clock. The casino dining room employed, in its hey-day, four chefs, French, Negro, Italian and German—and hosted about 100 guests at a time.

The Bridge

As likely to be remembered as the more romantic spots of the park is the long, wooden overhead bridge, with the sign "1898 Merrymeeting" stretching from the railway into the park—whose resounding noises of scurrying feet from the park to the homeward bound cars sounded like a herd of buffalo. At the entrance to the amphitheatre, a thriving popcorn stand was always popping and serving corn just as fast as it manager could work.

Sunday A Big Day

If Merrymeeting Park was on your schedule of a summer Sunday in about 1903, you would don your best suit with its square-cornered double-breasted coat, a stand-up dicky, a derby and possible your two toned, high laces, patten leather shoes, preparatory

to calling for your lady friend. She might greet you in a gown with a lace bertha collar and a sun-ray plaited skirt of biscuit tone, or maybe a delicate pistachio green. She might wear a sack coat, or, if inclined to frills, a marabou style, but, in any case, a straw sailor hat and probably the new polliwog spring heel shoes that were the rage at Robert's Shoe Store for \$1.50 in the summer of 1903. Forsaking your new carriage purchased at Townsend's Repository for \$50.00 you would head for the trolley line, humming appreciatively "The Dreamland Waltz" or "She's The Belle of Boston Town." You could catch your trolley at any crossing along Maine Street, or you might get on at the L.B. & B office itself, at the site of the present Morton News Stand (143 Maine Street) then managed by M.L. Blackwell.

You might first visit the famous zoo with its varied collection of North American animals, where your lady friend would admire the brilliantly colored birds and squeal with mock fear at the buffalos, crocodiles, and bears. She would be, of course, mightily impressed by "the largest stuffed horse in the world." The zoo's tremendous stuffed horse, the owners initials still plainly branded on its side.

You might then stroll about the park, shopping at the round house for smoking tobacco or patronizing one of the smaller boys selling refreshments from baskets in the amphitheatre and on the grounds.

Dinner

At last, the dining hour would arrive—and the piece de resistance—the casino! You might be tempted by the shining dance floor in the lobby and the toe-tingling strains of "So Long Mary" or "Casey Would Waltz With A Strawberry Blonde" before entering the elevator for the dining room, but once among the sveltely uniformed waiters, the crisp snow-white table linens, the highly-polished silver, you would know that now you had found the park at its very best. You would scrutinize a dazzling menu wanting to get your half-dollar's worth, but deciding to maintain an air of restraint in the presence of your companion by not ordering everything, even though the price was all inclusive. An actual menu from the casino at this time listed the following 50 cent shore dinners: lobster stew, clam stew, clam chowder, steamed clams with drawn butter, clam broth, plain bread, fried clams, potato chips, plain lobster, fried lobster, lobster salad, various sauces, doughnuts, cookies, assorted cakes, lemon ice cream, vanilla ice cream, tea and coffee. And during you delectable repast you would witness another of the casino thrills—a Merrymeeting sunset whose brilliant colors made the dining room, with its western exposure almost as famous as its luscious food.

The Theatre

In the amphitheatre you would be stirred by the lusty, martial music of the band concert on the early evening air, but you would live for the commencement of the crackerjack vaudeville show, probably produced by J.W. Gorman and Co. Circuit from New York. There might be a raucous minstrel featuring fun-provoking Bob Evans as the interlocutor, outstanding comedians, Bob and Phil Ott might be present. There would be a trapeze artist or two, a tap dancer, a couple soloists, and two pianists, perfectly attuned, playing simultaneously. Or you might see a presentation by the Gladys May Stock Co., the Primrose and Dockstader colored minstrel show or the Alabama Troubadours. A breath-taking feature of the performance might be the pride of the park—the diving horses—two beautiful white horses who climbed a 50 foot runway to dive head first into a specially constructed pool below. Another act that caused much talk at the time was a

magic show, accomplished by lighting, featuring the transformation of the lovely girl into a statue, her clothes, even the rose in her hair, taking on an unbelievable likeness of marble.

Riding the Trolley

The ride home would be a memorable part of your stay at the park. You would be one of probably 6,000 park-goers who that day scrambled for seats inside a car with about 80 other passengers fighting against being one of the hanger-ons who would line the solidly-packed running boards which stretched the length of the car on both sides. You would spend every ounce of energy to comprise one of the first loads in the 10 or 11 waiting electric cars, to avoid waiting under the canopy on the platform for a second, or maybe even a third return trip of the trolleys for the waiting crowds. But once in Brunswick, tired and happy, you would lose no time dating your companion for another Merrymeeting escapade.

Conductors' Memories

In the early 1900s, the job of conductor, which, by the way, paid the sum of 15 cents an hour, and oftentimes was a 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. duty—was much coveted. Among the early conductors were Dr. Henry Johnson of Bowdoin College, Charles Crosby of Topsham, and Chief of Topsham Police Frank E. Carver. Mr. Carver tells of the rapidity with which it was necessary to collect the nickel fares before the streetcar reached Brunswick from Merrymeeting Park, a seven or eight-minute ride, and the first avalanche of rides got off. Fares were taken in semi-darkness, since trolleys usurped a certain amount from the electric lights and he was always amazed, he says, by morning light, the imagination of the riders, as he would find weird assortments of buttons, small stones, plug nickels, even scrids of sugar, among his fares. Incidentally many remember that in the early days of the park, the electric power often gave out on the trip from Bath to Merrymeeting Park at Ham's Hill. It was then that Amos Nickerson, proprietor of a local ice business, and uncle of Guy and Fire Chief Harold Nickerson of Brunswick, was called upon to hitch up his horses and pull the disabled trolley up over the hill.

One of Mr. Carver's regular runs was from Merrymeeting to East Auburn's Lake Grove Park in Auburn, a 25 cent ride, and every Sunday morning the vaudeville shows of the two parks were exchanged for a week's run. Once, he remembers, a dancing team left a marble slab upon which they were clog on wooden shoes, at Merrymeeting Park, and in a frenzy of last minute desperation the dancers drove to a cemetery above East Auburn where they carried away two grave stones to form their marble base for the evening's performance. He recalls, too, the difficulty in effecting an efficient stop in response to the stop-bell on the Brunswick-Auburn line, when, as was often the case, three cars were hitched together for the run. If a passenger on the last car wanted to get off his bell would have to be heard by the next car beyond which, in turn, would ring the bell for the head car who would notify the motorman by the bell to stop. By the time these bells had been rung, the passenger had a hike in store before reaching the spot where he first requested to get off.

The Parlor Car

"The Merrymeeting" was the name of the parlor car established for officials of the railroad and available for hire to individuals or institutions whose parties could ride anywhere on the system for ten dollars a day. The symbol of much elegance, the swanky Merrymeeting sported elaborate iron grid-work fencing in an observation platform at

either end of the car where passengers might relax in wicker chairs and enjoy the scenery. Anyone's personal stock rose several points when he had had to his credit a ride on the official car. In the Topsham news of September 13, 1904, was an item stating that "Gilbert Edgecomb successfully managed a trolley-ride Tuesday evening on the parlor car Merrymeeting." One year later, the class of 1905, Topsham High School, enjoyed a jaunt in the official splendor. In the party were Miss Marcia Adams, now of the office of Brunswick Coal Co., Miss Fannie Cox of Topsham, Mrs. Gladys Chaplin Morrell, the former Bernice Dunning, Walter S. Hall of Topsham, and Clarence White of Pennsylvania and South Harpswell.

Personalities

Merrymeeting Park was a source of income to some 50 or so local persons and a source of real pride to many who were there, at one time or another, on a managerial capacity. A manager of the casino at the most successful peak was Fred E. Hall of Cumberland Street, at that time manager of a chain of 11 restaurants, Irving Stetson, funeral director, was manager of the theatre for some time, and the late George Y. Walker, father of Mrs. Una Campbell of School Street, succeeded Charles Stewart, father of the late Lewis Stewart, printer, as grounds superintendent. Walter S. Hall and Ernest Bartlett, now of Lisbon Falls, father of Miss Josephine Bartlett were among the basket boys selling peanuts, popcorn and candy. The late Bert Merriman managed the "round house" assisted by Mrs. Una Campbell. George Frost of Lisbon Falls, an employee of the Brunswick Verney Mills, had a concession there for many years, and Arthur C. Hall had charge of the flourishing popcorn stand at the entrance to the amphitheatre. Humphrey Purinton, owner of the present Ellis L. Aldrich residence in Topsham, raised all the popcorn used at the park.

It was George A. Walker's duty to drive the horse and buggy to the railroad station to take care of baggage for the theatrical folk performing in the amphitheatre. The famous Tontine Hotel had recently burned, he remembers, and most of the actors were housed at the Bowdoin Hotel and the Elm House on Bank Street, present site of an apartment house, the Bailey Homestead on Park "Row, where Mrs. Isaiah Morrell resides, and at Crockett rooming house on Everett Street, now occupied by Mrs. H.S. Nicoll.



Merrymmeeting Park Has Its Pleasant Memories

Popular Resort of 30 Years Ago was Pleasure Mecca

For Residents of this Section. Went the Way of All

Trolley Line Resorts

Brunswick Record

September 11, 1930

While memory holds a seat in this distracted globe tales will be told of those good old days, when ma and pa were 'a-courtin'; and Merrymmeeting Park was in operation. Children's children even to the tenth generation will probably hear mention of that old amusement place where folks congregated, about the turn of the century, to enjoy themselves in a manner sorrowfully unknown to this modern generation, whose modern entertainments are after all sadly lacking, and without that romantic touch of years ago.

Merrymmeeting Park! To the younger folks it is just a name of some old fashioned place where derby hats and long, sweeping skirts were seen in unthinkable numbers of holiday or Sunday, and the old folks thought they had a good time doing perfectly uneventful things, and getting through courtship for little or nothing. It was a place of top-buggies, and all that, a gay nineties sort of vacation ground where our modern maidens and our modern men would yawn their lives away and wonder how anyone could stand it.

But was that Merrymmeeting? Was that what drew thousands of people, clinging precariously to open trolley cars, from Lewiston, Bath, Lisbon, Brunswick, Portland, etc., every afternoon and evening? Well, hardly.

Merrymmeeting Park was one of these old trolley-line resorts which made all kinds of amusements before the automobile came along to spoil the fun.

It wasn't the only one of its kind. There was Underwood Springs park, with its fountain on which played the parti-colored lights, remember? There was Casco Castle, for a time, over in Freeport, with its little zoo, its shore dinners, its motorboat trips down the bay. There was Lake Grove in Auburn. There was Riverton Park, a holiday rendezvous quite different from the Riverton Park of today. There was the Gem Theatre down at Peaks Island, and the Cape Cottage Casino, where a stock company put on the old melodrama—the kind with lighthouses, and people crossing ice in the river, and the "God pity all poor sailors at sea on a night like this!" But in a way, with all the features combined, none of these places compared with Merrymmeeting.

Carload after carload of gay people were brought from far and near to this park. Without remembering it, one cannot imagine the crowds that flocked to the place, either with dobbin and the buggy or by trolley.

With the coming of the automobile all that stopped. People in those days had no way to get anywhere except by electric line. Realizing this, the electric lines sponsored the various parks, and proceeded to reap a harvest. The automobile provided a new way for people to go places, and without an exception these resorts closed down. It was inevitable, as it was unfortunate.

Riverton today is quite another world. Underwood Springs is now “The Famous Underwood Motor Camps,” and who knows where the Cape Cottage stock company is now, or the Gem theatre?

It is with regret that folks remember those places. It is with regret that Merrymeeting is remembered. Many a swain and many a maid tasted romance at Merrymeeting. Many a person had the time of his life there. Many a clam and Lobster has been devoured at the casino, and many a peanut has been fed to those animals in the little zoo.

There were the various “professors” who went up in balloons for the edification and amusement of the spectators. There were the afternoon and evening shows at the open-air theatre to tickle the crowds. There was the old stuffed horse, a relic that today would probably assume a gigantic value as an antique. There were the outlandish water fowl in the pond, the rare animals from all parts of the world. There was everything to make a holiday, and always a crowd to enjoy it.

At the casino there were those shore dinners. Here is the menu:

Merrymeeting Park		
Lobster Stew		Clam Chowder
	Clam Stew	
Steamed Clams with drawn butter		Clam Broth
	Plain Bread	
Fried Clams		Plain Lobster
	Potato Chips	
Fried Lobster		Lobster Salad olive oil
	Tomato Catsup	
Doughnuts		Cookies
	Assorted Cakes	
Lemon Ice Cream		Vanilla Ice Cream
Tea		Coffee

And the price was exactly 50 cents.

Don't you remember when that miraculous troupe which performed the perfectly astounding trick of sawing a woman in two came to the floating stage at Merrymeeting to perform? Don't you remember when the audience gasped as Professor someone or other (any person was awarded a professorship in those days, you will recall) commanded “Up, Matilda, Up,” and a comely girl, reclining on a couch, immediately rose into the air and remained suspended until the professor permitted her to descend? He demonstrated, you remember, that she was not supported by any trick device by passing a hoop over her? Remember how folds were shocked because dancing girls appeared in tights? “What

good does it do,” the older folks would argue, “to send our children to Sunday School if they are to be allowed to view such brazen indecency at the theatre?” Oh yes, there was something at Merrymeeting besides derbies, etc.

And the theatre at Merrymeeting, a natural amphitheatre among the trees, would perhaps shame even those grand coliseums of Athens and Sparta. And when the show had started, and in the cool of those limbs you gently pressed the dimpled hand of some lady, and munched peanuts, and—but that’s something you either remember yourself or doesn’t concern you anyway. Merrymeeting might have been medieval, my dear children, but it wasn’t such a great way from Heaven.

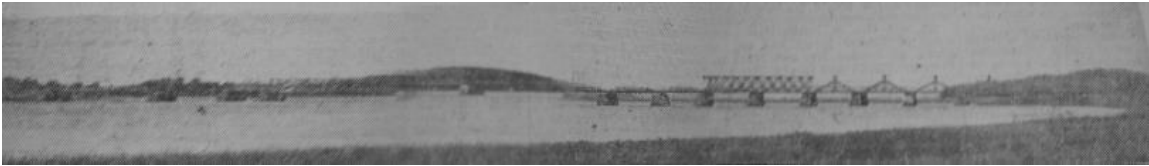
The theatre at Merrymeeting, however, was really a place of beauty. The spot was made for a theater, and tier upon tier of seats rose up on a natural incline, in a natural circle, with a natural dome of green leaves. Down on the stage, which was little more than a huge raft in the water of a charming little pond, natural too, the high class vaudeville artists went through acts which might not be as perfect as a talking picture, but which were fully as good, and not nearly so expensive.

About the country today are hundreds of vaudeville artists who have played to those trolley-car audiences at Merrymeeting. Last winter in an ante-room backstage of the Cumberland theatre in Brunswick four members of a male-quartet talked with a Record writer about Merrymeeting.

“You can have everything I’ve got, and I’ll do anything I can for you,” said the bass singer as the four waited for their call, “if you’ll give me an engagement with a Merrymeeting Bay crowd. I’ve toured this country, been abroad, and sung in every kind of theatre ever was made. But I’ve never seen a place like “Merrymeeting”. His three companions, with a strange memory-fraught smile agreed. “For fifteen—yes—twenty—years we’ve seen things change. The old crowds are gone. When we go out on that stage tonight we’ll sing a number that this troupe has sung thousands of times. We sang it long ago at Merrymeeting, and it always went over big. People would cuddle together, the fellows would look at the girls, the girls would look far away, drop their eyes, and the only sound after we got through would be a little whisper of the breeze in the branches. It’s a romantic song, a love song, and Merrymeeting was the place for it. Merrymeeting was the best place for it.”

The tenor of the quartet, with face red with makeup, a brilliant red hat on his head, and everything ready for his number, finished the tale. “Tonight we’ll sing it with a jazz time, do dance steps with it, and if we’re good we’ll get a hand. There isn’t any more romance in that crowd out there than there is in a steam-roller. Yes sir, I’d give a thousand dollars if I could go back to Merrymeeting and sing that song.”

Out in the crowd that night was an older couple who remembered the troupe from days gone by. They remembered the song, and as the words were now “jazzed”, came over the footlights memory supplied the setting, and while your younger folks saw four men on the stage singing an old and faded song, this couple saw Merrymeeting, the silvery poplar trees, the crowded seats, ranging down to the stage, the sparkling water, the outlandish ducks swimming beyond—and relived for a brief moment a period of their lives which to them, also, was worth the thousand dollars. Perhaps more, for some of us have had some wonderful times down there at Merrymeeting. To others, it is just a name, just a sea of derbies, a wave of skirts, a flurry of rubber-tired gigs, a happy mob clinging to a streetcar.



Merrymeeting Bridge

Brunswick Record

July 19, 1951

It was a long way across the old Merrymeeting Bay Bridge between East Brunswick and Topsham (2,700 feet or better than half a mile) but the incongruous structure pictured above was a much shorter route between Bath and the up-country towns and Augusta, than the present circuitous route through Brunswick. Especially was this appreciated in the days of the horse and buggy, the oxen, and when Bath was a hungry market for hay, firewood, native beef and pork and vegetables grown nearby. In the early mornings there would be almost a steady procession of farmers with every conceivable means of transportation of that era, carrying the products of their farms in Bowdoinham, Topsham and other communities to the Shipbuilding City. At night the same caravan would be seen plodding back home, and though their loads would be lighter, the horse and ox set at a slower pace, despite the urging of their drivers, anxious to get back to unfinished chores, a hearty supper and bed.

Built in 1846 the bridge withstood the annual onslaughts of Spring freshets and ice jams for 50 years, with only an occasional wound when a span or two would be carried away as an angry Androscoggin found a weak spot in the rushing surge to the sea. All of this was true until the night of March 2, 1896. For days preceding the Androscoggin had been mustering strength for an all-out assault on this flimsy barrier which marred its even flow to Merrymeeting Bay. Melting snows in upper watersheds with heavy rains filled the river to its banks and over, and started a mad rush to the river's outlet. Untold tons of water, acres of drifting ice and millions of feet of huge logs and pulpwood bore down upon the Bay Bridge where their combined weight and pounding was more than the structure could stand and it yielded to the uncontrollable forces of nature and was swept away in its entirety.

When the flood waters had receded and the last huge field of ice had disappeared only two of the 16 stone piers visible in iron work were deep in the sands.

The bridge was never rebuilt although from time to time there has been strong agitation put forward for a new bridge. To rebuild or not to rebuild was the subject of many a heated argument for weeks after its destruction. Proponents for another bridge felt that it was an important link in Bath's economy as it opened up this city to trade from those communities to the north. On the other hand many argued that its cost and resultant upkeep would never be offset by the additional trade it might bring to Bath.

Merchants were canvassed and there was a difference of opinion here. Some stores, such as department, hardware and clothing establishments thought it would be desirable from a business viewpoint, while grocers and others said it only resulted in

farmers from out of town bringing goods here to sell and taking the money which they received in exchange back with them to spend in their home communities.

Evidently the arguments for rebuilding the bridge were not strong enough as the work was never started.

As previously stated the Bay Bridge was built in 1846. Contractor for the job was a Martin Hall of Bowdoinham and the cost was financed by a corporation composed of Bath men with George F. Patten as its president.

The bridge was built first on piles, spaced 20 feet apart. At the close of the year following its completion, rocks were added about the pilings to protect them from the ice. Ten years later a freshet carried much of the structure away. The damage was repaired and a much more substantial structure resulted with stone piers replacing the wooden piling.

In 1812 the ice carried away the draw and a couple of spans. New ones were built and the bridge reopened.

It was about that time that the corporation, which had been operating the bridge 16 years, made the City of Bath a present of the structure, which might be an indication that the venture was not proving to be a success financially. This arrangement of city sponsorship continued for 15 years and at the end of which time it appears the city was glad to shift the responsibility to the county in whose hands it remained for the rest of its existence.

Originally there were 32 piers in the bridge after the piles had been replaced, but the addition, from time to time, of land fills, shortened the gap which the structure spanned. Some have felt the narrowing of this open space may have been the reason for the collapse of the bridge, as it confined the river waters into a smaller and swifter channel thus giving more depth and power for its assault upon the structure.

The last wooden span of the bridge was put in place in 1875 and that was taken down in 1894 and replaced with iron. It has been estimated that in the bridge's history over \$1,000,000 had been spent in its construction, repairs and upkeep, which was no small sum in those days.

It was a toll bridge and the first keeper was John Foster, who held the position for 10 years. A sizeable wooden frame house provided a home for Mr. Foster and the several keepers who followed him. This building remained standing for a number of years after the bridge went out but finally fell into a state of disrepair and was taken down.

The second keeper was Lewis Purington, who held the position five years, to be followed by Samuel W. Foote, who served the longest of all, a period of 24 years from 1851 to 1875. Next came Lewis Thomas for five years; then Thomas Nutter, nine years, and after his death a Mrs. Lydia Young, who collected the tolls up until the time the bridge became a thing of the past.

Miss Myra Foote of the old Brunswick road, is a grand-daughter of the veteran keeper Samuel Foote and she has a number of interesting mementos of the old bridge, including account books, and toll rate cards. They had excise taxes in those days, as Miss Foote has a receipt from the Internal Revenue Department of the federal government of excise taxes in the amount of \$14.90 for the month of December, 1865. She remembers hearing her grandfather tell of days when in excess of \$100 was collected in tolls in a single day. This, of course, was unusual, but it is safe to say that the receipts must have averaged at least \$20 to \$30 a day. Even so, it was claimed in 1896 that costs of keeping

the bridge were \$2,000 a year in excess of the money taken in. One book she has shows that an average of 75 farmers a day used the bridge. Figures for one week in August in 1862 showed the following usage: August 19, 95 tolls; 20th, 70 tolls, 21st, 65 tolls, 22nd, 50 tolls; 23rd (Sunday) 10 tolls; 24th, 60 tolls; 25th, 135 tolls.

Among those using the bridge appear the family names of Tibbets, Rogers, Robinson, Patten, Mitchell, Douglas, Hildreth, Adams, Purington, Hunter, Hyde, Crocker, Lemont and Dunning.

It cost \$1.00 for an elephant to cross the river by this means according to the old toll card. Not that elephants were common to this vicinity in those days, but occasionally a circus playing in Bath would use the bridge to reach the cities of Augusta and Lewiston and elephants were always part of the "Greatest Show on Earth" in those times.

Other tolls of the day included top carriage, 25 cents; sheep and swine, 30 cents; two-wheeled shay, 15 cents; four-wheeled cart, 25 cents; farmer's team, \$1.00; pedestrian, 3 cents.

In Bath during the days of the 1896 freshet practically all the waterfront was submerged to a depth of from inches to a number of feet. Commercial Street at midnight presented the appearance of a broad canal according to an eyewitness of that occasion. A number of cellars in Front street business houses were flooded. The electric car track at the south end was impassable and service to Winnegance discontinued. Several boats plied back and forth on Commercial Street and according to newspaper accounts some made quite a lark of it with the boats being equipped with lanterns and flags flying from temporary masts set in the skiffs and dingies. Men worked all night removing goods from the reach of the water. A couple of Times reporters, standing on a wooden sidewalk, were surprised to have the walk break loose and go floating out into the street. Non-plussed they used it for a raft and poled themselves from place to place inspecting the damage. At the railroad station the water was 15 inches deep in front of the waiting room.

MERRYMEETING BAY AND ITS WILD LIFE DESCRIBED BY WELL-KNOWN SPORTS WRITER

Meeting Place of Five Rivers—So Well Known to
Hunters All Over the Country Is Unique—
There is No Place Just Like It

Brunswick Record
November 19, 1931

A fascinating article about Merrymeeting Bay appears in the October issue of the DuPont magazine. J. H. Otterson is the author of the article about a spot so well known to sportsmen all over the country.

Merrymeeting Bay, or as the Indians called it, Quabacook, 'the duck water place,' three miles from Bowdoinham village, Maine is the meeting place of five rivers—the Abagadasset, Kennebec, Androscoggin, Cathance and the Muddy. Here the Abenaki Indians held their meetings and signed some of their treaties. An old Indian trail still leads from Quabacook along the shore, then up Pleasant street and past the old cemetery to the State highway.

It is a spot well known to sportsmen all over the country for its numbers of waterfowl; and men who have lived abroad say that nowhere in the world, not even in Italy, are the sunsets more beautiful than those seen from these shores.

The bay is approximately ten miles long and three miles wide, and is a brackish combination of tide water and fresh water from the rivers. It was formerly a great resort for wild geese, and during the period of settlement, according to Williamson's "History of Maine," written 1839, "the birds made so much noise that settlers in order to sleep at night had to drive them away by building fires along the shores." He further states: "In the middle of this bay are sand beds bearing a species of plant upon whose roots feed geese and other sea fowl;" possibly referring to the tuber-like roots of the yellow lilies which are abundant here.

This spot was frequented by Indian hunters long before the white settlers arrived. As late as 1665, the Sachem Abagadassett lived on a point of land near where the river of the same name empties into the bay. Some of the Abenaki hunters were more wasteful of wild life than the white hunters who came after them, according to Goold (Portland in the Past—Goold—1886) who writes, "In August, 1717, Captain Penhallow"—evidently a prominent settler of this region—was present at an Indian duck hunt in the bay. At this time of year thousands of birds were nesting here and the old birds were molting and unable to fly, and the young had not yet grown their flight feathers. The hunters drove them in great flocks up the small streams and creeks from the bay itself and killed them by the hundreds with clubs and sticks. In one day's slaughter more than forty-six hundred were taken, and most of them were sold to the white settlers for a penny a dozen. It is probable that some geese may have been included in this slaughter.

Coming down to the present time, perhaps the Canada goose is the most interesting migratory bird that uses Merrymeeting Bay as a resting station on its flight from the Southern states to its nesting grounds. Honkers have always liked the bay in the springtime, but it is probable that spring shooting when it was permitted kept them from congregating in large numbers. Now that it is wisely prohibited and a large sanctuary area has been established by the state in the very center of the bay, Canadas are coming in by thousands. This is just another example of how the regulation of the surroundings brings an increase in wild life.

The bay has always contained a considerable amount of food plants for waterfowl; wild rice and arrowheads are indigenous to the region. In addition, numerous plantings of rice were made prior to 1896. Before that time the areas were not nearly so extensive as they are today. But in the spring of that year, it is said, flood waters did much to seed wild life. Abundance of food and shallow water are well suited for geese, who do not normally dive, but secure food from the bottom by tipping and reaching with their long necks.

Canadas have gradually become scarcer, we are told, throughout the interior of the country, but have increased in the past two decades on the Atlantic Coast and show great adaptation to changed conditions. They nest in eastern Canada, north as far as the tree limits. Much of this territory will remain unsettled for years, so that they are probably assured of safe nesting areas for some time to come.

Even for honkers flying at around 50 miles an hour, and sometimes covering five hundred miles in a day, it is a long flight from the Gulf or from Currituck Sound, to the Gulf of St. Lawrence without a stopover. Also, advance in migration coincides with

advance of certain isothermal lines and migrating geese keep closely abreast of the line of 35 degrees average temperature. So they may arrive in Maine before climatic conditions in Canada permit them to find proper food and water.

The spring migration has its inception and course distinctively connected with the necessity for reproduction. Winter in the South is a resting period, during which the birds have no cares save to avoid enemies and find food. With the approach of warmer weather, the reproductive impulse awakens and the geese are irresistibly driven to start the journey that ends in their summer homes.

No less wonderful than the fact of migration itself is the system with which the geese pursue journeys that in many cases cover thousands of miles across the earth's surface. There is evidence to indicate that, having once found a safe stopover such as Merrymeeting, on each northern journey they hold a direct course for it through clouds and fog and storms, and indicate vocally their satisfaction upon their safe arrival.

They reach Merrymeeting usually during the last of March, a few large and small flocks each day, and remain until some time in May. They feed, preen their feathers, and sleep in the sun, occasionally holding an excited convention in goose talk. As the days grow longer and the sun's rays warmer, periods of more excited conference come, with the older leaders apparently insisting that "the ice must be out of the Bay of Chaleur." Then they take the air again, in small flocks of families or neighbors, just as they came into the bay, and disappear into the northeast on the next lap of the long migration journey to Labrador.

Occasionally small groups, perhaps a hundred or so, remain throughout the summer, going southward with their migrating relatives in the autumn. Just why these honkers do not complete the journey to Canada is not exactly understood. There is no evidence of nesting activities. Perhaps they are just unattached bachelors and spinsters with family responsibilities to call them into the Canadian tundra and have selected this locality as a summer home.

Merrymeeting is not as popular on the southern migration as on the trip north, which may be explained in several ways. During the time of the southern flight, outside the sanctuary there is open hunting season on migratory birds, and duck hunters in the bay may keep the geese on the move. Also in the fall there is a large concentration of Canadas in the bays and estuaries of Nova Scotia, where there is plenty of food and open water until the first of January. By the time the geese leave Nova Scotia to fly south Merrymeeting is frozen over; so they probably continue several hundred miles in search of open water. Or they may choose an entirely different route.

Canadas are wary and intelligent birds. From year to year they have learned that they may find food, rest and protection in the sanctuary waters of Merrymeeting, and they pass the news along to their families and friends. Each spring finds an increasing number dropping into the bay. It is an impressive sight to stand on these shores in the twilight of a mild Spring evening, with the sun dropping down below the rim of the horizon in brilliant streamers of orange and yellow and rose, and listen to the conversational calls of the honkers, riding in unmolested thousands as far as the vision carries, on the waters of Quabacook, "the duck water place."

Memoirs of Early Settler

Brunswick Record

August 16, 1928

Odd Adventures, strange Deliverances, Etc., in The Captivity of John Gyles, Esq., Commander of the Garrison on St. George River, in the District of Maine. Written by Himself. Originally Published At Boston, 1736.

[John Gyles was the son of Thomas Gyles who settled Pleasant Point in Topsham and resided there from about 1669 to until about 1674. He, and his family went to Pemaquid in 1677. He had three sons: Thomas, John and James. His son John wrote this account, his son Thomas, who escaped from the Indians, came back to Topsham, and sold the property to the Pejepscot Proprietors. Thomas was reportedly the first white child born in Topsham. James went to New Jersey. John, eventually, went to Roxbury where he died in 1737.]

Introduction:----These private memoirs were collected from my minutes, at the earnest request of my second consort, for the use of our family, that we might have a memento every ready at hand, to excite ourselves gratitude and thankfulness to God; and in our offspring a due sense of their dependence on the Sovereign of the universe, from all the precariousness and vicissitudes of all sublunary enjoyments. In this state, and for this end, they have laid by me for some years. They at length value, I was pressed for a copy for the public. Others, desiring of me to extract particulars from them, which the multiplicity and urgency of my affairs would not admit, I have now determined to suffer their publication. I have not made scarcely any addition to this manual, except in chapter of creatures, which I was urged to make much large, I might have greatly enlarged it, but I feared it would grow beyond its proportion. I have been likewise advised to give a particular account of my father, which I am not very fond of, having no dependence on the virtues or honor of my ancestors to recommend me to the favor of God or men; nevertheless, because some think it is a respect due to the memory of my parents, whose name I was obliged to mention in the following story, and a satisfaction which their posterity might justly expect from me, I shall give some account of him, though as brief as possible.

The flourishing state of New England, before the unhappy eastern wars, drew my father hither, whose first settlement was on Kennebec river, at a place called Merrymeeting Bay, where he dwelt for some years; until, on the death of my grandparents, he, with his family returned to England, to settle his affairs. This done, he came over with the design to return to his farm; but on his arrival at Boston, the eastern Indians had begun their hostilities. He therefore begun a settlement on Long Island. The air of that place not so well agreeing with his constitution, and the Indians having become peaceable, he again proposed to resettle his lands in Merrymeeting Bay; but finding the place deserted, and that plantations were going on at Pemmaquid, he purchased several tracts of York resuming a claim to those parts. My father took out patents under that

claim, and when Pemmaquid was set off by name of county of Cornwall, in the province of New York, he was commissioned chief justice of the same by Gov. Duncan (Dongan). He was a strict sabbatarian, and met with considerable difficulty in the discharge of his office, from the immoralities of a people who had long lived lawless. He laid out no inconsiderable income, which he had annually from England, on the place, and at last lost his life.

I am not insensible to the truth of an assertion of Sir Roger L'Estrange, that "Books and dishes have this common fate; no one of either ever pleased all tastes." And I am fully of his opinion on this. "It is as little to be wished for as expected; for a universal applause is, at least, two thirds of a scandal." To conclude with Sir Roger, "Though I made this composition principally for my family, yet if any man has a mind to take part with me, he has free leave, and is welcome;" let him carry this consideration along with him, "that he is a very unmannerly guest who there, as well as hereafter be related forces himself upon another man's table, and then quarrels with his dinner."

Chapt. 1---Containing the occurrence of the first year. On the second day of August, 1689, in the morning, my honored father, Thomas Gyles, Esq., went with some laborers, my two elder brothers and myself, to one of his farms, which laid upon the river about three miles above Fort Charles, adjoining Pemmaquid falls; there together in his English harvest and we labored securely till noon. After we had dined, our people went to their labor, some in one field of English hay, the others to another field of English corn. My father, the youngest of my brothers, and myself, tarried near the farm-house in which we had dined till about one of the clock; at which time we heard the report of several great guns at the fort. Upon which my father said he hoped it was a signal of good news, and that the great council had sent back soldiers, to cover the inhabitants; (for on report of the revolution they had deserted). But to our great surprise, about thirty or forty Indians, at that moment, discharged a volley of shot at us, from behind a rising ground, near our barn. The yelling of the Indians, the whistling of their shot, and the voice of my father, whom I heard cry out, "What now! What now!" so terrified me (though he seemed to be handling a gun), that I endeavored to make my escape. My brother ran one way and I another, and looking over my shoulder, I saw a stout fellow, painted, pursuing me with a gun, and a cutlass glittering in his hand, which I expected every moment in my brains. I soon fell down, and the Indian seized me by the left hand. He offered to me no abuse, but tied my arms, then lifted me up, and pointed to the place where the people were at work about the hay, and led me that way. As we went, we crossed where my father was, who looked very pale and bloody, and walked very slowly. When we came to the place, I saw two men shot down on the flat and one or two more knocked on their heads with hatchets, crying out, "O Lord, etc.". There the Indians brought two captives, one a man, and my brother James, who, with me, had endeavored to escape by running from the house, when we were first attacked. This brother was about fourteen years of age. My oldest brother, whose name was Thomas, wonderfully escaped by land to the Barbican, a point of land on the west side of the river, opposite the fort, where several fishing vessels lay. He got on board one of them and sailed that night.

After doing what mischief they could, they sat down, and made us sit with them. After some times we arose, and the Indians pointed for us to go eastward. We marched a quarter of a mile, and made a halt. Here they brought my father to us. They made proposals to him, by old Mexus, who told him that there were strange Indians that shot

him, and that he was sorry for it. My father replied that he was a dying man, and wanted no favor of them, but to pray with his children. This being granted him, he recommended us to the protection and blessing of God Almighty, then gave us his best advice, and took his leave for this life, hoping in God that we should meet in a better life. He parted with a cheerful voice, but looked very pale, by reasons of his great loss of blood which now gushed out of his shoes. The Indians led him aside—I heard the blow of the hatchet, but neither shriek nor groan! I afterwards heard that he had five or seven shot holes through his waistcoat or jacket and that he was covered with some boughs. The Indians led us, their captives, one the eastside of the river, towards the fort, and when we came within a mile and a half of the fort and town, and could see the fort, we saw a firing and smoke on all sides. Here we made a short stop, and then moved within or near the distance of three quarters of a mile from the fort, into a thick swamp. There I saw my mother and two little sisters, and many other captives who were taken from town. My mother asked me about my father. I told her he was killed, but could say no more for grief. She burst into tears, and the Indians moved her a little further off, and seized me with cords to a tree.

The Indians came to New Harbor, and sent spies several days to observe how and where people employed etc., who found the men were generally at work at noon, and left about their houses only women and children. Therefore the Indians divided themselves into several parties, some ambushing the way between the fort and the houses, as likewise between them and the distant fields; and then alarming the farthest off first, they killed and took the people, as they moved towards the town and fort, at their pleasure, and very few escaped to it. Mr. Pateshell was taken and killed, as he lay with his sheep near the Barbican.

On the first stir about the fort, my youngest brother was at play near it, and running in, was by God's goodness thus preserved. Captain Weems, with great courage and resolution defended the weak old fort two days when, being much wounded, and the best of his men killed, he beat for a parley, which eventuated in these conditions:

1. that they, the Indians, would give him Mr. Pateshell's sheep
2. that they should not molest him in carrying off these people that had got into the fort and three captives that they had taken
3. that the English should carry off in their hands what they could from the fort.

On these conditions the fort was surrendered, and Captain Weems went off; and soon after, the Indians set on fire the fort and houses, which made a terrible blast, and was a melancholy sight to the poor captives who were sad spectators.

After the Indians had thus laid waste Pemmaquid, they moved us to New Harbor, about two miles east of Pemmaquid, a cove much frequented by fishermen. At this place, there were, before the war, about twelve houses. These the inhabitants deserted as soon as the rumor of war reached the place. When we turned our backs on the town my heart was ready to break. I saw my mother. She spoke to me, but I could not answer her. That night we tarried at New Harbor, and the next day went in their canoes for Penobscot. About noon, the canoe in which my mother was, and that in which I was, came side by side; whether accidentally or by my mother's desire I cannot say. She asked me how I did. I think I said "pretty well," but my heart was so full of grief I scarcely knew whether it was audible to her. Then she said, "O my child! How joyful and pleasant it would be,

if we were going to old England to see you uncle Chalker and other friends there! Poor babe, we are going into the wilderness, the Lord knows where!" Then bursting into tears, the canoes parted. That night following, the Indians with their captives lodged on an island.

A few days after, we arrived at Penobscot fort where I again saw my mother, my brother and sisters, and many other captives. I think we tarried here eight days. In that time, the Jesuit of the place had a great mind to buy me. My Indian master made a visit to the Jesuit, and carried me with him. And here I will note that the Indian who takes a captive is accounted his master, and has a perfect right to sell him to another. I saw the Jesuit show my master pieces of gold, and understood afterwards that he was tendering them for my ransom. He gave me a biscuit, which I put into my pocket, and not daring to eat it, buried it under a log, fearing he had put something into it to make me love him. Being very young, and having heard much of the Papists torturing the Protestants, caused me to act thus; and I hated the sight of a Jesuit. When my mother heard the talk of my being sold to a Jesuit, she said to me, "Oh, my dear child, if it were God's will, I had rather follow you to your grave, or never see you more in this world, than you should be sold to a Jesuit; for a Jesuit will ruin you, body and soul!" It pleased God to grant her request, for she never saw me more! Yet she and my two little sisters were, after several years' captivity, most barbarously tortured to death by the Indians.

My Indian master carried me up the Penobscot river, to a village called Madawamkee, which stands on a point of land between the main river and a branch which heads to the east of it. At home I had ever seen strangers treated with the utmost civility, and being a stranger, I expected some kind of treatment here; but I soon found myself deceived, for I presently saw a number of squaws, who had gotten together in a circle, dancing and yelling. An old grim-looking one took me by the hand and leading me into the ring, some seized me by the hair and others by my hands and feet, like so many furies; but my master presently laying down a pledge; they released me.

A captive among the Indian is exposed to all manner of abuses, and to the extremest tortures, unless their master, or some of their master's relatives, lay down a ransom; such as a bag of corn, a blanket, or the like, which redeems them from their cruelty for that dance. The next day we went up that eastern branch of Penobscot river many leagues; carried over land to a large pond, and from one pond to another, till, in a few days, we went down a river, called Medocketack, which went itself into St. John's river. But before we came to the mouth of this river, we passed over a long carrying place to Medocketack fort, which stands on a bank of St. John's river. My master went before and left me with an old Indian, and two or three squaws. The old man often said (which was all the English he could speak), "By and by come to a great town and fort." I now comforted myself in thinking now finally I should be refreshed when I came to this great town.

After some miles of travel we came in sight of a large cornfield, and soon after of the fort, to my great surprise. Two or three squaws met us, took off my pack, and led me to a large hut or wigwam, where thirty or forty Indians were dancing and yelling round five or six captives, who had been taken some months before from Quebeck, at the time Major Waldron was so barously butchered by

them. And before proceeding with my narrative I will give a short account of that action.

Major Waldron's garrison was taken the night of the 27th of June, 1689. I have heard the Indians say at a feast that as there was a truce for some days, they contrived to send in two squaws to take notice of the numbers, lodgings and other circumstances of the people in his garrison, and if they could obtain to lodge there, to open the gates an whistle. (They said the gates had not locks, but were fastened with pins, and that they kept no watch.) The squaws had a favorable season to prosecute their projection, for it was a dull weather when they came to beg leave to lodge in the garrison. They told the major that a great number of Indians were not far from thence, with a considerable quantity of beaver, who would be there to trade with him the next day. Some of the people were very much against their lodging in the garrison, but the major said, "Let the poor creatures lodge by the fire." The squaws went into every apartment, and observing the numbers in each, when all the people were asleep, arose and opened the gates, gave the signal and the other Indians came to them; and having received an account of the state of the garrison, they divided according to the number of people in each apartment, and soon took and killed them all. The major lodged within an inner room, and when the Indians broke in upon him, he cried out, "What now! What now!" and jumping out of bed with only his shirt on, seized his sword and drove them before him through two or three doors; but for reason turning about towards the apartment he had just left, an Indian came up behind him, knocked him on the head with his hatchet, which stunned him, and he fell. They now seized upon him, dragged him out, and setting him upon a long table in his hall, bid him "judge Indians again." They cut and stabbed him, and he cried out, "O Lord! O Lord!". They bid him order his book of accounts to be brought, and to cross out all the Indians' debts. (He having traded much with them). After they had tortured him to death, they burned the garrison and drew off. This narrative I had from their own mouths, at a general meeting, and have reason to think it true. But to return to my narrative.

I was whirled in among this circle of Indians, and we prisoners looked on each other with a sorrowful countenance. Presently one of them was seized by each hand and foot, by four Indians, who, swinging him up, let his back fall on the ground with full force. This they repeated, till they had danced, as they called it, round the whole wigwam, which was thirty or forty feet in length. But when they torture a boy they take him up between two. This is one of their customs of torturing captives. Another is to take up a person by the middle, with his head downwards, and jolt him round till one would think his bowels would shake out of his mouth. Sometimes they will take a captive by the hair of the head, and stooping him forward, strike him on the back of the head and shoulder, an old shriveled squaw will take up a shovel of hot embers and throw them into a captives bosom. If he cry out, the Indians will laugh and shout, and say, "What a brave action out old grandmother has done." Sometimes they torture them with whips.

The Indians looked on me with a fierce countenance, as much as to say, it will be your turn next. They champed cornstalks, which they threw into my hat, as

I held it in my hand. I smiled on them, though my heart ached. I looked on one, and another, but could not perceive that any eye pitied me. Presently came a squaw and a little girl, and laid down a bag of corn in the ring. The little girl, took me by the hand, making signs for me to go out of the circle with them. Not knowing their custom, I supposed they designed to kill me, and refused to go. Then a grave Indian came and gave me a shot pipe and said in English, "Smoke it;" then he took me by the hand and led me out. My heart ached, thinking myself near my end. But he carried me to a French hut, about a mile from the Indian fort. The Frenchman was not at home, but his wife, who was a squaw, had some discourse with my Indian friend, which I did not understand. We tarried about two hours, then returned to the Indian village, where they gave me some victuals. Not long after this I saw one of my fellow-captives, who gave me a melancholy account of sufferings after I left them.

After some weeks had passed we left the village and went up St. John's river about ten miles, to a branch called Medockscenecasis, where there was one wigwam. At our arrival an old squaw saluted me with a pail, taking me by the hair and one arm, but I was so rude as to break her hold and freed myself. She gave me a filthy grin, and the Indians set up a laugh, and so it passed over. Here we lived on fish, wild grapes, roots, etc. which was hard living to me.

When the winter came on we went up the river. The ice came down running thick on the river, when according to Indian custom, we laid up our canoes till spring. Then we traveled sometimes on the ice, and sometimes on the land, till we came to a river that was open, but not fordable, where we made a raft, and passed over, bag and baggage. I met with no abuse from them in this winter's hunting, though I was put to great hardships in carrying burdens and for want of food. But they underwent the same difficulty, and would often encourage me, saying, in broken English, "By and by a great deal of moose." Yet they could not answer any question I asked them. And knowing little of their customs and way of life, I thought it tedious to be constantly moving from place to place, though it might be in some respect an advantage; for it ran still in my mind that we were traveling to some settlement; and when my burden was over-heavy, and the Indians left me behind, and the still evening coming on, I fancied I could see through the bushes, and hear the people of some great town; which hope, though some support to me in the day, yet I found not the town at night.

Thus we were hunting three hundred miles from sea, and knew no man within fifty or sixty miles from us. We were eight or ten in number, and had but two guns, on which we wholly depended for food. If any disaster had happened, we must all have perished. Sometimes we had no manner of sustenance for three or four days; but God wonderfully provides for all creatures. In one of these fasts, God's providence was remarkable. Our two Indian men, who had guns, in hunting started a moose, but there being a shallow crusted snow on the ground, and the moose discovering them, ran with great force into a swamp. The Indians went round the swamp and finding no track, returned at night to the wigwam, and told what had happened. The next morning they followed him on the track, and soon found him lying on the snow. He had, in crossing the roots of the tree that had been blown down, broken through the ice made over the water in the hole

occasioned by the roots of the tree taking up the ground, and hitched one of his hind legs among the roots, so fast that by striving to get it out he pulled his thigh bone out of its socket at the hip; and thus extraordinarily were we provided for in our great strait. Sometimes they would take a bear, which go into dens in the fall of the year, without food, never going out till spring in which time they neither lose nor gain in flesh. If they went into their dens fat they came out so, and then we feasted. An old squaw and a captive, if any present, must stand without the wigwam, shaking their hands and bodies as in a dance, and singing, "Wegage eh nele wah," which in English is, "Fat is my eating." This is to signify their thankfulness in feasting times. When one supply was spent we fasted till further success.

The way they preserve meat is by taking the flesh from the bones and drying it in the smoke, by which it is kept sound months or years without salt. We moved still further up the country after moose when our store was out, so that by spring we had got to the northward of the Lady mountains. When the spring came and the rivers broke up, we moved back to the head of St. John's river, and there made canoes of moose hides, sewing three or four together and pitching the seams with balsam mixed with charcoal. Then we went down the river to a place called Madawescook. There an old man lived and kept a sort of trading house, where we tarried several days; then went farther down the river till we came to the greatest falls in these parts called Checanekepeag, where we carried a little way over land, and putting off our canoes we went down-stream still. And as we passed down by the mouths of any large branches, we saw Indians; but when any dance was proposed, I was bought off. At length we arrived at the place where we left out birch canoes in the fall, and putting our baggage into them, went down to the fort.

There we planted corn, and after planting went a-fishing, and to look for and dig roots, till the corn was fit to weed. After weeding we took a second tour on the same errand, then returned to till our corn. After hilling we went some distance from the fort and field, up the river, to take salmon and other fish, which we dried for food, where we continued till corn was filled with milk; some of it we dried then, the other as it ripened. To dry corn when in milk, they gather it in large kettles and boil it on the ears, till it is pretty hard, then shell it from the cob with clam-shells, and dry it on bark in the sun. When it is thoroughly dry, a kernel is not bigger than a pea, and would keep years, and when it is boiled again swells as large, as when on the ear, and tastes incomparably sweeter than other corn. When we gathered our corn and dried it in the way already described, we put some into Indian barns, that is, into holes in the ground, lined and covered with bark, and then with dirt. The rest we carried up the river upon our next winter's hunting. Thus God wonderfully favored me, and carried me through the first year of my captivity.

Chapter II---Of the abusive and barbarous treatment which several captives met with from the Indians. When any great number of Indians met, or when any captives had been lately taken, they have a dance, and torture the unhappy people who have fallen into their hands. My unfortunate brother, who was taken with me, after about three year's captivity, deserted, with another Englishman, who had been taken from Casco Bay, and was retaken by the Indians

at New Harbor and carried back to Penobscot fort. Here they were both tortured at a stake by fire, for some time; then their noses and ears were cut off; and they made to eat them. After this they were burnt to death at the stake; the Indians at the same time declaring that they would serve all deserters in the same manner. Thus divert themselves in their dances.

On my second spring in captivity, my Indian master and his squaw went to Canada, but sent me down the river with several Indians to the fort, to plant corn. The day before we came to the planting ground, we met two young Indian men, who seemed to be in great haste. After they passed us, I understood they were going with an express to Canada and that there was an English vessel at the mouth of the river. I not being perfect in their language, nor knowing that English vessels traded with them in time of war, supposed peace was concluded on, and that the captives would be released; I was so transported with this fancy, that I slept but little if any that night. Early the next morning we came to the village, where my ecstasy ended for I had no sooner landed, but three or four Indians dragged me to the great wigwam, where they were singing and dancing round James Alexander, a Jersey man, who was taken from Falmouth, in Casco Bay this was occasioned by two families of Cape Sable Indians, who having lost some friends by a number off English fishermen, came some hundred miles to revenge themselves on poor captives. They soon came to me and tossed me about till I was almost breathless, and then threw me into the ring to my fellow captive, taking him out, repeated their barbarities on him. Then I was hauled out again by three Indians, who seized me by the hair of the head and bending me down by my hair one beat me on the back and shoulders so long as my breath was almost beat out of my body, others put a tomhake (tomahawk) into my hands, and ordered me to stand up and sing an dance Indian, which I performed with great reluctance and while in the act, seemed to purchase my death, by killing two or three of those monsters of evil thinking it impossible to survive that bloody treatment; but it was impressed on my mind that it was not in their power to take my life so I desisted.

Then those Cape Sable Indians came to me again like bears bereaved of their whelps, saying, "Shall we, who have lost relations by the English suffer an English voice to be heard among us?" etc. Then they beat me again with an axe. Now I repented that I had not sent two or three of the out of the world before me, for I thought I had much rather die than suffer any longer. They left me the second time, and the other Indians put the tomahawk into my hands again, and compelled me to sing. Then I seemed more resolute than before to destroy some of them; but a strange and strong impulses that I should return to my own place and people suppressed it, as often as such a notion rose in my breast. Not one of them showed the least compassion, but I saw the tears run down plentifully on the cheek of a Frenchman who sat behind, though it did not alleviate the tortures that poor James and I were forced to endure for the most part of that tedious day; for they were continued till the evening, and were the most severe that ever I met with in the whole six years that I was a captive with Indians.

After they had thus inhumanly abused us, two Indians took us up and threw us out of the wigwam, and we crawled away on our hand and feet, and were scarce able to walk for several days. Some time after they again concluded on a merry dance, when I was

some distance from the wigwam dressing leather, and an Indian was so kind as to tell me that they had got James Alexander and were in search of me. My Indian master and his squaw bid me run for my life into a swamp and hide, and not to discover myself unless they both came to me; for them I might be assured the dance was over. I was now master of their language, and a word or wink was enough to excite me to take care of one. I ran to the swamp, and hid in the thickest place I could find. I heard hallooing and whooping all around me; sometimes some passed very near me, and I could hear some threaten and others flatter me, but I was not disposed to dance. If they had come upon me, I had resolved to show them a pair of heels, and they must have had good luck to have caught me. I heard no more of them till about evening, for I think I slept, when they came again, calling, "Chon! Chon!" but John would not trust them. After they were gone, my master and his squaw came where they told me to hide, but could not find me, and, when I heard them say, with some concern, they believed the other Indians had frightened me into the woods, and that I was lost, I came out, and they seemed well pleased. They told me James had had a bad day of it; that as soon as he was released he ran away into the woods, and they believed he was gone to the Mohawks. James soon returned, and gave a melancholy account of his sufferings, and the Indians' fright concerning the Mohawks passed over. The often had terrible apprehensions of the incursions of those Indians. They are called also Maquas, a most ambiguous, haughty and blood thirsty people, from whom the other Indians take their measures and manners, and their modes and changes of dress, etc. One very hot season, a great number gathered together at the village and being very drougthy (thirsty) people, they kept James and myself night and day fetching water from a cold spring, that ran out of a rocky hill about three-quarters of a mile from the fort. In going thither, we crossed a large interval cornfield, and then a descent to a lower interval, before we ascended the hill to the spring. James being almost dead, as well as I, with this continual fatigue, contrived to frighten the Indians. He told me of his plan, but conjured me to secrecy, yet said he know I could keep counsel. The next dark night, James, going for water, set his kettle down on the descent to the lowest interval, and running back to the fort, puffing and blowing as though in the utmost surprise, told his master that he saw something near the spring that looked like Mohawks, (which were only stumps). His master, being a most courageous warrior, went with him to make discovery. When they came to the brow of the hill, James pointed to the stumps, and withal touching his kettle with his tow, gave it motion down the hill; at every turn its bail clattered, which caused James and his master to see a Mohawk in every stump, and they lost no time in "turning tail to", and he was the best fellow who could run faster. This alarmed all the Indians in the village. They were about thirty or forty in number, and they packed off, bag and baggage, some up the river and others down, and did not return under fifteen days; and then the heat of the weather being finally over, our hard service was abated for this season. I never heard that the Indians understood the occasion of their fright; but James and I had many a private laugh about it.

But my most intimate and dear companion was one John Evans, a young man taken from Quochecho. We, as often as we could, met together and made known our grievances to each other, which seemed to ease our minds, but as soon as it was known by the Indians, we were strictly examined apart, and falsely accused of contriving to desert. We were too far from the sear to have any thought of that, and finding our stories agreed, did not punish us. An English captive girl about this time, who

was taken by Medocawando, would often falsely accuse us of plotting to desert; but we made the truth so plainly appear, that she was checked and we were released. But in the third winter of my captivity, John Evans went into the country, and the Indians imposed a heavy burden on him, while he was extremely weak from long fasting; and as he was going off the upland over a place of ice, which was very hollow, he broke through, fell down, and cut his knee very much. Notwithstanding, he traveled for some time, but the wind and cold were so forcible, that they soon overcame him, and he sat or fell down, and all the Indians passed by him. Some of them went back the next day after him, or his pack, and found him, with a dog in his arms, both frozen to death. Thus all my fellow-captives were dispersed and dead, but through infinite and unmerited goodness I was supported under and carried through all difficulties.

Chapter III---Of further difficulties and deliverances. One winter, as we were moving from place to place, our hunters killed some moose. Our lying some miles from our wigwam, a young Indian and myself were ordered to fetch part of it. We set out in the morning, when the weather was promising, but it proved a very cold, cloudy day. It was late in the evening before we arrived at the place where the moose lay, so that we had not time to provide materials for fire or shelter. At the same time came a storm of snow, very thick, which continued until the next morning. We made a small fire with what little rubbish we could find around us. The fire, with the warmth of our bodies, melted the snow upon us as fast as it fell; and so our clothes were filled with water. However, early in the morning we took our loads of moose flesh and set out to return to our wigwams. We had not traveled far before my moose-skin coat (which was the only garment I had on my back, and the hair chiefly worn off) was frozen stiff around my knees, like a hoop, as were my snowshoes, and shoe-clouts to my feet. Thus I marched the whole day without fire or food. At first I was in great pain, then my flesh became numb, and at times I felt extremely sick and though I could not travel one foot farther; but I wonderfully revived again.

After long traveling I felt very drowsy, and had thoughts of sitting down, which had I done, without doubt I had fallen on my final sleep, as my dear companion Evans had done before. My Indian companion, being better clothed, had left me long before. Again my spirits revived as much as I had received the richest cordial. Some hours after sunset I had reached the wigwam, and crawling in with my snowshoes on, the Indians cried out, "the captive is frozen", they took off my pack and the place where that lay against my back was the only one that was not frozen. They cut off my shoes and stripped off the clouts from my feet, which were as void of feeling that any frozen flesh could be. I had not sat long by the fire before the blood began to circulate, and my feet and ankles turned black, and swelled with bloody blisters and were very expressibly painful. The Indians said to one another, "His feet will rot and he will die." Yet I slept well at night. Soon after, the skin came off my feet from my ankles, whole, like a shoe, leaving my toes naked, without a nail and the ends of my great toes bones bare, which in a little time, turned black, so that I was obliged to cut off the first joint off with my knife. The Indians gave me rags to bind up my feet, and advised me to apply fir balsam, but withal added that they believed it was not worth while to use means, for I should certainly die. But by the use of my elbows, and a stick in each hand, I shoved myself along as I sat upon the ground over the snow from one tree to another got some balsam. This I burned in a clamshell till it was a consistence like salve, which I applied to my feet and ankles, and

by the divine blessing with in a week I could go about upon my heels with my staff. And, through God's goodness, we had provisions enough, so that we did not remove under ten or fifteen days. Then the Indians made two little hoops, something in the form of a snowshoe, and sewing them to my feet, I was able to follow then in their tracks, on my heels, from place to place, though sometimes half leg deep in snow and water, which gave me the most acute pain imaginable but I must walk or die. Yet within a year my feet were entirely well; and the nails came on my great toes so that a very critical eye could scarcely perceive any part missing or that they had been frozen at all.

In a time of great scarcity of provisions, the Indians chased a large moose into the river and killed him. They brought the flesh to the village and raised a scaffold in a large wigwam, in order to make a feast. I was very officious in supplying them with wood and water, which pleased them so well that they now and then gave me a piece of flesh half boiled or roasted, which I ate with eagerness, and I doubt not without due thankfulness to the divine Being who so extraordinarily fed me. At length the scaffold bearing the moose meat broke, and I being under it, a large piece fell and knocked me on the head. The Indians said I lay stunned a considerable time. The first I was sensible of was a murmuring noise in my ears, then my sight gradually returned, with an extreme pain in my hand, which was very much bruised; and it was long before I recovered, the weather being very hot.

I was once fishing with an Indian for sturgeon, and the Indian darting one, his feet slipped, and he turned the canoe bottom upward, with me under it. It held fast to the cross-bar, as I could not swim, with my face to the bottom of the canoe; but turning myself, I brought my breast to bear on the cross-bar, expecting every minute the Indian to tow me to the bank. But "he had other fish to fry." Thus I continued a quarter of an hour, (though) without want of a breath, till the current drove me on a rocky point where I could reach bottom. There I stopped and turned up my canoe. On looking about for the Indian, I saw him half a mile up the river. On going to him, I asked him why he had not towed me to the bank, seeing he knew I could not swim. He said he knew I was under the canoe, for there were no bubbles anywhere to be seen, and that I should drive on the point. So while he was taking care of his fine sturgeon, which was eight or ten feet in length, I was left to sink or swim.

Once, as we were fishing for salmon at a fall of about fifteen feet of water, I came near being drowned in a deep hole at the foot of the fall. The Indians went into the water to wash themselves, and asked me to go with them. I told them I could not swim, but they insisted, and so I went in. They ordered me to dive across the deepest place, and if I fell short of the other side they said they would help me. But, instead of diving across the narrowest part, I was crawling on the bottom into the deepest place. They not seeing me rise, and knowing whereabouts I was by the bubbling of the water, a young girl dived down, and brought me up by the hair; otherwise I had perished in the water. Though the Indians, both male and female, go into the water together, they have each of them such covering on that not the least indecency can be observed, and neither chastity nor modesty is violated.

While at the Indian village, I had been cutting wood and binding it up with an Indian rope, in order to carry it to the wigwam; a stout ill natured young fellow, about twenty years of age, threw me backward, sat on my breast, pulled out his knife and said he would kill me, for he had never yet killed one of the English. I told him he might go to

war, and that would be more manly than to kill a poor captive who was doing their drudgery for them. Notwithstanding all I could say, he began to cut and stab me on my breast. I seized him by the hair, and tumbling him off me, followed him with my fists and knee with such application that he soon cried "enough". But when I saw the blood run from my bosom, and felt the smart of wounds he had given me, I at him again, and had him get up, and not lie like a dog; told him of his former abuses offered to me, and other poor captives, and if ever he offered the like to me again, I would pay him double. I sent him before me, and taking up my burden of wood, came to the Indians, and told them of the whole truth, and they commended me. And I do not remember that ever he offered me the least abuse afterwards, though he was big enough to have dispatched two of me.

Chap. IV—Of remarkable events of Providence in the death of several barbarous Indians.

The priest of this river was of the order of St. Francis, a gentleman of a humane, generous disposition. In his sermons he most severely reprehended the Indians for their barbarities to captives. He would often tell them that, excepting their errors in religion, the English were a better people than themselves, and that God would remarkably punish such cruel wretches, and had begun to execute his vengeance upon such already! He gave an account of the retaliations of Providence upon those murderous Cape Sable Indians above mentioned; one of whom got a splinter into his foot, which festered and rotted his flesh till it killed him. Another run a fish-bone into her hand or arm, and she rotted to death, notwithstanding all means that were used to prevent it. In some such manner they all died, so that not one of those two families lived to return home. Were it not for these remarks of the priest, I had not, perhaps, have noticed these providences.

There was an old squaw who ever endeavored to outdo all others in cruelty to captives. Wherever she came into a wigwam, where any poor, naked, starved captives were sitting near the fire, if they were grown up persons, she would stealthily take up a shovel of hot coals and throw them into their bosoms. If they were young persons, she would seize them by hand or leg, drag them through the fire, etc. The Indians with whom she lived, according to their custom, left their village for hunting. After the first or second removal, they all strangely forgot that old squaw and her grandson, about twelve years of age. They were found dead in the place where they were left some months afterwards, and no further notice was taken of them by their friends. Of this the priest made special remark, forasmuch as it is a thing very uncommon for them to neglect wither their old or young people.

In the latter part of the summer, or beginning of autumn, the Indians were frequently frightened by the appearance of strange Indians, passing up and down the river in canoes, and about that time the next year died more than one hundred persons, old and young; all, or most of those who we saw those strange Indians! The priest said it was a sort of plague. A person seeming in perfect health would bleed at the mouth and nose, turn blue in spots, and die in two or three hours. It was very tedious to me to remove from place to place this cold season. The Indians applied red ochre to my sores, (which had been occasioned by the affray before mentioned), which by God's blessing cured me. This sickness being the worst as winter came on, the Indians all scattered; and the blow was so great to them, and they did not settle or plant at their village while I was on the river, (St. Johns), and I know not whether they have to this day. Before they thus deserted the village, when they came in from hunting, they would be drunk and fight for several

days and nights together, till they had spent most of their skins in wine and brandy, which was brought to the village by a Frenchman called Monsieur Signeioncour.

Chapter V—Of their familiarity with and frights from the devil, etc.

The Indians are very often surprised with the appearance of ghosts and demons. Sometimes they are encouraged by the devil, for they go to him for success in hunting, etc. I was once hunting with Indians who were not brought over to the Romish faith, and after several days they proposed to inquire, according to their custom, what success they should have. The accordingly prepared many hot stones, and laying them in a heap, made a small hut covered with skins and mats; then in a dark night two of the powwows went into the hot house with a large vessel of water, which at times they poured on the hot rocks, which raised a thick steam, so that a third Indian was obliged to stand without, and lift up the mat, to give it vent when they were almost suffocated. There was an old squaw who was kind to captives, and never joined with them in their powwowing, to whom I manifested an earnest desire, to see their management. She told me that if they knew of my being there they would kill me, and that when she was a girl she had known young persons to be taken away by a hairy man, and therefore she would not advise me to go, lest the hairy man should carry me away. I told her I was not afraid of the hairy man, nor could he hurt me if she would not discover me to the powwows. At length she promised me she would not, but charged me to be careful of myself. I went within three or four feet of the hot house, for it was very dark, and heard strange noises and yellings, such as I had never heard before. At times the Indians who tended without would lift up the mat, and a steam would issue which looked like fire. I lay there two or three hours, but saw none of their hairy man, or demons. And when I found they had finished their ceremony, I went to the wigwam, and told the squaw what had passed. She was glad I have escaped without hurt, and never discovered what I had done. After some time inquiry was made of the powwows what success we were likely to have hunting. They said they had very likely signs of success, but no real ones as at other times. A few days after we moved up the river, and had pretty good luck.

One afternoon as I was in a canoe with one of the powwows the dog barked, and presently a moose passed by within a few rods of us, so that the wave he made by wading rolled our canoe. The Indian shot at him, but the moose took very little notice of it, and went into the woods to the southward. The fellow said, "I will try if I can't fetch you back for all your haste." The evening following we built our two wigwams on a sandy point on the upper part of an island in the river, northwest of the place where the moose went into the woods; and here the Indian powwowed the greatest part of the night following. In the morning we had a fair track of it. I am of opinion that the devil was permitted to humor those unhappy wretches sometimes, in some things.

That it may appear how much were deluded, or under the influence of satan, read the two stories which were related and believed by the Indians. The first, of a boy who was carried away by a large bird called a Gulloua, who buildeth her nest on a high rock or mountain. A boy was hunting with his bow and arrow at the foot of a rocky mountain, when the gulloua came diving through the air, grasped the boy in her talons, and although he was eight or ten years of age, she soared aloft and laid him in her nest, food for her young. The boy lay still on his face, but observed two of the young birds in the nest with him, having much fish and flesh to feed upon. The old one seeing they would not eat the boy, took him up in her claws and returned him to the place from whence she took him. I

have passed near the mountain in a canoe, and the Indians have said, “There is the nest of the great bird that carried away the boy.” Indeed there seemed to be a great number of sticks put together, like a nest on the top of the mountain. At another time they said, “There is the bird, but he is now as a boy to a giant to what he was in former days.” The bird which we saw was a large and speckled one, like an eagle, through somewhat larger.

When from the mountain tops, with
Hideous cry
And clattering wings, the hungry
Harpies fly,
They snatched
And whether gods or birds
Obscene they were,
Our vows, for pardon and for peace
prefer

Dryden’s Virgil

The other notion is, that a young Indian in his hunting was belated, and losing his way, was on sudden introduced to a large wigwam full of dried eels, which proved to be a beaver’s house, in which he lived until spring of the year, when he was turned out of the houses, in which he lived, and being set upon a beaver’s dam, went home and related the affair to his friends at large.

Chapter VI—A description of several creatures commonly taken by Indians on St. John’s River.

1. Of the Beaver—the beaver has a very thick, strong neck; his foreteeth, which are two in the upper and two in the underjaw, are concave and sharp like a carpenter’s gouge. Their side teeth are like a sheep’s, for they chew the cud. Their legs are short, the claws something longer than in other creatures. The nails on the toes of their hind feet are flat like an ape; but joined together by a membrane, as those of the water-fowl, their tails broad and flat like the broad end of a paddle. They have generally two, and sometimes four in a litter. I have seen seven of five in the matrix, but the Indians think it a strange thing to find so many in a litter; and they assert that when it so happens the dam kills all but four. They are the most laborious creatures that I have met with. I have known them to build dams across a river, thirty or forty perches wide, with wood and mud, so as to flow many acres of land. In the deepest part of a pond so raised, they build their houses round, in the figure of an Indian wigwam, eight or ten feet high, and six or eight in diameter on the floor, which is made descending to the water the parts near the center about four, and near the circumference between ten and twenty inches above the water, and if the freshets rise, they have the advantage of rising on their floor to the highest part. They feed on the leaves and bark of trees, and pond lily roots. In the fall of the year they lay in their provision for the approaching winter; cutting down trees great and small. With one end in their mouths they drag their branches near to their house, and sink many cords of it. (they will cut [gnaw] down trees of a fathom in circumference). They have doors to go down to the wood under the ice. And in case the freshets rises, break down and carry off their store of wood, they often starve. They have been heard half a mile. This so alarms the

rest that they are all silent, quit their labor, and are sure to be seen no more for that time. If the male or female die, the survivor seeks a mate and conducts him or her to their house, and carry on affairs as above.

II. Of the Wolverine, (*Gulo Luscus* of L.) The wolverine is a fierce and mischievous creature, the bigness of a middling dog; having short legs, broad feet and very sharp claws, and in my opinion may be reckoned a species of cat. They will climb trees and wait for moose and other animals which feed below, and when opportunity presents jump upon and strike their claws in them so fast that they will hang on them till they have gnawed the main nerve in their neck asunder, which causes their death. I have known many moose killed thus. I was once traveling a little behind several Indians, and hearing them laugh merrily, when I came up. I asked them the cause of their laughter. They showed me the track of a moose, and how a wolverine had climbed a tree, and where he had jumped off upon the moose. It so happened, that after the moose had taken several large leaps, it came under a branch of a tree, which striking the wolverine, broke his hold and tore him off, and by his tracks in the snow it appeared he went off another way, with short steps, as if he had been stunned by the blow that had broken his hold. The Indians imputed the accident to the cunning of the moose, and were wonderfully pleased that it had thus outwitted the mischievous wolverine.

These wolverines go into wigwams which have been left for a time, scatter the things abroad, and most filthily pollute them with ordure. I have heard the Indians say that this animal has sometimes pulled their guns from under their heads while they were asleep, and left them so defiled. An Indian told me that having left his wigwam with sundry things on a scaffold, among which was a birches flask containing several pounds of powder, he found on his return, much to his surprise and grief, that a wolverine had visited it, mounted the scaffold, hove down bag and baggage. The powder flask happened to fall into the fire, exploded, blowing up the wolverine, and scattering the wigwam in all directions. At length he found the creature, blind from the blast, wandering backward and forward, and he had the satisfaction of kicking and beating him about. This is a great measure made up their loss, and then they could contently pick up their utensils and rig out of their wigwam.

III. Of the Hedgehog. Our hedgehog or urchin is about the bigness of a hog of six months old. His back, sides and tail are full of sharp quills, so that if any creature approach him, he will contract himself into a globular form, and when touched by his enemy, his quills are so sharp and loose in the skin they fix in the mouth of the adversary. They will strike with great force with their tails, so that whatever falls under the last of them are certainly filled with their prickles; but that they shoot their quills, as some assert they do, is a great mistake, as respects the American hedgehog, and I believe as to the African hedgehog or porcupine, also. As to the former, I have taken them in all seasons of the year.

IV. Of the Tortoise. It is needless to describe the freshwater tortoise, whose form is so well known in all parts but their manner of propagating their species is not so universally known. I have observed that sort of tortoise whose shell is about fourteen or sixteen inches wide. In their coition they may be heard

half a mile, making a noise like a woman washing her linen with a batting staff. They lay their eggs in the sand, near some deep, still water, about a foot beneath the surface of the sand, with which they are very cautious in covering them so that there is not the least rising of sand or the beach where they are deposited. I have often searched for them with the Indians, by thrusting a stick into the sand at random, and brought up some part of an egg clinging to it; when, uncovering the place, we have found near one hundred and fifty in one nest. Both their eggs and flesh are good eating when boiled. I have observed a difference as to the length of time in which they are hatching, which is between twenty and thirty days, some sooner than others. Whether this difference ought to be imputed to the various quality or site of the sand in which they are laid (as to the degree of cold or heat). I leave to the conjecture of the virtues. As soon as they are hatched, the young tortoise break through the sand and betake themselves to the water, and as far as I could discover, without any further care or help of the old ones.

Chapter VII—Of their feasting

1. Before they go to war

When the Indians determine on war, or are entering upon a particular expedition, they kill a number of their dogs, burn off their hair and cut them to pieces, leaving only one dog's head whole. The rest of the flesh they boil, and made a fine feast of it. Then the dog's head that was left whole is scorched, till the nose and lips shrink from the teeth, leaving them bare and grinning. This done, they fasten it on a stick, and the Indian who is proposed to be chief in the expedition takes the head into his hand, and sings a warlike song, in which he mentions the town they design to attack, and the principal man in it; threatening that in a few days he will carry that man's head and scalp in his hand, in the same manner. When the chief has finished singing, he so places the dog's head as to grin at him who he supposes will go as his second, who, if he accepts, takes the head in his hand and sings; but if he refuses to go, he turns the teeth to another; and thus from one to another till they have enlisted their company.

The Indians imagine that dog's flesh makes them bold and courageous. I have seen an Indian split a dog's head with a hatchet, take out the brains hot, and eat them raw with the blood running down his jaws.

When a relation dies in a still evening, a squaw will walk on the highest land near her abode, and with a loud and mournful voice will exclaim, "Oh hawe, hawe, hawe," with a long mournful tone to each hawe, for a long time together. After the mourning season is over, the relations of the deceased make a feast to wipe off the tears, and the bereaved may marry freely. If the deceased was a squaw, the relations consult together, and choose a squaw, (doubtless a widow), and send her to the widower, and if he likes her he takes her to be his wife, if not, he sends her back, and the relations choose and send till they find one that he approves of.

If a young fellow determine to marry, his relations and the Jesuit advise him to a girl. He goes into the wigwam where she is, and looks on her. If he likes her appearance, he tosses a chip or stick into her lap, which she takes, and with a reserved, side look, views the person who sent it; yet handles the chip with admiration, as though she wondered from whence it came. If she likes him she

throws the chip to him with a modest smile, and then nothing is wanting but a ceremony with the Jesuit to consummate the marriage. But is she dislikes her suitor, she, with a surely countenance, throws the chip aside and he comes no more here.

If parents have a daughter marriageable, they seek a husband for her who is a good hunter. If she has been educated to make monoodah, (Indian bags), birch dishes, to lace snowshoes, make Indian shoes, string wampum belts, sew birch canoes, and boil the kettle, she is esteemed a lady of fine accomplishments. If the man sought out for her husband has a gun and ammunition, a canoe, spear, and hatchet, a monoodah a crooked knife, looking glass and paint, a pipe, tobacco, and knot-bowl to toss a kind of dice in, he is accounted a gentleman of plentiful fortune. Whatever the new-married man procure the first year belongs to his wife's parents. If the young pair have a child within a year and nine months they are thought to be forward and libidinous persons.

By their play with dice they lose much time, playing whole days and nights together; sometimes staking their whole effects; though this is accounted at great vice by the old men.

A digression—there is an old story told among Indians of a family who had a daughter that was accounted a finished beauty, having been adorned with the precious jewel, and Indian education. She was so formed by nature, and polished by art, that they could not find her a suitable consort. At length, while this family were once residing upon the head of Penobscot river, under the White hills, called Teddon, this fine creature was missing, and her parents could learn not tidings of her. After much time and pain spent, the tears showered in quest of her, they saw her diverting herself with a beautiful youth, whose hair like her own, flowed down below his waist, swimming, washing, etc., in the water; but they vanished upon their approach. This beautiful person whom they imagined to be one of those kind spirits who inhabit the Teddon, they looked upon as their son-in-law; and, according to their custom they called upon him for moose, bear, or whatever creature they desired, and the animal would come swimming to them! I have heard an Indian say that he lived by the river, at the foot of the Teddon, the top of which he could see through the hole of his wigwam left for smoke to pass out. He was tempted to travel to it, and accordingly set out on a summer morning, and labored hard in ascending the hill all day, and the top seemed as distant from where he lodged at night as from his wigwam, where he began his journey. He now concluded the spirits were there, and never dared to make a second attempt.

I have been credibly informed that several others have failed in like attempts. Once three young men climbed towards its summit, three days and one half, at the end of which time they became strangely disordered with delirium, etc., and, when their imagination was clear, and they found themselves returned one day's journey. How they came to be thus transported they could not conjecture, unless the genii of the place had conveyed them. These White hills, at the head of Penobscot river, are, by the Indians said to be much higher than those called Agiockochook, above Saco.

But to return to an Indian feast of which you may request a bill of fare before you go. If you dislike it, stay at home. The ingredients are fish, flesh, or

Indian corn, and beans boiled together; sometimes hasty pudding made of pounded corn, whenever and as often as those are plenty. An Indian boils four or five large kettles full, and send a messenger to each wigwam door, who exclaims, "Kuh menscourebah!" that is, "I come to conduct you to the feast." The man within demands whether he must take a spoon or a knife in his dish, which he always carries with him. They appoint two or three young men to mess it out, to each man his portion, according to the number of his family at home. This done with the utmost exactness. When they have done eating, a young fellow stands without the door, and cries aloud, "Mensecommook," "come and fetch!" Immediately each squaw goes to her husband and takes what he has left, which she carries home and eats with her children. For neither married women, nor any youth under twenty, are allowed to be present, but old widow squaws and captive men may sit by the door. The Indian men continue in the wigwam; some relating their warlike exploits. The seniors give maxims of prudence and grave counsel to the young men; and though every one's speech be agreeable to the run of their own fancy, yet they confine themselves to rule, and one speaks at a time. After every man has told his story, one rises up, sings a feast song, and others succeed alternately as the company sees fit.

Necessity is the mother of invention. If an Indian loses his fire, he can presently take two sticks, one harder than the other, (the drier the better) and in the softest one make a hollow, or socket, in which one end of the hardest stick being inserted, then holding the softest piece firm between his knees, whirls it round like a drill, and fire will kindle in a few minutes.

If they have lost or left their kettle, it is but putting their victuals into a birch dish, leaving a vacancy in the middle, filling it with water and putting in hot stones, alternately; they will thus thoroughly boil the toughest neck of beef.

Chapter VIII—Of My Three Years Captivity with the French—When about six years of my doleful captivity had passed, my second Indian master died, whose squaw and my first Indian master disputed whose slave I should be. Some malicious persons advised him to end the quarrel by putting a period to my life; but honest father Simon, the priest of the river, told them that it would be a heinous crime, and advised them to sell me to the French. There came annually one or more men of war to supply the fort, which was on the river about 34 leagues from the sea. The Indians having advice of the arrival of a man of forty in number, went aboard; for the gentlemen from France made a present to them every year, and set forth the riches and victories of the monarch, etc. At this time they presented the Indians with a bag or two of flour with some prunes, as ingredients for a feast. I, who, was dressed in an old greasy blanket, without cap, hat or shirt,)for I had had no shirt for the six years, except the one I had on at the time I was made prisoner,) was invited into the great cabin, where many well-rigged gentlemen were, who would fain have had a full view of me. I endeavored to hide myself behind the hangings, for I was much ashamed; thinking how I had once worn clothes, and of my living with people who could rig as well as the best of them. My master asked me whether I chose to be sold to the people of the man of war, or to the inhabitants of the country. I replied, with tears, that I should be glad if he would sell me to the English from whom I was taken; but that if I must

be sold to the French I wished to be sold to the lowest inhabitants on the river, or those nearest to the sea who were about twenty-five leagues from the mouth of the river for I thought that, if I were sold to the gentlemen in the ship, I should never return to the English. This was the first time I had tasted salt or bread.

My master presently went on shore, and a few days after all the Indians went up the river. When we came to a house which I had spoken to my master about, he went on shore with me, and tarried all night. The master of the house spoke kindly to me in Indian, for I could not then speak one word of French. Madam also looked pleasant on me, and gave me some bread. The next day I was sent six leagues further up the river to another French house. My master and the friar tarried with Monsieur Dechoffou, the gentleman who had entertained us the night before. Not long after, father Simon came and said, "Now you are one of us, for you are sold to that gentleman by whom you were entertained the other night." I replied, "Sold!—to a Frenchman!" I could say no more, went into the woods along, and wept till I could scarce see or stand! The word sold, and that to a people of that persuasion which my dear mother so much detested, and in her last word manifested so great fears of my falling into! These thoughts almost broke my heart.

When I had thus given vent to my grief I wiped my eyes, endeavoring to conceal its effects, but father Simon, perceiving my eyes were swollen, called me aside and bade me not to grieve, for the gentleman, he said, to whom I was sold, was a of good humor, that he had formerly bought two captives, both of whom had been sent to Boston. This, in some measure, revived me; but he added he did not suppose I would ever wish to go to the English, for the French religion was so much better. He said, also, he should pass that way in about 10 days, and if I did not like to live with the French better than with the Indians he would buy me again. On the day following, father Simon and my Indian master went up the river six and thirty leagues, to their chief villages, and I went down the river six leagues with the two Frenchmen to my new master. He kindly received me, and in a few days madam made me an osnaburg shirt and a French cap and a coat out of one of my master's old coats. Then I threw away my greasy blanket and Indian flap, and looked as smart as _____. And I nevermore saw the old friar, the Indian village, or my Indian master till about 14 years after, when I saw my old master at Port Royal whither I had been sent by the government with a flag of truce for the exchange of prisoners, and again about 24 years since, he came to St. John to Fort George, to see me, where I made him very welcome.

My French master held a great trade with the Indians, which suited me very well, I being thorough in the language of the tribes of Cape Sable and St. John.

I had not lived long with this gentleman before he committed to me the keys to his store, etc., and my whole employment was trading and hunting, in which I acted faithfully for my master, and never, knowingly, wronged him to the value of one farthing.

He spoke to me so much in Indian that it was some time before I was perfect in the French tongue. Monsieur generally had his goods from the men-of-war which came there annually from France.

In the year 1696, two men-of-war came to the mouth of the river. On their way they had captured the Newport, Captain Payson, and brought him with them. They made the Indians some presents, and invited them to join in an expedition to Pemaquid. They accepted it, and soon after arrived there. Capt. Chubb, who commanded the post, delivered it up without much dispute to Monsieur D'Lberville, as I heard the gentleman say, with whom I lived, who was present.

Early in the spring I was sent with three Frenchmen to the mouth of the river, for provisions, which came from Port Royal. We carried overland from the river to a large bay, where we kept seven days, without any resistance, for we expected a quick passage, and carried nothing with us. The wind continued boisterous, we could not return back and the ice prevented us going forward. After seven days the ice broke up and we went forward, though we were so weak that we could scarce hear each other speak. The people at the mouth of the river were surprise to see us alive, and advised us to be cautious and abstentious in eating. By this time I knew as much of fasting as they, and dieted on broth, and recovered very well, as did one of the others; but the other two would not be advised, and I never saw any person in greater distress, still at length they had action of the bowels, when they recovered.

A friar, who lived in the family, invited me to confession, but I excused myself as well as I could at that time. One evening he took me to his apartment in the dark and advised me to confess to him what sins I had committed. I told him I could not remember a thousandth part of them, they were so numerous. Then he bid me remember and relate as many as I could, and he would pardon them, signifying he had a bag to put them in. I told him I did not believe it was in the power of any but God to pardon sin. He asked me whether I had read the Bible. I told him I had, when I was a little boy, but it was so long ago that I had knew them he prayed to God to pardon them; when, perhaps, I was at my sports and plays. He wished me well and hoped I should be better advised, and said he should call me in a little time. Thus he dismissed me, nor did he ever call me to confess afterwards.

The gentleman with whom I lived had a fine field of wheat, which great numbers of black birds continually collected and made great havoc in. He did at length come, and having all things prepared, he took a basin of holy water, a staff with a little brush, and having on his white robe, went into the field of wheat. I asked several prisoners, who had lately been taken by privateers, and brought in there, viz.: Mr. Woodbury, Cocks (Cox?) and Morgan, whether they would go and see the ceremony. Mr. Woodbury asked me whether I designed to go, and I told him yes. He then said I was as bad as a papist, and a damned fool. I told him I believed as little of it as he did, but that I was inclined to see the ceremony, that I might tell it to my friends.

With about 30 following in procession, the Jesuit marched through with the holy water. Then the Jesuit, dipping his bread into the holy water, sprinkled the field on each side of him; a little bell jingling at the same time, and all singing the words *Ora pro nobis*. At the end of the song they wheeled to the left about, and returned. Thus they passed and repassed the field of wheat, the black birds all the while rising before them only to light behind. At their return I told a French

lad that the friar had done no service, and recommended them to shoot the birds. The lad left me, I thought, to see what the Jesuit would say to my observation, which turned out to be the case, for he told the lad that the sins of the people were so great that he could not prevail, but on the other hand, it seemed that more came, which caused the people to suspect that some had come for the sins of the Jesuit also.

Some time after Col. Hawthorne attempted the taking of the French fort up this river. We heard of him some time before he came up, by the guard which Governor Vellebon had stationed at the river's mouth. Monsieur, my master, had gone to France, and madam, his wife, advised with me. She desired me to nail a paper on the door of her house, which paper read as follows:

"I entreat the general of the English not to burn my house and barn, nor destroy my cattle. I don't suppose that such an army comes here to destroy a few inhabitants, but to take the fort above us. I have shown kindness to the English captives, as we were capacitated, and have bought two of the Indians, and sent them to Boston. We have one now with us, and he shall go also when a convenient opportunity presents, and he desires it."

When I had done this, madam, said to me, "Little English, " (which was the familiar name she used to call me by), "we have shown you kindness, and now it lies in your power to serve or disserve us as you know where our goods are hid in the woods, and that monsieur is not home. I could have sent you to the fort and put you under confinement, but my respect to you and your assurance of love to us have disposed me to confide in you; persuaded you will not hurt us or our affairs. And, now, if you will not run away to the English, who are coming up the river, but serve our interest, I will acquaint monsieur of it on his return from France, which will be very pleasing to him; and I now give my word, you shall have liberty to go to Boston on the first opportunity, if you desire it, or any other favor in my power shall not be denied you." I replied: "Madam, it is contrary to the nature of the English to requite evil for good. I shall endeavor to serve you and your interest. I shall not run to the English, but if I am taken by them I shall willingly go with them, and yet endeavor not to disserve you either in your persons or goods."

The place where we lived was called Hagimsack, 25 leagues from the river's mouth, as I have before stated.

We now embarked and went in a large boat and canoe two or three miles up the eastern branch of the river that comes from a large pond, and on the following evening sent down four hands to make discover. And while they were sitting in their house with the English soldiers, and coming to us, gave a surprising account of affairs. Upon this news madam said to me, "Little English, now you can go from us, but, I hope, you will remember your word." I said, "Madam, be not concerned I will not leave you in this strait." She said, "I know not what to do with my two poor little babies!" I said, "Madam, the sooner we embark and go over the great pond the better." Accordingly we embarked and went over the pond. The next day we spoke with Indians, who were in a canoe, and they gave us an account that Signecto town was taken and burnt. Soon after we heard the great guns at Governor Villebon's fort, which the English engaged

several days. They killed one man, then drew off down the river, fearing to continue longer, for fear of being frozen in for the winter, which in truth would have been.

Hearing no report of cannon for several days, I, with two others, went down to our house to make discovery. We found our young lad who was taken by the English when they went up the river. The general had shown himself so honorable, that on reaching the note on our door, he ordered it not to be burnt, nor the barn. Our cattle and other things he preserved except one of two and the poultry for their use. At their return they ordered the young lad to be put on shore. Finding things in this posture, we returned and gave madam an account of it.

She acknowledged the many favors which the English had showed her, with gratitude, and treated me with great civility. The next spring monsieur arrived from France in the man-of-war. He thanked me for my care of his affairs, and said he would endeavor to fulfill what madam had promised me.

Accordingly, in the year 1698, peace being proclaimed, a sloop came to the mouth of the river with ransom for one Michael Comms. I put monsieur in mind of his word, telling him there was an opportunity for me to go and see the English. He advised me to continue with him, and said he would do for me as for his own, etc. I thanked him for his kindness, but rather chose to go to Boston, hoping to find some of my relations yet alive. Then he advised me to go up to the fort and take my leave of the governor, which I did, and he spoke very kindly to me. Some days after I took my leave of madam, and monsieur and went down to the mouth of the river with me, to see me safely on board. He asked the master, Mr. Starkee, a Scotchman, whether I must pay for my passage, and if so, he would pay it himself rather than I should have to pay at my arrival in Boston; but he gave me not a penny. The master told him there was nothing to pay, and that if the owner should make demand he would pay it himself rather than a poor prisoner should suffer; for he was glad to see any English person come out of captivity.

On the 13th of June, I took my leave of the monsieur, and the sloop came to sail for Boston, where we arrived on the 19th of the same, at night. In the morning after my arrival, a youth came on board and asked many questions relating to my captivity, and at length gave me to understand that he was my little brother, who was at play with some other children at Pemaquid when I was taken captive, and who escaped into the fort at that perilous time. He told me my elder brother, who made his escape from the farm, when it was taken, and our two little sisters, were alive, but our mother had been dead some years. Then we went on shore and saw our eldest brother.

On the 2nd of August, 1680, I was taken, and on the 19th of June 1689 I arrived in Boston; so that I was absent eight years, 10 months and 17 days. In all which time, though I underwent extreme difficulties, yet I saw much of God's goodness. And by the most powerful and beneficent Being accept this public testimony of it, and blessing experiences to excite others to confide in his all-sufficiency, through the infinite merits of Jesus Christ.



Tinder Box



Friction Matches



Tinder Box Matches

MATCH INDUSTRY IN BRUNSWICK

History of the Manufacture of the Split-Blocks and the Men who Carried on the Business

Brunswick Record
February 24, 1905

The following is the third in a series of papers which have been read before the Pejepscot Historical Society at their public meetings. Persons possessing any facts relating to matters presented in these papers are requested to communicate with the secretary of the society.

By John Furbish
October 22, 1896

The manufacture of so called "Lucifer" matches antedates the Friction Match, and can be properly spoken as in the direct line of the development of the great industry of the manufacture and distribution of the common match. Within three years after the discovery of phosphorus, it was made use of to ignite the brimstone tipped pine sticks, but it took 150 years to so utilize it that it became practical thereof. Considering the inconvenience attending the keeping of household fires this appears more strange to us. When I consider that my own recollection goes back to seeing my mother take down the tinder-box and strike fire with flint and steel; and the now universal rise of the friction match in almost countless numbers each year, I am impressed with the feeling that some record should be made of so important an industry, at least so far as it had a place in Brunswick and Topsham.

One day a lady sent me a part of a bunch of "Split-block" matches which she had found in the back part of an old brick oven in her house. As I looked at them, memories

of the past came back to me, and I thought of the first bunch I ever saw made in that manner; for all my previous acquaintance had been with the "sawed block," containing 104 matches, while the split block had but 96. With these thoughts came another; that the manufacture of matches was once quite an industry in our town, and that I knew a little about it, and others must know more.

In the year 1841 (Dec. 17), when I was but a little boy, my mother took me out of bed to see the light of a big fire which was throwing sparks upon the snow;--those bright sparks were burning cards of matches, carried high into the air by the burning of Hazen's Match Factory near where the portion of the Pulp mill now stands. I was too sleepy to remember it in the morning, but I saw the half-burned match cards scattered over the snow in our yard.

The earliest match I can find any note of is that of a pine sliver, each end being tipped with brimstone, which was touched to the burning tinder.

During my search for light on this subject, I conversed with William P. Stetson, who said that his father, Rev. Seth Stetson, used to prepare such sticks evenings for family use, they being about as large as a common lead pencil.

Mr. T.S. McLellan says that "Major" William H. Morse, when a clerk for Major Hinckley (who about 1820, traded where "Day's Block" now is, corner of Maine and and Mason streets), used to earn a penny for himself by splitting out matchsticks, dipping one end in the brimstone and tying them into bundles for sale and a small profit.

Capt. John Bishop also recalls use of the same kind of match. He also speaks of the "Tinder Horn" in which the family supply was kept.

At what date the "Tinder-box" made of tin with compartments for tinder, flint and steel came into use, I do not know; but that they were an article of demand in trade; the balance of a lot made by my father after 1835, (which now hang in my store) is evidence. Tinder was partly burned linen or cotton. Decayed wood, called "punk": the inner bark of the cedar, etc., were also used to receive the sparks from the flint.

When there came to be a demand for the Friction-match certain inventive minds set about to cheapen the process of manufacture. Patents were obtained on the process of dipping, and on machinery. Imitations infringed; supplies reduced prices. Sales were instituted, arrests, imprisonments and fines followed.

Brunswick was not behind in enterprise, but to ascertain who were pioneers is difficult. Through Messrs. M.W. Nickerson, Harvey Stetson, and J.T. Walker, my information comes that one Blaisdell (Stephen?) was probably the first to make them here, and that they were split by hand. He sawed the blocks and then split them, working in Charles Stetson's (father of Harvey) shop on Federal street. He then carried them to the house of Benjamin French on Franklin street where he dried them in the brick oven. He would reach French's by going below the bank next to the swamp, without being observed by people; wishing to escape the penalty of infringements of patents.

Mr. John Howland says that his step-father, Joseph Fuller, who lived nearly opposite to Charles Stetson's erected a building on the South side of his garden for Blaisdell to dip matches in, and that girls were used to work there after school. That the life of Mr. Blaisdell was not free from trouble we have evidence of in the account which Mrs. J.T. Walker (daughter of Benjamin French) gives. She says that one winter he made matches in her father's house on Franklin street, and to prevent detection he boarded up the windows and worked by lamplight, and she used to help dip them, and do them up in

gross packages for the market. She says that their next neighbor Franklin Bridge, exposed Blaisdell; but that the public sympathized with him. It was evidently a rough road which Blaisdell traveled as I next hear of him sawing block matches by foot power in a chamber over "Barber" White's shop on Maine street, where McLellan (or Brackett) block now stands; next to "Town Hall". Willam P. Stetson says that he used to go up there and see him push the stick in first one way and then the other, thus making the match block. This block of matches had 8 rows one way and 18 the other, and were sawed down to within $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch from the bottom. I have hoped to find one of these blocks, but thus far I have not been able. The reason that the manufacture of the split block was stopped and the card match superseded it, was because of the difficulty of breaking off a long match, (if the wood was crossgrained) after the first few were removed. Mr. Stetson says, that Blaisdell dipped his blocks in a back room of the same building, and that he thinks Moses Towns was in partnership with him awhile. Of Mr. Towns I shall speak hereafter.

The question naturally arises, what did he do with his matches? His children and others peddled them from store to store. Charles Drew (of Lowell, Mass.) says, that at first they sold at 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents a bunch at wholesale; and 17 cents at retail; and that he remembers buying one bunch at that price. It is evident that sales could not have been large at such prices, as I find others naming 10 cents or 2 bunches for 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents, and probably much less, say 3 cents. How long Blaisdell lived here, I cannot ascertain; but it is probably that he moved to Bath about 183__ leaving no evidence that he had made much money out of his ventures.

Among those who engaged in the business was Moses Towns, who lived on Everett street. I remember him as a carriage builder. He probably did his work at his own house and did dipping of them in his cellar. After his death my brother Edward bought, at auction, his gang of saws, paying \$1.50 for it. Mr. Town's business was broken up by arrest and imprisonment for infringing a patent. George Williston, who drove a span of grey horses selling matches made in Wiscassett (New Castle) was instrumental in his prosecution and was hung in effigy near Mason street. David Flitner and Bonny Mack, two of the characters of Brunswick 50 years ago, seemed to know who did the work. Mr. Town was arrested in "Sadler" White's shop by Sheriff Nichols of Phippsburg. Henry Bowker drove the team that conveyed the witnesses (White and his three boys, Amos Tappen, E. White, Arthur Coombs and others) to Portland to hand in Mr. Town's stock and trade. It appears to have been put into Williston's hands for safe keeping, as he stored a lot of matches in the east front room of his house on Noble street and hired Jack P. Owen to stay there, giving him an old gun with orders to fire if attacked. That all of his stock did not fall into the hands of prosecutors is evident from the following. Abiezer York said he afterwards lived in Town's house, and having occasion to take up the chamber floor to get at a litter of kittens, found the spaces between the timbers filled with packages of matches, but they were not of very good quality.

Lorenzo Larrabee says, that when he was an apprentice, Ross and Macabee sawed matches in the Humphreys mill in the "Cove" (near the present site of S.T. & E.M. Brown).

It seems probable that J.C. Humphreys sawed blocks. Myron Hazen sawed card matches as I have said before, and fire taking in his shop caused the loss of the bridge, December 17. 1841. He had a small brick dry house on Shad Island.

Abiezer Holbrook is reported as being engaged in the business, date and extent unknown.

Henry F. Drew sawed match blocks in Nahum Houghton's shop (where the Scribner mill now stands). His brother Charles thinks he worked for a Portland concern. All seconds and imperfect blocks were sent to nearby towns and peddled about town by William Drew.

There was a little spice even in sawing match blocks. The mechanic of town was Charles Powers. Drew wanted to find out how Humphreys' match machine was made; so he and Powers on a Sunday went into Humphreys' Mill, got the points needed and Powers constructed the machine; but other elements came into the field. Powers had a younger brother, Reed, who was probably the brightest harrum scarrum chap the Brunswick ever produced, being full of life and with a gift of rhyming. It appears that Reed had him at work for Drew and Powers and could not get his pay, so he composed a song of which the following is one verse:

They stole the machine,
They cut Humphreys out neat and clean,
They ran her awhile and got in debt,
And sold the machine to pay their help.

Chorus

That's the way with Charles and Henry
Cheat you out of every penny.

Reed would get out in front of Humphreys' store and sing the song to an admiring crowd every evening, and those who know how much Gen. Humphreys enjoyed a point, can imagine his delight at Reed's doggerel. The result was Reed was paid off to stop his singing, but he had enough other points to make which he attended to right along, as occasion presented.

William R. Field says that he remembers seeing his father dip split match blocks in a building to the rear of the First Parish Meeting house, corner of Maine and Cleveland streets; that he set the blocks in racks to dry, afterward he helped paste thin brown paper on the bottom of the blocks, and pack them for market. This was between 1840 and 1844. Where the blocks were made he does not know.

That matches were sawed in some mill in the "Cove" in 1846 appears probable, as Mr. William Berry says, that he cut lumber near the Maquoit burying ground that year for James Merrill of Topsham for match blocks to be sawed there, and that he bought 100 bunches of matches of John A. Cleveland, and carried them to the West Indies and sold them for 40 francs. They were tipped with red and not very good. Of course this does not prove they were Brunswick made.

Wheeler's history speaks of B.E. Parkhurst making matches on Shad Island about 1849 or '54. Both Cornelius Richardson and Abiezer York say that Parkhurst did saw a few match cards, but his business was round wood boxes to put matches in, for Byam & Co. of Boston, who still use the same kind of box.

Mr. Parkhurst was a genius and a mechanic, and improved his machines very much. How long he was here, and why the factory was closed I do not know, unless a fire which partially consumed the building caused a suspension and transfer to some other place. He employed about 10 persons on the different machines. He married for his

second wife Eliza Townsend, daughter of Burt Townsend, whose son Fred inherits much of his father's ability in mechanics.

I find in Wheeler's History of Brunswick & Topsham, that Isaac Brown (brother of John, Eph, and Merrill) made match blocks in Topsham about 1825 and shipped them to other places to be dipped, but since what we know as friction machines were not invented until 1829 and probably not introduced here before 1835, I presume it is a misprint and should advise all having copies of the book to change the figures.

The only accurate date I have regarding the manufacture of matches in Topsham belongs to the years 1840-1843. Sanford A. Perkins and Col. Alva Jameson were engaged in sawing match cards during these years in the mill known as "Embargo" which stood on the right hand side near the island bridge as you pass after crossing the long bridge. There was evidently an advance in the style of machinery. The lumber used was from slabs of the old river pine, sawed into billets 18 inches long, by 2 ½ inches . To cut them up they used a wheel about 10 feet in diameter having a series of knives, much like an old fashioned joister for edging shingles. The billets were steamed before being shaven. Harmon, Potter and Javis K. Hall ran the machine for the first years. Boys sorted the strips and packed them into racks held by pins. Bundles of the these strips were taken by tongs made to hold them closely together, and run into a gang of five saws to convert them into match cards. After being scored they were cross-sawed and boys took them from the saw and after smoothing the saw beard, or fuzz off on a plainer running in a table, packed them in racks holding five gross each and carried them to the dry house near the short bridge. After drying, the cards were resorted and packaged in large cases and sent to Boston to be dipped. Among those now living who worked for Perkins and Jameson, were Horatio McKenney, and Calvin Welch of Brunswick, and Benjamin Wilson and Samuel Knight of Topsham. Calvin Welch says Benjamin Wilson and Justin Sawyer in 1842 sawed match blocks, a day's work being about 44 gross. Subsequent to this Wilson and Sawyer made the match cards by contract, there was a profit in the business either in to Brunswick or Topsham. Certainly lumber was cheap enough; for larger part of the slabs were cast in the river in those days, and after floating a log down as far as the "Alms House", forming the slab beds from which thousands of cords were after recovered, yielding quite an income for those who lived at the "Landing". Freight and undue competition with the possibility of better machines elsewhere, may have made the business unremunerative.

Does a match interest you?

Consider how great an inconvenience it would to be to be deprived of them. The article I have read, estimates 3,000,000 matches are struck every minute of every 24 hours. In every nation of the globe they are being used. Most every Nation manufactured them in one form or another. Sweden has perhaps the greatest producer, and America the largest consumer.

MARK ISLAND ONCE OCCUPIED BY BAND OF COUNTERFEITERS

Expert Engraver Helped In Manufacture of Bills
And Coins in Casco Bay
Brunswick Record
July 15, 1926

A good many years ago Mark Island, the one of three islands in Casco Bay bearing the same name which is the nearest to Cape Small Point, was for a considerable time owned and occupied by a number of men engaged in counterfeiting.

It is supposed by some of those who investigated the matter after the sudden departure of the occupants of the island that \$5, \$10 and \$20 bills were the chief product of the counterfeiters with 50 cent pieces as a side line. It became known that an expert engraver was one of the law-breakers. But the affair was surrounded by a mystery that has never been fully cleared away, though the research of Samuel D. Rumery has thrown some light on the subject.

The following account is taken from the manuscript of Mr. Rumery's forthcoming history of the Islands of Casco Bay.

About 30 years ago Lemuel Wallace of Cape Small Point who owned Mark Island sold to two men who were strangers to him but who made a satisfactory offer for the property. This was in the early Spring and a little later the new owners and two other men, one of whom was a negro, came to Small Point where they bought a motor boat and a large quantity of lumber which was taken to Mark Island.

During the time that Mr. Wallace owned the island no restrictions were put on visits from excursion parties, but the change in ownership made the island exclusive. Any parties who tried to land there were prevented by armed guard. In a short time a crew of carpenters had completed the building of a commodious house, not far from the shore, among the thick trees and near a spring of fine, cool water.

At intervals during the following Summer a small schooner was seen to arrive at the island and after a short stay sail away. Fishermen reported that boxes and small casks were loaded on the schooner.

Schooner Disappears

Matters continued along these lines for two years. On afternoon the little schooner was noticed at anchor off the island, but the next morning there was no sign of her and she was never seen again.

Several days later some keen-eyed man on the mainland noticed that there was no smoke from the chimney of the island house and no sign of life about the shore. As soon as it was understood that the occupants had left the place for good, there was a rush of visitors to the island.

The house on the island was found to be a substantial structure, but the smallness of the rooms was noticeable. Later it was discovered that there were double walls everywhere and that it was a veritable house of mystery and full of hiding places from top to bottom.

Upon some of the floors were quantities of metal shavings and everything indicated that the house was built and used for counterfeiting purposes.

Newspapers Spread Story

A short time before the island was deserted it had been announced in New York and Boston newspapers that a band of counterfeiters were supposed to have a place of operation somewhere along the coast of Maine, and probably on an island in Casco Bay. This publication was believed to account for the hasty desertion of the island.

For several years the house remained unmolested and then as there was no indication that the owners ever intended to return, the people of the mainland quickly demolished the building, leaving only a few traces of its foundation.



Maine and Lincoln Street Corner In 1889

Brunswick Record
January 13, 1955
By William Wheeler

Uncle Sam helped Brunswick celebrate its 150th birthday way back in 1889. The actual anniversary date of the town's incorporation was Feb. 6, but clearly that was not time, in the dead of winter, to hold a public observance. For a successful celebration, good weather was essential; and so the committee in charge called upon the weather bureau to pick the date which, according to the records, had uniformly been pleasant through the years.

And the weatherman complied. June 13, he reported, was almost sure to bring sunny skies and seasonable warmth; so that date was selected. The committee's faith in the reliability of the records was justified, and on that date in 1889, the big celebration was carried out.

All over town, homes and business blocks were gaily decorated in honor of the occasion, and with a monster parade, with a big banquet in Town Hall, with speeches galore, Brunswick marked a century and a half of existence as an incorporated town.

Gala Decorations

Among my prized possessions is a photograph of three of Brunswick's old landmarks, as they dressed up for the gala occasion. Although one of the buildings no

longer exists, Brunswick people will recognize the location as the corner of Maine and Lincoln Streets. Undoubtedly the picture was taken by the old-time photographer, A.O. Reed, whose studio was in the building on the corner of Maine and O'Brien Streets, now Cumberland Street. At an earlier date, he was located upstairs in the building shown in the picture, over the Campbell grocery.

Although not clearly shown in the picture, the sign over the door of the corner building bore the name "A. Campbell", one of Brunswick's solid citizens, and an old-time merchant. His home was on Lincoln Street; and is shown on a map of the town made in 1840.

The store itself was typical of the merchandising practices of the period. There was, of course, the familiar combination of odors which greeted the customer as he entered the door—the smell of apples, of coffee, of spices, of molasses, of kerosene. Packaged foods were almost, if not quite, unknown. Cereals, crackers, coffee, dates and figs were kept in bulk, in open containers, and weighed out as the customer desired. And over it all presided genial, bearded Andrew Campbell, monarch of all he surveyed. There was little resemblance of the Campbell store to today's super-market, with its gleaming chromium, its tile and its glistening showcases, with shelf after shelf laden with brand-name packaged goods.

A Family Business

The building just north of Campbells was then, as it is today, the Wilson Pharmacy, and its outward appearance has changed little in the intervening 60 years. This building houses what is, perhaps the oldest building in a single location in town. It was established in 1820 by Dr. Charles Baker, and acquired in 1875 by Dr. Frederick H. Wilson, who had previously been employed as a clerk for Baker. Now owned by Dr. Wilson's son Jesse, the business has been in the Wilson family for 75 years.

Even back in the days of the Baker occupancy, it was not exclusively a drug store, although there was no such variety of merchandise as is carried in a modern pharmacy. Baker was a consistent advertiser in the old "Brunswick," and from time to time he offered such things as paints and oils, brushes, garden and flower seeds, stationery, and crockery. A reminder of days when a common practice of physicians was blood-letting, is Baker's ad of "Spanish leeches, for sale or to let."

Baker apparently had a soda fountain, too, although it could hardly have been so elaborate as today's equipment. From time to time he advertised "fresh fountain syrups, soda and mead." Mead was apparently sarsaparilla, which was served mixed with "soda" or carbonated water.

At the time of the 150th anniversary, Wilson, too, apparently had a soda fountain. In the window of his store, as shown in the photograph, was a sign, "Cool Soda." There were no "banana splits," "sundaes" or other fancy concoctions; the customers specified the flavor wanted and a syrup was drawn from the fountain or poured from a bottle, then the "fizz" added from the fountain spigot. I may be mistaken, but I doubt if at that time Wilson sold ice cream; Maynard's ice cream parlor, in the Universalist Church Block, is the only place I can recall which served it.

Next below the Wilson store was the jewelry shop of Nathaniel T. Worthley, whose home was on the rocky knoll above the Lewiston branch railroad track. His son, Nathaniel Jr., was for many years an optometrist in Portland. Another son, Harry, became

a minister of the gospel. This building has long since been removed, and a brick block stands on its site.

The Old Baptist Church

Beyond Worthley's was, in those days, the Baptist Church, a portion of which shows in the photograph. It was only a few years after the picture was taken that the old church was demolished and a modern brick block erected. Originally built by Jordan Snow of Brunswick and Charles Coombs of Bath, the Church Block is owned by the Berean Baptist Church and Victor Fortin.

At the time the old church was in use, there was, directly in front of it, one of the fire cisterns which provided water for the hand-pumped engines. This, of course, was before the introduction of the town water system with its numerous hydrants. It was from this cistern that the engines took their water for the famous firemen's' musters back in the 80s.

There is a well authenticated story that when the church was being demolished preparatory to the erection of the new building, the tall steeple, as it fell, struck and penetrated the wooden cover of the cistern, and stood there, the point of the spire deep in the water. Across the street, a crowd of citizens were watching the work of demolition; and as the steeple made its plunge, one of them remarked, "there she goes, Baptist to the last!"

The Gas Lighter

Those were the days of gas lights, when a man—wasn't his name Cripps?—walked the streets nightly, carrying a short ladder, to light with matches each separate lamp, and again in the morning repeated his rounds to turn them off. One of those old gas lights is shown in the picture, at the corner of Lincoln Street; and another, probably the property of Dr. Wilson, appears in front of his store. This was a far more decorative fixture than the run-of-the-mill; its lantern was in the form of a mortar and pestle, with small "bulls-eyes" of glass to magnify the illumination.

There were not parking meters along the curb in those days—and no need for them—but there were hitching posts at frequent intervals in which old Dobbin could be tied while his master did his trading. The street itself was unpaved and mud in the spring and dust in the summer were taken as a matter of course.

And so, veteran A.O. Reed's photograph, taken by the time exposure common in those days and showing evidence of that fact, takes us back over the years to the time when the aged of today were children, and Brunswick was 150 years old.

Mackeral Cove, Bailey Island, To Be Buoyed And Charted

Brunswick Record

April 13, 1939

In addition to the prominence brought to it by the sudden awakening of the tuna fishing possibilities Bailey Island is to achieve another bit of fame during the coming summer as a yachting center. This is assured by the news that the lighthouse service has taken steps to buoy Mackeral Cove and will chart the waters at the end of the island.

Mackeral Cove is one of the prettiest harbors on the Maine Coast, and in addition offers safe moorings for any vessel. Those who know the soundings of the cove say that the Queen Mary could come in there with perfect safety, as far as depth of water is concerned, and that the position of the cove prevents any nasty weather from coming in.

But for some reason the cove has never had much attention from yachtsmen, and for the most part those who use it do because they know about it from landward. The plan is to place a buoy directly off the mouth of the cave. Thus craft coming in from outside will find straight sailing from Half-Way Rock, past Mark Island (which is already lighted) to the mouth of the cove.

Only last summer the cove was accidentally discovered by a yachtsman who got lost off the mouth of the bay as darkness set in. He took his bearings from Half-Way rock, and reached Mark Island, but was unable to reach any haven on his charts. He had no way of knowing that Mackeral Cove was only a short distance away, and it was simply by chance that he saw a blinking light on top of "The Shanty" at Mackeral Cove Wharf. He sailed directly for it, and tied up below the shanty for the night. The next morning he was astonished to see the fairness of the harbor, and he expressed amazement that such a fine place for yachts had not received attention from the yacht clubs or from the lighthouse service.

With Bailey Island all keyed up over the publicity to come to it, residents anticipate a great increases in the number of yachts to come there this summer, particularly if the island becomes known as the tuna center of the Atlantic coast.



Local "Boys of '61"
William B. Goodwin
Brunswick Record
May 30, 1929

William B. Goodwin, veteran of Company I, Eighth Maine Infantry, probably saw more active service during the Civil War than any other man now living in this vicinity, and since the war he has had a long and useful career of public service.

He was born in Hiram, Maine. While a boy, the family moved to Minot Center, where they were living at the outbreak of the war. Not willing to be left behind when his four older brothers enlisted he ran away and by falsifying his age succeeded in passing the examining officers and on September 7, 1861, was mustered into service and did not return North until October, 1865. During those four years of warfare, although slightly wounded four times he didn't lose a day from duty with the exception of several weeks in 1864 when he was confined to a field hospital with an attack of black measles.

Fifty-five years ago he came to Brunswick and has since lived here, managing a small farm on the Bath road, although the greater part of his life has been devoted to public service, having been on the police force almost continually for half a century.

At forty-one years Mr. Goodwin has done police duty at the Topsham fair grounds, where for many years he has been in charge of the principal gate opening onto the track, while at other times he has served at the entrance, been on duty at the administration building and other important positions. During these many years there has never been an accident at the post where he has been stationed.

Thirty-four years of police duty at baseball and football games at Bowdoin College is another record of which Mr. Goodwin is proud. He began serving the college in the days when the baseball and football games were played on the old Delta and the track sports were at Topsham fair grounds, while 25 years of his service for the college was at the Whittier athletic field.

Until four years ago, Mr. Goodwin served as dog constable, being appointed as such the first year the law went into effect and serving until 1925. He also for twenty years served as agent for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

On September 10, 1861, three days after being mustered into service the Eighth Maine left Augusta and went to Washington D.C., where it was in camp until October 5th when embarked as a part of the expeditionary corps of General T.W. Sherman. October 18 they attacked and captured Port Royal, S.C. and on November 7th captured Hilton Head, S.C., where the Regiment remained in camp until April, 1862. On April 10 and 11

the regiment was engaged in the reduction of Fort Pulaski, Georgia, and for the next year the regiment was on duty in that vicinity, its principal active service during that time being in March, 1863, in the expedition against Jacksonville, Fla.

April 16, 1864, the regiment landed at Gloucester Point, Va., and a few days later moved to Bermuda Hundred, Va., for its most active period of duty. During this next week the regiment took part in the engagements at Swift's Creek, Drury's Bluffs, Weir Bottom Church and Gill's Farm. The latter part of May saw the regiment assigned to the 18th corps for service at Cold Harbor, Va., where for six weeks it was fighting almost continuously, later moving to Petersburg. August 25th the regiment after being on the march or under fire continuously for 100 days went into camp at Bermuda Hundred, Va. A month later the regiment crossed the James River and fought at Chapin Farm and took part in the capture of Fort Harrison. Then came the battle of Fair Oaks.

April 1865 found the regiment in the vicinity of Petersburg, where it remained during the closing days of the war, fighting almost daily. April 9th the regiment silenced the last battery and took part in the last charge before Lee's surrender.

Mr. Goodwin was in the guard that escorted General Lee to Richmond where for six months they remained doing police duty. He remembers General Lee and President Jefferson Davis well, having seen both frequently during those months that he was doing police duty in the former Rebel capital.

Mr. Goodwin has been very active in Vincent Mountfort Post, Grand Army of the Republic, and has held every office in that organization, repeatedly having served as commander. He is also a member of Domhegan Tribe of Red Men.

Local "Boys of '61" Oramandel M. Hubbard Brunswick Record July 18, 1929

Probably the most cherished possession of Oramandel H. Hubbard is a snare drum, which he carried during the latter months of the Civil War. This drum, which cost \$100, was presented to Mr. Hubbard by the veteran members of Company D, Eighth Maine Regiment, early in 1864, upon their return from a 35 days' furlough, which the \$100 was granted to the members of the company as a bonus for re-enlisting. The drum, which Mr. Hubbard has had restored, is of German silver plate suitably inscribed.

Early in May 1861, Mr. Hubbard joined a squad of men in the little town of Detroit, Maine, who were being signed up to join Company D, Eighth Maine, which was being organized in the Towns of Detroit, Newport, Palmyra, and Pittsfield. The Company was not mustered into service, however, until September 7, 1861, when the regiment mobilized at Augusta.

Mr. Hubbard, at that time only 17 years of age, found that he could not carry the drum he was issued on account of its size, so a special one had to be purchased for him.

September 10th the Regiment left Augusta for Long Island, N.Y., where it encamped, but early the next morning orders were received for the regiment to move at once to Washington. After two weeks at the capitol the regiment was moved to Annapolis, Md., where it joined the brigade under General Sherman. On its arrival before

the Maryland capitol it was found that the rebel flag was flying over the State House. General Sherman dispatched a note to the Governor giving him 15 minutes in which to remove the flag or the Eighth Maine Devils would be sent into the city. The flag promptly came down and for a month the brigade remained in the vicinity. Late in October the soldiers were transported to Hilton Head, where they remained all winter. While there they witnessed the Naval battle of Hilton Head, which was one of the most spectacular of the war.

During the summer of 1862 the regiment worked south arriving at Jacksonville, Florida in the fall and remaining there all winter, being engaged largely in raiding cotton plantations to obtain cotton to be shipped north, where it was greatly needed for manufacturing purposes.

In April 1863 the regiment was again assigned to the Army of the Potomac and returned to Virginia, where it took part in many of the engagements along the James River. In the fall of that year the government made the offer of \$100 bonus and a furlough of 35 days to all members of the regiment who would re-enlist and 47 members of Company D responded. On their return they were sent to the Savannah River, where much heavy fighting took place. May 15, 1864, under General Butler, the regiment started towards Richmond and several months of constant fighting followed.

May 20th was a red letter day for the young drummer. Having been sent to the rear with a horse belonging to one of his officers, Mr. Hubbard happened to fall in with the band that had been assigned for duty with General Grant. He noticed that the snare drummer was missing and on making inquiry found the man had been wounded. In talking with the base drummer Mr. Hubbard admitted he could play the snare drum and he was soon pounding away in the strange band. His work was such that he attracted the attention of General Grant who sent for the boy. Arriving at headquarters Mr. Hubbard was introduced to General Grant, who placed him on his knee while he talked. He said "Young man you are a good boy and a good drummer" and invited him to remain with his band. As General Grant's word was law the transfer was made and Mr. Hubbard remained with that organization until the end of the war. Following the surrender of General Lee the band went to Richmond where Mr. Hubbard remained until Aug. 25, 1865, when he was ordered to Washington to rejoin Company D, Eighth Maine. He found only two members of the original company still with the organization.

The regiment went into camp at Fortress Monroe, where Mr. Hubbard was granted an extended furlough, from which he returned in December, only a few days before the regiment was ordered back to Maine, reaching Augusta January 6, 1866.

Mr. Hubbard was one of six brothers, four of whom went to war and three of whom came home.

In 1866 the former drummer boy came to Brunswick and has since lived here. He married Miss Abbie Alexander and forming a partnership with her father was in the livery stable business on the site of the Brunswick Fireproof Garage until 1897. In 1899 he again entered the service of the United States, this time as a rural mail carrier, covering the route now traveled by Thomas G. Estabrook for twenty years. In 1919, Mr. Hubbard retired.

He is the father of six children, James Hubbard, Col. George O. Hubbard, U.S.A., Fred F. Hubbard of Yarmouth, Mrs. George B. Gould of Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. E. Motley Fuller of Bath, and Harrison M. Hubbard of this town.

Leonard Reviews History of Brunswick
Post Office From Earliest Days
Postmaster Has Had Forty Years of Consecutive
Association With Local Office; First Daily Mail Service
Here In 1810
Brunswick Record
February 2, 1939

The classification talk given by Postmaster George W. Leonard at the meeting of the Brunswick Rotary Club Monday noon proved one of the most interesting and instructive heard of local Rotarians in many months.

In prefacing his remarks Postmaster Leonard voiced his appreciation for the opportunity to enlighten the members of the organization on the development of Brunswick's post office from the time the town was settled up to the present time.

He stated that the early facts were gleaned from Wheeler's History of Brunswick and Topsham and that later facts were based on his own experience of 40 years of consecutive service in the local office, during which time he had not been absent from duty on account of illness for a total of less than three weeks' time.

He said by referring to Wheeler's history we learn that at the time of the earlier settlement here before the establishment of any post office, letters were brought to the inhabitants by coasting vessels which plied between Maquoit and Falmouth.

The first mail route from Boston through Brunswick was established before the commencement of the Revolutionary War, where one Luke Lombard carried the mail on horseback once a fortnight, leaving the letters for Brunswick and vicinity as he passed by. It was not until about 1800 that the mail was carried oftener than once a week. The first daily mail is thought to have commenced in 1810.

The first post office established in Brunswick was in 1793 and Deacon Andrew Dunning was the first postmaster. The office was kept until shortly before the death of Deacon Dunning in his dwelling on Maine Street, at the corner of Noble. Mr. Dean Swift, history informs us, distinctly remembered being sent to Deacon Dunning's for letters, when a boy, and he says that the deacon kept them in a desk in a corner of the room, and that it was customary for the citizens to look over the letters themselves, and to select there from such as bore their address.

The income of the postmaster during the year 1826 was one hundred and sixty dollars, and in 1845 was eight hundred and sixteen dollars and eighty-one cents. From these sums the postmaster was required to pay for office rent, clerk hire, wood, and lights. The mails in the latter year arrived at 11:00 p.m. and 2:00 a.m.

Postage for a simple letter to Boston at this time was 12 ½ cents, 18 ¾ cents to New York, and 25 cents for any distance over 500 miles. Double letters of those composed of two pieces of paper double the above rates.

After the passing of Deacon Dunning the post office was located in various sections of the town. On Mill street, at the corner of Maine and Mason streets and still later in the building now occupied by Andrew Allen next to the Berry house. Upon completion of the Town Building in 1881 the post office was established there, where it

remained until January 28, 1932, when it was moved to its present location, the new Federal Building on Pleasant street.

Prior to the establishment of the Carrier Delivery Service in 1899, the public was obliged to call at the general delivery window for the mail, or through rented boxes.

In 1899 the city carrier service was established and four carriers were appointed to deliver mail over the various routes which had been plotted out.

In contrast to that, salary carriers now receive \$2100 per annum for serving rural routes, and of course with the improvements in the country roads, today the rural carriers job is a most agreeable one.

Due to the efforts of various citizens to have later mail closing at the post office, night service was established in 1900.

The postal receipts of the office for the year 1900 were \$15,113, and the expenditures were \$6,700, showing a net balance of approximately \$8,400 which accrued to the department. In contrast to the amount of business in 1900, postal receipts alone last year were \$41,473.03, while \$30,281.25 was received from the sale of United States Savings Bonds; \$18,709 money orders were issued representing approximately \$12,600; \$7,045 money orders were paid approximately \$6,400. These amounts total to approximately \$111,000 in business activities during the year 1938.

To compare Christmas business it is of interest to know that our postal sales in the month of December last year were \$5,512, whereas in December of 1900 they were only \$984.14, showing an increase of 560%.

The payroll at our office approximating \$35,400 annually is distributed as follows: Postmaster, \$3,000, assistant postmaster, \$2,500; six carriers, \$10,500; two rural carriers, \$4,200; one star route carrier, \$1,200; janitor service, \$2,100; combine mail messenger, \$900; and a special delivery messenger \$500. There are now employed at the office 20 employees receiving \$35,400 annually. It is therefore evident that your local post office has kept pace with the steady growth of the town, and that with its very fine building and pleasant surroundings it fills a very important position in the business aspect of the town.

LEADING TAXPAYERS OF HARPSWELL NECK FOR 1905

Brunswick Record, March 2, 1906

Alexander, Andrew P.	35.20
Alexander, Isaac	40.37
Alexander, Wm. Heirs of	61.78
Alexander, Eli M.	50.27
Allen, Emore	79.86
Allen, D.	31.12
Bailey, Frost P.	42.37
Barnes, Geo. W. heirs of	80.97
Barnes, Geo. A.	80.86
Bishop, Chas. Heirs of	86.27
Bailey, Chas. W.	28.94
Curtis, Mercy J.	64.27
Curtis, Geo. W.	64.23

Curtis, John W.	65.10
Curtis, Joseph	55.52
Curtis & Stover	71.88
Clark, Isaac	35.98
Clark, Wm. F.	42.53
Dunning, I.L.	56.30
Dunning, Samuel	28.67
Dunning, Frank	47.74
Dunning, Alfred S.	53.12
Dyer, James	25.34
Gatchell, Chas. Jr.	30.14
Hodgkins, Frank M.	33.72
Hamilton, Edw. F.	34.30
Hamilton, Geo.W. Jr.	34.79
Randall, John F.	27.72
Randall, William	41.31
Strout, R.M.	29.08
Skolfield, Geo. R. Heirs	29.50
Skolfield, Daniel T.	107.25
Skolfield, Thos. E.	28.67
Skolfield, Clement L.	41.39
Stover, David C.	27.55
Stover, David Heirs	29.34
Stover, Norton Heirs	29.10
Stover, Chas. I.	41.71
Stover, Daniel R.	71.87
Stover, Theophilus	34.64
Stover, J. Harmon	45.15
Sawyer, Jeremiah	45.64
Wilson, Edmand J.	26.80
Johnson, Geo. R.	36.83
Johnson, Fred C.	25.17
Merriman, Frank E.	26.72
Merriman, Nathaniel Heirs	30.52
Kellogg, Elijah Heirs	29.34
Merriman, Walter H.	42.94
Merriman, Paul C.	29.67
Merriman, Augustus	41.55
Merriman, Rufus D.	28.35
Merriman, Jas. W.	31.61
Merriman, Geo. W.	37.47
Merriman, Peleg C.	62.09
Merriman, Harmon	38.21
Merrows, Leander H.	45.38
Morse, Frank	29.90
Pinkham, Seymour	49.13

Pinkham, Orville	51.74
Pinkham, Howard C.	35.85
Pierce & Curtis	39.53
Palmer, Arthur	54.69
Hodgkins, Isaac Heirs	25.27
Hodgkins, E.K.	32.50
Hodgkins, Frank M.	33.72
Hamilton, Edw. F.	34.30
Hamilton, Geo. W. Jr.	34.79
Randall, John F.	27.72
Randall, William	41.31
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Stover, Daniel R.	71.87
Stover, Theophilus	34.64
Stover, J. Harmon	45.15
Sawyer, Jeremiah	45.64
Wilson, Edmand J.	26.80

Non Resident

Auburn & Harpswell Assn.	20.34
1. Dr. Edw. Austin	20.34

Kilgore, Rufus D.	42.38
Noyes, H.H.& others	65.20
Page, Mrs. Emily De B.	45.64
Sinnett, Mrs. Jane Heirs	105.9
Spring, SSB	35.86
Stover, L.H.	38.31
Spaulding, L.H.	29.34
Thompson, Benjamin	92.40
Wilson, Emery G.	52.16

Tax rate \$16.30 on \$1000

Poll Tax \$3.00

LAST HARPSWELL BUILT SCHOONER IS WRECKED

Lochinvar Of Portland
Runs On Reef

Tuesday
Brunswick Record

October 6, 1932

The fishing schooner Lochinvar of Portland, with her skipper and part owner, Captain Frank W. Doughty of Portland and Bailey Island, and a member of her crew, Harry Welch, sank off Portland Head Light, Tuesday night, in the worst fog of the season. Captain Doughty and Welch were able to fight their way to the surface where they were rescued by members of the crew.

With the crew unable to get their bearings in the dense fog, the schooner rammed onto a submerged reef about 100 feet of Portland Head Light about 6:20 p.m. Tuesday and sank fifteen minutes later. Dories were launched in haste and all members of the crew with the exception of Welch, and Captain Doughty were able to clear the sinking vessel before she went under. The two left on the vessel were taken out of the water by other members of the crew, which included another Bailey Island man, Winfield Doughty, and a Cundy's Harbor man, Alfred Catlin.

Captain Doughty declared Tuesday night that the schooner would be a total loss. She is worth only about \$7000 and her cargo of 20,000 pounds of fish worth about \$400. He estimated that the cost of salvaging the schooner would be more than she was worth. The Lochinvar was the last vessel of any size built in a Harpswell shipyard. She was built 26 years ago by Emore I. Allen at Clark's Cove.

Captain Doughty has been engaged in fishing for 28 years and this is the first time he ever ran a ship aground. "And to think," he said, "I'd have to run her ashore, almost in my front dooryard."



L.L. Bean's Business Has Had A Phenomenal Growth
Freeport's Huge Mail Order House Is A Monument to
The Ingenuity And Progressiveness Of Its Founder And Owner
Brunswick Record
August 3, 1934

In the space of twenty years, L.L. Bean of Freeport has seen his business rise from a new shoe that he designed and had made for his own personal use to a tremendous mail order house whose catalogs go to every nation on earth.

L.L. Bean has just opened his new factory for the expected increase in his fall business, and has just issued a 52 page catalog that lists the many things he sells today. Because of this it is interesting to trace his truly phenomenal rise in the business world, a rises that Freeport people know well enough, and which most of them have watched.

It was in 1911 that L.L. Bean decided that the hunting boots he was wearing were no good. He was a Maine lad, born and bred in the Oxford hills, and the woods trails were no novelty to him. When he came to Freeport and opened a clothing store, he still kept a vacation for every fall, when he would tote his gun into the woods.

But he grew tired of wearing shoes that leaked, shoes that were heavy—and he made himself a pair. He took a pair of rubbers, from the stock on his shelves, got a shoemaker to cut out a pair of tops, and got a local cobbler to stitch the whole thing together. On trial in the woods, the new shoes pleased him.

Freeport is full of hunters, always was. L.L. Bean quite innocently praised his new boot to the customers who came into his store. Then he made a pair for someone. Everyone soon wanted a pair. About this time L.L. Bean decided the “had something”, and thought of manufacturing.

About 1912 he started a shop in basement of his store, using a space 25 x 35 feet. He got “Ted” Goldrup to cut the uppers for him, and Mrs. Goldrup took them home and sewed them together on her machine at night. Dennis Bibber, a cobbler, also sewed for him.

In 1914 the shop was still in the basement of the store, most of the customers were Freeport people, and the first catalog came out with a modest four pages, dealing entirely with hunting shoes, of a size 5 ½ inches x 8. It took less than 100 pounds of paper for that catalog, and “L.L.” sent them to friends and people he knew here and there.

Today the catalog which has just printed required over 35 tons of paper, 52 pages, and it will go to every country on the face of the earth—to Hudson's Bay trappers, to an Indian prince with a harem, to African jungles, and to countries down south of the Amazon. The hunting shoes, still featured, are but one of dozens of goods ranging from red hunting stockings to repeating shot guns.

The new factory increases the space of the old one 91%. Years ago Mr. Bean moved from his basement room to the old Oxnard Block. Later bought it, and repeatedly made additions to it. The new addition was designed by production engineers, and gives the manufacturer advantages long needed. The business has increased regularly every year—last year's was the largest ever—and if the expected increase comes this year, even this new space will be none too large.

The Freeport post office, on the first floor of the building, is almost, one might say, a department in the factory. Mail chutes from both the office and the shipping room drop directly onto the sorting tables. Last year L.L. Bean's postage bill was \$23,021.35—or 74% of the total business of the post office in the fiscal year ending July 1. During a part of the year the Bean mail puts the post office into a first class office position, but of course Bean's business is seasonal, and during his slack time the average falls off. Freeport, at times, does more post office business than Brunswick—solely because of Bean's factory.

The factory is a curious place, because of the variety of goods made. For example, a couple of boys who have spent all summer tying flies for fishermen have finished their work, and are doing other things. A leather cutter may take a day one a week to fashion duffle-bags. A woman who today is stitching leather tops on hunting boots may work tomorrow on sheepskin caps, and then again may sew up some field glass cases. And to Mr. Bean's credit it must be said that his employees are well paid, his help are all rooters for his business. Mr. and Mrs. Goldrup, his first employees, now hold positions of trust in his bigger business.

His office force is usually large. Personal letters are a habit and Mr. Bean will often write to a customer a neat note of thanks. A mailing list of over 100,000 names is a roster of Bean customers who actually write in if they do not receive the catalogues!

Mr. Bean says that for years he spent every cent of profit from the business in advertising. It would stagger many business houses to know what his annual advertising bill is, and many would have questioned his wisdom in those years gone by when he squeezed every possible cent out of the business for magazine advertising and catalogs. He puts many dollars into exhibits at sportsmen's shows. He gives away thousands of dollars in samples.

But his statement as to the wisdom of his plan is sufficient. "The results have proved that my judgment was correct," he points out.

As soon as the catalog is mailed out by a score of girls, Mr. Bean's advertising man turns to magazines. Careful check of course kept to see which publications produce the best results.

L.L. Bean himself is as interesting a man as his business. He would like to fish at Sebago in preference to meeting the King of England. He packs up his car every fall to go after a deer. And these trips are not only for recreation, for he tests out new devices that he plans to catalog next year.

This testing out may be a secret of the popularity of his goods. If L. L. says a new coat is good, it's because he wore it on a moose hunting trip. One year he gave a beautiful leather cap to L.L. Soule, Freeport's expressman, and asked Lee to wear it a while. Lee reported that the cap was great, very warm, comfortable, the best he'd ever had. L.L. Bean caps went on the market the next year. Not a word of it appeared in his own advertising, but his hunting boots, and hundreds of dollars worth of other out-door specialties, were tested on a MacMillan—Arctic expedition.

L.L. Bean remains a small town business man. He likes Freeport, and knows everyone by his or her first name. He is on the town Budget Committee, joins in barber shop gossip, and likes to play contract—which he does with studious success. Mrs. Bean is a pleasant woman, mother of three children, and joins in numerous community interests, including her church sewing circle and the Women's Club. Carl and Warren, two sons, live in town and work in their father's plant, and a daughter Barbara is Mrs. John T. Gorman of Nashua, N.H., the mother of two boys who are the apples of their grandfather's eyes.

Last year when Mr. Bean took a crowd hunting in Northern Maine they headed for a vast reservation whose owner insisted on no trespassing. The other members of the party had doubts as to how they would get in, expected soon to be put out, and anticipated a rather unpleasant time. But the owner received them with open arms, gave them every help, and each brought home his deer.

"I knew he'd let us in," said L.L. on the way home. "He buys his boots from me."

A Maharaja, or some such potentate of India, buys Bean's goods and outfits his whole retinue. Babe Ruth, Jack Holt, Squire Sharkey, and all such folds are regular customers. Mr. Bean has a nice thank-you letter from President Roosevelt, praising the quality of an article in the Bean line.

And if the postal records mean anything, every trapper and outposter in Alaska is mushing around on L.L. Bean's snowshoes. The Alaskan orders all come at once, and Mr. Bean can tell whenever a boat gets into Seattle from Seward's Folly. After days later he sends a load on snowshoes to Alaska.

The phenomenal growth of the business, based on the theory that quality will bring return orders, is something for businessmen to consider. And a second, and perhaps more important factor in the success of L.L. Bean is his belief that concentrated continual, and high grade advertising is rule number one.

Brunswick Record February 29, 1940

Record Presents Serially, Dr. Kirkland's Essay

"Brunswick's Golden Age"

On February 15 Dr. Edward C. Kirkland of the Bowdoin College Faculty presented at the First Parish House a paper entitled "Brunswick's Golden Age".

Dr. Kirkland chose for his study the decade of 1883 to 1893; his paper was documented to a large extent by excerpts from the **BRUNSWICK TELEGRAPH**; the weekly newspaper of that era.

If this address is to have any scholarly tone whatever, it must begin with acknowledgements. I owe much to reminiscences and memories of my fellow townsmen of the present, a few of whom I see somewhat apprehensively before me; but to the citizens of an earlier decade, 1883-1893, which I have denominated for reasons which you will soon discover, Brunswick's Golden Age, I owe a greater debt. Their patterns of day-to-day life lived over a half-century ago has given me, as I have studied it, so much pleasure and enlightenment. As a middle-age outsider it has been, of course, impossible for me to relive that era through direct experience or recollection; rather, like others of the historical craft, I have to depend on the prosaic written record of statute books, state and town reports; pamphlets and scrapbooks, and above all on the "Brunswick Telegraph," the weekly newspaper of that era.

Happily the "Telegraph" was edited by A. G. Tenney, "handsome brother Tenney" as he was somewhat condescendingly called by his colleagues on the metropolitan press of Portland. Bowdoin graduate in the class of 1835, reporter, pressman, and publisher for two decades, he edited the "Telegraph" from 1857 at least until 1903, a journalistic career of over thirty-five years. His style had an earthy and sometimes extravagant vigor; his thought defied the conventional conservatism of the small towns and the properties of the smug and the cautious. Whimsically meditating on the fate of an editor he decided that "Editors when they die are apt to leave behind better memories if they have been in any degree honest and independent in their expression of opinion. If they have been shaky in their opinions then all sides indulge in the luxury of abuse." Nature meant much more to him. The seasonal procession of blossoms from mayflowers and wild strawberry to goldenrod, the vivid display of northern lights, a rainbow, sunsets from Powderhouse Hill, the springtime flight of wild geese—all these almost turned his prose into poetry. Above all, man was his study. Catholic in interests, liberal in outlook, he was equally at home at the golden wedding anniversary or a oyster supper at the Niagara hand tub; a democratic flag raising by the French-Canadians or the graduating exercises of the Brunswick grammar school. As he poked around town on foot or drawn by his faithful little mare in carriage or sleigh, he pieced together an unforgettable mosaic of village life. I have been fortunate to scan it through the eyes of a man, so honest, courageous, and flavorsome.

Now that the acknowledgements are over I shall announce my text. Certainly such a procedure is appropriate as I find myself in what is, I understand, a sort of unfrocked chapel. I have chosen it from the address of C.C. Everett, the orator of the day, as Brunswick celebrated in 1889 the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation. His words seemed likely to be lost among competing attractions. A parade of horrors and fantasies had just past through the streets of Brunswick and later, after a longer procession, four hundred citizens were to sit down to a dinner in the town hall that included boned turkey, larded prairie chicken, Philadelphia capon, sliced ham, sliced tongue, lobster salad, chicken salad, ice cream, strawberries and cream, and five kinds of cakes, no including lady fingers, kisses and macaroons. But they had to listen to Everett. The committee in charge could hardly have made a more impressive or more suitable selection. Brunswick born Bowdoin graduate, teacher and librarian at his alma mater, as long as boards could tolerate his Unitarian principles, he later received the final consecration of a call to Harvard University. A loyal lieutenant of Charles F. Eliot in the latter's attempt to modernize Harvard, he brought his own school, the divinity school, to

a high level of scholarly excellence. Now in his Brunswick oration he essayed an evaluation of the town, clearly in his mind not to be confined with a mere geographical area as distinguished on the one hand from the country and on the other from the city. In his opinion the institutions which had determined the character of the town were first the church, then the college, and finally the factory. But to him this sequence seemed “an anti-climax.” Although on the whole the oration was one of singular insight I can hardly agree with this last assertion. Whatever might once have been true, the factory by the eighties was the corner stone on the distinctive pattern of the town. For by then the town, or village, if you will, had outgrown its rural chrysalis; yet it still avoided a complete surrender to the centralizing tendencies of business and metropolitan life. This passing moment in history deserves to be called Brunswick’s golden age. And at this moment of distinctiveness this “embryonic city”; as one correspondent to the “Telegraph” put it, took on the paraphernalia of modern civilization and assumed essentially its present form.

There was of course no sharp break with the past. The traditional occupations still persisted. Every week the “Telegraph” published a section devoted to the Farm, Home and Garden, and paragraphs in the news columns chronicled the first peas and the doings of Topsham Fair. Some farmers still celebrated the end of haying season with decorated hayracks, cockaded horses, and the magnificent dinner when everyone was paid off. In winter they dragged into town their sleds of hay and cordwood and displayed them for sale on the downtown streets. When the 2800 pound bell was raised to the tower of the new town hall, not barking tractors but the slow pull of oxen and of human hands brought it to its position. But by the eighties, although gardens were stretched into town, rural landholders were moving west or into the village. No longer were the words of farmers’ law. When in 1883 the nation was divided into time zones, the selectmen decided to run the town clock on railroad time, as it was called, although there was plenty of grumbling at this surrender of stay-at-home time to Philadelphia time, that of the Eastern time zone, 19 minutes later than Brunswick clocks. And in 1886 the grocery and butcher stores, which once had kept open in the evening so that farmers could drive in for supplies after tea, decided to close two nights a week. “It’s a good move,” said Tenney, “the only parties affected being the standard shop loafers. They are like the engaged fellow who was advised to marry and who replied with the question ‘where under heavens shall I spend my evenings?’” And finally a board of selectmen was chosen that contained no representative of the rural voters.

(March 14, 1940 p. 11)

The maritime trades followed the same decline. Shipbuilding had ceased in the Pennell yards in 1874 with the launching of the “Benjamin Sewall”.

No one heard the whisper passed
The loveliest, and it is last,
Last of the ships of Pennellville,
Last of the ships to climb the hill,
The blue Atlantic hill, and go
Around the globe in sun and snow.

But the Skolfields launched vessels til the middle eighties and in 1887 on his arrival at Calcutta, Captain George Skolfield counted three Skolfield vessels, including his own, in its harbor. Ship captains still returned to Brunswick from distant voyages and showed their curios along the streets. But they came by train from Boston or New York. Far

more typical were the captains who held directorships in local banks or managed estates as trustees or like Captain Jordan, a profane old ship captain, raised corn and ran a cannery. Although the sea no longer gave so many livelihoods, it still flavored the life of the town. For their Christmas eve party the Universalist Sunday School had on one occasion in place of a tree, a goat trimmed to represent a ship, and Tenney, in describing the frequent runaways of the village never had the wagons overturn, they always “capsized.”

Surely by the eighties the factory had become the core of the town. Better, I should say factories, for more than one enterprise utilized the water powers of the Androscoggin. The arrangement of the dams and the location and variety of the mills reinforce my point that the town, even in the economic sense, still had a considerable independence. The lower dams on the Brunswick side provided power to two sawmills, a grist mill, a pulp mill, and also the Dennison Manufacturing Company. The saw and grist mills were the traditional representatives of a simplistic localized economy; the latter two enterprises, although more novel, were also of local origin. The most famous was the Dennison Manufacturing Company. This concern was the offspring of the business enterprise and imagination of two brothers—A.L. Dennison, more than inventor, and E.W. Dennison, more the salesman. While living in Boston, the former resolved to undertake in this country the manufacture of the jewelers’ boxes commonly imported from abroad and he invented machinery to do it; the other, also in Boston, applied manufacturing technique to other paper products, notably tags. In the sixties some of these manufacturing operations were returned to Brunswick, where they had been sporadically carried on, and by the mid-eighties the Dennison Manufacturing Company was employing over four hundred people and shipping its jewelers’ and wooden mailing boxes all over the United States. “No man was more responsible for Brunswick’s business revival and her prosperity in the eighties than was E.W. Dennison,” asserted Tenney.

The exclusive owner of the water power at the upper dam was the Cabot Manufacturing Company. After nearly sixty years of failure a cotton mill at this site had at last succeeded in manufacturing cotton fabrics with profit. Unlike the mills below it was a foreign enterprise. A series of reorganizations had earlier squeezed out the local capital, in organization and operation. It eventually resembled the standard cotton mill in the north of Boston area. Thus it had a large capitalization, \$600,000, nearly fourteen times that of the Dennison Company, and it employed over seven hundred hands. In the decade of the eighties the mill increased its spindles nearly 30% and in the nineties replaced its patchwork buildings by the present substantial brick battlements, spangled with windows. It was one of the ten great cotton mills of the state, rivaled or surpassed only by the huge enterprises of Lewiston, Waterville, Augusta, Biddeford and Saco. Whining in public over its competitive disadvantages and engaged in a running controversy with town and county assessors for lower appraisal of its property, it nevertheless average 8% dividends from 1880-1885 and its \$5.00 par value stock never sank below par and once enjoyed a premium on the Boston market of \$240. The popularity which attached to the mills along the lower dam was hardly extended to this other enterprise. On one occasion the town meeting tartly instructed officials to assess the “Cabot Mill Property, upon the same principle and basis that they do upon property of

other taxpayers throughout the town,” and Tenney, hardly a stone’s throw up Maine Street, blasted away at “the grasping Shylocks of the cotton and woolen mills of Maine.”

Hardly adding to its popularity were the radical changes taking place in what had been an Anglo-Saxon town. For it was the cotton mill that drew hither the French-Canadians. Their migration started after 1865 as a “depopulation en masse” in the eastern townships of Quebec, was like all migrations in America. It was set in motion by the conditions at home, in this case the depressed state of agriculture in the St. Lawrence Valley; and by the hope for improvement in a new land, in this instance the wages from industrial employment in New England. News of the good tidings was carried back to Quebec by the frequent returns of those who had come south, worked, and saved money, or by the letters and later the newspapers from the New France in New England. In case these stimuli were not enough, railroads spurred migration for the sake of passenger fares; and factories, the Cabot among them, sent agents to Quebec to recruit workers, as long as Federal law permitted. For the French inhabitant, although an industrial amateur, learned quickly. Frugal, docile, and eager to get ahead, he accepted conditions and wages which the native American was too restive to endure. Critics were not slow to point out that the high profits of the mills were due to the exploitation of these newcomers, although the proof for such an assertion is an impossibility. In any case, the foreign population of Brunswick roughly doubled every ten years between 1870 and 1890. In 1891 there were somewhat less than 2500 French-Canadians in town.

No Mayflower brought them to our shores; no Plymouth Rock has been enshrined as their landing place. “Le grand-tronc,” the means of their arrival, yields ancestral symbols with difficulty. None the less it required courage for them to sever home ties and settle in a strange land, cleaned, to be sure, of Indians and forests, but occupied by a dominant race, different in civilization and suspicious of intruders. Their migration was not an individual one. Occasionally a young man would come alone and put up in the boarding houses which the mill ran for unattached men and women, French, American, English, or Irish. But generally, they came as families and crowded into the tenements along Mill Street. The mill owned over a hundred of them, building some for this special purpose, or else buying houses elsewhere for \$75 to \$125 and moving them to vacancies in its property. Apparently the returns at \$7 a month rent were so lucrative that private owners in the neighborhood hastened to follow this example. The customary type was two or three stories high and was divided into eight tenements. Each tenement had from five to seven rooms and accommodated about twelve people. In a country village there thus developed a congestion comparable to the city slums. The immediate surroundings reinforced the comparison. Anxious to save money, the new arrivals turned naturally to the background of their agricultural way of life. Pigs were penned between the tenements, cows were kept in the sheds and fed like pigs with the garbage from the kitchen. As for sanitary arrangements each block of tenements, roughly a hundred people, depended on four privies. Water was drawn from wells dug in the yards, dirty with filth, and constantly dampened by discharges from the sink-spouts just carried through the walls of the houses. In addition to the rents the Cabot had another auxiliary source of income in the company store at which the management expected its employees to trade. Nine out of ten saw the wisdom of obeying this unwritten law.

As for working conditions they were far different than in the Dennison factory upstreet where twice a day a flood of girls poured forth, pretty enough in their gay clothes

“to charm the heart of a wheelbarrow,” and where skilled workers made the unheard of sum of \$20 a week. In the Cabot the whole family worked. Mulespinners, the best paid male workers with the exception of a tiny aristocracy of loom fixers, might average between \$9 and \$10 a week; women working looms received \$7 or \$8, and in the spinning room a dollar or two less. But the costs of living were much lower than now, with stove coal \$6.50 a ton, eggs never more than 25 cents a dozen, milk 6 cents a quart, and pork at 10 cents a pound. Even top notch board in the company houses was only \$3 a week. All in all the cotton mill workers made in a year somewhat more than the teachers and their assistants in the village schools who averaged \$270.31 and decidedly less than full professors at Bowdoin who received \$1800.

Although the wages of children have not been chronicled they often began work in the mill at seven years of age. The Brunswick Telegraph was vaguely disquieted by the picture they presented at the funeral of one of the room overseers. “It was an interesting sight to watch varying expressions upon the faces of the children as for instant they looked upon the countenance of their old but now dead overseer.” Those in his room marched two by two to the grave. “It was almost a sad sight to watch these little ones, mere tots many of them—as they tromped through the dust, eager to see the body of him they had loved so well deposited in the grave.” Hours for all were eleven a day; and conditions of work in the long stone two story mill with its many small rooms, dimly lit and ill ventilated, do not meet the conceptions of the present for decency, sanitation or health. But for 1887 the long agitation for effective state regulation of laboring conditions finally overcame the opposition of the “tyrants of the cotton and woolen mills” to use Tenney’s phrase. An act that year for all practical purposes established the ten hour day in manufacturing and mechanical establishments, forbade completely the employment of children under twelve, and required of those under fifteen school attendance for a portion of the year as a prerequisite for employment. It is only fair to add that many parents, dependent for a livelihood upon the wages of their children, were opposed to the act as any cotton “tyrant.” “But,” Tenney remarks, “If the receiver is as bad as the thief why should not the tempter (the mill owner) come in for his share of punishment.”

(March 21, 1940 pg 12)

Undoubtedly the motives for the French migration were economic. But the migration transcended economic limitations. These people like all uprooted peoples, sought to recreate as closely as they could the civilization they had left behind. Gradually the town grew conscious of the process. From time to time the “Telegraph” noted the arrival of frozen herring, the favorite French diet during Lent, the gaiety of French weddings—“On Monday morning as frequently happens there was a French wedding a part of the fun always being a ride, after the ceremony is over. Three sleighs driven abreast, as rapidly as livery horses can travel, were going down Federal street, the occupants being all in high glee”—and the funeral processions of distinguished dead headed by brass bands. For already there was a French band giving concerts and dances and a French club giving plays. On the whole few Frenchmen escaped the province of the mill. To be sure there was a French doctor, Doctor Pare, who had come as a young man to Kent’s Hill to learn English and had received his degree in medicine from the University of Michigan. There were only a few French-Canadians in trade for the

company store controlled the clientele they would logically have served and the initial capital was hard to accumulate. But their youngsters were entering the older stores as clerks; in time, after training and thrift, they became their owners and managers. Their forays into politics were humiliating unsuccessful.

The real nucleus of the new civilization was the institution, which aside from language, most set them apart from the Protestant community, the Catholic Church. Since this church had become essentially Irish in character the growth of Catholicism in Brunswick inevitably involved internal tensions. Fortunately the parish was led in the eighties by Father Gorman. His name was as Irish as Kelly but his collegiate and theological training had been in Canadian institutions. Young—he was in late twenties when he came here—handsome, charming, energetic, he successfully surmounted the divergencies of his congregation, preaching both in French and in English, importing a French-speaking priest for great festivals like Easter, and perhaps with the aid of his sister, arranging that at the week-long parish fair the Irish ladies would have an art booth, while the French ladies and the young French ladies sold other articles at different stands. In his pastorate the church ceased to be a hand-me-down denomination. He moved his congregation from the second-hand “Protestant Temple” they had occupied on Federal Street to an immense new edifice on Pleasant, though it still had an organ purchased from the Congregationalists; he acquired land for a cemetery and the reverend transfer of the dead from the town lot, where they had been buried, to consecrated soil began; he established a school in French; taught by “an accomplished scholar” of one of the teaching orders to supplant the French school which the Cabot mill had run ostensibly as an accommodation for the children in its French labor force and financed, it was suspected by increase rents collected from employees. In the mid-eighties he had 1400 parishioners, French and Irish alike, devoted to him.

The body of Dr. Pare on his untimely death at the age of 32 was carried back to Canada for burial. There was something symbolical for the whole French-Canadian community in this last journey. The question was always before them: were they to be a permanent part of the new community or were they simply on a sojourn in “les Etats Unis” to acquire the means to make a living endurable on their return to the old country. During the seventies and early eighties the Catholic Church and the Province of Quebec joined a vigorous campaign of repatriation, urging the exiles to return and promising them opportunities made ready in Quebec. To such appeals the answer of the Brunswick Community was not unanimous. On the one hand the French school was justified by the assertion that the children would never need English instruction since they would return to Canada with their parents. On the other hand it was clear that the majority had determined to remain. The “Telegraph” notes in 1885 that “French-Canadians are putting up several dwelling houses on land recently purchased in the northwestern part of the village and the way they put together a wooden building is something of a marvel.” A year earlier a group of French-Canadians met in town hall. “The question of naturalization was discussed, the question being should the French take out naturalization papers or remain foreigners. It was unanimously decided to naturalize...it was decided that all possible means of information should be resorted to gain political information.” Such decisions hardly endeared the French to the native Americans who had, formerly denounced them as aliens and complained because they sent money out of state. Now their competition and divergencies from type threatened to become permanent...C.C.

Everett might regard the situation with a patronizing detachment. He observed in his anniversary address that "It is very unpleasant early in a summer evening, to pass from the classic shades of the college to the lower end of town, which one finds oneself as if in another world. The bright faces and the lively jargon of the French create for the moment the illusion of being in some foreign land." Lesser breeds threw stones through the windows of French tenements and picked street quarrels. Undoubtedly the most scholarly summary of the native attitude was expressed by William Macdonald, then professor of history at Bowdoin. "As a class they are treated considerably in public because of their votes, disparaged in private because of general dislike, and sought by all for the work they do and the money they spend.

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That the village had reached maturity in the eighties was shown by the necessity of taking measures to protect the health of its inhabitants from disease and prevent the destruction of property by fire. Village life, like urban life, depended on water. As long as Brunswick was only a settled countryside the local problem seemed easy of solution. Although in dry times high winds carried dust typhoons the length of Maine street from the Congregational Church to the Androscoggin, Brunswick in reality was built in Tenney's phrase "over a lake." In most places only "a thin crust of land" overlaid the water level and in spots even it gave way to marshes and pools of stagnant water. McKeeen's swamp and peat bog lay south and west of the town, the area of Union street and south of Pleasant street was a moist lowland kept dry by drains or brooks that ran northward into the Androscoggin or flowed east to the Mall, emptied into a shallow pond, and finally made their way across Federal street into the immense march that lay near Jordan avenue. Every household found it a simple matter to run down a well, fifteen feet or more to the water under his property; and the town for fire protection had dug thirty huge cisterns, lined them with brick, and relied upon surface water or seepage from below to fill them. The business enterprises of the town first sensed the inadequacy of such arrangements. The Cabot mill installed its own pumps; the Dennisons pumped water from the river to their factory, in arrangement with the town placed a few hydrants along lower Maine street and extended the water pipe to the Town hall building; the Maine Central Railroad, which had once filled its tanks from a neighboring brook with the aid of a windmill, laid pipes to the river and installed a pumping apparatus. Some private houses, stores and offices had secured connections with these piecemeal systems.

No town sewerage system existed. Sink spouts flowed their discharge over the ground or where, with the occasional connivance of the selectmen, connected with the gutters in the streets or the brooks and drains that sluggishly moved to swamp or river. In some instances privies emptied into the last two channels. Short of a town system it was realized that cesspools should be constructed to catch these wastes. But they cost money and besides it was clearly recognized that the "fouling of wells" was hastened by their proximity. Seepage from surface drainage was slower, some thought it non-existent. People prayed for rain, not for their lawn's sake, but to flush the gutters and drains clear of odor and filth. In 1880 a man from the Middle Ages would have felt at home amidst the dirt and smells of Brunswick.

The situation had become intolerable. For a portion of the year the village was under mud and water. Cellars were flooded; streets were impassable quagmires, or else lagoons from which hapless teamsters, especially those under the influence of "Old

Tanglefoot,” were occasionally saved from drowning. In all seasons disease was at hand. Dysentery and diarrhea were epidemic; every summer doctors when pressed had to admit they were carrying ten or twenty typhoid cases in their lists; and other ailments—small pox, scarlet fever, and diphtheria—periodically ravaged the population. In 1886 pestilence reached a peak. The Village Improvement Society anticipated an outbreak of cholera, smallpox, raging in Quebec and Montreal was turned back only by the heroic effects of the recently appointed State Board of Health, and the compulsory vaccination of all employees in the Cabot mill; scarlet fever and typhoid claimed their usual quota of victims; and a diphtheria epidemic fastened itself upon the town. The first public announcement of its existence was the quiet statement of Father Gorman in May that since the first of the year he had buried more children than he had baptized; soon Dr. Pare was giving flaming figures; and editor Tenney swung into action with the demand that the owners of private tenements clean up the cesspools, privies and drains they had compelled their French tenants to accept. The sights along Mill street and Cove are “enough to make a Christian swear,” stormed Tenney. When the company proved obdurate and dilatory the “Telegraph” announced it had “shown a degree of brutality almost inconceivable in a civilized community.” The company imported three outside doctors who, after an examination of a few cases, diagnosed the disease as not diphtheria but “follicular tonsillitis”; the State Board of Health, after investigation, contradicted this opinion and supported Pare. Before the year ended Dr. Pare had had 152 cases of diphtheria with 19 deaths, 78 cases of typhoid with 11 deaths, and 16 fatal cases of diarrhea. The State Board of Health commented “Brunswick’s record for illness probably will not be equaled in New England.” Undoubtedly some shrugged the disaster aside; the calamity had fallen chiefly upon Frenchtown. Of such as these Tenney sarcastically inquired “If a French-Canadian had any rights which his Yankee brother is bound to protect.” But disease didn’t stay on Mill street. It entered the big houses along the Mall and even fraternities in college. Prospective students stayed away because of Brunswick’s reputation as a plague spot.

The remedy was clear to the discerning. Drainage pipes should be installed to lower the subsurface water level; a water system should introduce pure water into the village; and sewers should carry away the waste. But the problem was a staggering one. At the outset there was a question of expense. The town, already burdened with a debt of \$90,000, would have to expend \$100,000 alone to build a water system. Then there was human selfishness and inertia. Those with means could fetch or purchase water from Paradise Spring, one of the few springs outside ancient Greece ever specifically celebrated in a Phi Beta Kappa poem, whose water was endorsed by the college chemists and practically the entire faculty. Still others had wells driven through hard clay or rock to pure water. Still others were content with their wells they had used for sixty years, and what did it matter if they analyzed forty to sixty grams of organic or inorganic matters per gallon. Tenney thus addressed them: “I would rather drink whiskey, for a man can well count upon the form of disease which may attack him from an indiscriminant use of whiskey, while heaven can only tell of what he may die of if he uses filth well water.” There was truth in the latter part of this utterance. For one of the great barriers to improvement were the rudimentary and inchoate notions about contagion. Pasteur had in 1878 definitively announced that infections and contagious diseases were propagated by micro-organisms—bacteria and seven years later the first annual report of the State Board

of Health summarized admirably the modern knowledge of contagion. Naturally those radical scientific ideas were hardly the stock in trade of the average Brunswickian, but it is surprising to find Tenney, always alert to scientific advance and the constant companion of the teachers in the Maine Medical School, writing a strange confusion on the subject. He advanced at the same time the theory that disease was due to germs in the excreta of the sick and that it might be caused by rotting vegetables in the cellar and the "peculiar tone of the atmosphere." Perplexed by the tug of interests and theories the words of an early nineteenth century ballad certainly applied:

Brunswick like mackerel in the spring
Knew not which way to run.

May 9, 1940 p. 12

When the project to introduce water into town ran into difficulties it was natural that the citizens should resort first to the cheapest task, that of under-drainage. After the proper engineering studies a network of tile drains was laid under the area of the other side of the track. For a while the scoffers rode high, but the next spring cellars were drier, road surfaces harder, and the areas of damp malarial ground greatly diminished. In spite of these gains the situation was only the more complicated. Surface drains and streams were now more clogged and noisesome than ever; in well after well water disappeared while disgruntled owners chased after it with deeper excavations, and the cisterns for the fire department went dry. Once a house caught fire it was doomed. The hand tubs would throw a brief spray on the conflagration and in the next issue of the **Telegraph** the owners might insert a card worded like that of the Bryants, whose home on Federal Street was completely consumed. "Mr. and Mrs. L.H. Bryant extend their thanks to the Fire Department and the citizens of this town for their earnest and sympathetic endeavors to save their home from the late fire on Federal Street." In his next annual report the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department made the sage observation. "The fire department is useless without water."

Four years earlier some enterprising capitalists in Brunswick and other places had obtained from the legislature a charter for the Pejepscot Water Company, authorizing them in Brunswick, Topsham and Bath "to provide, from the Androscoggin River, pure water for domestic and municipal purposes, including the extinguishment of fires." Many, including the editor of the **Telegraph**, detected an incompatibility between the objectives sought, "pure water" and the means chosen, "the Androscoggin River," for the notion was now dead. Tenney assured his readers that running water purified itself and that in the instance at hand the contamination from Lewiston and Lisbon had disappeared by the time the river reached Brunswick. But the mid-eighties the town was more interested in "the great boon of a full water supply" than in its purity, and many were hopeful that half a loaf might yet prove a whole one. The annual town meeting voted to pay the company \$2,000 a year in return for a stated number of hydrants and drinking fountains. Gangs of French-Canadians began digging trench, pipe was laid, the standpipe rose, ring on ring, on Standpipe Hill, and a pumping station was built at the edge of the river above the upper dam and supplied with filters to remove the visible debris from the stream. By the autumn of 1886 the water was turned into the mains; from the hydrants streams were shot high into the air; the fireman's muster at the end of September had plenty of water for its playing contest; and more private households than had been expected sought connections at the base rate of \$8 a family, with an additional \$5 for a

stable. The following year the Telegraph chronicled the arrival of typhoid and dysentery attacks at an unusually early date. For years the Pejepscot Water Company or its successors sought other sources of supply; no adequate response to the quest came in Brunswick's Golden Age.

Eventually the influx of water compelled the abandonment of Brunswick's primitive sewerage arrangements. This last step was, however, retarded, as so many other betterments had been, by the question of expense; and the question of expense was entangled with the unwillingness of the town as a whole to finance improvements which apparently benefited the village alone. It was an old quarrel and led on occasion to efforts to separate the town from the village and incorporate the latter into a city. These proposals always collapsed for though the rural districts looked with suspicion on expenditures for village schools, water supply, and fire department, they did not wish to sacrifice the bulk of taxes that maintained the country roads. But to meet this latest emergency, that of sewerage disposal, the village had to become of political age. A charter for a village corporation to comprise all the territory within one mile of the town hall was introduced into the legislature and was to go into effect when accepted by two-thirds of the town's voters. At first rejected, the Brunswickians finally braced themselves to ratify it. A provision of the charter authorized the corporation to issue its bonds "for the construction and maintenance of sewers and drains." And at a corporation meeting in 1894 the first appropriations were voted. Within three years the sewer committee had spent approximately \$88,000, laid nearly nine miles of pipe, and confessed "not so many house connections have been made as could be wished...but the time will come when joining it will be thought quite as desirable as having glass in the windows, or chimneys for the fireplaces."

July 4, 1940 pg. 10

As the village came into its own, its physical appearance altered. In the outskirts they were dumping "tin cans, boots, hats, and whatnots" and cutting down trees along many a woodland drive but inside the village they were building fine new residences. Their irregular and sometimes archly disposed windows and decorative woodwork were enthusiastically admired "as a change from the everlasting style of wooden houses common all over New England, more especially in country villages." The conventional paint, white woodwork and green blinds gave way to colorful combinations of orange, brick red, and olive-green. Wealthy owners of the old houses began their modernization, installing steam heat and electric lights, altering the exterior with bay windows, so that the insiders could see up and down the street, and replacing the fine interior woodwork and old dados with walnut trim, cherry doors, panels of whitewood, some with dark and mottled centers. Ceilings were frescoed in colors to match the wall paper borders. Ever in death there was a new elegance. One of the local undertakers "has purchased a new hearse, built after the style used in large cities, rich in its appointments and tasteful withal. This hearse is certainly an improvement over the one owned by the town and we have not doubt Mr. Toothaker will find a liberal patronage for it."

The streets took on a new urbanity. Brick walls and curbings were extended along Maine Street, granite street crossings were laid, electricity substituted for the old oil and gas street lamps. The station grounds were graded and seeded; householders threw down their white fences when Tenney's campaign against pasturing cows on streets finally bore fruit, and began mowing their lawns instead of haying them twice a year. The Village

Improvement Society, with recurrent pleas for membership funds, inaugurated a campaign to beautify the Mall. On the lower Mall the pond, now a stinking nuisance, and the drains were filled in and grassed; the young trees, large enough to case a shad, were trimmed; and the whole was surrounded by a painted white fence. Later the upper Mall was laid off, planted and partially enclosed. And all the while, valiant efforts were made to solve the problem of the triangle on the hill. It was curbed at a cost of \$200, but for years the stone surrounded a gaping, empty cistern. Finally, even this was filled in and grassed. "It now waits the benevolence of some wealthy person interested in the good old town to plant upon it some ornamental work," concluded Tenney.

And then as a final expression of civic pride the new town hall was built to replace the one, "a Yankee barn, built of brick, after a model of a Grecian temple," which had burnt twenty years before. Campaign after campaign for the new building had frittered away upon the rocks of economy or better uses for the town money. Now there was not staying an aroused citizenry. A town meeting swept aside opposition and voted the necessary funds; houses on the town lot were whisked away and trundled about the streets to their new sites—all with celerity; and masons and carpenters went to work to embody in solid form the vision of architect Fassett of Portland. "The Town Hall Congress", observed Tenney, "assembles promptly every morning at seven o'clock on the sidewalk, and many remain in session all night, for aught we can say, as when we go home to tea and leaves the debaters hard at it, discussion various points of the construction." At last in June 1884 the building was done. From the beginning it was hoped it would be more than a mere structure to house the post office, the town offices, the jail, the municipal court, and the Grand Army of the Republic. An elegant room with marble mantle pieces was to contain the new public library. The large tastefully decorated auditorium was to refine the rough humors of the town meeting and the stage, with its six new and realistic sets of scenery, was equipped to give a proper setting to concerts and "to present in the best manner the ordinary dramas of the day." Thus the building in the words of the Hon. Charles Gilman was to be an "educator" and "ornament to the town," and a "superb expression of the wealth, progress, and public spirit of the citizens of Brunswick." Viewed from the exterior Tenney regretted that "the south front, exceedingly picturesque, is not as open to view as the Maine Street front." But his doubts disappeared when the interior was reached. Downstairs were the memorial tablets to the soldiers of the Civil War, "of mixed marble," striking yet "in perfect harmony." Upstairs one passed through the vestibule "painted in Pompeian style, with bands" into the auditorium, its balcony sweeping in graceful curves, and the whole lit by huge gas chandeliers and decorated with frescoed ceilings and walls "tinted in old gold, with a frieze on the top of the Persian order, of the 16th century, from designs taken from the Art Museum in London. The frieze on the bottom of the wall above the dado is of the Persian order, of the 6th century. The Proscenium in design and decoration is of Romanesque with borders and spandrel ornaments of the 9th century, taken from the Library of Paris." Since all times and countries seem to have been gathered to pay homage to Brunswick, "the largest town in Maine." It seemed suitable that the opening of the hall should be a prolonged civic festival. That June week began with a dedication ceremony on Monday night, a round of speeches, heard as well as acoustic properties would permit by fourteen hundred people; the next day a "charming" concert for the benefit of the public library; Wednesday saw a band concert by Given's Band discoursing "music far above the

average of ordinary bands;” and then two day of fair given by the ladies auxiliary of the Grand Army of the Republic. In response to public opinion and \$35.00 contributed by two Brunswickians, the ladies sold no chances in the new hall—it was far to sacred for that.

Looking back a few years later, after the sound of self-congratulatory speeches had died away, Charlotte Mellen Packard, a shrewd spinster of unimpeachable social position reflected, “once our fine building which roofs the post office and town library, besides the large hall and various private offices, was food for mighty wrangling; while the handsome High School building is yet the nightmare of the parsimonious. Providence gives some men the courage of their convictions, however unpopular, and to its honest, fighting, progressive citizens every town is beholden. Brunswick is proud of its solid citizens, now, as always; ready to lead the van of improvement. If a somewhat lengthy procession follows in the rear the conservative habit of the rural mind is not always stupid: the tardy assent is often worth waiting for.” Let this serve as a reticent, tactful, epitaph for the generation which built Brunswick’s Golden Age.

John Gatchell Reviews Tale of Phantom Ship

Of Harpswell

By John Gatchell

Brunswick Record

August 13, 1943

Not long ago in looking over Whittier’s poems I came to a poem of the dead ship of Harpswell, and there came to mind the lines of his poem “Raphael”.

“Around it still the soul shall call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And painted on the eternal wall,
The past shall reappear.”

A shadow fell across my childish mind when I was about 8 years old when a man from Orr’s Island stopped and told Grandfather about the death of someone—how a member of his family had seen the dead ship of Harpswell come in the night his loved one died—and it filled me with a terror of something I could not understand.

The story was this. A man had gone out with his dory to pull his trawl or lobster traps and a Northwest squall had driven him out toward the open seas on the ebb tide. The tide soon turned and the wind died out, but he had been driven so far that it meant a hard pull for him to get home.

As he rowed toward land, he faced the open sea, but night was falling and the lighthouse had turned on their various lights. He rested his tired muscles, turned his head and looked toward home. It seemed impossible to force his tired arms to gain port.

He turned again to his task, but soon his eye, as it scanned the expanse of water, saw a sail rising above the horizon and he soon noticed that although the ship was coming against a head-wind its sails were full set. It came with unusual speed under those conditions. Then, suddenly, he realized that this was the dead ship of Harpswell.

Fear now gave new strength to his arms. His weariness vanished. He pulled hard and soon reached the home landing. Darkness of night had swallowed up the phantom ship.

He hurried home to find some of his neighbors there. His loved one had been worse that day during ebb tide but had felt better on the flood. Fear gripped his heart. Would the loved one go out with the turn of the tide? Had the dead ship come for him?

In spite of his fatigue the fisherman watched by the bedside of the sick one, but when the small hours of night came and the tide turned, a gradual sinking came over the one on the bed and he passed out on the ebbing tide.

It may have been a passing the same as Hood describes in one of his poems:

“We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

Our very fears belied our thoughts,
Our thoughts our fear belied
We thought her dying while she slept,
And sleeping when she died.”

The story of the phantom ship was already an old story to me. I had been told that a Freeport man had built a ship without properly ironing and fastening it, and how she had gone to sea and was never seen again. But this story of the passing soul fixed itself strongly in my mind. I had heard my grandmother tell how she had gone, with others, to Freeport and listened at the grave and heard the builder of the ship drowning continuously because he could not find rest in his grave.

Fate had decreed that I should learn more about this strange episode in the history of New England. One hot summer day, four or five years after the incident that starts this story happened, when intense heat was rising from the ground like glittering diamonds, a bent and wrinkled old woman came to visit my grandmother. In the funniest, drollest, squeakiest voice I have ever heard, she told us this strange story about the dead ship.

It was a wonder that she held together to be launched, but she did. Her bottom was hid under water when he sold her to Portland parties, and she was taken to Portland and rigged. A captain and crew were put aboard, and she sailed out of Portland harbor.

After passing Portland light, she was never seen again.

The owners learned, after a time, how the ship had been built, and threatened to bring a lawsuit to get their money back. The old man's neighbors were mostly seafaring men and they despised him for his perfidy. To torture him, they began to tell him that the friends and relatives of the ones that went down with that ship were coming to tar and feather him. They said that the ones who returned would make the tar good and hot, and that after they had ridden him on rail they would cut a finger from the old man as a memorial to each of those whose deaths he had caused. They also made many other absurd threats.

The old man was frightened and did not dare leave his house. Soon he realized he was going to die and made his folks promise to bury him in his own dooryard. When he died this was done, but after a few months strange gurglings in his grave drew people

from long distances. They were shut out, but they kept coming so his folk had him removed to a graveyard.

When the pine coffin was reached, the earth was found to be water-soaked, and, the coffin also. As they worked water suddenly rushed into the grave and drove them out. As the water came in, bubbles began to come up around the coffin. Then, as they looked, the water began to settle away. They got the coffin out and watched the water come and go for a time. Then they filled the grave.

Those that dug the grave had tapped the vein of the intermittent spring. And thus the story of the man, who could not rest in his grave, was explained.

John Coffin of Gurnet Meets Up With Big Whale Last Sunday

Brunswick Record

August 4, 1932

The romance and glamour of the old-time whalers who went out in oaken boats with a song and a flinch-bar may be all right, but if you ask John T. Coffin of Gurnet Bridge what he thinks of whaling from a 24 foot open boat, he'll say something like this:

"I'd like it fine, stranger, if it was in a dream and I was snug in bed, but it ain't what you'd call such a pleasant sport, and you wouldn't think so either if you had been with me last Sunday. A whale's a leetle too much of a junk of meat to kill all to once, and I'd be afraid some of it would spile before we got it all et up."

For John, fisherman, clammer, lobster-man, and genial citizen of the water front, was somewhat embarrassed last Sunday when he had bunch of visitors out in his boat down Jacques way, and suddenly looked up from his work to observe a ripping, snorting, booming, belching, and blowing whale about 40 feet long leap out of the bounding billows all a-quiver and head for the boat which John and his five companions, two of them ladies, were erstwhile peacefully fishing for placid cod, the ravenous mackerel, and eke the twittering bluefish.

John, as he tells the story, was sitting in the bottom of the boat shelling bait. He was calmly listening to the chatter of his charges, thinking about his income tax, and otherwise paying no attention at all to what was going on.

As he sat there ruminating to himself thus and so, he heard one of the men say something about a big black fish off on the water. John didn't think anything out of the way in connection with this remark, other than it was probably a black fish, or maybe a horse fish, and that it would disappear in a minute. Thinking thus, Mr. Coffin continued to shell bait.

Briefly, another remark was about "that big fish there, see him play?" and John let it go as merely a city-feller's remark about one of the everyday occurrences at sea, and kept on a-shelling.

But it was only a minute or two until John heard a noise that took him just as if everyone on the boat had blown their noses at once, and as if everyone had about ten noses to toot.

John stood up so quickly that his lap hardly had time to fold in, and he spilled his bait. He glanced to lee. He glanced a-weather. There off about fifty yards was a whale, the biggest fellow John ever say, and he had seen several of them in his day. As the whale

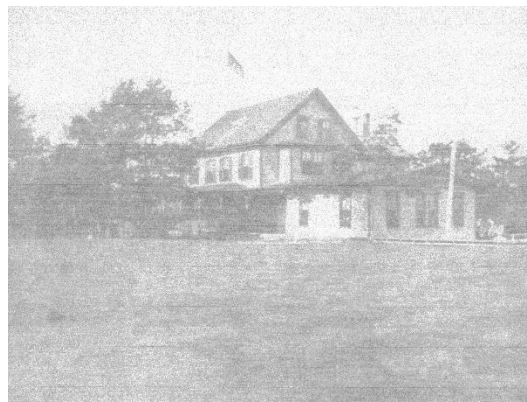
lifted himself out of the water and spouted, the noise carried on the wind so that it sounded like an engine breaking a safety-valve. And when he settled down beneath the waves again he left a big boiling patch about the size of an acre of potatoes. When next he appeared he was closer to the boat. "So close," says John, "that we could have tossed biscuits into him. He was a dirty, grayish-black bigger than any living thing I ever saw, and he'd have liked mightily to rub his dirty back against the bottom of our boat."

"I started the engine," continues John, "and we went about 200 yards when up came the whale almost under us. We could almost feel the spray as he blew. But he wasn't the only thing that was blowing, we blew right along out of there as fast as my old engine could turn over, which wasn't anywhere near fast enough."

John says that no submarine, at full speed with the rudders clamped down hard, could go below any faster than that whale, and he says the animal would traverse 200 feet between appearances, with unbelievable speed.

But Mr. Whale soon disappeared, and although he was reported by other fishermen soon afterward, he has not been seen lately, and John is beginning to get his courage back to the point where he can go down below High Head without getting all goose pimples.

The scene of this exciting adventure was about halfway between Small Point and Half Way Rock lighthouse, not a great way down from the lower end of Bailey Island. It is the first whale that John has seen in the bay for about five years, and the biggest he ever saw, besides being the only one with whom he has had personal contact. "No, sir," he repeated as he ducked his last basket of clams in the water to wash them, and the interview at his Gurnet Bridge shop was closed, "It's a junk too much meat to kill all at once. I'd hate to have it in the ice box, and have it spile on me, wouldn't you?"



Jake Conant Was Old Time Dinner Host At New Meadows

January 10, 1935

In 1880 Mr. and Mrs. Jacob J. Conant, known to many friends as "Jake and Emma", opened the old colonial house on the Adams farm for shore dinners. Situated on the western side of the New Meadows River about a mile north of Harding Station, this picturesque place is associated with many happy memories by residents of Brunswick as well as a host of people from other states. Emma died sometime ago, Jake died January 4 at South Portland.

All the year around there was something delightfully entertaining at “Jakes”. The youth of the early nineties in Brunswick, as well as the older generations, had enjoyable parties in the old Adams house. Many a fascinating picture has been hung on memories’ walls of those Winter rides in the moonlight with sleigh bells ringing and in the starlight nights of spring and summer time, or in the golden splendor of the fall.

Some of the pleasant events of those early days were recently recalled by the writer who had an opportunity to call on Jake Conant at the home of H.L. Powlesland, 20 Pine street, South Portland. This was but a few days before he died.

Jacob J. Conant was born Jan. 30, 1851 in Brunswick. When nine years old he went to Freeport and worked on a farm, returning several years later to the College Town where he was employed in Edward Toothaker’s grocery store. A year later John went to Lowell, Mass., and engaged in painting and carpentry work. In 1878 he married Mrs. Emma Marsh. In 1879 he and his wife came back to Maine, and the following year took charge of the Adams Farm which had been recently purchased by Hon. E. B. Nealley of Bangor.

Mr. and Mrs. Conant became extremely popular and their delicious shore dinners were famous. Mrs. Conant was a woman of beautiful character. The latch string at their home was always out. No one came to the door and went away hungry. Jake’s originality and sense of humor has lightened many a heart. He was a direct descendant of the Conant family of Massachusetts who were prominent in the early history of New England. He was a member of the Pejepscot lodge of Odd Fellows in Brunswick.

In 1883 Mr. and Mrs. Conant passed the winter in Seattle, Wash., and in 1885 they went to Los Angeles, Cal., for the winter. In 1893 Mr. and Mrs. Conant purchased a farm at Hardings Station where they served shore dinners. In 1900 they took charge of Robert Perry’s camp at Phillipston, Mass. In 1910 Mr. Conant began duty at the New Meadows Inn with Hon. Charles H. Cahill and worked there each summer until 19332 when he went to South Portland to make his home.

Early in the year 1881 a group of Brunswick young men formed the Dandelion Club and met at Jake’s at six o’clock in the morning for breakfast.



The Brunswick Dandelion Club at Jake’s

One of the important events in Jake’s career at the Adams house was the organization of the Brunswick Fur Club. For several years the members of this Club passed a month or two during the winter season with Jack and Emma and enjoyed fox hunting on snow shoes. Included in the membership of the Brunswick Fur Club were Will Stetson, Med Snow, Capt. Ed Nickerson, Fred Wilson and Henry Stetson of Brunswick; Lyman O. Dennison of North Conway; Horace Burkman and Allen McDonald of Rockland; Charles Greenleaf of Bath; John Witcomb, Luman Conant and

W.B. Stone of Waltham; Henry Newell of Ashburnham, Mass.; and Asa Jacobs of Worcester, Mass.

On one occasion they had a hunters' ball when the large dining room was adorned with trophies of the chase. Fifty fox hounds were brought in on leash to take part in the grand opening march. The fox hounds included L.O. Dennison's "Ben Butler" and Rob Perry's "Jack of Diamonds". Among the members of the Brunswick Fur Club were hunters with a national reputation. For two years L.O. Dennison was the champion rifle shot of the United States, make a record of 93 out of a possible 100 at 200 yards, off hand shooting. On one occasion, Ed Toothaker, crack wing shot, bagged 22 partridge out of a flock in a grain field, shooting over his well trained pointed. Will Perry was the champion clay pigeon shot of the United States and went to England with his winning team. His brother, Rob Perry, was a sportsman of exceptional hunting trips for grizzly bears in the Rocky Mountains, he gave a banquet to his friends with Jake and Emma in charge.

While on the Adams farm Jake did an extensive farming business, selling products in Bath and Brunswick.

Following the death of Mrs. Conant Jake continued his duties at New Meadows Inn, which is so pleasantly known to many who have enjoyed shore dinners at this attractive resort on the New Meadows River.

Funeral services were held here Monday at the Stetson funeral home with the Rev. Sheldon Christian officiating. Burial was in the Pine Grove Cemetery.

It Cost Pyam Prince 25 Cents To Mail A Letter 117 Years Ago

Brunswick Record
March 27, 1947
By William Wheeler

I have just had the privilege of reading, in the original handwriting, a letter indited 177 years ago. The paper was handmade, with the genuine deckle-edge resulting from that method of manufacture. It is today somewhat yellowed by age, and the ink has faded, but the entire letter is clearly legible.

No envelopes were employed for letters in that day, but the sheet was folded, fastened with sealing wax, and addressed on the outside. Neither were postage stamps used—possibly they had not then been conceived—and the cost of postage was written in ink in the location where today we place our stamp. Generally letters were sent "collect" and unless the fee was paid, the postmaster refused delivery.

Postage rates varied according to distance. A letter from Brunswick to Boston cost 12 ½ cents; to New York 17 ¾ cents, and for a distance of more than 500 miles, the fee was 25 cents. The latter was the charge paid by the recipient of the missive about which I am writing.

Mailed From Washington

It was dated Wilmington, N.C. January 7, 1830, and was written by Pyam—yes, that's right, Pyam Prince—to his wife in Brunswick. Pyam Prince was a seafaring man, at that time on the brig Maine, under Captain Eaton. I am unable to locate the name of a

Captain Eaton in any list of Brunswick master mariners and from the fact that Prince speaks of him as a “stranger”, it would appear that his home was elsewhere, possibly in Bath.

Records show a brig named Maine, Captain Sylvester, as operating regularly between Brunswick and Boston in 1820; and it seems probable that this was the same vessel which, at the time the letter was written, was in the West Indies trade. It seems strange to us today to read of cargo vessels docking at Brunswick; but it is a well substantiated fact that in the early 1800’s fairly large craft could navigate the river as far as the Brunswick falls.

Pyam’s Letter

Pyam Prince’s letter carries the salutation: “Dearly beloved and ever respectful wife” and is signed “I remain as I hope I always shall your Affectionate and loving Husband, Pyam Prince.” The handwriting is in the olden style, and in all probability was done with a quill pen. Much of the contents is of an intimately personal nature and may not be quoted here, but certain passages are of general interest.

Urging his wife to write, Prince says: “We are loaded and shall go down river tomorrow, but if your letter arrives in the course of a few days it will be taken our and carried to the West Indies where I hope to receive it. We are bound for Martinico, and from there we expect to return to this place and take freight for New York or Boston and then to Bath where I expect to arrive about the 20th of April if I should live and nothing in Providence prevents.”

Hoped To Return

Whether or not this proved to be his last voyage does not appear, but it is evident that he so desired. “I should like,” he writes, “to return and find you alive and well to remain at home with you, for the more I go to sea the less I like it, not because I am not used as well with strangers as with acquaintances and better but because I think if we was so minded we might live together in peace and not be continually haunted with that anxiety which we feel for each other while I am away.”

Prince’s stay in Wilmington could not have been especially entertaining for he writes: “I have spent the nights alone since I have been here for Capt. Eaton has not spent one on board.” This would appear to indicate that Prince was first mate of the brig, and in charge during the master’s absence.

Now, just how did that letter reach Brunswick? It was long before the advent of railroads, of course, and it is probably that it traveled the entire distance from Wilmington to Brunswick by stage coach. How long it took, and when it arrived at its destination, we can’t tell; but we do know that on its arrival in Brunswick it was handled by Postmaster Joseph McLellan, whose office was on Maine Street near the foot of the Mall.

First Mail Route

The first mail route from Boston to Brunswick was established shortly after the Revolutionary War. From Portland to Brunswick and Bath, the mail was transported by Richard Kimball, on foot, and its volume was so small that he had no difficulty I carrying all the mail for the two towns in his coat pockets! This service was rendered once a fortnight, it was not until about 1800 that a weekly mail was dispatched. By 1803 there were three mails a week, each requiring three days time to be transported from Boston to Brunswick. According to the Farmers’ Almanac for 1810, it was in that year that the first daily mail was established.

Brunswick's first post office was authorized in 1793, with Deacon Andrew Dunning as postmaster. The office was in the good Deacon's home of Maine Street, near Nobel Street; and mail was kept in a desk in a corner of a room, where citizens could look it over at their leisure and take whatever was intended for them. It is possible that a sort of unofficial delivery service was in effect; if a man found a letter for his neighbor he probably took it along with his own and delivered it.

Post Office Moves

Following the death of Deacon Dunning, his son, Robert, was made postmaster, and moved the office to the corner of Maine and Dunlap Streets. In 1824, under Joseph McKeen, the office was on Mill Street, then moved to the corner of Maine and Mason Streets, and in 1827 was located on Maine Street opposite the Mall, where Pyam Prince's letter was delivered upon the payment of 25 cents. There were several other removals until 1871 when the office was established about where the Town Building is now.

One of the early postmasters was Theodore S. McLellan, one of Brunswick's prominent and highly respected citizens. He served two terms: 1840 to 1842 and 1843 to 1849. Another prominent Brunswick man to serve in this capacity was Albert G. Tenney, editor of the Brunswick Telegraph, who was postmaster for only 8 months in 1866-7. Benjamin Dennison, of the Box-shop Dennisons, served from 1861 to 1866.

James W. Crawford

The first postmaster of whom I have personal recollection was James W. Crawford, who was appointed in 1880 and held the office for four years. He was a tall man, wearing a full beard, as was the custom of the time; he lived, on Spring Street. James Crawford was a man of many attainments; he was an artist of considerable ability, a surveyor, and a draftsman. Unless I am mistaken, his wife was a sister of John Winchell. His son, also James, was one of my particular crowd, and a prominent member of the old Brunswick Dramatic Association. I shall never forget his impersonation of rural characters. We thought him equal if not superior to Denman Thompson.

Following Crawford was Charles E. Townsend, who served to separate terms, from 1884 to 1887 and from 1891 to 1896. Townsend was one of Brunswick's political leaders, an ardent Republican and a strong party worker. He, too, was a man of many activities. He ran a grocery store on the hill, near Cleaveland Street; he had a carriage depository back of the present location of the Town building; was at one time engaged in the lumber business and held, at various periods, the office of Town Agent, Chief of the Fire Department, President of the Sagadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural Society, President of the Board of Trade, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, Chairman of the Republican Town Committee. At the time when an attempt was made to obtain a city charter for Brunswick, he was considered a candidate for the first Mayor.

Between the two terms of Townsend, William B. Woodward was postmaster. He was a railroad man, employed by Maine Central in the baggage room of the Brunswick station. It is my recollection that he returned to his former occupation after his term in the post office and remained there until succeeded by the late Joseph Dolan.

William M. Pennell

Following Townsend's second term, William M. Pennell became postmaster in 1896. Pennell was as strong a Democrat as Townsend was Republican, and he was the spark-plug of the organization in Brunswick. He conducted a real estate and insurance business, organizing the Brunswick Loan and Building Association of which he was

Secretary, and was interested in several business ventures. He was later elected Sheriff of Cumberland County and moved to Portland where he still resides and is active in business at the age of 90.

The Republicans won again in 1900 and once more Charles Townsend took over the postmastership. He was followed in 1904 by Co. George L. Thompson, owner of Boardman Dry Goods Store, which was located where Senter's is now. Thompson held the office for a longer period than any of his predecessors—a 12 year incumbent from 1904 to 1916.

Isaiah G. Elder

Another railroad man, Isaiah G. Elder, was appointed in 1916 and held office until 1924. Elder was for many years the Maine Central's freight agent at Brunswick in which capacity he followed Watson B. Drew, later car accountant for the railroad, and Leonard Townsend, who afterward became Judge of the Municipal Court.

Lawrence A. Brown took office in 1924, continuing until 1933. He is now Treasurer of the Brunswick Savings Institution and has served as chairman of the Board of Selectmen.

George W. Leonard was appointed postmaster in 1933. He was a "career man" in the Post Office Department, having been a clerk in the local office prior to his appointment. His father was an employee of the Maine Central Railroad. Laval R. Lebel, the present incumbent, took office at the expiration of Leonard's term in 1942. He has served as Brunswick's Representative to the Maine Legislature, and prior to his appointment was connected with the United States Internal Revenue Office in Bath.

A Few Changes

There have been a few changes since Pyam Prince wrote his "ever respected wife" back in 1830. The letter for which she paid 25 cents would travel today for three and that's something more than a difference of 25 cents. A quarter of a dollar was real money in that day; it was one fourth of an average day's wage. Being carried by horse-drawn stages, the letter was doubtless weeks on its journey. Today a letter mailed in Boston in the morning may be delivered by a uniformed carrier to the Brunswick addressee in the afternoon. Instead of a desk in a corner of a room in a dwelling house, Brunswick has today a handsome post office edifice of which the town may well be proud.

Let us hope that mariner Pyam Prince got his wish that the brig Maine landed him safely in Bath; that he found his wife "alive and well"; and that they lived together in peace in their Brunswick home.

Interesting History Of The First Twenty Years of Topsham Fair Brunswick Record April 11, 1935

When the late Lyman E. Smith who served the Sagadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural society for 25 years, from 1878 to 1913, on the executive committee and as secretary and treasurer, retired from office, he presented Edwin C. Patten of Topsham who is now secretary of the organization,--and who has in his turn been in office for 23 years serving two terms as President,--with a collection of Schedules of Premium books dating from the first Fair in 1855, and other papers relative to the history of the Association from its beginning in 1854.

One interested could spend many hours reading and comparing the schedules with those of today. Perhaps a short resume of the facts regarding the incorporating of the Society in 1854, its location and purchase of land up to the year 1875, a period of twenty years will be of interest to some Record Readers.

The list of articles for which premiums were given in the Hall Exhibit and on the Grounds has changed greatly progressing with the times. A comparison of the modern commodities advertised in today's schedule in the back of the programs with those of 60 years also ago give a fairly accurate history of the change in the social life of our community.

The Society was incorporated under the above title and approved by the Governor, Hon. William G. Crosby, on April 14, 1854, and comprised the entire County of Sagadahoc and the towns of Brunswick and Harpswell in Cumberland County. The first meeting was held in Bath City Hall July 1, 1854. Hon B.C. Bailey called the meeting to order and Alden Winter was appointed first Chairman, and Sewall Watson, Clerk. A code of by-laws was adopted and permanent officers elected.

At the next meeting in August, a large number of names were added to the Association and it was voted to hold a fair in the autumn of 1854, but because some of the principal officers refused to serve, no fair was held. Few citizens took an active interest in the Society, and the place to hold it was a matter of great controversy. The majority of people thought Sagadahoc County no place for an agricultural fair as the interests were mostly commercial. Except for much earnest discussion no action was taken until the annual meeting January 17, 1855 in Bath.

The receipts for membership for the first year were \$28; and expenses for the year wee \$26.50.

At that time a life membership fee was \$8.00 and annual membership \$1.00. At this meeting, only after much urgent solicitation, Francis T. Purington of Topsham reluctantly consented and was unanimously chosen President. Though not nominally, yet in reality he was the first president of the Society. He proved to be the right man in the right place, for the Association became firmly established under his guidance and well on the road to success. To his forethought and influence the Society is indebted for its ample grounds and large exhibition building.

The first exhibition was held in the old Town House, Topsham, in the autumn of 1855. This building was located between what is now the Topsham Grammar

schoolhouse and the foot of the hill in front of the residence of Arthur Beal. The fair was a marked success. The people were generally surprised at so much success. The exhibition of cattle on the grounds, held on the side hill and not even fenced in, and the exhibition in the hall were good. Reverend A.D. Wheeler of Topsham gave an address which was heard with interest. This was the first address made to the Society. Admission to the Hall exhibits was 10 cents.

Receipts at the Fair were \$516.56; and expenses were \$206.08.

Mr. Patten has in his possession the first printed notice of this Fair entitled "Cattle Show and Fair" dated 1855. Judging committees were appointed for the following departments: On Farms, improvement of land, manures, etc., On Hay, On Grain, and Other Crops, On Field Crops of Roots and Vegetables, On Garden Crops of Roots and Vegetables, On Working Oxen, On Town Teams of Oxen, On Bulls, On Town Teams of Steers, On Steers, On Fat Cattle, On Cows, On Heifers, On Horses, On Sheep, On Swine, On Ploughing and Spading, On Agricultural Implements, On Fruits and Flowers, On Dairy Products, On Bread, On Honey, On Domestic Manufacturers, On Wool, On Hard and Wooden Ware, On Leather, Boots and Shoes and Carriages, On Fowls, On Arrangements, On Fish, On Flax, On Fine Arts. In cases where a man and his wife were on a committee, they were addressed as Rev. A.D. Wheeler and Lady, William Frost and Lady, or Charles J. Gilman and Lady instead of Mr. and Mrs. A note at the bottom states that "stock entered for exhibition will be provided with hay on the grounds free of expenses." Also that the "Annual address will be delivered on Thursday at 11 o'clock A.M. in the Congregational Meeting House (now the Town Hall) and the Society will meet at the same place at 2 o'clock P.M. to hear the reports of committees and transact all other business." Signed Sam'l F. Dike, Chairman of Committees. In a later list of premiums prizes were offered for the best barrel of cider. In listing the kind of poultry it states for "Best pen of 10 fowl and a Crower."

In 1856 the committee which had been appointed to consider the place where the future exhibitions of the Society should be held reported that they had selected Topsham as the place where the grounds should be procured and suitable buildings erected for future exhibitions. During the summer most of the ground owned by the Fair Association up to 1874 was purchased of A.B. Purington and Mrs. Jane P. Frost, also leased of Samuel Thompson and James Purington, and a contract made with A.D. Perkins & Co. to erect a building at the cost of \$2500. The work was done by Elben Colby for the sum of \$500. The fence around the grounds was built and a one third mile track made. A large amount of labor including the grading of the road up the hill was done chiefly by the gratuitous labor and contributions of citizens of Topsham, Bowdoin, Bowdoinham, Brunswick and Harpswell, Bath and West Bath. In 1863 more land was purchased from Mrs. Susan B. Purington and new fences were built to include it. In 1864 under the President Solon White a one half mile track was built, in part from contributions in money and labor of the members and friends.

The Society went through years of fair prosperity, but with acquiring new land and building the dining hall, fences, and many additions to the general property, they became somewhat heavily in debt until the year 1871 saw the debt wiped out and a balance of \$383.05 in the treasury. The membership this year was increased to \$12.00 instead of \$8.00 and the price of a single ticket to 25 cents. These changes were made

during the regime of Wildes P. Walker as President. The dining hall was also built at the cost of \$800.

In 1873 A.G. Poland of Brunswick, was elected President. During this year water was supplied by a well 19 feet deep, 8 feet in diameter at the bottom, holding this size 8 feet up, then inclining into 4 feet at the top. Its cost was \$115 by contract, including a pump and the troughs. A stable was erected on the grounds, 50 feet long and 12 feet wide at a cost of \$220.57. The Society had begun to form a library from that portion of the funds received from the State which was appropriated to farmers' clubs, and it was hoped that the sum of \$50, at least, would be annually appropriated from the revenue of the Society to increase the library until it should contain the most reliable works in the several departments of Agriculture.

The total cost of the property up to the year 1874 was \$4481.89.

The following is the list of Presidents up to the year 1874: Charles Davenport, Bath, 1854; Francis T. Purington, Topsham, 1855,6; F.J. Southard, Topsham, 1857; Thomas J. Southard, Richmond, 1858; George A. Rogers, Topsham, 1859,60,61; Solon White, Bowdoinham, 1862,3,4; B.C. Bailey, Bath, 1865-6,7; Wildes P. Walker, Topsham, 1868,9,70,1,2; A.G. Poland, Brunswick, 1873-4.

Most of the printed matter preserved since that time was published by the "Brunswick Telegraph" Job Printing Establishment.

In the list of premiums as of 1860 prizes were offered for equestrianism for the best riding on horseback by a lady. Prizes were offered for Farm Improvements, Ploughing, Fish, Naval Architecture, Hard and Wooden Ware, the best specimen of patching and darning, best specimens of cotton and woolen cloth also flannel, leather shoes and carriages, etc.

Among the General Remarks and Regulations appears this item: "A fee of 20 cents will be charged to every person for admission to the grounds and buildings, children half price; carriage on the grounds will be charged 25 cents each day; two horse carriages 50 cents."

In the year 1871 the style of program was changed from one sheet the size of a newspaper sheet to book form much as the same as the Schedule of Premiums of today. This was the start of recurring advertisements of business houses and many are of great interest, the names of several still hang over the doors of local merchants. The names of merchants advertised has changed greatly. For instance: under the Ad of G.H. Nichols & Co. of Bath, Foreign and Domestic Goods appear, "Cloaks, Mantillas, etc." Then there is "Furbish's Agricultural Warehouse, Main Street, Brunswick, opp. The Town Clock" (The Town clock was then located on the church steeple at the corner of Mason and Main Streets.) Another, "William Pierce, Photographer Ferreotypes, photographs and Stereoscopic Pictures, taken in the highest style."

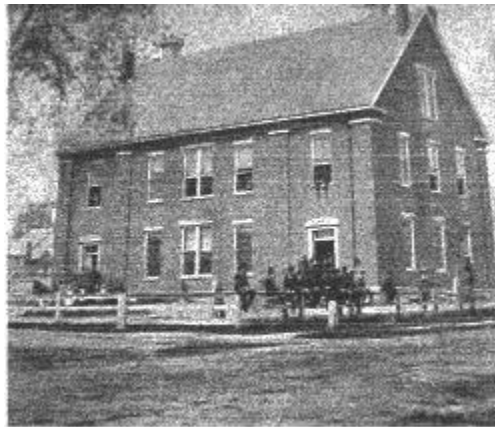
In the year 1872, we find this page "Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, President of Bowdoin College, has kindly consented a parade of the Bowdoin College Cadets on the Society's park the last day of the fair. Maj. J.P. Sanger, U.S.A., Professor of Military Science and Tactics, Bowdoin College, the Commandant, will give an exhibition drill of the Battalion as Infantry, and afterwards as Artillery, with a Field Battery of 8 12 Pdr. Guns."

The Brunswick Savings Institution and the Pejepscot National Bank have a full page advertisement. Another, "Robert Robinson, merchant tailor, Lemont Block." In the

ad appears "Plain cloths of all varieties for Paletots and frocks, pantaloons stuffs." Still another: "Eaton and Pierce, dealers in first class Piano Fortes, Cabinet Organs, Melodeons. Constantly on hand to sell or to let. Store one down south Baptist Church, Maine Street, Brunswick." Then there was "Topsham Flour Mills, Topsham, Purinton, Beaumont & Co." "J.W. Curtis, Dentist Rooms in O'Brien Block." "Purinton & Hall, Lumber Manufacturers, Mill at Topsham village."

Among items of interest in the history it is learned that in 1866 the location for the University of Maine was under discussion and the Rogers Estate in Topsham was offered to the Trustees of the College, but after looking over this and other sites the college finally located in Orono.

Since this period of twenty years ending in 1874, the Fair Association has acquired many more acres of land, in 1911 a portion of ground not now fenced in with the other ground purchased from the Maine Central R.R. an later land purchased from the Turner estate, greatly increased the holdings, now totaling about 180 acres with 40 acres completely surrounded by fence. The largest record attendance day of the Fair was on a Wednesday in 1911 during on the years E.C. Patten was President, and was 20,000.



Ingenuity Marked 1880 Era of Brunswick

Principal "Pa" Fish

Brunswick Record

July 1, 1948

By William Wheeler

Some time ago, with the valued assistance of Leon P. Spinney, Brunswick's superintendent of schools, I wrote for the record a brief outline of the history of the high school. This brought me several letters from contemporaries who recalled incidents of which I wrote, and one especially, from the late Willis Tenney, in which he went even farther back into ancient history than my own memory reaches.

Class of 1882

Tenney graduated in 1884, in a class of 12 girls and two boys. That was about the usual proportion in those days; for some reasons more girls than boys finished the course,

and many of the latter were regular wage-earners by the time their class received diplomas. One class, however, was outstanding in this respect—there was an equal number of each sex, and that number was one! It was the class of 1882, and the two pupils who received their diplomas on that historic occasion were Maynard Tenney and Abbie French. That class had just 100 fewer members than the class graduated this year of 1948.

Old Building

Writing of the old building which stood at the corner of “Back” and Green Streets, on the lot purchased from Narcissa Stone, Tenney said that the third floor, which I knew only as the attic, once housed the intermediate school. I questioned this, it seemed to me unlikely that the small children attending the intermediate would be placed on the third floor of such a building. Tenney’s recollection proved to be correct, however, and was later confirmed by Miss Caroline Potter, one of the early teachers in the old high school.

When the “new” intermediate school was built on Center Street on the site now occupied by the Brunswick Community Center, the old attic of the high school was converted into a gymnasium—although even that is beyond my recollection. My own “intermediate” schooling was in the Center Street building, where Miss Harriet Otis and Miss Hattie Perry were then the teachers.

The Faculty

Willis Tenney’s first year in high school in 1880 was under principal George C. Purington, with Elizabeth McKeen and Nellie Bunker as teachers. In 1881 all three were replaced, Charles Fish becoming principal, and Mary Sanford and Carrie Potter assisting. These three were the faculty in my own school days. The grammar school, in the same building, in 1881, had W. H. Annette Merryman and Laura Hatch as teachers. Miss Merryman later became principal and served for many years in this capacity.

The small chemistry and physics laboratory on the third floor of the old High School, concerning which I wrote, was first used by the class of 1884. It would appear that this was an innovation brought about by the new principal, Charles Fish, who was happiest when teaching those subjects.

“Pa” Fish

“Pa” Fish was a man of considerable ingenuity. In his home on High Street he had a well-equipped machine shop—well equipped, that is, for those days before electric motors were available. His lathe and his drill press were operated by foot-power; but he did excellent work, even under those conditions.

There was little or no money available for “frills” in the school budget; whenever he wanted anything in the way of “gadgets” he had to make it himself. He wanted, for instance, an electric bell system in the two classrooms, so he could press a button at his desk and call classes out—but the school board had no funds for such luxuries as this. Mr. Fish then proceeded to manufacture for himself the equipment the town wouldn’t buy him. He turned out in his lathe a wooden push-button, wound magnet for the bells, fabricated then and installed them—and we had a modern call-bell system.

Hand-made Innovation

In his physics laboratory he needed models of telegraph instruments in order to demonstrate their use in his class; so he made them! He manufactured a practical, if crude, telegraph key out of wood, and with home-made magnets, constructed a sounder

which actually worked. I recall that after I commenced work as a railroad telegrapher, I purchased and gave him a commercially-made combination key and sounder which he used thereafter in instructing his classes. I wonder where that instrument is now!

To operate his bells and his telegraph line, he had to have a battery, of course. There were not “dry cell” batteries in those days—so he built a wet bichromate of potassium battery in a series of jelly tumblers. For the carbon element, he gathered a handful of the partly consumed carbon tips discarded from the “arc” street lights of the day. Needing “binding posts” for connecting the wires, he turned them out of brass, with copper pennies for the knurled thumb-screw heads.

If he needed an extra shelf in the laboratory, he built it himself, making the brackets out of scrap iron. If he required extra jars for his chemistry work, he’d cut the tops of bottles to make them. A small machine which he used to demonstrate static electricity was manufactured entirely by him, as was the tiny electric motor which, as he once told the class, was “about one flea-power.”

Charles Fish has gone, as has the old building in which he taught, but both of them live in the memories of old-time Brunswick folk!



INDIAN NAMES IN THIS VICINITY

Brunswick Record

July 12, 1928

Several weeks ago was an article dealing with interesting Indian names of places in the vicinity. A few more facts have been gathered regarding names old and new, and the stories regarding the naming of such places.

Goose Rock is the name of the rock which the middle pier of the upper railroad rests. It is really a ledge extending to the shore and is probably named “Goose” for its resemblance to a swimming goose.

“Devil’s Rock” is the name of the large rocky island about midway of the second dam. According to tradition the naming of it is as follows: A superstitious resident of the Topsham side had an illusion, during an ice freshet, of Satan floating downstream on a log. He thought he could hear the clanking of his chains on the rock. He and his wife

afterwards made investigation and found holes in the rock which bore resemblance to a large foot print. The rock was therefore known in the name of His Satanic Majesty.

Fishing Rock Island at the lower falls bore different names at various times. The law prohibited the catching of shad from sunset Sunday night to sunrise Monday morning. One Sunday some men violated this law and hid the fish on the island, not daring to carry them home. Johnson Wilson and some friends pretended to be fish wardens and in fun took the fish. When the joke was discovered, complaint was made against Mr. Wilson for violating the Sabbath. Later he built a mill on this island and it was called "The Shad Mill" and the island subsequently received the name of "Shad Island."

Between the island and Topsham shore is Freshet Rock, so-called from being an index to the height of water in the river. It is never quite covered in time of freshet.

"Granny Hole Stream" flows around the island in Topsham. This was originally only a ravine, but about 1760 was dug out so that there was a continuous flow of water. According to one story, this stream received its name from a dramatic episode which took place there. James Wilson of Topsham went to Brunswick to a mill near the fort where he bought a web of cloth. On his return after dark he heard a woman's voice. Going in the direction from which the sound came he found a woman named Betty Watts had broken through the ice and was clinging to the edge of it calling for help. He threw one end of the roll of cloth to the woman and holding to the other end of it, pulled her to safety. The name "Granny Hole" was applied thereafter to the whole ravine and the bridge is referred in the records of Topsham as the "Granny Hole Bridge."

Middle Rock is the name of the rock upon which the Androscoggin Bridge formerly the toll-bridge rests.

Tradition gives the naming of Mason's Rock two different versions. One Samuel Mason resided in Brunswick in 1717 and remained there about three years. What became of him is now unknown. It is said the rock behind the falls was named for his because he rescued himself from drowning by climbing on to it; another version of the story is that he was killed by Indians on it.

Cow Island, just below the railroad bridge is so-called because it formerly gave good and safe pasturage for cows.

Old Sunday, not far from Mason's Rock, near the Topsham shore is a large stone which was placed by Brigadier Thompson to form anchorage for a boom. He is credited with performing the work on Sunday, hence the name.

Pleasant Point, between the Androscoggin and Muddy rivers has an appropriate name. It probably should be called by its original owner, and if so called would bear the name, "Gyles Point."

Fish House Hill was the name by which was known the hill on which was later built the residence of Miss Narcissa Stone. Once there was a fish house on it where salmon and sturgeon were cured for shipment.

Mair Point, variously known as Mere or Mare Point is the name of a peninsula extending into Casco Bay. In the earliest documents the name is spelled "Mair," possibly a corruption of Marr or Mare, the name of a man who lived on the point. Others claim that the early French settlers called it Mer meaning "sea point". There is no proof however that French settlers ever lived there. The modern spelling of "Mere" suggests the narrow stretch of land which the peninsula is.

Mair Brook is so-called from Mere Point, lying as it does on the road to that settlement.

Ham's Hill was named for Tobias Ham, who settled here on the New Meadows earlier than 1742.

Orr's Island and Bailey's Island was known as "the Twins." The latter was previously known as "Will's Island," named for the son of the first settler whose name was Black. Will Black lived on this island for many years and was known as "Uncle Will." After, the island was purchased by Deacon Timothy Bailey of Hanover, Mass.

The Gurnet, which is the point in Brunswick opposite Great Island, may have taken its name from a fancied resemblance to one of the headlands of the English Channel, which bears the name "Gurnet" for the gurnet fish found there.



IN THE OLD MILITIA DAYS

H. J. L. Stanwood of This Town Was A Member
Of the Bangor Rifle Co.

Brunswick Telegraph
December 14, 1903

Henry J. L. Stanwood of this town, who on Tuesday next will celebrate his eighty-third birthday, is one of the few men now living who heard Daniel Webster's famous speech at the dedication of Bunker Hill monument in 1843. Mr. Stanwood distinctly recalls the impressive character of the great Daniel. He was most interested, he says, in his words, "Venerable men you have come down to us from a former generation." The survivors of the battle of Bunker Hill at that time were so aged and infirm that they were led around and cared for like babies.

Mr. Stanwood attended the exercises as member of the Bangor Rifle company, which he joined when he was 18 years of age. He was next to the youngest of about 80 members in 1838 and is not, as far as he knows, the sole survivor. It was a famous company, having been drilled by Waldo Taylor, a West Point man, and so great was the enthusiasm that from Sept. 1842 to June 1843, not a man missed the regular drill.

When Houlton was a military station Bangor was a recruiting center and such men as Magruder, A.P. Hill, and McDowell, who subsequently became famous generals, were well known by Mr. Stanwood in Bangor.

In the spring of 1839 at the time of the "Aroostook War" Mr. Stanwood remembers that he worked all one Sunday running bullets in an old-fashioned mold, for the use of the soldiers. Military affairs have been a source of great interest to him ever since his boyhood. Even at his present advanced age he shows the result of military training. His upright figure, square shoulders and graceful bearing suggest the military man.

Few men have an ancestry more distinguished in the wars of this nation than he. His great-grandfather, David Stanwood, who was born in this town, served in the English army and at the battle of Louisburg in 1751 lost an arm

His grandfather, Col. William Stanwood, enlisted three times in the Revolutionary war, fighting with Washington. He served as lieutenant in the battle of Monmouth where so many died of heat and thirst; was also with Washington when he crossed the Delaware. He saw Major Andre when he was hung as a spy, and he was present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.

His father David Stanwood, who graduated from Bowdoin College in 1808 and subsequently practiced law in this town, was a veteran of the War of 1812.

The Stanwood family is a prominent one in the history of this town for other reasons than brilliant military careers. Col. William Stanwood, who was the owner of extensive tracts of land, conveyed the land that comprises the Bowdoin College campus to the college for one cent, and in recognition of his generosity was made a trustee of the college. Mr. Stanwood remembers that his grandfather has a blacksmith shop on the corner of Center and Maine Streets.

In 1800 William Stanwood built the Brig Hope, at Merrymeeting park, and the vessel was captured by the French on her first voyage. It was a heavy loss to him and the U.S. government failed to recompense him, although 80 years after his heirs received the amount of the claim, without interest.

David Stanwood, who died in 1834, fitted for college at Fryeburg, one of his classmates being Dean Swift, one of the famous characters of Brunswick. They were both interested in military matters. Mr. Stanwood acting as colonel on Muster day and Mr. Swift as quartermaster. David Stanwood was master of United Lodge in 1822, and his portrait was lately presented to that lodge.

The subject of this sketch was born Dec. 19, 1820. As a boy he made the acquaintance of Longfellow, a man whom he greatly admired, and he now possesses an autograph letter from the poet written to him in 1878.

When Mr. Stanwood was fifteen years of age he and one of his brothers walked to Bangor, a distance of 100 miles, in three days. There he remained for 20 years, being engaged in the business of bookbinding and conducting a bookstore. From Bangor he went to Chicago and for some years traveled for Livingston & Fargo, a great express company. In this work he sailed considerably on Lake Michigan, being entrusted with large sums of money, at one time carrying \$800,000 in gold.

Returning from the west Mr. Stanwood again went to Bangor, and a few years later came back to his old home in this town, opening a book store and bindery, and has lived here every since.

Mr. Stanwood was one of a family of 12 children of whom now only three are living, Amasa Stanwood of San Francisco, one sister, Mrs. H.M. Griffin of this town, and himself.

In 1856 he joined United Lodge, and ever since has taken an active interest in Masonry. He is the oldest surviving sir knight now living in this town, having joined the commandry in 1868.

Mr. Stanwood has carried on the business of bookbinding here for many years, but has now practically given it up. He is probably the oldest man in the bookbinding business in Maine.



Ike Hall Recalls The Early Days of Horseless Carriages, Tells of Many Brunswick Changes

Brunswick Record

July 10, 1952

By Paul Downing

Stevens-Duryea-Thomas Flyer-Locomobile-Those names are "Greek" to most of the younger people of today, but they were household words in the first quarter of this century.

It was the period when the change was rapidly being made from horse power to motor power on the roads, with a resultant complete change in the way people of the nation lived. As the quarter-century wore on, derisive cries of "get a horse" were heard less and less as the first unpredictable, impractical horseless carriages gave way to more dependable and efficient automobiles.

"Ike" Hall was right in the middle of that change. When he first came to Brunswick from Bath in 1911, he recalls, there were only a few automobiles in the town.

We ran into Ike—Herbert L. Hall—the other day at the site of a road project from Cook's to the Gurnet bridge. Ike is the timekeeper, purchasing clerk and general factotum on the road project. It is not surprising to find him on the road job, because his varied career has always been intimately connected with transportation; however, the present job is less strenuous than the others. ("I'm not going to tell you my age," he said, "but if I live until next October I'll be 71.")

Change With The Time

The coming of the automobile meant that man people whose lives were dependent on the horse faced years of constantly decreasing income. They had to change with the times or go broke.

Ike was one of those. The son of a carriage-maker in Bath, he inherited a business with a limited future. He left that business in 1911 to come to Brunswick and into another business which was soon to pass from the scene—he managed a livery stable.

At that time the automobile was not much more than a rich man's toy; certainly it was no immediate threat to the horse. There were a few of them around in town, however; Carl Day had a Ford runabout, Hartley C. Baxter had a Stevens-Duryea, Frank Nash (proprietor of a grocery store near the present location of the Verney Mill office) drove a Buick; Harvey Given also had a car, Dr. Gilbert Elliott, who lived where Roane's service station is, had a Buick. There were two Stanley Steamers in Bowdoinham.

It was about that time that one of Brunswick's first automobile highway accidents occurred. The story is told that Hartley Baxter was coming from the direction of north with his Stevens-Duryea; Mr. Pollard was driving an open car with a board across the sides for a seat and was heading south on Maine Street. At the intersection Baxter's car made the turn and ticked the corner of the car knocking Pollard to the ground. Baxter ground to a stop, and the only thing he could think to say was "Look out!" Pollard, unhurt, looked up from his position in the dust and said: "What the h---- are you doing, coming like that?"

Old Livery Stable

The old livery stable which Ike worked at was located where Joseph Goodwin's garage is now on Maine Street. It was owned by Emery Crawford who sold it in 1918 to Sylvanus F. Pennell.

The establishment was one of the town's centers of activity in those days. Of course there were horses and carriages for hire, but many other activities centered around the stable. Ike recalls that the fire horses were kept there, and had to be led across the street when the fire alarm sounded. Special coal-black horses were available to undertakers, who hitched on their own hearses. Three double drays were used in the stable's own trucking business and Crawford had the contract to haul the mail to and from the post office, which was then in the town building where the manager's office now is.

World War I Boom

When World War I started, Ike went to work at the Texas Steamship Company in Bath where he was a labor-cost accountant. There he saw the weekly payroll shoot up from \$22,000 to \$97,000 as the men worked on war contracts. The yard was the old Sewall shipyard, having been founded by former Governor Sumner Sewall's grandfather.

The war, with its tremendous mechanical improvement, spelled the beginning of the end for the horse-drawn way of life. Recognizing this, he shunned the livery stable business and began selling automobiles for Charles W. Clifford of Bath, who had agencies for Buicks and Cadillacs there and in Brunswick. His showrooms were on Middle Street where the Ouellette Motors business is now.

At the same time Albert H. Shaw of Bath had a Nash agency occupying the whole building where the Maine State Liquor Store is, on the corner of School Street. Having been told by the manufacturers that he must locate on Maine Street, Clifford bought out Shaw's business and Ike was installed as manager with an apartment upstairs.

First Fire Truck

It was somewhat before this time, at about the beginning of World War I, that Brunswick bought its first fire truck. It was built in the garage at the corner of Maine and School Street by Theodore Allen from a Thomas Flyer, engine and chassis. A Thomas Flyer, by the way, was the car which won the fabulous around-the-world race in 1908. With a score or more entered from many different countries, the race started on the East Coast; the cars went across the continent, took ship to Asia, crossed two more continents and finished in Paris. The only other car to finish, a German entry, actually finished first but was penalized for a rules infraction.

Since there was no filling stations in those days, one of the most important phases of the garage business was selling gasoline. Ike sold about 158,000 gallons every eight months from the Maine Street location.

In 1921 he went on the road for an abrasive manufacturer in New Hampshire. One of the items in his wholesale stock was a meat tenderizer, one of which the Halls still use at home after nearly 30 years. After four years of traveling, he began to look for a less strenuous occupation. During a vacation in New Hampshire he was offered the managership of Colby's hotel at West Alton, where he stayed 17 years. When World War II started he came to work at the Bath Iron Works as a welding accountant.

For a time he and Mrs. Hall, the former Ada Pennell of Brunswick whom he married in 1908, lived with her aunt, Mrs. Charles Hacker of Jordan Avenue. They have since moved to School Street.

After the war Ike went to work at the Verney Mill, where he spent three years as a supply clerk. From 1948 to 1951 he was in partnership with two other men in the wood heel business in Richmond. A year ago, he left that to join the C.R. Chianchette Company.



Weather Ideal for Nickerson's Ice Cutting On the River

Brunswick Record
February 22, 1940

Ice cutting operation of the Androscoggin River, which have been carried on during the last week by Guy Nickerson and his crew just off Water street about half way between the Central Maine Power House and the Maine Central Railroad bridge.

The lower of these two scenes, which were caught by the Record photographer, is a birds-eye view of the whole job. In the foreground is the ice-cutting machine; farther on are the workers splitting the ice into blocks with "busting bars"; and in the background can be seen the incline on which the blocks are hauled to the storehouse.

Above is a close-up of the ice-cutting machine being operated by its owner, Ronald Huston, of Lisbon Falls. Note the spray of ice dust.

Aided by the spell of cold weather which has lasted without interruption since Christmas, Guy Nickerson, local ice dealer, has been conducting his annual operations for the last week under most favorable conditions. With the mercury dipping below the zero mark at least once every twenty-four hours, the ice in the Androscoggin River has been "making" almost an inch a night since Mr. Nickerson began cutting it last week.

By the time he finishes operations, probably this afternoon, he will have 1800 tons of ice tiered up in his storehouse. The big double blocks forty-four inches by twenty-two, and ranging from twelve to sixteen inches in thickness, will be kept there, all to be retailed in Brunswick and vicinity next summer.

Mr. Nickerson has been in this business since he took it over in 1926. During the flood of 1936 his equipment, his storehouse, and his winter's "crop" of ice were all swept away. His old storehouse was situated down close to the river, which made the job of storing the ice somewhat easier. Now the storehouse is back from the river, just off Water street, and the ice has to be hauled up to it on a long incline.

Most interesting item in the equipment that has been in operation down there this week is the motor-driven saw, which has greatly facilitated the work. Owned and operated by Ronald Huston of Lisbon Falls, it was built by Mr. Huston himself in 1930.

Thought the saw is capable of cutting ice as thick as thirty inches, Mr. Huston is planning to build a new one that will be even more efficient.

With this ice-cutting machine Mr. Huston does not cut through the ice completely, but only to within three or four inches of the bottom. The rest of the cutting is done with a hand-operated saw or with “busting bars,” large wedge-shaped blades that split the “headers” into cakes of the desired size. This hand work is necessary, since cutting entirely with the machine would be too dangerous.

After the cakes have been split they are floated down a little canal which has been cut in the ice to the point where the loading incline dips into the river. The incline reaches out into the river for several yards to compensate for the four-foot rise and fall of the tides.

Four at a time, the 400-pound blocks are hauled up the incline, which slopes sharply up from the river. On reaching the top, they start down a long wooden runway, which is sloped just enough to keep them sliding along. Then finally they are boosted into the storehouse.

Picturesque as the work is today, it is but a vestige of the ice-cutting operations that used to be carried on around here. Forty years ago these operations lasted all winter long, extending up both the Androscoggin and Kennebec, and shipload after shipload of the frozen cargo was sent down the rivers and into the ocean, headed for New York and points South.



Hunter Tavern

Brunswick Record
February 16, 1956

By Mary James

On the Middlesex Road, the second road laid out and built in Topsham stands an old red house known for many years as the “Old Red House.” It is about two and one-half miles from the Topsham-Brunswick bridge. It is the oldest house in Topsham—though the exact date of its construction is not known, it is certain that it was prior to 1770, about 50 years after Topsham received its name legally. The house was occupied at that time by John Hunter who kept a tavern there, hence its more familiar name, “The Hunter Tavern.”

Several senior citizens of Topsham have said that the house looks the same today as it did over 60 years ago. The original clapboards, which were grooved and split out by hand, are seen on it today.

The Middlesex Road was known as the county road to Bowdoinham and was laid out before the incorporation of the town, about 1761 or 1762. From references to this road in the town records, it appears to have begun a short distance east of the village cemetery, now known as Riverview Cemetery. From this point the road ran substantially as it does now, passing the tanyard which was located near the present railroad overpass and straight on by the Old Red House to the old graveyard and turning left passing the Rogers estate to the Cathance River, where there was a ferry, thence on about its present course to Bowdoinham.

Crossing The Androscoggin

It is said that stages en route from Portland to Bangor stopped at the tavern. Lets go back to 1770, when stage travelers from Portland to Augusta had to cross the Androscoggin River on a ferry plied from a landing on Water Street on the Brunswick side to a place on the Topsham shore about one hundred rods below the falls, probably a short distance east of the Riverview Cemetery. This is believed to be a ferry that Samuel Wilson was licensed to keep on Sept. 8, 1761.

Wilson gave bonds in the sum of 20 pounds for the faithful discharge of his trust and he was permitted to demand and receive from passengers three “coppers”, and three “coppers” for each horse ferried across. Later between 1783 and 1796, the ferry was near the point at the end of the iron railroad bridge which was then known as Ferry Point.

The stage rolled and rattled along Elm Street or County Road after crossing the river and on up the long hill beyond the tanyard and know as Tanyard Hill. They passed only a very few houses, through dense woods along the deeply rutted road to the tavern, where the travelers refreshed themselves while perhaps waiting for an exchange of horses. There John Hunter and his good wife, the former Margaret Wilson, made them welcome.

John Hunter was the son of Adam Hunter, who came to Topsham in 1718 and who was an owner of the Cathance mill right, a captain in the last Indian war, and treasurer of Topsham in 1764 at the first town meeting every held there. John was born across the road from the old Hunter farm home, the site of the first Hunter home, a log cabin which was burned by the Indians.

Hunter Died at 32

Nothing definite is known as to the length of time John Hunter kept the inn, but it was probably for five or six years. He was town clerk from 1773 to 1775. He died at 32 years, probably in 1775 or 1776.

In 1777 a town meeting was held at “Widow Hunter’s”. Mrs. Hunter carried on with the tavern for some years or until she married Alexander Rogers. It used to be the custom for parties of five or six to ride from the village to this inn and for the last one who arrived to pay the “treat”. Town meetings were occasionally held here, when the severity of the cold made the regular meeting house too uncomfortable. Town meetings were usually held in the old meeting house east of the village near the junction of Cathance and Middlesex Roads.

While Mrs. Hunter carried on this house, an old soldier named Pike, returning from the war in tattered clothes and with his musket upon his shoulder, begged her to

allow him to remain and work upon her farm. She consented and gave him plenty to eat and a new suit of clothes and he said he would stay as long as he lived. Years later he remarked that he would remain with her "as long as a single shingle remained on the roof." The faithful servant has long since been laid to rest but the old house still stands on the knoll overlooking the old County Road.

We can imagine the dusty and thirsty travelers sitting probably in straight-back arm chairs with rawhide cane seats and Spanish feet, and drinking West India rum or a then popular winter beverage called flip. This was made from spruce beer, rum, sugar and water. At all taverns it was customary to keep two iron rods, called pokers, heated in the coals. When flip was called for, the beer would be drawn, and into it would be plunged a red-hot poker. The rum, sugar and water would then be added. Half a pint of rum to a quart of beer was considered to be the right proportion and this beverage was deemed delicious by all who indulged in it.

The House Today

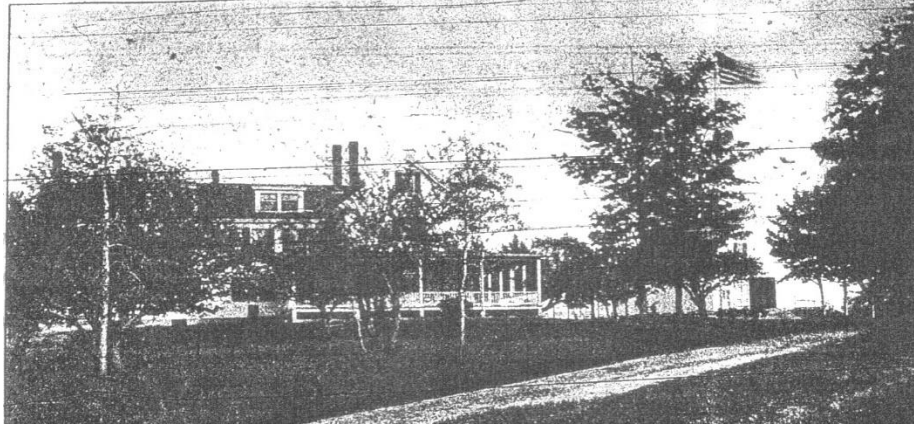
The house has belonged to the Leavitt family for many years and is now owned by John Leavitt, who lives there. Nothing remains of the former interior, as it has been repaired and reconstructed through the years but the exterior remains the same.

The Topsham-Brunswick Chapter of the DAR has placed a marker on the house which bears its name.

As the evening sun beams the last rays down on the Old Red House, while the sleek modern automobiles flash by on the old County Road, we can only imagine those weary travelers of long ago, as they wended their way along Middlesex Road.



HUNTER TAYLOR HAS NARROW ESCAPE — Quick work by Topsham firemen on Friday afternoon saved the 100-year-old Hunter Taylor on Middlesex Rd. Topsham's oldest house, once almost certainly destroyed by fire. There was no damage to the old house from the fire, which consumed a shed where the fire started, damaged an up-turned chair and scorched a chest of drawers. Firemen said the fire apparently was started by a cigarette. The house was built by John Hunter in 1774 and was once used as a tavern on the old stage road. (Submitted photo by Topsham Fire Dept.)



HOTEL ROSSMORE AT MERE POINT

Popular Summer Resort Successfully Developed
By George M. McManus, The Proprietor
Brunswick Telegraph
April 10, 1903

While Brunswick is not distinctively a summer resort town it has become during the past years a center for considerable summer business. Visitors to the various resorts about here naturally come to Brunswick. The railroad facilities are unexcelled and they are supplemented by the best electric car service in the State. Probably no town in Maine is near and within easy reach of so many places of interest and so large a variety of amusements in the summer season.

For the most part the summer business has grown up without any special effect except to supply the demand as it developed. There is one notable instance, however, in which systematic catering to the wants of summer residents has produced a profitable hotel business.



George M. McManus, proprietor of Hotel Rossmore at Mere Point, recognized the advantage of establishing a summer hotel that would have all the advantages of the open country and yet best be accessible to all lines of travel. To begin with he had a 200 acre farm, beautifully situated overlooking Casco Bay, and it even was a great spot for an

outing. The natural advantages were there and it needed only business sagacity of a man like Mr. McManus to provide hotel accommodations to attract the summer visitor. He has been successful because having the opportunity he improved it. Besides it may also be said that Mr. McManus has just the proper temperament for the business. He likes to have lots of guests and he knows how to entertain and make them enjoy themselves.

Hotel Rossmore was built in the summer of 1900 by Contractor White of Lisbon Falls according to plans furnished by Architect Coombs of Lewiston. The first floor is finished throughout in cypress, white wood and oak, making an interior that is beautiful and elegant.

There is a large reception room on the first floor, fitted with conveniences for guests, and connected with a lady's parlor. The main dining room which of itself is a



work of art, as will be seen by the picture shown on this page, is also on the first floor and there are private dining rooms adjoining.

The second floor contains the sleeping rooms, all nicely furnished and fitted with baths, hot and cold spring water and the latest improved sanitary plumbing. The entire building is lighted with gas.

The hotel accommodates fifty guests. Since the hotel first opened Mr. McManus has spared no pains or expense in making the grounds attractive. The lawns which contain two acres are always kept in perfect trim. He has laid out croquet grounds, tennis courts and the popular game of clock golf. All of which are lighted by gas. In front of the hotel is 40 acres of land are devoted to golf links comprising six greens.

Mr. McManus very properly believes that a portion of his success is due to the fact that he always caters to first class trade. He has been host for such men as Supreme Judge Wardwell, the Rev. D.G. Crandon of Massachusetts, and many other men of note.

The farm upon which stands Hotel Rossmore is the place where Mr. McManus has lived nearly all of his life. He was born in this town on Sept. 2, 1871, the son of the late Patrick McManus, who was extensively engaged in the wood and lumber business. At the time of his father's death George was attending school in Boston, where he had been for two years. He returned, shouldered the responsibility of carrying on the business, and, notwithstanding his youth, quickly showed an ability which brought success and won for him the respect and confidence of other business men.

In the fall of '94 Mr. McManus opened a wood yard on Upper Maine street, and developed an extensive business before he began to build Hotel Rossmore. During the past two years he has devoted all of his time to the hotel and to the 200 acre farm connected with it. A few years ago Mr. McManus was interested in market gardening and

still holds the record of making the largest collection of garden and farm produce every exhibited at the Topsham fair. For three successive years he took first premiums and the last year, exhibited 219 different varieties.

Mr. McManus is widely known and respected in this vicinity. He is a member of Sagadahoc Council Knights of Columbus, Bath, and of the Improved Order of Red Men of this town.



Home of Mr. and Mrs. Burton W. Taylor

Brunswick Record

July 29, 1948

The home of Prof. and Mrs. Burton Taylor at 78 Federal Street, Brunswick, another house in the traditional manner of New England, has had a long association with the faculty of Bowdoin College. While the house itself is a very old one, in the memory of Brunswick residents at present it is remembered as the house of the well loved Prof. Chapman. He in turn sold it to the Frank Merserve family, who occupied it for about 18 years. Prof. and Mrs. Taylor purchased it from the Meserve estate last year following Prof. Taylor's return to the Bowdoin staff after a leave of absence for war duty.

The house has been attributed to Melcher, the great builder, and it does possess some of his typical treatment. The simplicity of line in the many mantles throughout is reminiscent of his best period. The living room to the right of the entrance has a long fireplace with chaste white mantle, similar to the one in the dining room of Mrs. Arthur Johnson's home in Topsham. The central stairway, while not as branching as many of the period has the best classical treatment in sparse use of detail, depending on grace of line and spaciousness of its charm.

A large living room to the left of the hall is really two rooms in one, for the rear of the room is a dark, paneled, book lined study. It is separated from the more formal front of the room by a high archway, giving an effect of privacy, while still maintaining the integral lines of the room.

Prof. and Mrs. Taylor are engaged at the moment in extensive remodeling of the old barn. The two-story structure at the rear of the building joins the house at the upstairs through the back hall, which leads to the irregular floor levels of so many of the homes of the colonial period. This makes passage to the barn a convenient all-year project, and the

entire upstairs is being converted into a game and recreation room. The Taylor's children will undoubtedly enliven the old house with their friends, for with true neighborhood hospitality they flood the garden in the winter and have a lighted skating rink for the use of all who wish to come. In the summer, the garden is aglow with old-fashioned perennials, set off against an evergreen hedge and faced by a large, well kept lawn. The present owners have the philosophy that a home is to be lived in and enjoyed, while preserving the dignity to which an historic house is entitled.

History of Universalist Church Here
Traced Through Several Edifices
Movement Began In Brunswick In 1812;
Church Hopes For Full-Time Occupancy
Of Federal Street Property Soon

Brunswick Record

January 3, 1952

By the Reverend Sheldon Christian, Pastor

It is a Sunday morning in the year 1812, and we find ourselves entering a certain building on Maine Street. There is a sign over the building which reads, "Washington Hall." Washington has been dead only a dozen years. Today, this building is known as the Brackett Block.

With others whom we know, we enter the front doorway and ascend the stairs to the second floor. Other people are already seated, but there are few down in the front of the hall, talking with a man whom, from his somewhat clerical appearance, we gather must be the preacher. He is, in fact, the Rev. Thomas Barnes. He comes here to Brunswick only once a month, on a Saturday, and he must leave on Monday for places on his extended circuit.

"Father" Barnes, as we affectionately call him, is a distinguished-looking man, with a full beard, and features that reveal consideration, intellectual insight and strength of character. And now those who have been conversing with Father Barnes seat themselves, and the preacher mounts the steps to the platform, and standing behind the rostrum, waits a moment for our complete attention.

"I was glad," he begins, "I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us go into the house of the Lord. Peace be within thy gates, and prosperity within thy palaces, O Jerusalem...'"

The service continues. Father Barnes preaches to us about the Gospel promise of Universal Salvation. In other churches they are preaching that only a few were ever elected to be saved; that one is damned; and that the great majority of the damned will suffer eternal torment in an endless hell. The people whom we see about us listening gratefully as Father Barnes expounds the large Promise of Scripture, and all strong-willed people; people who have learned to do their own thinking, and are not afraid to be among a minority. They are men and women and young people who sense that somehow their being is part of a religious movement which is bigger than it looks, and that what they do will somehow have a potent effect on popular religious thought in the years to come, when their own names will no longer be remembered...

And here we leave them, the Universalists worshipping in Washington Hall soon after the formation of their society on January 20, 1812, and we slip down the stairs to Maine Street, and enter into the stream of time...

Eighteen years pass. Again it is a Sunday morning, in June, in the year 1830. We find ourselves among those walking down Federal Street towards a small church building on the corner of Pearl Street, now Jordan Avenue. This building was hopefully erected not long ago by the Universalist Society, but the people found themselves financially unable to maintain a pastor themselves. But the Unitarians have just organized a society, and so the fellowship have agreed to worship together in the first church building of their own which the Universalists erected—the Unitarians, however, calling the preachers.

We are a little early this morning, and we arrive at the church before the service has begun. The Sunday School is still assembled, and we see, down at the front of the auditorium, a group of adults who are gathered around a scholarly-looking young man with side whiskers. It is the Bible Class and the young man is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, professor of Romance Languages at Bowdoin College and librarian of the College Library. A man comes forward to greet us, and he is Rev. Andrew Bigelow, Unitarian.

The Sunday School classes assemble quietly and are dismissed, and we see the young professor goes up into the choir loft of the church, takes out a silver flute from a carrying case, and softly trills a few notes as he exercises his fingers. He will play a solo for us later. Soon we see the preacher rise before the people, and invoke the Divine Presence. "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for such doth the Father seek to be His worshippers. God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

Seventeen more years pass, and it is again June. On this Sunday in the year 1847, we go down Maine Street toward the Androscoggin, for the Universalists are worshipping by themselves again. For that matter, the building on the corner of Federal and Jordan Avenue has been sold to the Baptists, and has been moved out of town, to Maquoit, where it is now known as the Forest Church. Along broad Maine Street, carriages are being drawn by spruce horses, taking their owners to the various churches of the town.



We soon come in sight of our own destination. We have noted its fine white steeple all the way down, and indeed that steeple is a landmark in the town. By the town clock, which is hung in the belfry of this same steeple, we see that we are in good season.

We had better be for it is Children's Sunday, and the parents of the children in the Sunday School will be there to hear the children speak their pieces.

We pass under the arcade fronting of the various stores which are on the first floor of the church building; turn down Mason Street, and begin to go up the long flight of stone steps, this time only a short flight, into the body of the building. At right and left of this entry other flights of stairs go up to the gallery. Rubbing elbows with others who are entering the auditorium we come into the large square room in which we gather for worship. We look behind us as we enter and notice the big queer-looking stoves, one on either side of the rear entrance of the auditorium, setting back in the shallow alcoves. In the winter we stand around them till we get our feet warmed, but there is no need of that today.

The whole auditorium is plain and painted white. Along the east and west sides of the church, long windows with plain glass admit the light, and this morning they are flung wide open, and all along the sides of the church, bird cages are hung, because it is Children's Day, and the air is full of their natural music. There are many people already seated in their pews. The pews are white, too, with black walnut tops. In many of them are little haircloth-covered "crickets" on which the people may rest their feet for greater comfort; but the pews themselves are none too comfortable as we ourselves know as we take our place in one of them. The shallow channel of the church has been cleared, the pulpit placed on the floor to one side of the front of the church and the pulpit chairs near them also. The platform is decorated with many flowers, and there can be no doubt that this is the Children's Day.

The organist, in the gallery, begins to play the prelude. It is an old organ, but the music is good. When the prelude is ended, we see a man down at the front of the church rise to his feet to speak. It is the Rev. Giles Bailey, an energetic man who commands immediate attention by the strength of his personality. Even the children cease from whispering as he spoke...The Children's Sunday service is under way...

It is the night of October 4, 1884. It is raining. If we were listening, we may have wondered why the bell in the Universalist steeple on Mason Street was rung for a few moments, then stopped short as suddenly as it had begun. There was no real reason why it should have been rung at all, unless it was to give an alarm. Then why had it stopped? Now we hear the bell in the tower of the Congregational Church on the hill begin to ring also, and we go to the door to see if we can see anything; but not seeing anything, we go back inside the house, but we keep having a feeling that something is wrong, and we decide to go "downstreet" and find out.

Suddenly, as we head down Maine Street, we see it; through the shimmer of the descending rain, we see the beautiful spire of the Mason Street Church entirely in flames, even timber and cross-tie standing out like a Fourth of July illumination.

We step into a store and cry out excitedly to the men inside that there is a big fire downstreet. One of them, lolling against a cracker barrel, waves a hand and says there isn't—"It's over in Topsham."

"Step outside, then, and see for yourself," we exclaim impatiently.

He steps out, just in time to see the great spire, its skeleton glowing in outline, topple slowly over into the street. When we get to the fire, we find the Topsham fire company there, as well as the local companies; and the men are manning the brakes furiously. They tell us that they had been unable to save the spire, because the water

turned to spray before it reached it and therefore was ineffective. But the rain helps some, and finally the blaze in the rest of the building is fought to a smolder.

We go home at last in the rain with heavy hearts; there is no insurance on that part of the building which is the property of the church. The results of 72 years of parish husbandry have been wiped out in a night.



Again it is Sunday morning. It is the ninth of September in the year 1886. This time our destination is a new building which we have just erected on the corner of Pleasant and Middle Streets. Today it is to be rededicated. As we enter it, there are many of our friends already here, and there is a general feeling in the air that a good work has been done and that the parish has again been placed in a position to assemble in its own house of worship for many years to come. As we look about us, there are many mementos of the Mason Street Church which will carry on its remembrance for us, and for those who will follow us in the work of our church.

The old pipe organ in the Mason Street Church was pretty thoroughly ruined by the fire, but the "Old Lady" Stone salvaged some of the wood from it and had "Old Man" Larrabee use it to build the communion table which we see down there in front of the church. The pulpit in the Mason Street Church was also salvaged from the wreck, and is good for at least a few more hundred years. Up in the belfry, we can hear the bell ringing for tardy attendants. That bell will serve as a reminder, too, of the Mason Street Church, for the parishioners of future generations; Mrs. Mathilda Swift sent the metal from the old bell to a foundry, and had it recast, and there it is, pounding away up in the belfry of our new church. And the people who are gathered with us in this new church, on this Sunday morning of September 9, 1886, to dedicate this new church home, have the satisfaction of knowing that the building is clear of debt.

John L. Swift, who owns the block of stores over which the Mason Street Church Building was erected, gave the society \$1,000 for the release of their option to rebuild over his stores and with this and other monies subscribed at the time, we bought a double lot here on this corner, then we sold half the lot, which gave us more toward the erection of the projected new building. The State Convention gave a large part of the amount needed; and the rest was raised in the parish by subscription and among friends of the parish in Maine and Massachusetts.

As the service begins, the Rev. Lucan Seneca Crosley, who was pastor of the church at the time of the fire at Mason Street, and who had been working hard with the church committee to get the money for the new building and see it through, proudly rises and gives the invocation. And as the service progresses, we hear words of encouragement from the Rev. J. H. Little, who preceded Mr. Crosley as our pastor at Mason Street, but who was called to the state superintendent while still our pastor. During the work of getting funds for erecting this new building, Mr. Little has been a great help to us. Then we hear a sermon by Mr. Crosley's brother, the Rev. Marion Crosley.

And when the service of dedication is over, on the ninth day of September in the year 1886, we all go forth from this little church with the feeling that although it is not all that we should like in the way of a building, at least it is ours; and as such we shall love it.

And we come back to where we started from, in these glimpses of the hours of worship which our society has inhabited during the first 130 years. The future remains to be enacted, and no one can prophesy what that future will be. We find ourselves in a situation in the present which is certainly unusual. A building, whose construction has been halted when half completed, seems to have little meaning. Yet, there was meaning in the plans from which the building has been started, and when the structure is finished, every detail will be seen to have its place. We find ourselves in the situation of the man upon whose project building has been halted.

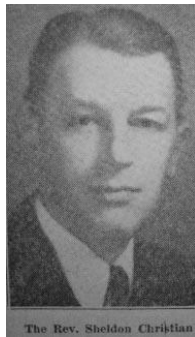
Two years ago the sense of inadequacy of our Pleasant Street building was brought home to us forcefully because of the growth of the activities of the parish. New organizations, new needs, and new times required more facilities to work with than we have been favored with in this Pleasant Street edifice. But efforts to secure funds for adaptation on this buildings elicited little interest. Then we found that certain business interests were looking eagerly toward the possibility of purchasing this property, and were willing to pay a good price for it. But the amount which any such group would be able to pay would not go far in the construction of a new and better building.



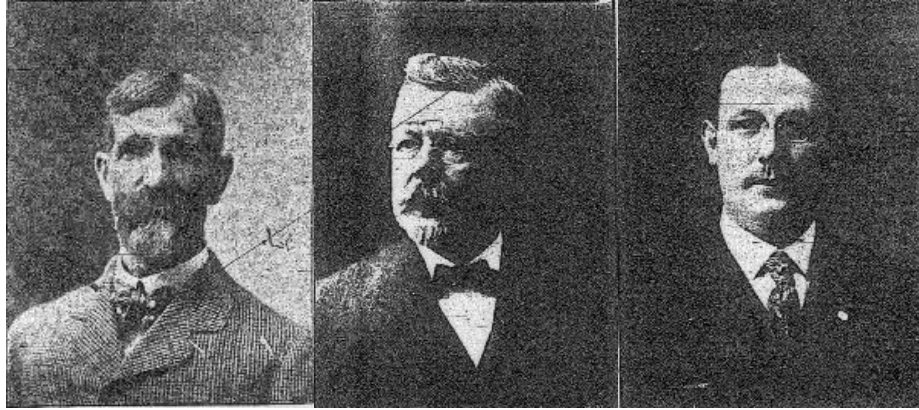
At that time, Wheeler Hall, formerly the Unitarian Church, and for many years used as a school building, had just been abandoned. The possibility of purchasing it from the town was investigated, and at a subsequent meeting of the town, formal authorization

was given for the act. The money needed for its purchase was given expressly for this purpose by friends of the church, and the purchase price was paid in full.

But already the Battle of the Atlantic was in progress, and financially, those interests which had gone to considerable trouble and expense to themselves in preparing to purchase the Pleasant Street property, decided that the times were now not opportune for the venture and withdrew. Though naturally this was a great disappointment to us, a study of the balance sheet shows that as a result of these two years of extensive work on the problem of acquiring better quarters for the church, the church now holds title to a building which in all fundamental respects is far superior to the one which we dedicated in 1886, and it may be that, though the kindness of persons interested in the parish, funds may someday be made available for repairing and slightly modifying the Federal Street building with the view to its full-time occupation by the parish.



The parish today consists of the fellowship of members with a board of management, Mrs. Emma Haley, chairman, which conducts the affairs of the parish between meetings of the parish itself. A number of groups are active within the parish: The Macrina Society, Mrs. Gertrude Staples, president, an organization for women; The Mission Circle, Miss Helen L. Varney, president; The Associates, Russell Hosmer, president, an organization for men; The Youth Fellowship, Dorothy Perkins, president; the Sunday School; the Choir, Mrs. Helen Brackett, director; Boy Scout Troop 33, scoutmaster Lauriston Trott, Harry Snow, assistant scoutmaster; Cub Lack No. 33, Lauriston Trott, cubmaster.



Frank L. Snow

I. J. Elder

Judson E. Langen

HISTORY OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS IN BRUNSWICK

Pejepscot Lodge No. 13 Among First in State, Organized
In 1844, Honored by Members Who Hold High Offices
In Grand Encampment, Rebekah Branch Has Past
President of Rebekah Assembly

Brunswick Record
December 3, 1909

Odd Fellowship in Brunswick is now over sixty-five years old. The first seed of the great institution known as the Independent Order of Odd Fellows was sown in Baltimore in 1819 and though its growth was rapid it did not reach the State of Maine until 1843. In August of that year steps were taken in Portland for the organization of a lodge known as Lodge No. 1. This was followed quickly by other lodges in various parts of the State. On May 2, 1844, a petition for a lodge, to be called Pejepscot Lodge, to be located at Brunswick was presented to the Grand Lodge of Maine by Giles Bailey, John S. Cushing, John D. Coburn, Leonard P. Merrill, William H. Morse and Horatio Hall. The petition was granted on June 13, 1844. Pejepscot Lodge No. 13 was instituted by E.S. J. Neally, Past Grand, assisted by a delegation from Bath. The petitioners were the charter members, but immediately following the installation sixteen other members were admitted. The first officers to be elected were John S. Cushing, Noble Grand; William H. Morse, Vice-Grand; Leonard P. Merrill, Secretary, and Joseph Lunt 2nd, Treasurer.

The first Odd Fellow Lodge rooms in town were over the store of John S. Cushing on the corner of Maine and Pleasant Streets. During the month of December, 1849 this hall was destroyed by fire, but new quarters were at once established in Swift's Block on the corner of Maine and Lincoln Streets. Here the lodge continued to meet until it broke up in '68. For the first few years there was plenty of work for the members to do, for Odd Fellowship seems to have been popular and initiations were frequent. The year following the institution was a banner year, as during the second year there were 27 initiations. In 1846 there were 13, and the next year there were 11. Then there was a falling off of interest and little degree work was performed. Three members were initiated in 1850, but there appear to have been no new members taken in after that, and at the meeting of the

Grand Lodge in 1868 the Grand Secretary reported that Pejepscot Lodge had been broken up.

A few of the faithful members still continued to meet almost weekly for several years, and then in 1875 the interest in the institution again became manifest. On September 8 of that year a meeting was held in Frank Johnson's store for the purpose of forming another Odd Fellow Lodge in Brunswick.

Pejepscot Lodge Reinstalled

At the meeting of the Grand Lodge in 1875 a petition signed by twelve names, including Theodore Stetson and E.T. Getchell, who were members of the original lodge, was presented requesting that Pejepscot Lodge be re-established. The petition was granted and on December 31 the lodge was instituted with Edward Beaumont as Noble Grand.

Shortly after it was reorganized the lodge secured rooms in Perry Hall, what is now St. Jean de Baptiste band hall. At that time the hall stood on the corner of Maine and Pleasant Streets and was occupied at the same time by the Sons of Temperance. As these quarters were not entirely satisfactory to the members of the lodge, arrangements were made with Harvey Stetson to have lodge rooms finished in his new building in Arcade Block. A large hall was finished and fully equipped for lodge work over the store now occupied by Frank E. Roberts, then occupied as a clothing store by Frank M. Stetson.

On June 17, 1878, the new hall was dedicated. At that time the hall was considered the finest occupied by any secret organization in town. On July 1 the lodge moved into its new quarters. As there was no banquet room connected with the lodge rooms arrangements were made for the use of Dirigo Hall, on Gilman Avenue, for banquet purposes. The lodge remained in these quarters for about five years, then there was a little misunderstanding between the owners of the hall and the lodge, the lodge decided to move. For some time its furnishings were stored in the Band Hall, which had then been moved to its present location. For a short time the meetings were held in the G.A.R. Hall, which was at that time over the store occupied by Philip R. Goodrich.

As these quarters were unsatisfactory, and there seemed to be no hall in town which was desirable, the lodge decided to erect a building of its own. For this purpose the Brunswick Odd Fellows Building Association was incorporated, the act of incorporation being filed in 1883. It was decided to unity with George Storer and William R. Lincoln in the building of a three story building on the corner of Maine and Bank Streets, on the site formerly occupied by the Dunlap residence.

The Building Association was capitalized at \$8,000. In order to obtain money to defray the expense of the building 104 shares of stock at \$25 a share were issued. These were all taken by members of the lodge.



New Building Erected

A three-story wooden structure having six stores on the ground floor, offices on the second, and hall rooms on the third, was built. Mr. Storer, Mr. Lincoln and the Odd Fellow Building Association each owned one-third of the structure. Mr. Storer owning the northern portion, the Odd Fellows the middle, and Mr. Lincoln the southern portion. The third floor of Mr. Storer's portion is now occupied by Storer's Hall. The lodge room of the Odd Fellows is over the two middle stores, and the remainder of the third floor is used as the banquet room, thus giving the lodge the use of two-thirds of the entire upper story.

The Odd Fellows Association appointed as a building committee Thomas S. Melcher, Osborne Rogers and William B. Knight.

The building was finished in the latter part of 1884, and on March 31 of the following year, the hall was dedicated. Ever since then the meetings of Pejepscot Lodge have been held there.

Shortly after the building was completed the lodge commenced to purchase the shares of stock in the Building Association owned by the individual members, and at the present time there are only a very few shares not owned by the lodge.

Pejepscot Lodge has grown steadily since it was reorganized in '75. At the present time it has a membership of over two hundred and fifty. It owns its building and has money invested in other ways. The amount expended each year for the relief of sick or worthy brothers runs into four figures. Interest in the lodge at the present time is active and degrees are conferred almost every week of the winter season.

Pejepscot Lodge has on its list of members many men who have held leading positions in town, both in business and professional life. Among the Past Grands are to be found the names of Edward E. Beaumont, Frederick H. Wilson, Robert B. Melcher, Theodore L. Stetson, George Uniacke, R.W. Ricker, B. Frank Holbrook, Frank E. Roberts, Amos O. Reed, C.W. Smith, William O. Peterson, Charles E. Townsend, J. Stanford Bonney, Thomas S. Melcher, William B. Knight, Louis H. Litchfield, Samuel L. Preble, Charles G. Murray, Lorenzo D. Howes, C.B. Will, E.T. Getchell, Walter C. Ross, A.S. Chase, A.C. Cobb, O.A. Corey, Llewellyn Cobb, Samuel J. Spollett, Henry C. Brown, William K. Thomas, Frank L. Snow, O.C. Courson, William S. Noyes, John C. Rideout, Harry U. Snow, C.M. Givens, E.H. Phinney, William C. Goodwin, Charles H. Nash, Eugene Thomas, Charles A. Randall, Edward J. Hamm, William J. Wilson, Henry J. Small, Elvin M. Main, Isaiah G. Elder, Thomas H. Riley, Jr.

Casco Encampment

In 1883 several members of Pejepscot Lodge had become desirous of having a lodge of the Encampment started in Brunswick. Accordingly they went to Richmond and there were initiated into Kennebec Encampment. On March 5 of that year Casco Encampment No. 37 was instituted in Brunswick with the following charter members: I.H. Danforth, W. B. Drew, Lorenzo D. Howes, O.B. Nason, G. D. Parks, S. L. Preble, Frank L. Snow, Albert W. Townsend, and C.B. Will.

Casco Encampment is honored by having among its active members a Past Patriarch of the Grand Encampment of Maine, Past Grand Representative Frank L. Snow.

In 1902-3 Mr. Snow was elected Grand Patriarch, the highest office conferred by this order in the State. As head of the Grand Encampment he visited nearly all of the Encampments in the State, instituting one in Lovell. The following year he was elected as one of the two Grand Representatives of the Grand Encampment of Maine, his associate being A.S. Kimball, Esq. of Norway. As Grand Representative he attended the 80th annual session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge in San Francisco.

At the present time Casco Encampment is honored by having one of its members is one of the highest officers of the Grand Encampment of Maine, I.G. Elder, Grand Senior Warden.

The name of Casco Encampment is well known throughout the State, not only alone by reason of its members whose abilities have been recognized by the Grand Encampment, but also by reason of its fine degree team. The degree team of the Royal Purple Degree is know far and near as one of the best, if not the best in the State. The Royal Purple Degree is one which is not fully worked by all Encampments and for this reason, when there is a class of candidates ready to receive the mysteries of this degree, Casco Encampment is frequently invited to do the work. These invitations are usually accepted, for the degree team finds pleasure in conferring the degree, and the visits to other Encampments are always an occasion of a pleasant evening. Whenever Casco Encampment goes out of town to confer degrees, several of the grand officers are almost sure to be present to see the work.

The Past Patriarchs of Casco Encampment include Edward Beaumont, H.C. Brown, W.A. Brimijoin, O.A. Corey, E.N. Coursen, W.B. Drew, W.C. Goodwin, A.G. Hall, Charles H. Nash, O.B. Nason, Charles A. Randall, John C. Rideout, Frank L. Snow, Harry U. Snow, A. Stetson, W.K. Thomas, A.W. Townsend, Charles T. Townsend, Otis White, C.B. Will, F.H. Wilson, W.B. Woodward, Charles K. Stoddard, I.G. Elder, Henry W. Cooke, Thomas S. Melcher, Thomas H. Riley, Jr., William J. Wilson.

Evening Star Lodge

Evening Star Rebekah Lodge, No. 26, was instituted on April 1, 1885, with the following as charter members: Mrs. Nancy Reed, Mrs. Margaret A. Danforth, Mrs. Deborah S. Howes, Mrs. Ella Jane Stetson, Mrs. Sara Nash, Mrs. Mabel A. Rogers, Mrs. Carrie L. Davenport, Mrs. Emily S. Morse, Osburn J. Rogers, Charles H. Nash, Charles B. Will, Lorenzo D. Howes, Frank E. Davenport, Isaac H. Douglas, Amos O. Reed, Thomas S. Melcher, Charles E. Townsend, Nathan Morse. Thomas S. Melcher was

installed as the first Noble Grand and he is the only man who has ever held that position in the Evening Star Lodge. Other Noble Grands have been Emma G. Spollett, Nancy Reed, Mable A. Robers. Lillian M. Lombard, Mary A. Corey, Sarah O. Cook, Jennie Hall, Georgia A. Higgins, Lillian M. Joy, Maria L. Litchfield, Mabel E. Murray, Sarah J. Nason, Laura B. Reed, Josephine B. Bowker, Olive A. Snow, Flora A. Snow, Eva R. Whitehouse, Susan York, Lucy M. Stoddard, Annie M. Jordan, May C. Saunders, and Addie M. Baker.

Evening Star Lodge like Casco Encampment is honored by having had one of its members elected to the highest position in the Rebekah Assembly of Maine. Mrs. Sarah O. Cook having only recently laid down the duties of President of the Rebekah Assembly of Maine.

Patriarch Militant

At one time there was a branch of Cantons or Patriarch Militant in Brunswick, but when the Dennison Box Factory moved to South Framingham, Mass., a large number of members by the Canton accompanied it and the lodge was thus considerably weakened. In 1903 it was decided to unite the Brunswick Canton with the Bath Canton, and since then the Patriarch Militant of Brunswick have been members of Canton King No. 10.

The Odd Fellows is the only secret society in town having a social club entirely separate from the lodge. The Odd Fellows Social Club has rooms on the second floor of the Odd Fellows Block. Membership is limited to Odd Fellows, but as the club is conducted entirely apart from the lodge, membership in the lodge does not necessarily imply membership in the club. However, the rooms are always open to all Odd Fellows, whether members or not. In the club rooms there are pool and billiard tables, and card tables. Here almost any afternoon or evening Odd Fellows may be found enjoying a game of pool, or billiards, or a game of "Sixty-three." "Sixty-three" is by far the most popular game in these club rooms, and it would be hard to find a group of more expert players than can be found there almost any evening.

HISTORY OF OLD BRUNSWICK CANAL

More Than a Hundred Years Ago Ditch was Dug
to Connect New Meadows and Kennebec

Brunswick Record

July 7, 1905

By Prof. George L. Vose

March 12, 1901

The question of connecting the waters of the Androscoggin and the Kennebec with Casco Bay is by no means a new one. In a special town meeting in January, 1786 a resolution was adopted that it was the unanimous desire of the town that a canal be cut through from New Meadows river to Merrymeeting Bay. Again in an old volume of Brunswick town records from 1730 to 1812, we find under date 1791, "voted that the town should be at no expense for a company to look at ways to cut a canal from Meadows River to Androscoggin River. The town then consented that said canal should be cut through."

To understand the matter we need to look for a moment at a map of this part of the county. Upon this map we shall see the Androscoggin running in a northeasterly direction from Lisbon Falls to the sharp bend just above the upper railroad bridge at Brunswick, where it turns abruptly to the east flows between the village of Brunswick and Topsham, passing down by Cow island and Humphrey's point, below which it turns southeast continues on to Mustard's island, the site of the late bay bridge, after which it widens into Merrymeeting Bay; the length of which is about five miles, and the average width about a mile and a half. Into the northeast corner of the bay another large river, the Kennebec. Between the Androscoggin and Kennebec, enter three small streams from the north, Abagadasset, Cathance, and Muddy River. They hardly deserve the name of rivers, being little more than small creeks. The amount of water brought into the bay by the Androscoggin and Kennebec is very large, being the outlet of this water, on the way to the ocean, is a narrow passage at the eastern part of the bay known as "Chops." From this part to the mouth of the river, a distance of about 17 miles, we have a powerful stream either with or against the tide, flowing for the most part through a crooked and somewhat difficult channel. This part of the river was known in old times as the Sagadahock, the name Kennebec being confined to that part above Merrymeeting Bay.

If we look at the norther shore of Casco Bay, we find a coast the general trend of which is east and west, but which is deeply indented by several long tide-water basins, reaching to within a short distance of Androscoggin River and Merrymeeting Bay, the principal ones being Maquoit, Middle Bay, Harpswell Sound, Quahog Bay, and New Meadows River.

It is well known that in old Indian times several carrying places were in use to enable various tribes coming from Kennebec and Androscoggin valleys to reach Casco Bay without going around the lower Kennebec and Cape Small, a route which by reason of strong and variable currents, and rough water common at the mouth was very dangerous and uncomfortable. Prominent among the carrying places was one from the head of Maquoit Bay to the Androscoggin just above the Falls, another from a point near

the head of New Meadows to Merrymeeting Bay. This last was called the Stevens carrying place, named from Indians. What is now West Bath was settled before the eastern part of the town...(missing)...From 1792 to 1812 five saw mills and four grist mills were built about this cove by Joseph Berry, an Englishman who owned a large tract of land reaching from Kennebec to the New Meadows.

Prominent among the early settlers in this region was John Peterson, a native of Duxbury, Mass., who came to these parts about 1785, his place being north of what is now Howard's Point. He built a dam across the cove on the west part of the point, the top of which may still be seen at low water, and had a grist mill at the eastern end and saw mill at the western end. The dam was mainly of stone, finished at the top with timber, allowing passing over on foot. Peterson built vessels, both below the dam on the west side of the cove and also at the upper end of the point in New Meadows River just north of the old road from Brunswick to Bath which crossed at what was called Brown's ferry. The bridge from the main land is still in use, though the bridge across the river has long since disappeared. The large two story building, now known as the Adams house, was built by Peterson for his own use. Tradition says the custom house had its quarters at this point. The passage from the ocean to the dam was safe and easy, and for a number of years a large and profitable business with the West Indies was carried on. The remains of a still older dam, built by a Mr. Coombs, across a small creek on the west side of the cove and below the Peterson dam, are still to be seen and tradition tells of a still older one near the northwest corner of the cove. Passing up the New Meadows valley, the remains of another dam, on the west side of the river and just above the railroad bridge, may still be seen at low water. Who built it and for what purpose is unknown. The manufacture of salt was carried on from a very early date all along the New Meadows; and before the building of the various roads which now cross the bottom lands, the meadows were overflowed at high water and vessels of 150 tons went up at least a mile above where the railroad now crosses.

As the years passed on timber became harder to get and mills felt need of a better supply. At the same time timber lands of the Androscoggin and Kennebec were being more settled every year, and were sending down large quantities of logs which needed only to be worked up near some good point for shipment to be of value. The general trade with the interior was also steadily increasing. A careful examination of the situation suggested at once a very simple manner of improving the several branches of business. Namely, a short canal which would connect the headwaters of New Meadows with either Merrymeeting Bay or Kennebec River, and in June, 1791, we had the following to have passed the general court at Boston, the State of Maine was then a district of Massachusetts.

"An act for transporting certain persons for the purpose adjoining a canal from the head of New Meadows to Merrymeeting Bay. Whereas great advantages may arise to the town west of the New Meadows river, and to the public in general, by opening a canal from the head of the same river to Merrymeeting Bay. Be it therefore enacted by the senate and house of representatives in general court assembled and by the authority of the same that Isaac Snow, Nathaniel Larrabee, and Benjamin Dunning, Esquires, Messieurs John Peterson, Philip Higgins, Benjamin Ham, Nathaniel Sprague, John Dunlap, and Samuel Gross, so long as they shall continue to be proprietors in the corporation hereafter be a corporation and body politic for the purpose of opening and keeping open a canal

from the head of the New Meadows river to Merrymeeting Bay, under the name of the proprietors of the New Meadows operated by the authority aforesaid, that if the said proprietors aforesaid shall refuse or neglect for the space of four years after the passing of this act to open and complete said canal, then this act shall be void and of no effect. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that the said canal shall be kept open for the passing of boats, rafts, and other water crafts, and for all persons who may wish to pass or transport business therein, they paying to the said proprietors the following toll, vis. For every boat of the berthe of one ton the sum of nine pence, and in the same proportions for vessels or boats of greater or less berthes, not exceeding six shillings for any such vessel or boat. For every thousand feet of boards in rafts four pence half penny, and in the same proportion for all other kinds of lumber.”

From this act would seem to have been mainly a Brunswick enterprise, nearly all of the corporators being of this town. This canal, however, was wholly in the town of Bath. It seems also to have been intended not only for the passage of lumber, but also for small vessels or boats, and to be used by the general public. Just where the canal was to go is not stated except that it was to come out in Merrymeeting Bay. To do this, as far as we can judge by the ground, it should have passed from the head of the river in a northerly direction over the lowland to Butler cove, the distance being short and the work apparently easy. There is no evidence upon the ground at the present time that any work was done at this place, and some of the oldest inhabitants remember never to have seen or heard of anything of the kind, or even have known that it was intended to go through to Merrymeeting Bay.

On March 22, 1793, nearly two years later, we find the following additional act to have passed the general court in Boston.

“Whereas the proprietors mentioned in the act to which this is an addition, have at considerable expense opened a canal from the New Meadows River to the waters of the river Kennebec, a little below Merrymeeting Bay, at a place called Welch’s creek, it having been impracticable to open a canal directly to the Bay aforesaid by reason of rocks and other obstructions. And whereas it is represented in this court that a canal from the Meadows to Kennebec River, at said Welch’s Creek will accommodate the public; Be it therefore enacted that the proprietors mentioned in the act to which this is an addition and their corporation be and are hereby authorized and empowered to open and keep open a canal from the head of New Meadows river to Kennebec river, at a place called Welch’s Creek, a little below Merrymeeting Bay; and the said proprietors shall possess and enjoy all the rights and privileges under the same limitation and restrictions made and provided in the act to which this is an addition, the particular course of the said canal therein described notwithstanding.”

This not only gives us a definite location, agreeing exactly with the actual canal, but it also seems to show the time when the canal was made, a point upon which the utmost confusion exists in the several histories and while the north end of the canal was changed from Merrymeeting Bay to Kennebec River, the terminus was good, the route shorter, and the work not difficult.

We have from several sources of information in regard to the early days of this canal. First actual facts; second, official documents published or unpublished; third, local histories; fourth, tradition. We have just one actual fact, the canal itself. The whole of which may be plainly traced at the present time. Official documents we have two acts of

the general court referred to. From the local histories we get little or nothing of value. For example, in Sullivan's history of Maine, we quote "on south side of Merrymeeting bay, and near the head of the Chops is a creek extending into the land on a south course, and running with great violence for the space of two miles, called by natives Whiskeag, and by the English Whizgig creek, we leave on the south a narrow neck of land, of nothing more than one mile wide, which divides the waters of Stevens river, before described as an arm of Casco Bay, from the waters of Brunswick river. A company has lately been incorporated for the purpose of cutting a canal through that isthmus." The preface to Sullivan's history is date 1765, or about three years after the canal had been built in a totally different place. We cannot explain the discrepancy from any mere confusion of name for this stream which runs with great violence for two miles can be no other than Whiskeag.

Evidently Sullivan had never been on the ground for no one who ever experienced the mass of ledges between Whiskeag and New Meadows would think of getting a canal to such a place. There is however a small stream which enters the Kennebec about a mile and a half below the Chops and about the same distance above the mouth of the Whiskeag, called Welch's Creek and is show upon the oldest maps, into which the canal actually goes, but this creek never ran with great violence for two miles it is a very short inlet, not to be confounded with Whiskeag.

Williamson's history of Maine says in one place (Vol. 1, p.33) that "from the head of New Meadows to Merrymeeting bay is only one mile, through which a canal has been cut, thirty feet wide, so deep as to float logs about high water." In another place (Vol. 1 p.47) Williamson shifts the location of the canal and says "On the southerly side of Merrymeeting bay near the extreme of the Chops is Whiskeag creek, which extends south into the land two miles, from the head of which to that of Stevens river the neck is only one mile in width, across which Mr. Peterson in 1800 cut a canal, eight feet in breadth, sufficiently deep to float logs at high water." There never was an canal cut at that place; and Mr. Peterson had given up his work in the New Meadows valley and moved to Bath before 1800. The preface of this work is dated 1832 or about 40 years after the canal had been actually built in another place. It is hard to see how anyone could confound Merrymeeting bay with the Kennebec below the Chops; but this seems to be done by Mr. Williamson.

In a history of Bath by Joseph Sewall, published in the collection of the Maine Historical Society (Vol. 11, p. 220) we have the following: "In 1779 a corporation in which John Peterson was the principal stockholder and chief proprietor of the scheme, excavated a canal which united the Kennebec with the New Meadows at the head of that river. The object was to transport lumber through the passage, as well as to facilitate boat navigation from the Kennebec to Casco bay. The work was finished, but did not answer the expectations of the public, nor compensate the labors of the proprietors, and soon went to ruin. It remains now (1833) only sufficiently definite to make the boundaries in the lots which border upon the canal of Sewall's, when he says was excavated in 1775, was not chartered until 1791"; in other words, according to his statement it was built 12 years before it was chartered.

In Lemont's historic dates of Bath, we are told that in 1799 a corporation was formed to unite the Kennebec waters with the New Meadows, for the transportation of

lumber, but it did not answer the purpose for which it was intended, on account of the waters of the Kennebec not being high enough for a run. John Peterson, main proprietor.

In Reed's history of Bath it is stated, John Peterson with others dug a canal connecting the head of the New Meadows with Merrymeeting bay; but this canal did not answer his expectations, though for sometime he ran logs through it to his mills. That his business ceased as early as 1798 he moved to Bath.

In Wheeler's history of Brunswick (p. 555) we have the following: In 1796 or 1798 a corporation was formed for the purpose of constructing a canal to unite the waters of Merrymeeting bay with those of the New Meadows river. It was intended for the transportation of lumber and not as a passage for vessels. John Peterson was one of the proprietors and the leading spirit of the enterprise. The canal was built, but probably did not answer the purpose for which it was intended, on account of there not being a sufficient difference of level between the two ends; and the experiment was soon abandoned. Traces of this canal are still to be seen."

These several histories differ much from the actual facts that we might almost suppose them to be talking about some other canal, if they were not equally discordant among themselves. We can only conclude from them that the canal was either from New Meadows to the Kennebec, or from Merrymeeting Bay to the New Meadows, or across from New Meadows river to Whiskeag creek; that it was built sometime between 1779 and 1800; that it was either eight feet wide or 30 feet wide, and that it was made either for lumber alone, or for lumber and small vessels, and for general traffic. The only points upon which they seem to agree are that the canal was not a success, and was only open for a short time and that the trouble came from the relative height of water at the ends. Excepting these last points we may dispute the evidence from the several histories as of no value.

We come not to one last source of information, tradition. The people who saw the building and use of the canal have passed away, and their children are now 60 to 90 years of age. To get actual dates or precise facts, based on the reflections of persons of that age, the most of whom had no reason to care anything about the canal, is not easy. In some cases the same person being asked the same questions, at different times, would give entirely different answers. In other cases two persons living on the same ground would contradict each other flatly upon what would seem to be the simplest possible points in regard to the work. Just when the canal was made, how long it continued in use, and what it cost, are points on which tradition furnishes no information. With regard to the workage of the canal, and the effect of the rise and fall of the tides at the ends, we get a few facts which cannot be obtained from any other source. We find the New Meadows tide came in about two hours before the tide from the Kennebec, and filled the canal to a depth of three or four feet, and even ran over the summit and down towards the Kennebec, making it hard work to get logs up to the summit. That after a while the Kennebec tide came in, and balanced that from the New Meadows, so that there was not movement of the water in either direction. That this New Meadows tide commenced to go down first and soon lowered the water in the canal so that it was of no use. The length of time during each tide that the canal could be in use was only about three hours, and this time, depending upon the moon's position, was not a fixed thing, but varied from day to day through the month.

The statement is made that under favorable conditions two rafts of logs placed end to end, each raft being made of six large logs side by side, not less than 60 feet long, were easily floated through the canal. This condition of affairs could perhaps have been improved by locks or gates, so placed to control the movement of the water at the upper part of the canal, and to hold it back so that it might be used for a longer time during each tide. Several persons now living on the immediate line of the canal are quite sure that such gates existed, and even show the exact location of them and remember to have seen within the last 15 years the remnants of certain planks in the bed of the canal. Other persons now from 70 to 80 years of age of hearing their parents speak very often of going down to the locks.

On the other hand, persons born and brought up on the ground are quite sure that nothing of the kind ever existed; and that if any planks have been found in that location or side of the canal, they were simply intended to prevent washing out of the earth at such points. One of the oldest persons now living in the region states plainly that the canal was never completed, and that no logs went through it. Another is entirely sure, from his father's statements, that the canal was used not less than twelve or fourteen years. One of the best informed men upon this matter, and whose recollections seem to be very clear, says that he remembers his father telling him how hard he had to work when a boy to pulling logs in through the canal. His father was born in 1795. Now if this boy worked when only ten years old, this would show the canal to have been operating in 1805; and if it were built in 1792 this would make 13 years for the time during which it was in use. We cannot, of course, be sure that the canal was actually in use as early as 1792, as the amended charter only says that "the company have at considerable expense opened a 'canal.'" A letter from a granddaughter of John Peterson says she does not think the canal was used, except that as soon as completed her grandfather floated some logs through it. That he was so indignant that the people of Brunswick took as little interest in it that he sold the property and moved to Bath in 1798.

The weight of evidence would seem to show that the canal was not much of a success and that it was not used to any great extent, more than perhaps three to four years. Though it may have been possible to carry logs through it for a considerable longer time; that the main trouble was the lack of a decided fall in the canal from the Kennebec to the New Meadows. The evidence upon the whole is not very satisfactory for showing that there were either back up gates at the upper part of the canal, to control the movement of water. At any rate, such structures, if they existed, were not sufficient to make the work a practical success.

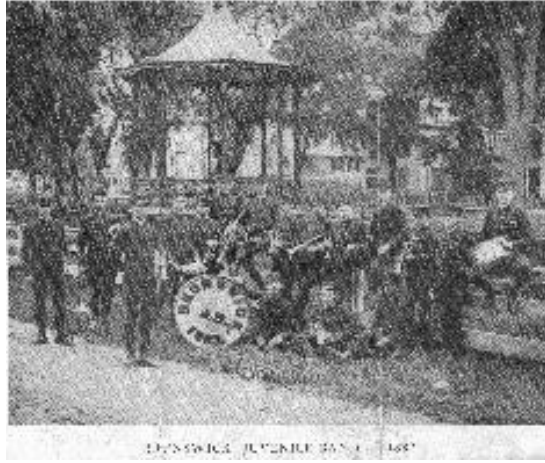
If we would walk over the route of the old canal, we can leave the cars at Harding, and follow the road running north, along the west side of the New Meadows valley. After going about one and one-half miles we cross a road which formerly led from the so-called Bay Bridge to Bath; and remaining in the same direction, about half a mile farther up the valley, our road turns abruptly to the east, goes down the hill, and directly across the meadows. The main river passes under a bridge at the western end of the embankment; but just as we get to the eastern end we find ourselves on another small bridge, over what seems to be a long and straight but narrow stream, which we can see for a considerable distance both above and below the road. This is the southern part of the old canal; if we leave the road at this point we may walk up the meadows along the western side of the canal until we come to the woods, passing through which we soon

reach a point where the canal swings around to the right, and going under a small bridge runs in an easterly direction through the meadows for about a fourth of a mile, the old embankment made from the earth taken out of the canal being plainly seen upon the northern side and furnishing a convenient path. The canal now turns to the northeast and after going about a fourth of a mile farther enters Welch's creek just below the old Crawford graveyard, which is on the wooded knoll to the south, at the place the canal progress stopped, the creek serving as a waterway, and which working around to the north passes under the road leading to Bath, and a short distance below out the Kennebec, about a mile and half below the Chops about the same distance above the mouth of Whiskeag creek.

The building of the canal, after the route had been selected, was a very simple matter, being no more than the making of a ditch from 8 to 10 feet wide at the bottom, and from 15 to 30 at the top, and averaging about four feet deep. The work for the most part in the meadow land, where the digging was easy, and the whole length was a little less than two miles. At the point where the eastern end of the canal comes out into Welch's creek, near the old Crawford graveyard, a ledge was encountered, where it is said a small amount of blasting had to be done. The water at this point, running towards the Kennebec made a small descent over what was known as the "rapids." When fairly into Welch's creek no more work had to be done. The difference of level between different parts of the canal was but a few feet, the whole work being in the low lands at the head of New Meadows river and Welch's creek—a perfect plain; and while it is more or less filled up by the wearing away of the banks, and the washing of the earth, considering that nothing has been done to it for the past hundred years, it is very well preserved, and it serves today as a drain for the surface water running east to the Kennebec, and south to the New Meadows.

A new ditch was cut by the city of Bath during the summer of 1900 in the bottom part of the canal running east from the bridge at the summit, to drain off the surface waters from the cultivated fields, and to protect the road crossing the channel at this point. Extra high tides still fill the canal, and in the winter one may walk from one end of it to the other on ice.

From the various traditions and from the present state of the work it is quite plain that the canal was not made deep enough at the upper part. The ledge at the Crawford graveyard should have been taken out for several feet in depth, and a gradual descent made in the bed of the canal from that place to such a point on the New Meadows side as that natural fall of land should determine. In this way logs could have been run up to the summit of the canal, by the rising tide from the Kennebec, and then carried down on the falling tide of the New Meadows. This, however, would have made a large increase in the cost of the work and even as early as 1800, would hardly have been justified, as at that time the business of the New Meadows valley was already beginning to move to Brunswick and to Bath.



Frank Freeman, George Hubbard, James Hubbard, J. Frank Jacques, William White, James M. Curtis, Charles Ridley, Ernest Crawford, W. Doughty, George Toothaker, Ernest Merryman, Carl Hessel, Robert Thompson, Robert Eaton, Charles Burnham, Fred Nash, Fred Fish

History of Famous Brunswick Juvenile Band Vividly Recalled

Brunswick Record

April 21, 1949

By William A. Wheeler

A little more than a century ago, the first instrumental musical organization of which there is record in Brunswick came into existence—the Brunswick Brass Band, organized in 1844. Its leader, for its short life of only five or six years, was William R. Field, who ran the “depot” restaurant, and later, after selling out to George Woodbury, opened a cigar and confectionery store at the corner of Maine and Depot Streets. Little is known of this band and there is no record of its members.

It was about 1875 that Fred Given, a carpenter who lived on Mason Street, gathered a group of local musicians and formed Given’s Band—perhaps the best and most talented band in Brunswick’s musical history. Fred Given, with his new E-Flat coronet, was the leader, and Howard Eaton was instructor. Harvey Given beat the big brass drum, “Ole” Hubbard played the tenor drum. The coronetists, in addition to Given and Eaton, were “Pel” Storer and Stanley Brown. “Billy” Campbell played the first slide trombone ever seen in Brunswick; the key trombone was played by Paul Randall. Charlie Mountfort and one Thompson played clarinets; Nate Given, Ed Hunter and Charles Stoddard provided the bass. Ed Lancy, who worked in the “box shop”, played the alto horn, and Edwin Graves, the harness maker, baritone.

Music A Family Affair

Music, in the Brunswick of that day, seems to have been somewhat of a family affair. “Ole” Hubbard’s three sons, Jim, George and Fred, were all musicians. The Thompson family, too, all had music in its blood. Sinclair, who later opened a school of music in Portland, was an expert banjoist; John, and I think Bob, played the clarinet. The Givens—Fred, Harvey and Nate—were all members of the band.

It was Given’s band which provided the summer concerts on the Mall in my boyhood—in fact, it was to make these concerts possible that the bandstand, still a feature

in the Mall but in a different location, was erected. In the Brunswick of that day a band concert was a real event. There were not automobiles in which to take an evening drive; no movies to attend; no radio to provide music and entertainment in the home. So, when Given's band marched from headquarters to the Mall, and ensconced in the bandstand, the leader gave the first tentative toot on his coronet, pretty much every able-bodied resident of Brunswick from five to 75 years old, was out ready to listen and applaud.

Some strolled up and down the Maine Street sidewalks, young couples sought the darker side streets or sat on the park's greensward; dads and mothers, when the could, found seats on the hard benches—planks covered with zinc to discourage whittlers. And everywhere there were boys—racing madly through the pathways, climbing the sides of the bandstand to get as close as possible to lucky Harvey Given, whose inestimable privilege it was to beat the huge brass drum and generally getting in everyone's way. And, in the soft summer air, there was a strident blast of the coronet, the clear note of the clarinet, the deeper tones of the trombone and baritone and over all, the "oompah" of the big brass horn. We didn't need radio or the movies; we had our own beloved band!

The French Band

The French Band—that's what we called it, although I believe the correct name was St. Jean Baptiste Band—was organized by a group of French Canadian citizens, I'd say sometime in the '80s although I may be mistaken in the date. John Mutty was the leader and played the bass horn; "Gene" Small, the Topsham carriage painter, was employed by the band as instructor. Whether or not this aggregation had musical ability, it is certain that they made an imposing picture as they marched up Maine Street. Their first uniforms were fire engine red, liberally adorned with massive gold braid. It is my recollection that "loud" as were their uniforms, their playing was louder still—in those first years of the band's existence its repertoire consisted of two tunes: "Marching Through Georgia" and "Her Bright Smiles Haunts Me Still." They played these over and over, making up for the lack of variety by plenty of volume.

I have been unable to obtain a list of members of this band. I believe, though, that from time to time, others than regular members occasionally played with the band—the late Prof. Hutchins, who was a master of the clarinet, Jim Hubbard, coronetist, and perhaps others.

Juvenile Band

I've been quite a while leading up to it, but this story is really intended to be about the famous Brunswick Juvenile Band of the 1880s—an organization which, because some of its members were around my own age, seemed to me to be the finest musical aggregation in existence.

I don't know who started it—very likely it was Jim Hubbard, who certainly was one of its brightest lights. Jim made music his career; for many years he played in the band of Scribner and Smith's Circus, traveling all over the United States and even in South America. Eventually he became treasurer of the show.

Incidentally, he was not the only Brunswick boy to follow the circus. At one time, some 10 or a dozen youths who could play some musical instrument joined up with a "canal show"—a sort of show-boat enterprise following the numerous canals of the period. Most of them remained only a short time. George Hubbard, Jim's brother, quickly got fed up—watching his chance as the boat moved slowly along a canal one night, he

threw his big brass horn up onto an overhead bridge and scrambled after it and somehow or other made his way home.

Trombonist was Frank Freeman, whose home was on Federal Street. He was, at one time, I believe, in the candy business in Brunswick, later he became an engineer for the New York Central Railroad. George Hubbard was a barber in Brunswick, then joined the Army and retired with the rank of colonel.

George was a special favorite of Miss Annette Merriman, principal of the grammar school. It has nothing to do with the band, but I can't refrain from telling this story. We were to have some sort of a "business meeting" of the "Boys Orchestra" of which I was manager; and there was an afternoon session of grammar school. I couldn't be at the meeting unless I got excused from school. My folks refused to write me an excuse for such a trivial purpose, so I sadly told George I couldn't make it. "I'll fix that," said George. He got a piece of paper and wrote:

"Miss Merriman,
Please excuse Willie at 2 o'clock and oblige
George Hubbard"

I took it and in fear and trembling presented it to Miss Annette, never dreaming it would result in anything but censure and perhaps punishment for me. But, with a smile, and without asking why I wanted to go, she consented. The fact that George has asked was enough! I doubt if anyone else in Brunswick could have put that across.

Jim Hubbard was the band leader. Music, I believe, was the one real interest in Jim Hubbard's life. He took part in most of the concerts and other musical affairs in the Brunswick of his day; he was always ready, at a moment's notice, to join any musical aggregation. I recall that when (somewhat later than the time of the boys' band) we organized the Brunswick Juvenile Orchestra. Jim gave us a great deal of his time and attention, even playing with our group when we gave a public concert. It was a little beneath his dignity, perhaps, to associate with us younger boys—a few years make a great difference at that age—but it was a chance for him to play his beloved coronet, and that was enough.

Outstanding Achievement

That orchestra, by the way, had an outstanding achievement. It was short-lived and never a very accomplished musical aggregation, but it had the distinction of being the first—perhaps the only—Brunswick group to make a recording. It was shortly after Edison had invented the phonograph that an itinerant exhibitor leased a small store in the Tontine Block and played wax cylindrical records at a nickel a selection. Talking with him one day, I suggested that our orchestra might play for him. He accepted the suggestion, and we gathered in the small room and made a number of records—or entire repertoire, in fact. For the rest of his stay in Brunswick members of the orchestra were on the free list and could listen to records as long as they liked. Strangely it was our own recordings that we asked for most often!

But I'm getting away from the band.

Frank Jacques was the bass drummer. I wonder if Brunswick boys today have the same burning envy that we youngsters had, watching the drummer wield his big stick with one hand while clapping the cymbals with the other! If we ever lived long enough, we were determined that some day we'd play the bass drum!

Usually holding the trombone was "Billy" White, who lived on Gilman Avenue.

James R. Curtis, whose mother had a bookstore on the corner of Maine and Everett Streets, in the same building where John Griffin had the first print shop in Brunswick was also a band member. The Curtis Store was later purchased by Byron Stevens, who operated it in the same location until he moved to the corner of Maine and Pleasant, now Chandler's College Bookstore.

"Pooduck" Ridley

Charlie Ridley, perhaps better known as "Pooduck", also participated. If I recall correctly, Ridley later had a grocery store on Maine Street near Everett.

Ernest Crawford, coronet player, was the son of Emery Crawford, who for years operated a trucking business in Brunswick. "Trucking" then, of course, meant with flesh-and-blood horse-power rather than mechanical. Ernest was employed in the office of the old Bowdoin Paper Company at the Topsham end of the bridge.

The drummer was Charlie Burnham. You don't remember him? You will if I call him "Woggle"! He lived in the house just north of the little Curtis Bookstore; and later, I believe, moved to Portland.

And then there was William Doughty, who at one time had a barber shop in Brunswick, but afterwards studied medicine and became the head surgeon in a California hospital.

Next to him comes red-headed George Toothaker—and again, a nickname is perhaps necessary for identification. We all knew him as "Picker". He was a printer and at one time was employed by Henry Upton in his Town Building office. Later he went to Augusta as a compositor on the Kennebec Journal and then migrated to Massachusetts. Fred Nash

Another band member was Fred Nash, son of Charles H. Nash, who was a tinsmith in the Furbish Store. Also in the group was Fred Fish, the son of the beloved principal of the high school, Charles Fish. Fish studied law and became a prominent patent attorney in Boston. He died not long ago.

Ernest Merryman, who now lives at Hillside, was also one the boys, as was Carl Hessel, who made music a career. He trouped with a minstrel show, later with an Uncle Tom's Cabin outfit, and afterward became bandmaster for a circus.

And don't forget "Bob" Thompson, of the musical Thompson family. He clerked for a time in the grocery store of G.B. Tenney, near the Town Building. Bob was an accomplished musician, playing almost any instrument he could get his hands on. The only musical instruction I ever got was from him; when I attempted—unsuccessfully to learn to play clarinet under his tutelage.

Last of all is Robert Eaton, who lived on Page Street. I believe his father established the insurance business in the Town Building which was the predecessor of the long existent Riley Agency.

This then, was the aggregation of youthful musicians who made up one of Brunswick's colorful organizations. Sixty-five years is a long time and memory is not always reliable; I may have erred in some of my recollections, but these thumb-nail biographies of the boys who made up the Brunswick Juvenile Band remember them.



HISTORIC RESIDENCE, TOPSHAM NOW HOME OF ELLIS L. ALDRICH

Dr. Benjamin Porter, a Partner of Governor King,
Erected House in 1802. Topsham too Healthy for Practice
Of Medicine So Doctor Engaged in Business

Brunswick Record

July 28, 1927

This house, now the home of one of the most prominent legislators, has a history very definitely connected with the political life of Maine, for it was built by one of the commissioners who divided the State property of Maine and Massachusetts in 1820 at the time of separation; was at one time owned by the honorable William King, the first Governor of Maine; later was the home of a very active member of the Board of Trustees of the Maine State Agricultural Society.

The house was built by Doctor Benjamin Jones Porter, M.D. He was born in Beverly, Mass., September 20, 1763. He studied medicine with his uncle Doctor Jones, a surgeon in the Continental Army, after completing his academic course at Byfield Academy. On April 10, 1789, he was commissioned as a surgeon's mate in Tupper's (Eleventh) Regiment, and in H. Jackson's (Fourth) Regiment in 1783. He practiced his profession in Scarborough, Westbrook and Portland and came to Topsham about 1793, building in a year a house on the site now occupied by the G.L. Quint Livery Stable, on Winter Street. He built the house now occupied by Representative Aldrich in 1802.

He was in the lumbering business with Hon. William King, his brother-in-law, who later was to become the first Governor of the State. The firm under the name of Porter & King, also engaged in trading conducting a store which stood about where the residence of J.W. McMillin on Main Street now is. He may have thought Topsham to be an extremely healthy place where no "physicians" were needed, or else the Town was overstocked, for so far as can be learned he did not engage in the practice of medicine after coming here.

He was very prominent in politics, being both a councilor and senator from Lincoln County, before the separation, and, as has been said, was one of the

commissioners to divide the State property of Maine and Massachusetts. He was given an honorary degree of A.M. from Bowdoin College in 1809, and was a fellow and treasurer of the college from 1806 to 1815. When he removed to Camden in 1829, the estate on Elm Street passed into the hands of Governor William King. The place was unoccupied until 1831, when a girls' boarding school was opened by Mrs. Elizabeth Fields, a great-grandmother of Mrs. Emma McLellan Duncan, who until a sort time ago resided on Green Street.

Mrs. Fields was the widow of Robert Fields, Esq., barrister in England, a lawyer of no mean ability, it is said, who was induced to come to America, and engage in his profession in Boston until his death in 1812. While on a visit with Governor King's family in Bath, in 1830, Mrs. Fields chanced to pass the Porter house in an afternoon's drive and the Governor pointed it out as "his property, once the residence of his sister, and now likely to remain unoccupied for years." It appealed to her as a likely place to conduct a girls' boarding school and arrangements were made for the opening in 1831, with twelve boarding scholars and the same number of day students. Governor King used his influence in inducing friends in Augusta and other places to send their daughters to the institution, and sent his only daughter to study there.

The first assistant teacher in the school was Miss Caroline Weld, who was succeeded by Miss Mary Thatcher, daughter of Peter Thatcher of Lubec, who is said to have been "a young lady of unusual fine mind and intellectual acquirements." A Mr. Purinton also taught under Mrs. Fields. In 1838, when Miss Thatcher left the school to be married, her place was filled by Miss Hester A.C. Hinkley, from Hallowell, who also left to be married and was succeeded by her sister, Miss Typhena Hinkley. In 1844, when Mrs. Fields gave up the school it was taken over by Miss Hinkley, who discontinued it after a few years. Mrs. Beers, the widowed daughter of Mrs. Fields was teacher of music at the school throughout its existence.

The reminiscence of a pupil at the school, as published in Wheeler's History Brunswick, Topsham and Harpswell, presents a very interesting picture of life at the school.

"For four years I was a pupil of hers, with occasional vacations. As it was the first school I ever attended, I could not at the time compare it with others, but the more I know of other boarding schools, the more clearly I see that she was unique, and in many respects superior. There were no written regulations. In fine weather we were encouraged to study out of doors. The ground was ample, well provided with arbors, shade-trees, swings and 'teeter-boards'. There was an old corn house in view from the school-room windows, which sometimes was a summer resort for a difficult French lesson. Five or six of the Telemaque class, with her book and or dictionary, would often have a fine social time while getting out the translation.

Plenty of exercise, in the open air when the weather would allow, and indoors in stormy weather, was enforced on us. Whenever the evenings were cool enough to require a fire, a good dance, of at least an hour, was required before going to bed. The school-room was large, with an immense fireplace opposite the windows, and in one corner, farthest from the fireplace, stood a large box-stove. When the weather was very cold, both stove and fireplace was used.

Mrs. Fields' seat was at the left of the fireplace by a large desk and she used to play the guitar herself, and call off for the school-room dancing.

The food was plain, wholesome and abundant. She always presided at the table and fared exactly like her scholars.

In the mornings we all met in the school-room, at half-past six in summer and about eight in the shortest days of winter. Prayers were read, then came breakfasts, and at eight in summer and nine in winter school began.

English studies came first, arithmetic, grammar and spelling. Non one was excused from spelling. Mrs. Fields would say 'My, you ought to learn.' One of her commonest criticisms upon a composition would be, 'Very well, my dear! Now take it and rewrite it, and see how much less space you can get every idea!' She used to say that the diffuseness and obscurity were the great faults of modern literature. Writing from dictation was with her a favorite method of drill in spelling and punctuation.

Some young lady was always assistant teacher for the beginners; but when the assistant least expected it, Mrs. Fields herself would step in and hear recitations, sending the assistant to hear her own particular classes meanwhile.

At about eleven A.M., Mrs. Beers, her daughter, who was a music teacher, came in and attended to penmanship, setting the copies herself. At noon, we had an intermission of two hours in summer and one in winter, with dinner about one o'clock. We had the range of the extensive grounds, provided only that we did not go out of bounds without permission and were prompt in minding the bell.

After dinner was playtime until two o'clock. Then came sewing of various kinds, embroidery an fancy, in all its branches; also, lace mending and fine darning, plain and fancy knitting. When we were all fixed at our work, someone was called on to read aloud, not more than fifteen or twenty minutes at a time. At five, school was out. After supper we usually had an hour for study, and then the tables were cleared for a dance or some other frolic until bed time.

The standard of honor was very high with Mrs. Fields, and yet I can recall no instance of punishment for dishonorable conduct, except her withering sarcasm and a feeling that the offender was not trusted. There was no standard of rank and no public examination, though visitors were always welcome. There was one custom conducive to social training. The house was open for a weekly reception most of the time on Thursdays. Mrs. Fields and her pupils were always 'at home' to all personal friends of herself and pupils. The latter were taught to behave as the daughters of the house in entertaining guests. I do not remember which was treated as the greatest fault—a prudish avoidance of a gentleman guest, or an appearance of coquetry and flirtation. Music, dancing, and conversation were the amusement of their reunion."

From such accounts on the foregoing, one feels assured that Mrs. Fields was quite advanced and ahead of her time in the education of young ladies. Her boarding school must have had an entirely different atmosphere than most institutions of that day, which from most accounts, worked on the principle that young ladies would be best fitted for society by being kept in abnormal and restricted seclusion until they were old enough to make formal debut or become engaged to be married, a principle quite contrary to that followed by most educators of our own day, who somewhat like Mrs. Fields, believe that social intercourse itself is the best school for that world which we call society.

In 1843, Francis T. Purinton, father of Miss Elizabeth Purinton of Pleasant Street, Topsham, purchased the estate. He was the son of Humphrey Purinton and a native of Topsham. He studied at an academy in Farmington and a seminary in Gorham. He

entered business early in life as a trader in partnership with his brother, Woodbury B. Purinton, and succeeded his father in lumber, ship-building, and general commercial business. He built the Topsham flour-mill, at one time one of the best in New England. Even though his many business pursuits took most of his time he was very interested and active in the promotion of agriculture. In 1855 he was chosen president of the Sagadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural Society. After the death of his wife the children sold the estate to Fred Ward, and later it was purchased by Herbert Turner. Mrs. Turner sold the estate to the Sagadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural Society shortly before her death. The society sold it to Mr. Aldrich in 1923, keeping a small part of the field at the rear of the building to enlarge the Fair Grounds which adjoin it.



Historic Gilman Mansion Is 130 Years Old

Brunswick Record

August 8, 1929

In 1798, the same year in which work was begun on Massachusetts Hall, the first building at Bowdoin College, the Dunlap house now known as the Gilman Mansion, was begun on a magnificent lot of land overlooking Maine Street at the east and the Androscoggin River on the northwest, the lot purchased by Capt. John Dunlap, who was said to be the richest man in Brunswick when he died in 1824.

A great many articles have been written about his historic and lovely house, its rare antiques and splendid architecture but the thing most impressive to the writer is the fact that this home, built when homes were made for permanent use and not as overnight lodgings, has, since the house was furnished in 1799 by the great grandfather of the present occupants, been used by the members of the original owner's family. Capt. Dunlap was succeeded as owner by his second son, David, who purchased the house from the other heirs in 1840 and remodeled it to his own use the following year. Very little was done to change the exterior and the changes in the interior undoubtedly added to its attractiveness.

The following is a description of the house nearly 100 years ago, in a letter preserved in the home. It is the recollection of a mature woman who lived in it for a short time when she was a little child.

"Although it was such a large place as I verily believed peopled with the ghosts of the older people who had lived there, it was a pleasant home. When I went to the house to live it seemed immense, and rather dreary. The long hall running through the house was seldom opened. The living rooms were those on the side next Mill Street. The front rooms looking towards Maine Street were the rooms for company. The little hallway leading upstairs had a winding stairway (This was taken away in 1841). Then the next room was the living room and back of it the dining room.

How vividly it comes back to me, the small table with the little bent old lady (Mrs. John Dunlap) and the snow white hair, the black dress made like Mother Hubbard, like those of later days, and the white sheen muslin cap, and its beautifully crimped border and the broad black ribbon, with the large bow on top. Any print of Martha Washington will give you the style.

The house was very comfortable; the furniture not over abundant, the garden and orchard looked towards the O'Brien place. They were well kept up. The large outbuildings and fences were well built. I do not remember going into the second story but once. Those large rooms must have been occupied by the children who had made homes for themselves. Those rooms and the ones beyond the large hall were mostly uncarpeted and with little furniture, the stiff chairs, leather seated. The windows all had wooden shutters."

The foregoing description was of the house prior to its remodeling in 1841. The old shutters were removed at that time, but fortunately have been preserved. Originally the windows had 24 panes, now the windows of the main house have 12 panes. In the ell there are still 24. On some doors are the great old iron locks and the brass door knobs, still locked by turning a heavy brass key, while others have more modern glass knobs, if one call knobs purchased 20 years before the Civil War, modern.

The winding stairway is a thing of beauty as it curves in an unbroken spiral from the large hallway on the first floor to the third floor of the house. It is a type which was built as early as 1750. Its newel posts and balustrade are of the finest mahogany. Originally the hallway ran from the front of the house to the back. A part of the hallway was added to the parlors which were united to form one large living room. This living room today is beautiful and distinctive. Probably in former days the heating of so large a house was a problem even with a huge fireplace in every room so that smaller rooms were more popular with the owner. The parlor was used exclusively for entertaining, of which there was a good deal, and indeed there was little need for its general use with another large living room on the southwest side. In 1841 David Dunlap further added to the house by enclosing the stoop with glass windows, making a beautiful sun room which overlooks the garden. This garden is now filled with perennials and shrubbery of every description which is adapted to the climate, and is throughout the summer a show garden of the community. Poppies and sweet cinnamon pinks border the walkway; roses and vines which have rambed over the structure of the ell make it perhaps, lovelier with the growth of years than it was in earlier times. On a little knoll is the sun dial which was brought from Virginia by Mrs. Charles Gilman who was Miss Martha Ellison. Captain Dunlap built a small library which is lined with well worn books above a handsome built-in secretary which has mahogany fronts. Other changes which were less happy were made by the enterprising grand-father of the present family. Probably the marble mantels were made to replace beautiful hand-carved wooden mantels which the house unquestionably must have had originally. The wallpaper which he had hung in the parlor is still there and is in splendid condition. It is remarkable that so few changes have taken place in the old house, which has had many children reared there. Captain John, the builder, was twice married; his first wife Jeanette Dunning bearing him three children, John, David and Mary; his second wife, Mary Tappan, having three, Richard, Robert and Marcia. The present owners point to the pictures in one of the ell chambers which were pasted there in their childhood. A delightful house it must have been for children with its immense hallways, many chambers and open garret. Children and even grown-ups are charmed with the quaint old fashioned toys and furniture, as carefully built as the large pieces made for their elders. Many of these have been preserved, little bureaus, a little spool bed, a set of doll's dishes, and a cradle which actually rocked Captain John's children to sleep.

An architectural description of the house is not perhaps generally interesting except to those interested in building technicalities. The house presents an imposing appearance even now though the view is somewhat obstructed by buildings around it. It must have presented a handsome appearance in former days when it stood alone on the knoll on which it was built, with nothing south of it but the house referred to as the O'Brien place, in which John O'Brien lived about 1850. This is now occupied on one side by the Brunswick Hospital; the other side was the residence of the late Dr. Eva Adams. Cumberland Street was formerly O'Brien Street named for him.

Capt. John Dunlap's home had two imposing entrances, much alike, one on the Maine Street side, the other facing Mill Street. Each one had a portico with two pillars and two pilasters and a window each side of the door and a row of panes above the doors. The stone steps were broad and long, four in number, the doors had eight panels with glass knobs. These doorways opened into roomy vestibules with a narrow window at each end. There were two other doors on the north side, plain paneled doors with two panes of glass in each one. The house has a frontage of 50 feet, the side 39 feet, and the ell, which is long and rambling, 70 feet. There is a long stretch of outbuildings, a passageway, then the barn and shed running north from the house, then a chaise house attached which runs towards the east so that a sort of court is formed.

Samuel Melcher, who built the 3rd meeting house of the First Parish Church in 1806, in which Bowdoin's first Commencement was held, was the builder of this house and many other buildings in town. The house has six entrances and nine fireplaces, besides one bricked up. The house is paneled beautifully in white pine, some of the panels so wide that it seems impossible to believe it was cut from Brunswick lumber, which it was. The house is substantially as well as beautifully built. There is an air of spaciousness as well as grace, as indeed there might be in 25 large rooms.

Not much has heretofore been said about the house which is on the Gilman grounds—the little house on the side facing Mill Street. Capt. John Dunlap bought the land for his house about 1795 and sold a lot to Charles Bisbee, a watchmaker, who built in 1795, a ten room story and half cottage in which he lived. This is quaint and charming and has many interesting features, a huge chimney in the middle of the house which nearly fills the hall in the second story, the attractive front staircase with its delicately hand carved banisters, painted white. There is a huge fireplace in the living room, and the windows have tiny panes. The dining room fireplace is bricked up but the brick hearth and long mantel remain. The house is at present occupied by Alonzo B. Holmes and family. Mrs. Holmes' great grandfather, Dr. Isaac Lincoln was the son-in-law of Capt. John Dunlap, Dr. Lincoln having married his daughter, Marcia Scott.

Of Capt. John Dunlap's children perhaps his son, Robert P. who became the tenth governor of Maine in 1834, is best known. His fine residence on Federal Street is a conspicuous three story affair. It is said that he intended that there should be houses of only that type on Federal Street. Other members of the family besides the governor were prominent politically, his father having represented Brunswick in the General Court of Massachusetts 1793-1805; David Dunlap, represented the District of Maine in the Massachusetts Legislature 1810-1817 and later was in the Maine Legislature in 1820. This David, who became the master of the Dunlap house, in 1820, married Nancy McKeen, daughter of Rev. Joseph McKeen, the first president of Bowdoin College. Their

daughter, Alice McKeen, married Charles Gilman, who represented Maine in the 57th Congress.

About the Gilman house are many relics of former days. The collector exclaims over the beautiful old furniture, some of which has been used in the house over a hundred years, other pieces which have been brought from Exeter, from the ancestors of the Gilman family. All have found a nook in the house which seems rightfully their own. The fine chambers over the main house are furnished with different types of chamber sets, from the high four-poster which must be reached by a short flight of steps, to the sleigh bed in the front south chamber. The very best in the antique furniture may be found here in use as it was in former times. No jarring modern note has been introduced—tall mirrors, hooked rugs, crystal chandeliers which only within the past few years have been converted to the uses of electricity. The writer recalls a wedding of one of the descendants of the McKeen family a few years ago when the house from the first floor to the garret was glowing with candles, in great sconces in every nook of the vast house. A clipping from the Record of 10 years ago describes a Colonial party held in the mansion at which the invited many persons, appeared in various costumes worn at social functions of former times. It must have been an interesting function, one of many which this fine old house has hospitably entertained.

Among the interesting relics which the Gilman house retains is the Bible of the Rev. Robert Dunlap, the first so-called “settled minister” of the First Parish Church, who was, according to reports a fiery and zealous preacher. The Bible was printed according to the custom of the time. Many records of birth or historic personages can be found only in the family Bible record. The Rev. Robert and his wife emigrated to America from the north of Ireland in August, 1735. During his passage the ship was wrecked and one of the children was washed from its mother’s arms. After the Rev. Robert’s arrival in Boston, he came to Brunswick in 1745, on probation as settled minister of the First Parish Church for the sum of \$200, and the committee agreeing to hire him a house during the war. His house not being finished, he resided for a time in the two-story garrison house of McFarland on the corner of Maine and Mason Streets, and endured there the rigors of the times. He continued as minister here for some 13 years, until difficulties arose concerning the payment of his salary, the Rev. Robert refusing to accept the taxes assessed by the Parish, as was the custom, on member outside his congregation. In early days the Parish meeting and town meeting was the same thing, just as church and state in Europe were invariably linked in early times. Rev. Robert died in 1775 at the age of 60, and was buried here. Inscribed on his tombstone is as follows: “Behold a sower went forth to sow.”

Captain John, who, to the writer, is an extremely interesting character, was his son and followed quite a different career from his father. He was possessed of what we would call “ambition” and early went out to become a rich man. He did this by the means that were available. First he enlisted as a soldier at Fort George. Finding this unremunerative he abandoned this career and became a hunter. He made long journeys into the wilderness of which there was plenty, and brought back furs, the yield of which gave him his start in the world. Later in life he became a trader, and this, with his interest in lumber and navigation, helped to fulfill his ambition to become wealthy. In terms of present-day wealth his few hundred thousand dollars would appear picayune, but in those days he was a financier whose judgment was unquestioned. The oldest residence in town, the house

on the south side of Lincoln Street, near Maine was built by Capt. John in 1772. He lived there until 1800 when he moved into his new house on what is now Union Street. He seems to have used his first residence for business, running a public house at which Talleyrand is supposed to have been a guest. He also had a building in the front yard in which he sold West India goods. It is related that there was an unfinished attic over the store, into which a small scuttle hole opened from the store below. Esquire had no money draw and was accustomed to throw pieces of coin received from customers up through the hole into the attic. The times must have been extraordinarily honest for he seems to have prospered in spite of his negligence. Later he sold this house to Capt. Richard Tappan, whose daughter was the second wife of Capt. John Dunlap. She became the mother of governor, Robert. Her daughter, Marcia, married Dr. Isaac Lincoln and came back to the home that had once been the abode of both her father and mother. The house remained in the family until the death of Dr. John Lincoln who was the son of Dr. Isaac Lincoln. Dr. Charles Lincoln and Mrs. Hartley Baxter of this town lived as children in this house. Not many features of the old house remain, it having been remodeled by a subsequent purchaser, Dr. Curtis who renovated it to his own use. It had, by the way, in his time some beautiful and valuable antiques collected by Dr. Curtis and his wife in the days before antiques had the market value they have today.

Among the relics retained by the descendants of the Dunlap family is a beautiful example of needlework, illustrating the *Sentimental Journey* by Lawrence Sterne, done by the great grandmother, Mary Gardner. There are many fine family portraits, one of the grandmother who was a fine needlewoman, and one of Alice McKeen the mother of the Misses Mary and Elizabeth and Charles Gilman. It is said that the first dollar earned by the enterprising and ambitious Capt. John Dunlap was in the possession of Dr. John Lincoln up to the time of his death, and is, no doubt in existence today.

A great deal more might be written of the Gilman mansion which would be of historic interest. It is not the purpose of the writer to feature any individual but rather to recall to mind something of the earlier days of Brunswick. Perhaps the history of the Dunlap family can give an interesting and consecutive picture as any of local history which was contemporaneous with Washington and Jefferson, when national history was in the making. Politics, business enterprises and government were as active in our town as in other places. Brunswick in 1799 was a wilderness precinct of Massachusetts governed by the General Court of Massachusetts, but we sent our representatives, Captain John being among them. He stands out as a representative citizen in other ways, one who sailed the seas, traded, built a home and raised a family which was to have its leaders in the government of the future.

It is 130 years ago since the Gilman mansion was completed. As has been said, it has changed remarkably little in over a century. There is about it the atmosphere of Colonial times, not a cultivated atmosphere of the museum variety, but that of a home which is loved and respected.

L.P.C.

HILDRETH HOUSE IS STILL FAMOUS HOTEL
Has Just Closed Its Thirtieth Season
Brunswick Record
October 27, 1932

Hildreth House At No. Harpswell

The Hildreth House at North Harpswell—a famous hotel which
Has just closed its thirtieth season.

Charles Hildreth, owner and proprietor of the “Hildreth House” has returned to Lewiston for the winter months. He reports a fairly successful season in spite of the much talked of depression.

Mr. Hildreth was a pioneer in the summer hotel business here, as was his famous ancestor Paul Hildreth of whom we read about in history floating down the Androscoggin river in a birch bark canoe, and finding a suitable site of the shores of the river, settled there, so founded what later became the city of Lewiston.

So did Charles, thirty years ago, decide that the quaint secluded Alexander Homestead was the spot in which to build his summer colony.

A large addition was built into the small cottage house and several cottages and camps. A large boathouse and dance hall was erected on the shore with a long pier and wharf reaching well out to the channel bank where the Portland steamer made daily calls.

It certainly was a busy place in those days and the scene of many happy vacations. Then came the war and everything was changed, supplies and help could not be had, and for several seasons, Mr. Hildreth rented the place, and stayed in Lewiston where he had many business interests. But the call of Harpswell was too strong and he came back to carry on.

Although summer hotels are almost a thing of the past secluded beauty of this place and the genial hospitality of its manager bring many guests each year to this once famous resort.

HIGH HEAD, PROUD, COVETED
BY SUMMER VISITORS, STILL
REMAINS THE CURTIS FARM

Established as Curtis Homestead in 1744 Has
Always Remained In Family. Quiet and Peace
Surround This Beautiful Headland
Brunswick Record
July 31, 1930

High Head—a prominence that juts down between the Harpswells and has served the homecoming fisherman for a century and more as a landmark, is really just a farm. With its evergreen tips reaching high above waters of Casco Bay—quiet waters as they roll in between Great, Orr's, and Bailey Islands on one side, and Harpswell Neck on the other—High Head is the summer visitor's idea of paradise. But it is really just a farm.

Harpswell, prettiest of the pretty, with its dainty cottages, its larger estates, its fishermen homes, and its off-shore islands, is lessened into mediocrity by High Head, which runs down between the two points of the towns, look at both, and bows in shame to neither. Fishermen, coming up from Haddock Hole, maybe getting home from the Portland market, or beating up from Half-Way Rock guide their boats by High Head. Steamers passing down the coast can see High Head and know where they are. Summer visitors look at High Head, and with tears in their eyes wish they could have it. But still, High Head is only a farm.

The Curtis homestead is on High Head, has been there since long before the United States beat off the English troops and made their own country, and if everyone in the family has his way about it, it will always be the same homestead. In 1632 William Curtis came to this country in the "Lion," one of those vessels in the pilgrim era, and settled in Harpswell. In 1744 the Curtis family was installed in their more or less pioneer home, and years before the Revolutionary War Ezekiel Curtis had a family at High Head.

In those days Harpswell was not famed for its beauty. People who lived there fought the elements in a grim battle for existence, and too often lost. Harpswell was mixed up in the Indian fights, its wilderness battles, as was every other place. But the Curtis family derived no benefit from the beauty of the place. They fished, hoed their corn, drove their cattle, split rails for fences, and all other things—but High Head was then only a farm.

Ezekiel Curtis had a son David. David passed the name on to John. A granddaughter of John, Rebecca Curtis, now lives on the farm, finding delight in the scenery, enjoying life in the spot where her family toiled through two hundred years. With her live the wife of her brother John, since dear, Mrs. Althea Curtis; her two children, Elizabeth and Katie; Elmer Wilson, who married the daughter Katie, and their two children, Mary D., and Eleanor C.

Since the Curtis family has been living at High Head there has always been a girl named Elizabeth in the family, except for three years, between 1843 and 1846. The period of non-Elizabeths was relieved by the marriage into the family of a girl by that name, and since then, as before, the succession has continued.

A mile from the farmhouse an old fashioned swing gate bars the road. Opening the gate, which must be closed again after passing, the visitor finds a winding road intermittently touching open space, fir and spruce groves, hardwood, and last of all a cedar thicket. A telephone line follows the road. Leaving the wooded section, the road curves up a high hill, where behind a string of elms the house sits in the open—with a view as extensive as that of the Ark on Ararat, and seeing on all sides what Noah saw—water.

On the west side is Mill Cove, quiet and unruffled in calm weather; Elijah Kellogg's church spire is reflected on the surface. To the east is Great Island, and Orr's Island, with another cove between, up which visitors cruise to Gurnet. But to the south—Orr's Island almost indistinguishable from Bailey's, both nearly touch Pott's Point and Haskell's. Mark Island, with its curious spire above the horizon peeps around the end. And beyond that, the vast expanse of the broad Atlantic, with a smudge on the sky for a liner below the horizon. The rest of Harpswell, the rest of Maine—may be pretty, but this is the Quintessence of beauty.

Silence is the keynote. One hears no autos ripping down the road. A crow gave one raucous caw, and observing its impropriety, refrained from the second. Motor boats going by are strangely deadened, so that the loudest putt-putt reaches the High Head ears as a muffled mutter, thoroughly in tune with the music of the spheres.

Elmer Wilson, who farms the High Head 150 acres now, is most interested in cattle. Appropriate to the Curtis coat of arms, which has three bull's heads across the field, his herd sire, Darling Owl of High Head, is a son of a gold and silver medal bull. The bull has six sisters making over 700 pounds of butter far in a year. 22 head of such pure-bred stock are roving in rich pasture, for which people would gladly pay thousands for cottage lots, and which the surveyor's line would too readily cut up into summer property. But High Head has always been a farm, and it still is.

At one point the water cuts off all but 100 yards of High Head. But it is still a half-mile from the house to the tip of the point. The point beggars description. One stands gazing over the waters as is in a divine presence. A little grove has been cleared and more were guides to sailors have since gone. The hemlocks were tall and black curiously so since the ledge of High Head comes through the surface too frequently.

Years ago, the Curtis family says a fisherman and his son drowned just of this point. A man named Johnson and his boy were sailing their cat-boat down the lee of High Head, and the strong wind from the west swamped them the minute they rounded the point. People over on Orr's Island saw them go over, and stood helplessly on the distant back while the two men lost their lives. The boy's body was washed ashore on the rocks below High Head.

An iron cross, mute monument to the men and lasting reminder of their fate is standing in a boulder just at high-water mark. Tragic as their end was, many will envy those two fishermen their monument on High Head. One would like to have eternity to enjoy the sight down between the Harpswells, to where that liner has moved six inches across the sky.

Last year a moose walked into the clearing by the house, and tried to make friends with the horse and cows. This year a deer walked up behind the barn. A fish hawk has a nest in the tip of a cedar within sight of the house, and a million or more barn-swallows dart about the yard.

Miss Rebecca Curtis told of old times on the place, and mentioned her going to school in the long ago times when there were “summer sessions” and “winter sessions.” She recounted Harpswell’s long ago attempt to have a high school, of the moving, building, and destruction of the town schools, and she showed a picture of the little building in which she read, wrote, and figured. “They built it large,” she laughed, “so that they could hold meetings in it.” The building was hardly large enough for a one-car garage.

In a beautiful antique buffet Miss Curtis drew out a yellowed paper—manuscript of a poem, about which she told a story.

Her grandfather John Curtis, was called “Cap’n Curtis.” His son (her father) was always “Master Curtis”. One day a fisherman named Barstow down on the point saw a school of dolphins coming in, about which he informed the community, at that time perhaps much more of a fishing place than it is now.

Of course everyone put into a dory, and many of the fish were taken. Cap’n John, aroused by the hue and cry from his last morning slumber, scrambled into one boot, took his other boot in one hand, “Master John” in the other, and the two of them put for the float and the Curtis dory to get a share of the plunder.

Out in the cove, Captain Curtis swung an axe at a monster dolphin while Master John, 15 years old at the time, plied the oars in the dim light of daybreak. He sank the boat-builders broad-axe into the back of the fish, but the fish proved to be stronger of the two, and with a might lurch Captain John went overboard, and while he still clutched the axe-handle, the fish towed him up into Long Cove.

The manuscript she showed was a poem commemorating the event written at the time, and long forgotten, although for years it was remembered as the only authentic ballad containing full details. The poem, copied in the dim old-fashioned hand was:

The Battle of the Dolphins
Arma virumque cano

I sing of battles and the man
Who upon the Dolphin rode
Tune—Who’ll be king but Charlie?
1.

Harpswell, attend and hear a friend
Recount you hero’s glory.
Strange things I’ll tell which late befell,
To live in classic story.
2.

It was early day, as people say,
Just as the sun was rising
Bob Barstow stood on a log of wood
And saw a sight surprising.
3.

As in a maze he stood to gaze,
The truth can’t be denied, sir,
He spied three score and eighteen more

Whales swimming up the tide, sir.

4.

Bob's neighbor, too, in coat of blue
This strange appearing viewing,
First stretched his eyes in great surprise
And said 'Some sport is brewing'.

5.

So Bob then flew, his neighbor too,
And ran o'er hill and dale, sir,
To tell the news and muster crews
And shout "A whale, a whale," sir.

6.

Soon all the clan, and every man
Was up in arms for battle
And some ran here, and some ran there
For boats, harpoons and tackle.

7.

"They're sharks" one cried. This all denied
' The great sea-serpent, 'tis then,
Look in his track and see his back,
With bunches all uneven'.

8.

Now Captain John, at early dawn,
Had scarcely thought of rising,
'til High Head the news was spread
With quickness most surprising.

9.

'Tis scarcely light, he starts upright,
Awake by such a clatter,
He rubs both eyes and quickly cries
"O Pray, sirs, what's the matter?"

10.

From his bed side he then espied
The whales just off shore, sir.
Upon one foot he thrust one boot,
And runs with on in hand, sir.

11.

"Arise, arise, My boys," he cries,
"Here's something monstrous thronging.
Row quick the boat, and skull the float
And see what 'tis that's coming.'

12.

Most wondrous crew of fishes new,
And strange what's been the guide, sir
O'er shoals of mud, the morning's flood
Is driving up the tide, sir.

13.

If whales or sharks or dolphins dark
Or grampus, sea-like lubber,
Why surely we despised shall be
Unless we take their blubber.

14.

The ready band now bravely stand
And ranged in strong array, sir,
With courage shout to see it out
And make a bloody day, sir.

15.

Now Captain John, for glories won,
Was made the chief commander
And Aaron-like, resolved outright
To mount a dolphin charger.

16.

Then to Reed's Cove he 'squired the drove,
Just when the tide was high, sir.
That when it fell, Oh, stranger to tell,
Should leave them high and dry, sir.

17.

The guns now roar, from shore to shore,
Harpoons and axes rattle.
And sure did man, since time began,
Ne'er see so strange a battle.

18.

The fish below want to and fro,
In blood and carnage drenched.
"Why sure," thought they, "the de'ls to pay
And Jackson is elected."

19.

Accursed the day, the Dolphins say
(They thought 'twas Jackson clatter)
The hero's down and killed the town,
And now's attacked the water.

20.

Thus terror struck, was dolphin's pluck,
It made their warm blood shudder,
But dolphins' black, like Jackson's pack,
Have all less brains than blubber.

21.

New England's voice is Harpswell's choice,
She'll have no slave selection,
But join the cry of Live or Die,
For Adam's reelection.

The poem was dedicated to Captain John and was used in the political campaign of 1828 (How many remember it?) with considerable effect in the Harpswell district.

The Dolphins are gone, the tall hemlocks of High Head are gone, and times have changed. But whereas Orr's Island, Great Island, Bailey Island, all the Harpswells, and the several smaller islands have devoted much to summer people, to tourists, and vacationists, High Head is still a farm, and although one falls in love with it at once, one hopes that it will still be a farm long after the last fisherman has sighted up by the grove to the white house, so as to run up the coves without hitting Dipper Ledge.

Here's What The Business Men of Brunswick Like For Lunch

Recordman Takes A Census of Preferred Dishes;
The Answers Will Make Your Mouth Water

Brunswick Record

October 20, 1932

By John T. Gould

One upon a time, in the good old days when romance and the pocketbook were blooming together, the Recordman took a lunch-cart waitress to a movie show. That girl had been spoiled by her career. Everything she thought, said, or did had some connection with the dreary business of feeding her fellow mortals. One man she saw was characterized as one who "could stuff away two orders of corned beef." Another looked like a coffee and doughnuts fiend. The heroine in the movie show was prettier than a side of tomatoes. When the girl was ready to leave the theatre, she said, "On the side." The evening was spoiled, much like her lunch-cart cup of slate colored coffee. Since then the Recordman has eschewed waitresses.

But when he started asking Brunswick business men what each had for the idea business man's lunch, he was reminded at every turn of that incident—food is one of those things that takes up a majority of everyone's time, and people are always ready to talk about it.

And as he went about asking this man and that what they thought was the ideal noon-time repast for one who works inside all day, he got the queerest replies you ever heard. Incidentally, it seemed plain enough that the first thing a man would tell of liking was something that he almost never, or very seldom, had. If you were to put all these "ideal lunches" on a table, and sit down to eat, you would have everything from ham hocks and cold-slaw to tea and toast, and here and there, on sideboards and buffets would be stacks and stacks of such things as peaches and cream, apply pan-dowdy, watercress and vinegar and—Omnipotent Zeus!—even the lowly pancakes with maple syrup and powdered sugar.

This gastronomic suicide would be what Brunswick's business men would eat for lunch of a fair day—provided they had wives who would cook it, and constitutions that could stand it. Probably the most of them, even as you and I, go home at noon and eat whatever my good wife has placed on the board, and probably along about three or four they couldn't remember what it was they ate. But they have ideas, and it was an idea that started the spinning jenny, so here we go!

Now Mr. Hiram Webber, the dark-room and hypo man who has developed a great many people, doesn't care much what he eats, "I eat anything," he confided. "I told my wife a while ago that I never got a poor meal at her house yet, and it tickled her. One think I like is warmed over things. You know, leavings from a meat warmed over for supper. I like that."

It didn't take Gil Wheeler long to make up his mind what he'd like to eat. "Fried partridge or woodcock, that's my idea of a meal." But Gil was reminded that you can't have those things all the year 'round, so is the law worded, and then he came back with "Another good meal is a good boiled dinner, with a chunk of brisket, and a piece of pork

mixed in.” The Recordman is anticipating an invitation to lunch at that house sometime. And wouldn’t you? Gil says he has his big meal at noon, and takes a lunch at night, because he got used to it when he was traveling.

John Milton, manager of Grant’s is one of those poor chaps who lives on restaurant food. There are a few left. John thinks a fine thing to eat of a noontime is a nice sirloin steak, fried in butter, with shoe-string fried potatoes, a cup of coffee, lemon pie, and a cigarette. John was enjoying this when he was being interviewed, so perhaps the excitement of the moment caused his quick answer.

Mr. A.F. Brehaut of the department store believes that the business man should go home at noon, to a light lunch, and have a more ripping meal in the eventide. He says there are lots of things he could suggest as his favorite meal, but that this time of year he likes a chicken dinner about as well as anything. A novelty meal that came to his mind was something spoken of as a “Bean Swagen,” a sort of bean soup made in the woods during the frosty days of the hunting season. After a long tramp in the open air in search of the elusive buck, a bean swagen tastes like some of the viands of the gods—and anyone knows that almost anything will make a meal after that experience.

This thought of Mr. Brehaut prompted a thought on the part of your correspondent, regarding a hunting season dish that makes all other dishes inferior. This is what is termed up in the Rangeley region as “Pot Hellion.” A pot hellion is a dish that generally comes along toward the close of the stay in camp, and while its first aim is to satisfy the starving inner man, its secondary purpose is to clean up the camp of all things that would spoil before the next party comes in.

The cook, if best results are to be obtained must be a seasoned veteran of the woods. He starts by covering the bottom of a huge kettle with water which when boiling, is the recipient of a chunk of meat—body for the stew. The meat can be a couple of partridge breasts, a chunk of venison round, a rabbit, a piece out of a good fat bear or even an owl or dead sparrow. It makes little difference, for the things to come are the flavoring matter, and the meat is only a sort of ground-work.

The cooks then follows with a can of corn, a couple of hand-fulls of beans, some potatoes, a shot of mustard, a whole lot of onions, some cat-nip, a dose of macaroni, and so on and so on, until the pot is full, and the pantry is empty. No two pot hellions are made the same. The contents depend on what is on hand, and the more that is available the choicer the thing becomes. It must be eaten from a bowl with a tablespoon, and there must be plenty of hard-tack or—if the cook knows how (and most of them do)—some hot biscuits.

The recordman defies anyone to go out in the woods on a coolish day, walk ten miles, and then eat a pot hellion—saying afterward that he doesn’t like it. You can’t help yourself. It’s delicious. But this is a digression.

Miss Irene Taylor, the dot and dash girl at Western Union, somehow didn’t sound honest when she said her favorite meal was “mush and molasses, fried.” Old timers will recall this with a sigh. It was a one-time morning regularity on the farm. But Miss Taylor is really pretty fond of a helping of good fried clams and another of her weaknesses is steak and onions. But the “mush and molasses” was too good a comment to disregard. Is there any home in Brunswick where they have it nowadays?

The members of the community who trace their origins back to the Isles of Greece and surrounding mainland have a diet that runs true to form. Olive oil is a dressing for

everything. Greens of almost any description suit Louis Zamanis, who is a chef, and who has fed the most of us betimes, can make a meal on a head of lettuce, some olive oil, and some ripe olives—with a pepper or two sliced over the top. Undoubtedly it would be called a salad. Greeks, to a man, dote on a special kind of coffee that they import. It is strong enough to float a brick, and once you get used to it you like it. Many Brunswick citizens who have been treated to a cup of it have become addicts, and prefer it to the common coffee.

Mr. Algernon Chandler, of the bookstore, thinks he has the wrong idea of what makes a good business man's noon day lunch. He thinks that the proper thing to do would be to eat a light lunch, but he says that his custom is to eat a hearty dinner at noon, because of the fact that his breakfast is light, and is at six in the morning. A light lunch at noon would leave him in a fairly weak condition along about the middle of the afternoon.

Mr. Chandler says that he plays favorites with no particular dish. "I can't think of anything in the whole wide world that I don't eat and like," he reports, "even summer squash—don't I like summer squash, though?"

Isaiah R. Morrell says he doesn't care for light lunches, every meal he eats is a heavy one, and since Mr. Morrell is a large man, as well as an important one, it seems quite necessary that he consume his share of sustenance. Mr. Morrell has his desires too. His idea of a splendid fare is so much roast quail, or partridge will do, with some champagne along with it.

Not so dainty a desire is with "Jud" Langen, the barber. His idea of a perfect meal is a heaping platter of corned beef and cabbage. "I can eat more of that than Jiggs," he says. And as far as light and heavy lunches go, Mr. Langen has no choice. "I eat whatever is on the table, light or heavy." Although Jud's hobby is bee culture, Jud doesn't care so much for a suggested meal of hot biscuits and honey. "No honey for me," he said.

L.L. Spinney, pausing in the midst of figuring up a client's income tax, said that he'd like a nice rare steak, onions or no onions, and a helping of creamy mashed potatoes. "A business man wants a light lunch of course," he said, "If you eat a heavy meal you get sleepy, and can't do such a good afternoon's work."

John Stanwood, tax collector, takes his heaviest meal of the day at noon. It's just a household habit with him. He never stopped to figure it out—but they always have a heavy noon meal, and so he eats it. If he got for lunch today the thing he adores the most, the Stanwoods would eat a copious lobster salad.

Ernest Clement, retiring commander of the American Legion post, isn't hard to please. He wants a light lunch, but his idea of a real banquet is to gather a crowd around an open wood's fire and roast green corn and hot dogs. Then there has to be some good coffee, and Mr. Clement is happy.

Wilbur Senter had to pause to figure out what he liked best. He has certain things that he likes well, but is likewise partial to others, while other things he doesn't eat—like the most of us. Finally he settled on a steak, but without onions. Mr. Senter doesn't care for onions. At noon he believes the business man should take a light meal.

Good old Bill Murch, the Cumberland theatre gubernator, has a funny mixed up life as far as meals go. His work keeps him at the office after the last customer is gone and everything is closed, and consequently he doesn't get up very early in the morning. Thus his breakfast comes at noon. Then at six he has dinner, and if he had what he likes best it would be roast beef, rare. The movies start, and around ten o'clock he has his

lunch, retiring a few hours later. He says there aren't a great many things that taste the same to him as they used to before he went on his diet of meals at all hours—he thinks the desire for food left him partially when he started his night work. When he gets a chance, he has lunch, and instead of a tasty meal his food becomes merely a means of subsisting.

Mr. J.E. Davis, perhaps the oldest active business man, insists on a light lunch, and has found in his 80-odd years that this makes for better service from the human machine in the P.M. "As long as anything is clean and well-cooked, I'm not very fussy," he says. "There are some things I can't eat, such as hot roast pork, but in general I'm not hard to please. I like poultry. I like a good lobster stew. I prefer a good piece of corned beef to a steak anytime, but I do like steak. It's hard to say just what your favorite dish is, isn't it?"

Benjamin Furbish, another of the older merchants, was asked what his favorite meal might be. "I think I prefer breakfast," he answered, and his explanation was something that none of the others asked had touched on. Mr. Furbish says he is a light eater. He can go out and play a round of golf in the open air, and then be satisfied with a bowl of cereal, or a banana, and not require another bite until morning. At Shriner feasts, which he as a member attends, he is often astounded at the ability of some of his brother members to stow away so much. While he is having a hard time to do away with an order of chicken, others will finish three orders, and still be eating.

Because of this he feels that he enjoys breakfast most, for he always eats what others would call a heavy breakfast. No orange juice, tea, and toast for him. He fills up in the morning, and then is set for all day. At noon he has a light lunch, but he says it is lighter than the ordinary light lunch, and he eats a light dinner. No doubt this custom, like that of the most of the men, is a matter of habit—undertaken years ago, and carried out without much thought on the subject until it becomes a part of life itself, and as indispensable as shaving. But so in the list of Brunswick's business men and their foods, Mr. Furbish is an independent and original epicure. No one else has yet said anything about breakfast and its importance in diet.

Chief William B. Edwards is another who eats when he can. Busy at all hours of the day or night, whenever duty calls, he can't do much on regular eating, but when he does get a chance, he pays respects to lots of favorite dishes. The chief says he isn't much on vegetables. He likes meat. Corned beef is all right, but steak is better. It has to be "medium" and no onions.

Omer Tondreau doesn't care much what he eats as long as there are vegetables on the table. A boiled dinner isn't his idea of heaven, though, for he doesn't care especially for that kind of meat. If you can give him some nice spring lamb he'll be satisfied. He says a man has to eat a light supper in order to sleep well, so he takes a heavy meal at noon, and also a fairly heavy breakfast in the a.m., and he needs a lot to let him go until noon.

Postmaster Lawrence A. Brown rocked back in his office chair and haw-hawed at the question as to what he liked to eat. But when he said "calf's liver and bacon is pretty good," it wasn't his time to laugh. He specified, however, that the liver had to be from a calf. A beef liver is too tough, and a pig's liver is too strong. If you bake the bacon, it goes a little better than if it's fried. In the event that Mr. Brown calls on you for a meal, and you haven't any liver and bacon, you can give him some roast lamb—that's his

second choice. It has to be a fore-quarter roast; however, as the postmaster is as fussy about his roasts as he is about his liver.

Dinner with Mr. Brown is a noonday meal. That's an old Yankee custom. At night you have supper, and there is no such thing as lunch—unless perchance you take a snack before going to bed—this being a lunch. Dinner is a heavy meal, and supper is according to Mr. Brown, a congregation of warmed over victuals, tasty and filling. This, he says, is the real old State of Maine way of doing things.

Joseph McKeen, president of our chamber of commerce, can't eat onions on his steaks, but he likes a steak pretty well. It wants to be done medium-like. Joe says he's a light eater anyway, so it doesn't make much difference what his noon-day meal is.

Mr. Phil Wilder, digressing from his College Alumni work long enough to express his desires, seems to have a good imagination. The drool was collecting in the reporter's mouth as he listened to the master of food desires describe a meal. The imagination of the both of us must have run away, some of the details were never remembered, but some of them were because of roast beef with Yorkshire Pudding. This was a starter. As Mr. Wilder warmed up he included such items as pumpkin pie (which he pronounced "punkin" just as anyone does who loves it, and love is the word) and coffee. Now the roast beef must be cooked so that the juices are still in it, but it has to be past the "rare" stage. At what might be medium, but isn't just quite. Mr. Wilder finally finished and sat beaming in his seat, quite pleased with his ability to pick out good things to eat. Then he confided that he didn't have this very often, but that he'd like to. He couldn't remember when he last had a Yorkshire Pudding.

Mr. Wilder, like most of those at the college, eat at twelve-thirty. The schedule of classes accounts for that. If they are home at the house, he and Mrs. Wilder and the family have a heavy dinner, taking their lunch in the evening. This is varied, however, when they have company. Mr. Wilder also confided that their family breakfast is invariably "prunes, toast and coffee." They buy prunes by the case. They all like them, they are wholesome, and so it goes—almost every morning.

And he further more let us state for the benefit of those who do not know, that a Yorkshire Pudding is a pastry affair cooked along with some meat. The London Globe once published a dissertation on the subject, and concluded as follows, "there is one sentence which should be hung in letters of gold in every kitchen. It is, 'Yorkshire Pudding' is better enriched by the juices of a roasted joint." Try it sometime.

Mrs. Clara Hayes, secretary of Bowdoin College says she likes "most everything." After somewhat lengthy attempt to figure out what her favorite dish might be, Mrs. Hayes said "Peas—green peas." However, they must be fresh, they must be picked out of the garden, shelled, and in a pan, and served in almost one operation, "I don't like the cooked juice at all," she added. "Then what do you eat in the winter time, for Christmas dinner?" There was no concentration on this question. "Squash".

"Bill" Hall, of the monetary department of the college offices, thinks it's all a matter of appetite, season, and where you are. In the summer he'd like a nice shore dinner, but not in the winter. Then he has to have something else.

Mr. St. Onge, the meat and grocery man, answered all questions promptly, "I have as heavy a noon meal as I can eat," he said, "And what is you favorite dish?" "Corned beef and cabbage." "But you know," he added, "these days we eat all we can get now and then, and it has to last a long time."

Arthur Stanwood of the Brunswick Auto Supply Co., eats anything. Poor cooking can spoil anything, but if a good cook handles it, it's all right for him. At noon he eats a light lunch, and then has a heavy meal at night so he can relax.

Harold Treworgy, of the Brunswick Hardware Co., takes his victuals seriously. He studied P.T. for a time, and he knows what makes a proper diet. He always has a light noon-day lunch, because a heavy meal spoils the thinking system during the afternoon, the energy being given to digesting instead of mental work. He doesn't care especially for fish, but thinks a well balanced diet is better than eating some of the things a man likes so well. "Watch your balance" would be his idea of eating. And he also suggests that a person should get up hungry—never satisfy yourself at a meal. This makes for a healthy condition, he says, and he was able to express his views in forms of carbohydrates, fats, etc.

And so it went. There are many we didn't ask—we tried to be representative. There are some we asked who are not included, merely because they had little preferences, or recited something that was similar to the tastes of others. Some we asked were ailing, and had special diets by physicians' prescription. These we did not include.

It was a lot of fun asking these people, and no doubt the information gleaned will be startling to our citizens. For it half the world doesn't know what the other half eats, the other half can never understand why the first half eats it, and personally, if anyone had asked your writer, he'd have committed himself in his wisdom that he likes a big bowl of steaming boiled rice delicately spiced, and yet soaked full of seedless raisins. After all, it's filling, and you don't have to eat it if you don't like it.



He Was Last Survivor of Old Time Master Ship-Builders of Brunswick

Brunswick Record
September 8, 1905

The death of Elbridge G. Simpson of this town on Tuesday ended a long life and removes a citizen who was formerly one of the most active men in the industrial life of Brunswick. His health had been failing during the past few years and for some time he had been confined to his house.

The funeral was held yesterday afternoon from his late residence on Potter Street, the service being conducted by Rev. C.M.Herring. A large number of representative citizens of the town attended the funeral and expressed their tributes of respect to the memory of their departed friend. The bearers were F.H. Wilson, Major George Willis, Lyman E. Smith, and Charles E. Mustard. Interment was at Pine Grove Cemetery.

Mr. Simpson was the last survivor of the old time master shipbuilders of Brunswick. He built sixteen vessels on the Androscoggin, one of them a ship of 637 tons named the Humphrey Purinton. The keel for this craft was laid on the Topsham shore near the end of the Short bridge and her bowsprit projected over the Main street. The railroad bridge was built before this ship was completed and after she was launched it was considerable of a problem to get the craft through the bridge. It was at first thought that a span of the bridge could be raised sufficiently to allow the ship to pass, but this was found to be impractical and the railroad company excavated a canal through the ledge on the Topsham shore to make a channel for this ship.

Another ship of about 500 tons and a bark of 400 tons were among the larger vessels built by Mr. Simpson in this town. His first one was built at New Wharf and the last one, a brig for the California trade, was constructed in the same yard that was the Orient and it is only one of the fleet now afloat. Mr. Simpson remembered when the shipyards were strung out along the river. There were two in Topsham, others at the Narrows, and a large one at Merrymeeting Park owned by Gen. John C. Humphreys. Besides the sixteen vessels Mr. Simpson built here there was another that he constructed on the Pacific coast, and he also built barges on Lake Champlain for the Burlington Railroad. He took his crew of men from here to Lake Champlain and his contacts netted him a handsome sum of money.

Mr. Simpson was born on a farm above Rocky Hill on April 1, 1816. His grandfather settled on the farm where P.O. Spinney lives on the Mere Point road, and his father, Thomas Simpson, cleared up the farm over Rocky Hill. This farm was his home for a good many years but he finally sold it, and built the house on Potter street where he resided until his death. Mr. Simpson after giving up shipbuilding went into the coal business, and also kept a grocery store which stood on Maine street just south of the Maine Central tracks. The business developed rapidly and having more than he wished to attend to, Mr. Simpson sold his grocery store to John H. Peterson. He then built the coal yard on Cedar street continuing in the business until about 1887 when he retired.

He leaves three children, Isaiah H. Simpson, superintendent of Bowdoin College building and grounds, Mrs. Karl Von Rydingsvard and Mrs. F.L. Townsend.



John Allen driving hearse by Kellogg Church

Harpswell's Quaint Hearse House And Carriages Restored; Visitors Welcome

Brunswick Record

November 6, 1952

By Margaret B. Todd

Harpswell's quaint hearse house, now completely restored and reconditioned, stands proudly at the Center. This restoration is a tribute to the skill and craftsmanship of John Merriman Allen of West Harpswell and marks another milestone in the Garden Club's plan of beautifying the Common in preparation for Harpswell's 200th Anniversary in 1958. The project was sponsored by the Club's civic committee, chairmaned by Miss Anne Francis Hodgkins of West Harpswell and New York, through whose efforts the necessary funds were raised and the work supervised.

Harpswell's Hearse

It was 1880 that Harpswell acquired its hearse, purchased for \$1,000 with funds made available through public subscription. The hearse has received excellent care through the years and is in good condition today; only the exterior needs a bit of paint. The casket table is constructed of solid mahogany from Santo Domingo. The handsome silk fringe, seven inches in depth, on the window draperies came from France. Some of the fringe now needs replacement and this will cost \$15 the yard.

It is said that some of the subscribers wished to have plumes on the hearse, but one Moses Bailey, a Quaker, declared that this was too fancy and entirely unnecessary. Mr. Bailey, a master carpenter at the shipyard, was regarded with great respect and his wishes were followed.

The hearse was in use until 1932—the last funeral having been that of George A. Barnes of North Harpswell in April of that year. The Barnes funeral is entry No. 302, and the first entry, in the record book now in the possession of John A. Curtis. This record book starts with entry No 190, the previous book having been destroyed in the December 1914 fire.

The First Hearse House

The original hearse house, so the oldsters say, had been a store belonging to James Merriman. It stood at the rear of Curtis' store; and on that cold December night in 1914 when the store caught fire and burned, the hearse house burned also. Henry Allen

(uncle of John Allen), who lived hard by, rushed to the scene and pulled the hearse to safety. One door of the hearse house was also saved; but the records were destroyed.

House Rebuilt

Immediately funds were collected by public subscription to replace the hearse house. Almost everyone gave; the average contribution was one dollar. As the story goes, only one person refused to contribute. Said he, "I subscribed when you collected funds for the hearse, and I haven't had a chance to ride in it yet!"

A new site was selected for the hearse house; this time in the corner of Hillcrest Cemetery at the Center. Two large spruce trees, felled to clear the site, furnished sufficient lumber for the project. The trees were hauled to Gatchell's Mill at Brunswick for sawing into boards and planing. The hearse house was built by Freeland Smith, but no finishing or clapboarding was done at that time. As the years marched by, the wooden structure darkened with weathering and ceased to be attractive.

Restoration Project

John Allen had long realized the possibilities of restoring the building, patterned as it was along the lines of houses in Mt. Vernon, Va. He had hoped to see the building moved to the site where the original house had stood. Two years ago, the move was effected with George Allen in charge.

John Allen then offered his services to transform the ugly weather-beaten house into the trim sightly structure that now catches the attention of all comers to the Common. Single-handed, with materials furnished by the Garden Club, Allen shingled the roof (free of charge), clapboarded the sides, made and installed the beautiful doors with tops forming a graceful ellipse, and finally pointed the structure.

Beautiful hand-wrought iron strap hinges adorn the doors. One pair, wrought by Nehemiah Curtis great-great-grandfather of Lawrence T. Merriman, was presented by Mr. and Mrs. Merriman. Another pair was given by Mr. and Mrs. David Sturgis of North Harpswell.

Ernest J. Small of Topsham made the grudgings or pins on which the strap hinges are hung. He also skillfully lengthened one pair of hinges so that both now match perfectly.

Personally Speaking

John Allen comes to his skilled craftsmanship through both sides of his family. His father, the late Winfield S. Allen, did fine striping and other coach and carriage painting. He also did fine finishing of house interiors, as a sideline, and evidence of this abounds at the house he built for his family at West Harpswell. John was born there and he and his mother, Mrs. Kate M. Allen, still make it their home.

John is an authority on the genealogy of Harpswell Neck residents. His knowledge of local folk lore and his fund of droll stories are limitless. John's maternal grandfather, Jacob Henry Merriman, and his uncle John Merriman, were also skilled craftsmen and John fell heir to all their hand-made tools.

"My grandfather worked at the Alcott-Merryman shipyard at West Harpswell," John explained. "That is where, in 1869, the M.M. Hamilton was built. The M.M. Hamilton had the largest mainsail of any ship from these waters. She hauled all the granite used in the construction of the Washington Monument. She remained in service until 1935 when she was towed off Duxbury and sunk. She was pretty old then and she had seen a lot of service. My grandfather worked on her by day and in his spare time,

evenings, he constructed this to scale,” said John proudly indicating a beautiful model of the brave craft measuring 40 inches in length. “She’s worthy, too,” he adds.

Rare Hand-Made Tools

Among the rare hand-made tools, and a prized possession, is a special plane for the making of breadwork trim. This plane, constructed of lignum vitae, a very hard wood, was made in 1875 by John’s uncle John at the age of 20. Interesting hand-made screws made the necessary fine adjustments in the plane for this special work.

Future Plans

John plans to continue his good work on community projects by painting the hearse, the surrey with the fringe-on-top, now at the hearse house, and also the Elijah Kellogg coach, which is presently stored in the parsonage barn. The coach is a rare “Rockaway” probably the only one of its kind in New England, outside of a museum. It is in an excellent state of preservation.

Visitors Welcome

The civic committee of the Garden Club is eager for visitors to see the hearse and the surrey with the fringe-on-top at the quaint hearse house. Only a snap lock similar to that on a horse’s bridle, easy to open, fastens the door so that people may inspect and enjoy Harpswell’s treasures of yesteryear.

HARPSWELL VOTES TO MAKE CONTRACT FOR ELECTRIC LIGHTING

Current May be Turned on

Some Time in August

Brunswick Record

May 24, 1928

At the special town meeting held at Red Men’s Hall, Orr’s Island, last Thursday the town authorized the selectmen to make a contract with the Central Maine Power Company fixing the valuation of the company’s property in the town for a period of 10 years, and agreeing to use \$1,000 worth of street lighting per year for the same period of time, provided the company would extend their lines to Harpswell Neck and Orr’s and Bailey Islands. George Williams, general manager of the company, and Ralph W. Bragg, division manager of the Central Maine was present and explained the necessity for this concession. Mr. Williams assured the voters present that they would build the line in consideration of this and that construction would be started as soon as possible, so that the power would be available this summer. He estimated that it would be 10 to 12 weeks before the work could be finished. Mr. Williams said that 60 candlepower lights for street lighting, for year round service could be had for \$12 per year, and the same size lights for seasonal service for \$8.00 per year. It is left with the selectmen to determine where the lights are to be located and how many and what ones are to be all-year lights and which ones seasonal. It is hoped that we may turn on the juice the first of August or soon after. It is desirable for those wishing electric lights to make arrangements for having their house wired at once. Several electric companies have representatives canvassing the locality making estimates on the work of wiring.

Harpswell Neck Road to Be State Highway is Hope

Brunswick Record

April 11, 1929

Recently the Harpswell selectmen were called to Augusta by the State Highway Commission for a conference in regard to changing the status of roads on Harpswell Neck and on the Islands. At present the road on the Neck and as far as Brunswick village is classed as State Aid, and the one from Brunswick across Great Island is classed Third Class. Owing to the granting of a sum of money from the State road moneys to be used on the road on Great Island where the mud is the worst in the spring, and to the fact that the State money cannot be used on Third Class roads, the change is under consideration. During this interview with the selectmen the commissioners and engineers checked up on the relative population, valuation and traffic in the two sections. No definite action was taken, but the matter is under consideration. If the change is made it will mean that the money usually raised for improvement of State Aid roads will be used on the eastern section, and the money raised for Third Class will be used in the western section, along with the respective sums for the two which come annually from the State. It means also that the money from the State for State road patrol will go to the road in the eastern section. Considering the condition of the roads in the two sections, it would seem hardly fair to make this change, as the road on the Neck from the Center up is nearly worn out due to the heavy traffic, and to the nature of the construction. When this road was built traffic was not heavy and it was not thought necessary to make a rock base. Conditions have changed in leaps and bounds and we find now that the bottom of the road has given away under the stress of frost and a condition of sloughs and bog holes results in the spring. More of the road in the eastern section was rock-based as it was constructed, and also owing to the better nature of the surfacing material which is available for road building there the road is still, even where first built, in very good condition.

During the recent interview with one of the Harpswell selectmen he expressed it as his opinion that if the matter was approached properly there was a good chance of having the road on the Neck and to Brunswick accepted as a State road. It is probable that this phase of the question will be studied, and an effort made to have this done. Considering the amount of traffic that used the road in the summer time, and especially that amount of it uses this road simply to "go to ride" over, it would seem that the town should receive some assistance such as this. Thousands of people every summer drive over the Harpswell roads, and back again, just for the ride and to picnic. These cars wear out the roads, and they leave very little money which can be used to keep the roads in repair or for new construction when they wear out.

HARPSWELL CENTER

Brunswick Record

March 9, 1906

The town meeting Monday at the town house drew out an unusually large number of voters. The officers chosen were as follows: Moderator, E.E. Sinnett; clerk, E.K. Hodgkins; auditor, E.K. Hodgkins; selectmen, Capt. A.S. Dunning; George H. Johnson and C.E. Trufant; treasurer, C.K. Durgan; school committee, Charles Clary; collector, Capt. James Dyer for the western division, and F. J. Aubens for the eastern; constables, Capt. G. R. Johnson, P.A. Hackett, Frank Pinkham and Horatio Merrill; truant officer, H. Merrill.

It was voted to have a graded school and to raise \$2500 to build the school house at West Harpswell.

Dinner was served by the Harpswell Center Improvement association at Curtis and Pierce's store and \$27 was received which will be placed in their hall fund.

The town is in excellent financial condition as can be seen by the annual report for several years. No one has waited on account of funds. Every order has been paid when presented and there has been no time during the year when there was not several hundred dollars available. The number of births in Harpswell in 1905 were 46, 29 males and 17 females. There were sixteen marriages, and 37 deaths, 21 males and 16 females. Among them was the death of Frederic Prout, aged 92 years; Ephraim Johnson, aged 90 years; James Merrow, aged 86; Charles Black, aged 86; and Mrs. Emeline Morse, 87 years. The number of scholars between the ages of five and twenty-one years on April 1 was 457.

The question, "Resolved, That the world is growing better," will be discussed by Cyrus K. Miller, A.R. Jackson and others at the H.C.I. association meeting Saturday evening.

Harpswell Buying Fire Equipment Two Pumpers and Hose Will Give Quicker Service At Small Fires

Brunswick Record
November 16, 1939

With no local fire apparatus Harpswell Neck has been most fortunate in not having had more disastrous fires in the past than it has. But now reasonable protection for such a community is assured. During the past summer, funds were solicited from property owners and various local organizations, and a good amount of pledges were secured. One entertainment was held, the proceeds going to this fund.

The equipment ordered consists of two gasoline engine pumpers each weighing 200 pounds, and 1000 feet of hose. The pumpers are to be located, one each at North and West Harpswell, where suitable buildings for their housing have been secured.

The purchasing committee, L.K. Batchelder, T. L. Downs, and W.C. Randall, ordered the material on September 30, and one half the purchase price was paid down. It is hoped that the remainder of the pledges will be paid within a very short time, so that the apparatus may be secured. The committee considered it best to withhold the shipping order until the entire bill can be paid.

When the apparatus is installed, it will mean much quicker service at fires and greater security for Harpswell homes, as the outfits are very efficient for small fires, and can be easily handled. Either fresh or salt water can be pumped, so that all buildings in the district will have protection.

Harding's Station an Important Part of Brunswick
Mr. and Mrs. Harding Welcome Vistors During
Bicentenary and She Has Written History of
Section for Record Readers
Brunswick Record
June 29, 1939

With Brunswick's Bicentenary celebration coming next week, it is altogether appropriate to remember that the town as we know it today was not always so, and that in years gone by other sections of the corporate community had their importance.

Once the head of Maquoit Bay was considered an important shipping possibility and whaleboats from Portland made regular trips. The little settlement at Bugaruc was considered a likely spot for a future bustling community. And at the New Meadows river there was a time when settlers considered themselves vastly more important than the few who had clustered under the protective winds of the fort at the Falls of the Androscoggin.

It is well to remember at this time that New Meadows might have been Brunswick, and that people down there once supposed that their homes and church and animal pound were the beginnings of the real Brunswick dream that time did not bear out. Known as "Harding's Station," the section about New Meadows has, oddly, curiously, been more closely identified with Bath than Brunswick. Even today this is true although the domain of the town of Brunswick stretches to the New Meadows and people down there are assisting in the celebration along with the most entrenched Maine-streeter.

At one time the city of Bath maintained a bridge between Brunswick and West Bath, so people from Harding's could journey more easily to the shipping city to trade. The highway today is relatively new—in the days of the Kings a road had been laid out that connected Harding's and Brunswick, but it was disused, and was not kept up as well as the route to Bath. Harding's people got accustomed to going to Bath to trade. Their telephones, today, are on the Bath exchange. Harding's people know as much if not more about Bath than they do Brunswick.

But they belong to Brunswick and Brunswick belongs to them, and in this bicentenary season some of their history should be recalled.

In the little cemeteries along the road sleep numerous men names appear in the annals of Brunswick, they were soldiers, farmers, business men, leaders in community politics. To neglect them because an accident of geography removed them six or eight miles from the center of the community they helped build is unreasonable. That they are neglected is shown by the lack of care accorded their graves—covered by years of brush and growth, the stones left lying in mould.

Dominant, of course, in the New Meadows scene, is the Harding Homestead. It was not until 1779 that the Hardings became permanent residents by right of holding property, but the place they bought had already been trod by historical feet, and from them a consecutive family history has been maintained. Proud of their traditions, Hardings still live there and maintain the beautiful home with its many, many, charming features—not the least of which are the charm and hospitality of the Hardings themselves, who are anxious to assist in the Bicentenary, and will open their home for inspection. Having visited their home, the Record recommends that no one miss the opportunity.

Mrs. Harding who married into this fine family with a thorough consciousness of real responsibility and devotion to a heritage, is extremely enthusiastic about the Harding home. Knowing more about the Harding family and its home than anyone else available, she was asked to put the story in writing for examination at this historical time. She complied and has produced the following extremely interesting account of a phase—and an important phase—of Brunswick’s history.

The Harding Homestead
By Lillian Harding

Among the families of ancient lore seldom do we find one more fascinating, highlighted as it is by romance and adventure on Land and Sea, than that which bears the name of Harding.

In the early seventeenth century we find Dr. John Harding of Oxford at work on the Bible, having been appointed by King James as authority on Hebrew translation.

A short time later we find Capt. Robert Harding; gentleman adventurer, who came to this country with no less than the personage than Governor Winthrop braving the billows in his Privateer Pirate Ship, the Holy Ghost, in which he found the Maine Coast an ideal vacationland in those early days.

Let us pass over a century or more and follow in the wake of Captain Samuel Harding and his brother, of Truro, Mass., ship-wrecked off the coast of Georgetown, Me., and borne by the wind up the New Meadows river located here, becoming the ancestors of the Hardings of this vicinity.

Although Captain Samuel lived here in 1760, it was not until December 27, 1779, that he purchased from Brigadier General Samuel Thompson, Revolutionary War hero, and later the outstanding advocate of the Bill of Rights at the Convention in Boston called to discuss the new Constitution, the Thompson Plantation which has remained in the Harding Family since that time. The purchase price was 449 Spanish Milled Dollars, which always recalls the fact that part of the assets of the Pirate Ship Holy Ghost, which had been confiscated by Captain Robert, was 30,000 pounds sterling.

The deed from Brigadier General Thompson transferred a 100-acre plot, approximately 32 rods wide, extending to the Androscoggin. This is lot No. 40 on the original Proprietors’ Map, and proceeding up river it is the first which extends from river to river. The deed also specified “buildings, fences, and appurtenances.”

The original building was a one-story, hand-hewn cabin of log construction, 20 ft. by 35 ft., with extra heavy timbers and white oak sills, and it was to this crude home in the wilderness that Captain Samuel brought his wife, Joanna—the home where the reared their creditable family of six sons and two daughters.

The supporting corner-timbers had been hewed from the butts of trees and placed with the natural curve of the butt towards the top, supporting the ceiling timbers. This was unique in even ancient construction.

The plate timbers were 8 x 16, while there were fifteen cross-timbers, 8 x 8. All the heavy timbers were wooden-pinned where joined, including the roof timbers. The white-oak sills had been hewn top and bottom, the bark having been left on the sides. As a log house, it was an outstanding specimen.

The nearest neighbors were Cornelius Thompson, whose home was situated on the site of the present Perkins Home, and the Gideon Hinckley family, the ancient home of which was built where the Field home now sits, just north of the Railroad Bridge near the location of the former Railroad Station at Harding. This was the house which later was purchased by Jacob Weston, becoming the home of the Weston Family for many generations.

Tradition tells us that Joanna was an efficient woman of remarkable character. She was active in the affairs of Brunswick Village and was a charter member of the First Parish Church. It is evident that she and Samuel were happy or they would have returned to Truro where they had a host of relatives and influential family connections.

Captain Robert Harding, for whom this community was named, was the oldest son of Samuel and Joanna. He was a bachelor, and like the other Robert he too was an adventurer who sailed his ship across the Seven Seas. He served as a Privateer in the War of 1812 and was very successful financially. Although he roamed the world over, the Farm was always Home to him, and after the death of his Father and Mother he lived here with his sisters and brothers.

Let us journey for a moment to North Carolina where another branch from the Samuel-Joanna tree is becoming firmly rooted. It was Nehemiah Henry, the youngest son, who sailed with his brother Capt. Robert. Dissatisfied with life at Sea, he left the ship while on a southern cruise, and after he was graduated from the University of North Carolina he attended Princeton Seminary, later serving as a Presbyterian clergyman until his death in 1849. Ephraim Henry, the son of Nehemiah, followed in his father's footsteps and for more than fifty years he was a Presbyterian minister. Caleb R. Harding, the son of Ephraim, was early graduated from Davidson College, with a Ph.d from John Hopkins, and again we find history repeating itself as Dr. Caleb has held the Greek Chair in Davidson for more than half a century.

But it is our purpose to follow the Homestead Trail, so back to the one-room cabin which was hardly sufficient to meet the needs of Samuel and Joanna and soon after they arrived they partitioned off the south-west corner, which was used as a "borning" room and which we cherish as our Library.

The next improvement of note was in the year 1800, when a large addition was placed across the east end of the log house which since has been used as the front portion of the dwelling. To this day we seriously refer to this as the "New Part."

About 1850 still greater changes were made. The original cabin was modernized. It was lathed and plastered and everything possible was done to conceal the crude ruggedness. Fire-places were bricked in with fancy bricks and two bath-rooms were added, as well as guest rooms and service quarters until finally there were twenty-three rooms, attics, etc.

Enjoying the country home at that time with Captain Robert, his sisters and brothers, was his sister Sophia, who married a prosperous sea-captain and merchant of Boston, Nathaniel Snow, and who with their children, Salome, Sophia, Susan and Nathaniel Jr., passed many summers here. It was in this way that the property passed by inheritance to the female branch, and to the children of Susan Snow, who was now married to Shubael Rogers, from whose heirs the estate was purchased, returning it to the male branch of the family after nearly ninety years.

During the reign of the Snow Family great wealth was expended. Additional lands were acquired, rare plants and trees were imported, and every suggestion to enhance the beauty was welcomed.

On the New Meadows shore, adjoining Old Bull Rock Bridge on the south, the Stone Wharf was built. Believing that the hotel on the Shore Road was not conducive to the moral and spiritual uplift of the community, it was purchased and taken away in sections, one portion of which still stands as a fish house on the wharf at Cundy's Harbor.

The little country schoolhouse was enlarged, re-built, and placed on a good foundation, and until recently sold by the Town and removed it was the Mecca to which many journeyed annually to visit the shrine of their childhood education.

Local lore and numerous paintings and photographs recall the days of blooded stock housed in one of the finest barns in Maine; Arrival of Private Cars at the Harding Railway Station and royal week-end parties; Liveried Coachmen and Thorough-bred Grays; The neighboring Trotting Park which boasted a lively half-mile track, and a grandstand filled with fashionable beaux and belles who eagerly watched the lovers of the turf exhibit their favorites; Harvest Suppers with all the countryside attending.

The Misses Salome and Sophia were hostesses whose hospitality was unsurpassed and they were dearly beloved by all with whom they associated. Their philanthropies were numerous, and at the death of Miss Sophia, aside from many personal bequests, generous gifts were made to church, orphanages, missions, libraries, art centers, and in memory of those who had followed the sea \$20,000 was left to the "Sailors Snug Harbor," in Quincy, Mass.

Their summer home reflected every mood of its occupants and was frequently referred to by historians of the day as one of the show places of the State.

Charles Harding of Framingham, Mass., son of Richard and nephew of Captain Robert, passed much of his boyhood here and on the adjoining farm with his older sister Lucy, who as Mrs. William Curtis owned the Hezekiah Harding Plantation, now the Robert Mallett Farm. It was in 1911 that William and Winthrop, sons of Charles, purchased the homestead property from the heirs of Susan Snow Rogers, and a few years later, immediately before his marriage to Lillian Smith of Framingham, Mass., William Harding became the sole owner. He learned much about the homestead from his close friendship with Vaughn Dennett of Saco, authority on early New England Architecture. He thrilled at finding two separate cellars, each having been blasted out of solid rock; three huge chimneys resting on ledge foundation, accommodating six fire-places in all of which are in use at the present time, and it was now that the work of restoration began.

The Hardings passed the winters in the South, so the estate was simplified to better meet the needs as a summer home for them and their friends. Two ells were removed, interior partitions were taken down, and the original hand-hew timbers, black from the smoke of the whale-oil lamps and pine-knot hearth-fires, were exposed as in the early days. By scraping off some of this old black and applying oil the timbers were high-lighted until now they are a rich, mellow brown. All the rooms on the ground floor, including the kitchen, are wainscoted with clear pumpkin-pine boards, some of which are thirty inches wide, giving evidence of the type of lumber which grew on the farm in those early days.

The exterior boarding and interior partitions are made out of solid plank, put on perpendicularly and nailed with hand-made nails to an 8 x 8 frame. The clap-boards are hand-shaved and lapped-butted and are secured with hand-wrought nails. The original windows and doors also are hand-made.

The late Mr. Lyman Smith, former Historian of the Pejepscot Historical Society, who was familiar with the early lore of this vicinity both as his own birth-place and that of his paternal ancestry who were among the original settlers, believed this original cabin to be the oldest habitable dwelling in Brunswick, being ante-dated only by the Cornelius Thompson and the Jacob Weston homes, neither of which are now in existence.

The satisfaction of restoring such an old building, finding the sills and timbers in as good condition as originally, can be appreciated only by those who have achieved similar accomplishment.

Growth And Development Of The Place
Some of the Advantages Offered by Brunswick To Visitors,
Manufacturers, Home Seekers and Others
Leading Firms and Businesses and Men

Brunswick Telegraph
August 31, 1898



Brunswick Town Hall

Brunswick occupies a prominent position among the trade routes of Cumberland County. It is located 25 miles NE of Portland on the Maine Central Railroad and its location, salubrious atmosphere, and beautiful scenery, together with its pure air, combine to make Brunswick a favorite and healthy place of residence. Having power lying idle that might run a dozen cotton or woolen factories, the place offers every facility to the manufacturers and is desirous of adding to its number. Round and about town favored section sites for factories and mills are abundant. The business structures are well built and prosperous looking, while the residences and public buildings are in taste and finish equal with any in the county.

The influence of education on business and society, and, indeed the effect it has either immediately, or remotely upon every branch of trade, gives it a peculiar significance. Liberal provision for the education of the young, and thorough preparation, morally and intellectually, for active participation in the stern realities of life, are absolute necessities, in fact requisites to success in every field of effort. The advantages and facilities of Brunswick in this department of economy are equal to those of any other place in the State, and it is a happy commentary on the character of the people, that all the schools, Bowdoin College, High, Grammar, Intermediate and Primary, are largely attended and a degree of efficiency attained that tells better than words how faithful, consistent, and able are the efforts of the principal and the teachers.

Brunswick has some of the best built church edifices to be found in this section. There are nine in number, and the leading dominations are represented, namely: Congregational, Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist, Free Baptist, Advent, Roman Catholic, Universalist and Unitarian.

Fraternal societies are well supported here. The Orders represented are: Masons, United No. 8; St. Paul; R.A. Chapter, No. 14; Mt. Vernon Council, No. 2; G.A.R., Vincent Mountfort, No. 12; Relief Corps, S. of V, Appomatox, No. 42; Ladies Air;

I.O.O.F. Pejepscot No. 13, Casco Encampment; Evening Star, Rebekah, No. 26; K. of P., Fort George, No. 37; Pythian Sisterhood, Alvah Young; U.O.G.C., Dirigo, No. 133; W.C.T.U, Brunswick, No. 56; F. of A Laval, No. 8; Union Veterans Union, Myrick, No. 2, U.V.U.R; N.E.O.P, Bowdoin, No. 199; I.O.R.M. Domhegan, No. 43; St. John's Band, Lovell's Cadet Band; Pejepscot Historical Society; St. John's Baptist Society.

Brunswick has a first-class Fire Department, using its hydrant services mainly for fighting fires. But in the days of the old hand engines it was famous.

The first engines of the Fire Department were the Mechanic and Eagle. They were furnished with water by a line of men and women with buckets, the men passing the full ones and the women returning the empty ones to be filled, making an endless chain. Each citizen was compelled by law to have two leather buckets to use for fire purposes. Then came a change, the town purchasing an engine, called the Hydraulian, which had a suction hose and would draft and play at the same time on the fire. In the year 1848 came the first "Niagara". This was a Hunneman make of engine with 3 ½ inch cylinders and it did good service up to 1870, when a new "Niagara" was bought by the Niagara Company and its friends, a larger and more efficient machine. This engine not only did good fire service but won many prizes in the tournaments at that time. One of the principal victories was at Brunswick in 1877, where it stood first of thirteen engines both first and second class, playing over 208 feet, after that winning the State record for second class engines on 214 feet 4 inches and these were but a small part of the honors won. The list of prizes counted up to the number 15, including the State of Maine Firemen's Association prize, a silk banner. This engine was pounded to win by its company up to 1885, when it was sold to the company by the town and the last and best Niagara was bought from the City of Rockland, Maine, a 10 inch button engine. The engine bought by the company was sold to Derry, N.H. and the new one filled its place in the Brunswick F.D. handled by the Niagara Co., and named Niagara. It first saw service in the burning of the Scribner Grist Mill, playing three streams of water on the fire with the thermometer at 12 degrees below zero. The Niagara Co. have always done good work at tournaments and hold the state records, 1st class engines on 229 ft. 2 in., and 2nd class engines on 214 ft. 4 in. The other engine, Kennebec, was purchased from Bath. She has been a great prize winner at State and New England tournaments but her records are not attainable.

It is the purpose of this article to draw the attention of the public to the men to whom is due most of the credit for the development and upbuilding of the town. We refer to the businessmen of the place, and present to our readers pen sketches of many of them in their daily occupations and enterprises. What they are doing for themselves and their town in commerce and finance, and in contributing to the advancement and progress of the locality.

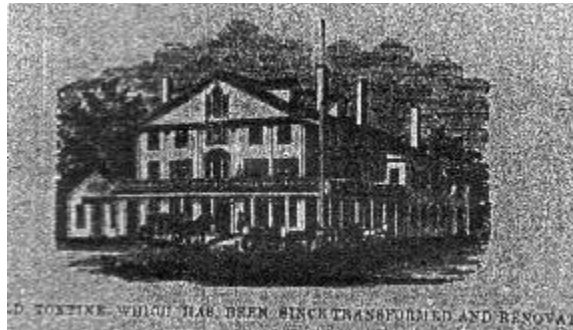
Brunswick is well supplied with water from the Nequasset, the streets are well graded, wide and shady, and are lighted by electricity, and an efficient police and fire department are maintained. There are also express, telegraph and telephone accommodations and a first class newspaper, "The Brunswick Telegraph" published twice a week by Messrs. Shorey and Shorey.

The village has sound financial institutions, including the Union National Bank with a capital of \$50,000, First National Bank, capital \$50,000, Pejepscot National Bank, capital \$50,000, Brunswick Savings Institution, Resources \$652,081.45, Brunswick and Topsham Savings Bank, Resources \$232,996.28.

Brunswick has two splendid libraries, the Brunswick Public Library, with 7,500 volumes on its shelves and Bowdoin College Library with 62,000 volumes.

Brunswick has appropriately been termed "A Place of Homes." Rents are fair, and residences comparatively cheap. Being only twenty-five miles from Maine's principal city, away from the noise and hustle of metropolitan life, Brunswick is indeed a favorite spot, and its inhabitants are prepared to welcome any who propose to make this their seat of operation, and to lend them every assistance in their power.

The real estate dealers have labored well and their efforts have borne good fruit. Much in the way of improvements have been accomplished and there are now many desirable sites available which will prove of advantage as investments as the place continues to grow and expand, which are especially suitable for the erection of business blocks or residences. The future of Brunswick is bright with the bow of promise. The capitalists and businessmen will be found neither stubbornly conservative nor rashly aggressive, but pursue a policy resulting in the establishment of a solid foundation.



Tontine Hotel

The Pre-Eminent Advantages of Brunswick In A Paragraph

1. Advantage of location
2. Abundance of ground for manufacturers
3. Good steam and electric railroad accommodations
4. Good water, large supply, cheap rates
5. Electric light, water and electric power
6. Low taxes, good public buildings
7. Agreeable and comfortable social conditions, elevated domestic life
8. Abundance of good dwellings and low rents
9. Profuse and cheap markets
10. Good stores and public spirited tradesmen
11. Intelligent, well-behaved workmen
12. Unusual healthfulness and low death rate
13. Cleanliness and sanitary conditions
14. Hospitality of the people

H.D. LOVELL

The erection of monumental works as memorials to the dead, is a custom so ancient that history cannot accurately defend its beginnings. The march of civilization has brought it forward and marked its progress with a degree of refinement and culture

attained by humanity in general. A reliable and conscientious house dedicated to the production of marble and granite monuments, etc., of every description is that of Mr. H.D. Lovell whose office and shop is located on Middle Street near the depot. This gentleman is a thorough mechanic in his line, of long practical experience, and succeeded Mr. S. Morse as proprietor in June 1897. His shop is well adapted for the purpose of the business being equipped with all necessary facilities, tools and appliances. All kinds of cemetery work are done including monuments, tablets, headstones, curbing, etc. All orders receive careful attention and all work is one in a painstaking and satisfactory manner and what is of importance to all, only the most reasonable prices are asked. Mr. H.D. Lovell, personally is a gentleman in whom every confidence can be placed, being honorable and fair in all transactions and he well deserves the success with which he is meeting.

C.E. TOWNSEND

In this review of the chief commercial, industrial and general business interests of Brunswick, it is the object of the writer to give place and prominence to those to whom the upbuilding of our town's commerce is mostly due, and it is our pleasure that we here make mention of the gentleman whose name heads this article, Mr. C.E. Townsend. Mr. Townsend has been actively engaged in business in Brunswick for the past 30 years and has always enjoyed a lucrative and first class patronage. His business at present can be divided into three departments, carriages, sleighs, wagons, etc., horse clothing and hay and straw; and the trade in each department is large and is the result of furnishing reliable goods at bottom rates. He carries in stock a diversified assortment of vehicles of every description from the most reliable manufacturers which for lightness, ease of motion, strength, durability and workmanship cannot be excelled, and are sold at prices that defy competition. A complete line of harnesses, both single and double, robes, blankets and whips as well as accessories such as brushes, curry combs etc. are also carried. In addition, to the above, he is also a dealer in hay and straw. Taken all in all his establishment is a first class one in every respect. Mr. Townsend personally is one of our most active and public spirited citizens, and is held in high repute for his straight forward business methods. He is Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, and has filled said position with credit to himself and satisfaction to the community.



Col. G.L. Thompson

S.J. BOARDMAN

There are commercial enterprises few that add so much importance to any city as the modern dry goods houses of the present day. Brunswick is not behind the times in this respect as may be seen by a visit to the establishment of S.J. Boardman. Although the oldest established, its management is up to date in every respect. The premises occupied are 25 x 86 feet in dimension with cloak room on the second floor 25 x 50 feet, are fitted up in modern style, with plate glass front, cash carriers, electric light and steam heat, and are filled to their utmost with the largest variety and best grade of goods to be found in Brunswick or vicinity, including silk, satins, dress goods, dry and fancy goods, and in fact a variety of articles too numerous to itemize and which must be seen to be appreciated. All these have been selected with a full knowledge of the markets, and include the latest novelties of the seasons. No "old style" stock is allowed to accumulate, invoices on new goods being constantly received. This business as established by Mr. Alexander F. Boardman about 50 yrs. ago, has been conducted under the management of Col. Geo. L. Thompson for the past 17 years. He is a pleasant spoken gentleman, a thorough business man, and is held in high regard both in social and commercial circles.

J.H. YORK

The garments out today in a first class tailoring establishment are designed upon exact scientific principles and, unlike the old bungling methods of the misfit tailor, are recognized at a glance. Mr. J.H. York, the custom tailor began business here seven years ago, and has built up a lucrative and constantly increasing patronage. The premises occupied on Maine St. are well lighted, neatly arranged and a full line of the very best samples of woolens that can be found are carried from which customers can make their own selections. By doing his own cutting, employing none but skilled help, and personally supervising his own work it enables him to assure satisfaction, not only as to fit, style, finish and workmanship, but also the prices. All kinds of repairing, cleaning and pressing is attended to in a prompt and workmanlike manner. Personally Mr. York is a

conscientious workman and since starting has conducted his business upon the broad plan of equitable dealings.

RIDLEY AND EATON

Among the representative business enterprises in Brunswick is that conducted by Messrs. Ridley and Eaton, located in the Lincoln Building, on Maine St., should be given a prominent position. It was founded about 25 years ago by Mr. Geo. L. Richardson, afterwards conducted respectively by Geo. L. Richardson & Co., then I.S. Balcome, then Adams and Uniace, then by Adams & Ridley in 1890, Ridley and Jones in 1894, the present firm of Ridley and Eaton in 1895. The premises occupied are fitted up in modern style and include store and basement 25 x 80 feet in dimensions, with an "L" 25 x 20 feet, and a 2 story building in the rear 50 x 60 feet, used as a workshop. Messrs. Ridley and Eaton are wholesale and retail dealers, in heavy and shelf hardware, stoves, ranges, and furnaces; lamps, crockery and glassware, paints, oils, bicycles, and a general assortment of everything one would expect to be found only in a first class store of this kind. All these are of best quality and are guaranteed to be as represented, and are sold at prices that defy competition. In addition to the above Messrs. Ridley and Eaton devote themselves to the sheet iron and furnace work of every description. They employ only reliable and first class workmen and are in a position to quote prices as low as the lowest. The individual members of the firm are Geo. B. Ridley and C.O. Eaton. They are wide awake business men and popular citizens and the establishment they have reared is a credit alike to themselves and to the village.

E.S.BODWELL

The popularity of the establishment conducted by the above named gentleman is not difficult to account for. Each and every customer receives prompt and attention and courteous treatment and a chance to choose from a reliable stock of up-to-date goods with a certainty that no matter what is sold at bottom prices. The premises occupied at No. 46 Maine St. are 25 X 90 feet in dimensions, are well lighted, conveniently arranged and literally packed with a nice assortment of ready made clothing for men, youths and boys; all the latest blocks and shades in hats and caps, dress and negligee shirts, hosiery, collars, cuffs, suspenders, underwear, all the latest styles in neckwear and in fact everything to be found in a store of this kind. Taken all in all this house is a first class one and its success through its nine years of life has been owing to the honest and integrity of the proprietor, the same methods measuring its future prosperity.

JOSEPH LEBEL

In supplying the demand for boots and shoes there are none in Brunswick giving better satisfaction or in a position to quote lower prices than the establishment conducted by Mr. J. Lebel, located in Day's Block, corner of Maine and Mason Sts. The premises occupied are conveniently arranged, well lighted and are literally packed with an infinite variety of boots, shoes and slippers for men, youth, boys, ladies and children, which,

quality considered, are sold at prices so low that patrons always find it to their advantage to trade at this house, as no goods are misrepresented and no deception used. Mr. Lebel is a thorough shoe man of long experience and his connection with manufacturers are of a fine character, which enables him to sell to his customers' best advantage. His is an agent for the Standard Sewing Machines. Mr. J. Lebel has been established in business here for the past 25 years and has occupied his present quarters since 1890. His is a pleasant gentleman and public spirited citizen and enjoys the full confidence of the community.

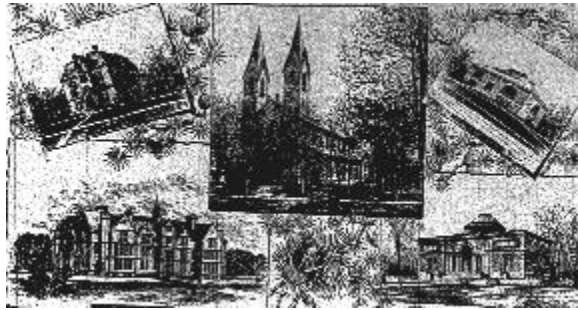
WILL & HILL

The taste for jewelry and the expression of art in personal adornment is as old as the business race; and one of the most marked and universal of its characteristics is that it has assumed new and beautiful forms, and today the best jewelry stores are centres of the most beautiful experiments in art, thus a first class establishment is of paramount importance to residents of this locality. We refer with pleasure to the establishment of Messrs. Will & Hill. Mr. Will has been engaged in business in Brunswick for the past 20 years. The present firm of Will & Hill was formed 3 months ago. They are manufacturing opticians and dealers in fine watches, diamonds and other precious stones, jewelry, cut glass and fancy china. The store occupied is a model of what such an establishment should be. It is fitted up in modern style, with large plate glass windows, beautiful wall and show cases handsomely appointed and artistically arranged, and the stock carried the largest in Brunswick and complete in every detail. Mr. Will is a practical optician of unusual ability and gives his own personal attention to this line, guaranteeing first class work in every instance. A water-powered motor is used and the most modern tools and appliances are used in the manufacture of optical goods. All kinds of optical work is done for the trade, and a specialty is made of filling oculist prescriptions. Mr. Hill attends to the watchmaking department and enjoys a high reputation for repairing the most complicated watches and clocks in a reliable manner. The firm is in a position to meet all competition both as regards quality of stock and prices quoted. The individual members of the firm are: E.A. Will and P.P. Hill. They are honorable business men and well deserve their success as watchmakers and opticians.

F.E. JOHNSON

It is only natural that particular confidence should be placed in a druggist who is thoroughly educated in his line for although a majority of our Maine pharmacists are educated, competent and reliable men, still there is a prevailing impression that he who fills such a responsible position as a dispenser of drugs and medicines to the general public cannot know too much concerning the Properties and effects of the agents he handles. Consequently the popularity of the establishment of Mr. F.E. Johnson is not to be wondered at in the least. Mr. Johnson is a registered pharmacist and chemist and has devoted many years to the drug business, and succeeded Mr. J.S. Towne as proprietor of this store, two years ago. The premises occupied on Maine Street, opposite the Post Office, are large, well lighted and a complete stock of pure, fresh drugs, chemicals, patent and proprietary remedies, druggist sundries, perfumes, toilet articles, confectionary,

cigars, etc., are carried. A handsome fountain can also be seen here, and the most delicious soda with pure fruit syrups is dispensed. The compounding of physician's prescriptions and family receipts is given special attention, and we need hardly say, that no effort is spared to avoid the least possible error. Mr. Johnson is the manufacturer of the well-known "Peerless Headache Powders," and "F.E. Johnson's Liniment," for internal and external use. They are both in great demand and are pronounced among the very best on the market. Personally, Mr. F.E. Johnson is an energetic business man and is held in the highest estimation for his equitable business methods and conservative policy.



Bowdoin College Buildings

JERRY HODGDON

A successful and popular house dealing in groceries and provisions in Brunswick is the one mentioned above, located at the corner of Maine and Elm Streets. Mr. Hodgdon began business here about three and a half years ago and from the first demonstrated that he has come to stay. His motto from the first has been "Honest goods at honest prices" and that it is a good one is seen by the first class patronage he controls. His store is fitted up with especial reference to the business, having large refrigerator and all necessary conveniences and a comprehensive stock is carried in including all kinds of staple and fancy groceries, vegetables and fruits as fresh and salt meats and poultry and game in season. Mr. Hodgdon enjoys favorable relations with wholesalers and producers, and this coupled with a nice discrimination as to the exact requirements of the trade enables him to buy and sell to the best advantage. In conclusion we would say he is a gentleman of comity and integrity and his success is but the just result of honorable dealings.

W.E. GORDON

One of the best appointed and most successful houses engaged in the furniture business in Brunswick is that conducted by Mr. W.E. Gordon, located at corner of Maine and Mill Streets. The premises occupied include 3 floors 25 x 75 feet in dimensions, well lighted and amply filled with an extensive stock of parlor, chamber and dining room furniture, tables, rocker chair couches, plain and roll top desks, carpets, oilcloths, mattings, and general assortment of everything pertaining to the business in hand. All these have been carefully selected are bought on their merits from reliable manufacturers, and are sold at prices that defies competition. Mr. Gordon does not sell one article low, and make it upon others to draw trade, but quotes the lowers prices on all goods handled. In addition to the furniture business he is also well known as a first class undertaker and an embalmer and has all necessary facilities at hand to carry on operation with the most

improved methods. He takes entire charge of funerals, conducting the same from the house to the cemetery and we need hardly say that nothing is left undone too maintain the dignity, and the decorum so essential on such occasions. Mr. Gordon has been established in business here for the past 8 years. He is a pleasant gentleman and is held in high regard by all who know him.

G.B. WEBBER

There are many people in Brunswick and vicinity, who, contemplating having their pictures taken, think it is absolutely necessary to go to the large cities, such as Portland or even Boston to get a first class portrait. This however is a great mistake as a visit to the studio of G.B. Webber located at No. Maine Street, will at once show Mr. Webber is an artist of more than ordinary ability, and has been established in business for the past 6 yrs. The studio is handsomely furnished and appointed with all conveniences available. Since locating here Mr. Webber has demonstrated that he is an artist in every sense of the word, and has acquired an enviable reputation for superior workmanship. When asked as to what were his specialties he tersely replied, "I make photographs", this implying that he turned out from his establishment everything pertaining to the art photographic. Those desiring first class work in this line can do no better anywhere than to have it executed at this studio. Mr. Webber is an artist quick to discern possibilities in posing and shows good judgment in this respect. In addition Mr. Webber makes to order all kinds of picture frames, from the most elaborate to the plainer grades, for small purses. The framing department is equipped with all necessary tools and appliances, and all orders are given careful attention. Personally, he is highly regarded in social and commercial circles and well deserves his success as an artist and photographer. He numbers among his steady patrons the best families of Brunswick and vicinity.

A.O. REED

The oldest, best known and one of the principal photographic studios of Brunswick and vicinity is that of Mr. A. O. Reed, located at No. Maine St. Mr. Reed is a gentleman of long practical experience in the business and established himself in Brunswick 23 years ago. His studio is neatly arranged and furnished, and his apparatus is of the best and most improved modern character. Mr. Reed has acquired an enviable reputation for superior workmanship, doing his work promptly, carefully and satisfactorily and today he includes among his steady patrons many of the best families of Brunswick and its environs. All kinds of artistic photography are executed and all orders are given immediate and careful attention. Mr. Reed is an artist quick to discern possibilities in passing and shows good judgment in this respect. His pictures are conceded to be harmonious in composition, beautiful in finish and truthful in their outline. If you want a picture true to nature go to Reed. He also devotes himself to picture framing, and carries in stock an excellent assortment of moldings. This department is complete in every detail and every style and variety of picture frames can be obtained at reasonable prices. Personally, Mr. A.O. Reed is a pleasant gentleman and conscientious business man and is held in high regard by his many friends and patrons.

ROBERT ROBERTSON, JR.

Brunswick owes its exceptional laundry facilities to the energetic efforts of Mr. Robt. Robertson, Jr. who noting the absence of any such establishment founded his now thriving business 18 years ago. The premises occupied at No. 1 and 3 Center Street, are well adapted for the purpose of the business, and the equipment includes the latest improved machinery. Hand and steam work are both executed in the most satisfactory manner, and goods are called for and delivered free of charge, a wagon being kept for this purpose. The business is carried on in successful operation the year round and has won a desirable position in the estimation of our community for turning out a superior class of work. The very best of supplies are used and Mr. Robertson, Jr., is very particular that all work leaves his establishment in a first-class condition. He is a thorough, practical and experienced laundryman, employs only capable and careful assistants and manages every department of his business with marked ability. All orders by mail receive prompt attention. Personally, Mr. Robert Robertson, Jr. is a pleasant spoken gentleman of honorable and liberal traits and well deserves the success with which his establishment is meeting.

ELM HOUSE

The Elm House can safely be recommended as a home like hotel, and on that occupies a high place in the estimation of those who have profited by its accommodations, for under Mr. Bunker's management the interests of guests are carefully regarded and the general polity is liberal as well as enterprising. The hotel is a neat structure, containing 35 guest rooms, well furnished and lighted and kept perfectly clean. The dining room is comfortable and home like, while that which is served therein includes all the products of the market cooked and served in a manner and speed that would please the most fastidious. Taken all in all the Elm House is an excellent one and well merits the patronage it enjoys. Its location is suited to secure lucrative permanent and transient trade. Mr. George Bunker has been in the hotel business in Brunswick for the past 18 years and succeeded Mr. B.F. Goodwin as proprietor of the Elm House 8 years ago. He is a public spirited citizen and enjoys the respect and confidence of all who know him.

BRUNSWICK MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS

The oldest and successful work on marble and granite in Brunswick is Mr. Isaac H. Danforth, who conducts the well known "Brunswick Marble and Granite Works," located on Middle Street, opposite the depot. This gentleman has been actively engaged in the business here since 1871 and from the start has been successful. The premises occupied are neatly arranged, well lighted, and are fully equipped with all necessary tools and appliances for the successful conduct of business. Mr. Danforth devotes himself to marble and granite work in all its branches and to the production of the marble and granite monuments, headstones, pedestals, markers, railings, tombstones, and curbing for cemetery lots, etc. from the most elaborate designs to the plainer grades for those who desire the less expensive. Estimates and drawings are furnished upon application, and

contracts entered into for work of any magnitude, while promptness, reliability, and moderate prices are guaranteed. Mr. Danforth has set more monuments than any other house in Brunswick, or vicinity, and there are today 67 specimens of his work in Pine Grove Cemetery alone. These include some of the finest monuments erected there. Mr. Danforth personally is too well known to require comment at our hands, suffice it to say he is an honorable gentleman and straight forward business man, whose work is as good as his bond.

JOHN MCMANUS

The great increase in the demand for flowers is one of the most noticeable indications of the pronounced gain in culture which is so evident on every hand. Flowers are now in demand for all occasions, whether of joy or sorrow and in this connection it is a pleasure to call attention to Mr. John McManus' greenhouse, located one mile from the village on Mere Point Road. He has been established in business for the past twelve years and from the first has enjoyed a substantial and constantly increasing patronage. Here can be obtained all kinds of cut flowers, potted plants, palms, ferns, shrubbery, seeds and in fact everything one would expect to find only in a first class establishment of this kind. Designs for funerals and extra occasions are his specialty and are delivered and prices asked are reasonable. Mr. McManus thoroughly understands business and employs only experienced assistants. He is a widely respected business man of integrity and perseverance, being liberal in all his dealings; he well deserves the patronage accorded him.

JORDAN AVENUE GREENHOUSES

In this review of Brunswick and its enterprises worthy of mention it is our aim to call attention to houses, firms and concerns, relative to the standing they maintain and it is in pursuance of this decision that mention is here made of the Jordan Avenue Greenhouses of which Mr. Geo. E. Curtis has been proprietor for the past 1 ½ years succeeding J. M. Dennett and conducted under the management of Mr. Thomas J. Brown. Mr. Brown is one of the most experienced florists in this vicinity and personally supervises every detail of the business. The premises occupied are very large and are well equipped with all conveniences available for the successful conduct of the business, and all kinds of potted plants, bulbs and cut flowers are constantly kept on hand and are sold at reasonable prices. Designs for funerals and special occasions are made to order at short notice and are delivered promptly free of charge. Mr. Curtis employs only capable and experienced mechanics and the Jordan Avenue Greenhouses stand second to none in this section. Mr. Curtis devotes his time to the wholesale grocery business in Bath, Maine being located at the corner of Commercial and Commerce Street. He is a genial gentleman, and is held in high regard by all who know him.

J.E. ALEXANDER

In a community like Brunswick a market in which the people can place implicit confidence is a necessity and a necessary convenience, and in this connection it is a

pleasure to call attention to the establishment of Mr. J.E. Alexander, located at No. 120 Maine St. Mr. Alexander has been actively engaged in business here since 1866 and from the first he has done a large and constantly increasing business. The premises utilized are neatly and tastefully arrayed, and filled to their utmost with an excellent assortment of goods, including prime beef, veal, lamb, mutton, pork, poultry and game in season, all kinds of fresh vegetables and fruit. All these goods are guaranteed to be fresh and of the best quality, and to prove as represented or money refunded. The proprietor is thoroughly experienced in all branches of his business and personally superintends its every detail. He has built up a large patronage from among our best families, who have come to realize and appreciate first class goods at reasonable rates. All orders receive immediate attention and are promptly delivered, two wagons being kept for that purpose. Mr. Alexander is a hale fellow well met, and he enjoys the confidence and esteem of all who know him.

MRS. M.A. SMITH

One of the most appreciated and most successful houses engaged in the millinery business in Brunswick is that conducted by Mrs. M.A. Smith whose store is at No. 61 Maine Street. The premises occupied are large, neatly and tastefully arranged, and are filled to their utmost with an extensive assortment of the latest styles of millinery goods, trimmed and untrimmed hats, bonnets, pattern hats, flowers, veilings, laces, ribbons, feathers, plumes, birds, wings, etc. Only experienced help are employed, and all work is personally supervised by Mrs. Smith. All orders are promptly attended to every facility being at hand for the expedient prosecution of the business. The output of this house is large and as no "old style" goods are allowed to accumulate, satisfaction is guaranteed in all cases. The business was founded 28 years ago by Mrs. M.A. Smith and has been conducted under the management of Mrs. J.A.S. Coombs for the past six years. The popularity of this establishment in the past has been owing to its strict reliability and honest representations and the same will insure its successes in the future.

TONTINE LAUNDRY

An enterprise deserving of prominent recognition at our hands is the Tontine laundry, conducted by Mr. Fred J. Lemieux, located on the corner of Maine and School Streets, near the Tontine Hotel. Although established but three years it already enjoys a lucrative and steadily increasing patronage. The proprietor is thoroughly conversant with all branches of the laundry business and personally supervises its every detail. All work is done by hand, no machines being used and patrons can rely upon receiving their work in a first class condition. Should patrons receive their work otherwise which might occur through oversight, Mr. Lemieux will consider it a favor to have the same returned, when it will be relaundered free of charge. Particular attention is paid both to washing and ironing of colored goods so that the colors will not run. Work is called for and delivered free of charge and all orders by mail are promptly attended to while the lowest possible prices are quoted consistent with good work. Personally Mr. Lemieux is a gentleman of integrity and upright-business principles and is held in high esteem by his many friends and patrons.

H.C. ORR

A reliable meat market is a great convenience in any locality, and no better establishment can be found in Brunswick than that conducted by Mr. H.C. Orr, located on Maine Street on the hill. The premises occupied are well adapted for the purpose of the business, having a refrigerator, meat blocks, and counters are kept clean and are well stocked at all times with a choice selection of prime beef, veal, lamb, mutton, pork and poultry, and game in season. Popular prices prevail, and patrons receive courteous treatment, and no effort is spared to please and satisfy each and every customer. Mr. Orr deals only in the best grade of meats, quotes prices as low, if not lower than elsewhere, quality considered. All orders receive prompt attention and are delivered free of charge. Mr. H.C. Orr has been actively engaged in business here for the past nine years. He is one of our best known citizens and merchants and his success is due to his own personal effort.

A.G. HALL

Plumbing within recent years may be said to have advanced to the dignity of a science and this fact should not be a matter of surprise when we reflect how much depends upon the correct and sanitary plumbing of our homes, churches, schools and public buildings. In this connection we are pleased to mention the establishment conducted by Mr. A.G. Hill, the practical plumber, who has achieved a high reputation in his particular branch of business. Mr. Hall is a first class mechanic in his line of long practical experience, and as he personally superintends all work entrusted to him, and employs only the most skilled help, he is in a position to guarantee satisfaction in all cases. Estimates are furnished and contracts entered into plumbing work steam and hot water heating of any magnitude, first class material and reliable workmanship being guaranteed. Mr. A.G. Hall has been engaged in business here for the past eight years. He is a wide awake and popular business man and well deserves the large measure of success accorded him.

J.H. FRENCH

Figuring conspicuously among the industries of Brunswick is the establishment of Mr. J.H. French, horseshoer and blacksmith, a business necessary essential for the welfare of the community. Mr. French has been actively engaged in business here since July and has conducted it successfully up to the present time, the premises utilized on Union Street at large and well suited for the purpose of the business at hand, being well equipped with all the necessary tools and appliances known to the trade. Mr. French is a skilled reliable workman and for 17 years was with F.H. Purington. He has made the shoeing of horses a special study. He is always ready to begin a job at a moment's notice and guarantees his work to be well done and properly performed, making a specialty of interfering and lame horses, and also of resetting shoes. All kinds of general blacksmithing work are done at short notice, while the most reasonable prices are asked. Only skilled assistants are employed and all work is superintended by the proprietor.

Personally Mr. French is well-known in the community, and is highly recommended for his skill and experience by all who have placed their horses in his care to be shod.

DUNNING BROS.

A first class livery and boarding stable is a valuable acquisition to the wants of any community, and the residents of Brunswick are particularly favored in this respect, for the stable conducted by Messrs. Dunning Bros., located on Maine Street are equipped so thoroughly in horses and vehicles of all kinds that no one can say that livery facilities in the village are below par. The premises occupied are large, well ventilated and are kept perfectly clean and the sanitary conditions are perfect. On the average 20 horses are groomed and fed the year around, and the turnouts coming from Dunning Stables are equal in appearance to private conveyance. They have accommodation for a number of boarders and parties entrusting their animals to Dunning Bros. care are sure of their being properly fed and attended to. Carriages meet all trains and every effort is made to please and satisfy each and every one of their many customers. Messrs. Dunning have presided over the destinies of this business for the past 7 years and from the first have made strong efforts to please the public, and we are glad to say their efforts have been appreciated. The proof lies in the first class patronage they enjoy. Personally Messrs. H.B. and A.S. Dunning are hustling business men of integrity and perseverance and are held in high esteem by all who know them.

PLEASANT STREET BAKERY

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the excellent quality of bread, cake and pastry produced at the Pleasant Street Bakery as conducted by Mr. F.D. Snow. Mr. Snow has been in active business in Brunswick for the past thirteen years and from his first production has found favor among the residents of Brunswick and vicinity. Experienced bakers are employed and two wagons are kept constantly busy filling orders. The bake shop is neatly arranged and equipped with all the conveniences available for the successful conduct of the business and only the best brands of flour, butter, eggs, yeast, and other ingredients are used. Here can be found fresh daily, bread, cakes, pies, pastry, biscuits, rolls, buns, etc. Mr. Snow is thoroughly experienced in all branches of his business, and gives it his own personal supervision. Capable assistants only are employed and all orders are promptly attended to and delivered free of charge. Taken all in all the Pleasant Street Bakery is a first class establishment and the proprietor, Mr. F.D. Snow is well qualified by experience to preside over its destinies. His is a pleasant gentleman whose word is as good as his bond.

JOHN A. AUBENS

That not a few valuable horses have been spoiled by improper shoeing is a fact that no well informed person will deny, and that hundreds of our animals have gone mad and had to be taken off the road for a long or short time, simply because the man who shod them didn't know his business is also a well understood fact, therefore no horse

owner can afford to let everybody who claims to be a practical horseshoer, shoe his horse until he has satisfied himself that the job will be skillfully and carefully done. We refer with pleasure to the establishment of Mr. John A. Aubens. There premises utilized on Pleasant St. are large and well suited for the business in hand, being equipped with forges, blowers and all necessary tools, etc. Particular attention is paid to interfering, over-reaching and tender-footed horses. General jobbing is done at short notice at the lowest prices. Mr. Aubens is the oldest horseshoer in Brunswick and has been established in business here for the past 37 years.

JAMES F. WILL & CO.

Among the best known and most popular houses engaged in commercial pursuits in Brunswick is that conducted by Messrs. James F. Will & Co. should be accorded a leading position. It is located in the heart of the business centre of Maine Street, and is equally a credit to the proprietors and to the village. The premises occupied include first floor 82 x 45 feet and basement 45 x 45 feet in dimensions, fitted up in modern style, and are divided into numerous departments for the orderly and systematic classification of the stock carried, which includes silks, satins, dress goods, ladies coats and suits, dry and fancy goods, underwear, hosiery, ladies and gentleman's furnishing goods, notions as well oil cloths, straw mattings, window shades, curtains, curtain poles, portieres, baskets of every description, and in fact everything one would expect to find only in a modern dry goods store. All these are of the latest styles, and the stock is kept replenished with frequent invoices. The "one price" system is strictly adhered to and bottom prices quoted while satisfaction is guaranteed in every instance. This business was established about 20 years ago. One of the means this firm has utilized to encourage trade is the giving away of valuable furniture and other articles, the customers making their own selection. Cards are given customers, and amount of purchases punched until the sum total of \$25 is purchased. Then goods are delivered absolutely free of charge. This is one of the liberal offers that can be made and that it is appreciated is seen by the number of cards that are in constant demand. The individual members are James F. Will and John I. Purington, both wide awake business men of undoubted integrity. The establishment they have reared is a credit, not only to themselves but to the community, with those progressive development they have become so closely allied.



H.E. EMMONS

To obtain the purest and choicest of groceries, when retailers, wholesalers and comparatively exclusive dealers are continually deceived, it is absolutely necessary to select those dealers who make it their study and devote their time and attention to this line. In this connection it is a pleasure to call attention to the establishment conducted by Mr. H.E. Emmons, located at the corner of Maine and Bank Streets. The premises occupied are 40 x 80 feet in dimensions, well lighted and handsomely appointed and a large and carefully selected stock is constantly kept on hand which embraces fine tea, coffees, spices, canned and bottled goods, best brands of flour, cereals and imported condiments, table delicacies, butter, eggs, and in fact everything that one would expect to find in an up-to-date establishment of this kind. Mr. Emmons does not sell one article low and make it up on others, but quotes the lowers prices on all, consistent with the quality of goods. All orders are carefully and promptly attended to and delivered free of charge. Mr. Emmons has been actively engaged in business in Brunswick since April, 1894 and has occupied his present quarters for the past two years. He is a pleasant gentleman, a public spirited citizen and honorable business man and his work is as good as his bond.

W.A. CAMPBELL

The finest billiard parlor, and a well known and popular house dealing in cigars, tobaccos, smokers' articles, etc. in Brunswick is that conducted by Mr. W.A. Campbell, located on Maine Street corner depot. Mr. Campbell has been established in business here for the past 2 years, succeeding Wm. R. Field and from the start has enjoyed a lucrative and constantly increasing patronage. The premises occupied are large, well lighted and neatly arranged, the billiard parlor having been refitted and made more comfortable in Brunswick. Three of the celebrated "Briggs Electric Cushion" tables are in use. These have been repaired and filled with new electric cushions; new billiard and pool balls are in use, ones that all have been overhauled and everything done to make this a first class resort. Lovers of the scientific game of billiards and pool can spend their leisure moments here, with a certainty that they will meet only the best class of people, no rowdism being tolerated. The store floor is filled up as a first class cigar store and a carefully selected stock is constantly carried consisting of all the popular brands of imported and domestic cigars, tobacco, cigarettes, snuffs, all kinds of pipes, from the penny T.D. to the imported meerschaum and in fact everything one would expect to find only in a first class establishment of the kind. It has been the aim of Mr. Campbell to furnish his patrons with the best cigars that can be produced for the money, and not only in cigars does he excel his competitors but in all the commodities that he handles, Mr. Campbell personally has made himself popular with all classes in the community, being honorable and fair in all transactions his successes well merited.

E.A. GRAVES

Leather is one of the most important commodities that people have to invest in, particularly is this true as relates to horse furnishing goods, etc. Thus an establishment where the best grade of goods can be obtained at the lowers prices is of paramount importance to residents of this locality. In this connection it is a pleasure to call attention to the establishment conducted by Mr. E.A. Graves, located at No. 57 Maine Street. Mr.

Graves has had 25 years of practical experience in his business and established himself in business here 13 years ago and has gained a reputation for fair and square dealing well to be envied. At his establishment can be found at all times, all kinds of horse furnishings, including light and heavy harnesses, fly nets, bridles, saddles, collars, whips, robes, blankets, trunk bags, straps and in fact everything one would expect to find only in a first class establishment. All kinds of harnesses are made to order, and repairing of every description is also promptly attended to. Mr. Graves has had many years experience in all branches of the business. He is a mechanic of more than ordinary ability, and personally supervises all work entrusted to him, his is enabled to guarantee all work done just as ordered, while in the matter of charges he is moderate. He is one of our most active citizens and merchants and is held in high regard by all who know him.

G.A. BERNIER

The condition of horses feet has so much to do with the capacity for work that every horse owner will best serve his own interests by taking care to employ a thoroughly competent horseshoer, for its generally agreed among veterinary surgeons and others nowadays that practically all the so-called "foot diseases" are caused by defective shoeing. It is not every man who calls himself a "horseshoer" that is worthy of such a title, and in this connection we wish to call the attention of our readers to the character of the work done by Mr. G. A. Bernier for he has had many years of experience in the business and spares no pains to assure satisfaction to his customers. No horseshoer in this vicinity has a better reputation for turning out good and honest work. The premises utilized are well appointed with all the necessary tools and appliances. Blacksmithing is done in all its branches while the prices asked are moderate. Mr. Bernier has been actively engaged in this business here for the past 3 ½ years. He is well known and highly respected throughout Brunswick and vicinity as a thoroughly reliable and progressive business man.

F.A. MICHAUD

In a review of this nature ever possible branch of business is disclosed, and it is with pleasure that we here make mention of the establishment conducted by Mr. F. A. Michaud, French dressmaker, located in the Storer Block, at No. 87 Maine Street. Mr. Michaud has been established in business in Brunswick for the past 15 years and enjoys a reputation and patronage well to be envied. Ladies dresses, coats and furs are made to order in the very latest styles, and at reasonable prices. Mr. Michaud has had many years of experience in all branches of his business. He is a cutter of more than ordinary ability and personally attends to this branch of the business. He keeps himself thoroughly posted as to the very latest styles, which are received by him simultaneously with their appearance in Paris and New York. His work is in constant demand by the best dressed ladies in Brunswick and vicinity and numbers among his steady patrons many of the best families in this section. Repairing, altering, etc. is promptly attended to and satisfaction guarantees in all cases. He has extended a cordial invitation to the ladies to call at his parlors, where he will be pleased to show the latest styles for the coming season. Personally Mr. F.A. Michaud is a pleasant gentleman and his success is well merited.

H.T.NASON

Among the many commercial enterprises doing business in Brunswick there are none who have won more deserved reputation for integrity and fair dealings than that conducted by Mr. H.T. Nason, the "Grocer on the Hill". Mr. Nason has been established in business since 1891 having at that time succeeded Mr. C.E. Townsend, and from the start he has enjoyed a lucrative and first class patronage. The premises occupied at the corner of Maine and Cleveland Street are about 40 x 40 feet in dimensions, well lighted and tastefully arranged and are well stocked with staple and fancy groceries, teas, coffees, spices, canned goods, and sealed delicacies in tin and glass, butter, cheese, eggs, all kinds of fruits in season, cigars, tobacco, etc. Mr. Nason buys for cash in large quantities and is in a position to meet all honorable competition, both as regards quality of goods and prices quoted. Orders are called for and delivered free of charge, a wagon kept constantly on the go, supplying the many customers. Mr. Nason caters to no particular class of people, but welcomes and provides for all, and always at lowest prices. Personally, Mr. H.T. Nason is a business man of honorable and liberal traits and his success is the just reward of energy, enterprise and perseverance.

SMITH & LENTON

The manufacturers of harness, saddles, bridles, etc. is one of the most important branches of business carried on in any city, and a reliable house, where first class goods can be obtained at reasonable prices, cannot but prove of interest to our many readers. We refer to that conducted by Messrs. Smith & Lenton, located at No. 144 Maine Street. The premises occupied are large, well lighted, and neatly arranged, and are literally packed with carefully selected, and the largest assortment of horse furnishing goods to be found in Brunswick, including all kinds of single and double light and heavy harnesses, saddles, bridles, whips, robes, blankets and a general assortment of horse furnishing goods, as well as an extra fine line of trunks, bags, valises, dress-suit cases, etc. The work shop is well equipped with all necessary tools and appliances for the successful conduct of the business. Messrs. Smith & Lenton are practical mechanics in their lines and thoroughly understand all branches of their business, and are in a position to meet all honorable competition, whether it be in stock or prices quoted. They have been established in business here since August, 1897, having at that time succeeded Mr. M.T. Neagle. The individual members of the firm are S.M. Smith and J.J. Lenton, both wide awake business men whose success is due to their own personal effort.

ALONZO WARD

It is commonly remarked by carriage owners that it is more difficult to find a shop where carriage repairing is one as it should be, than it is to find one where satisfactory vehicles are made to order at reasonable prices and it is a well known fact that repairing calls for more ingenuity, and skill than building does. In this connection, we wish to call the attention of our readers to the establishment conducted by Mr. Alonzo Ward, located on Middle Street near the depot. The shop is fitted up with tools and appliances of all

kinds necessary to the execution of all orders. Mr. Ward is a first class mechanic in his line and guarantees his work to be as represented, as regards durability strength, etc. Carriage work of all kinds is promptly attended to and every order is executed without delay. His prices are extremely moderate no fancy charges being made under any circumstances. Jobbing of all kinds is also promptly attended. Mr. Ward has been engaged in business here for the past 3 years and has gained a splendid reputation for excellent work. He is a pleasant gentleman, a hard worker, and is well thought of by his many friends and patrons.

G.E. WHITEHOUSE

An old established and reliable house engaged in the grocery business in Brunswick is that conducted by Mr. G.E. Whitehouse, located on Maine Street near Cleveland. Mr. Whitehouse has been actively engaged in business for the past 10 years, and has built up a reputation and patronage only achieved upon a basis of equitable dealings. The premises occupied are 25 x 60 feet in dimensions, well lighted and filled to repletion with a carefully selected stock of groceries, including coffees, teas, spices, flours, cereals, imported condiments and table delicacies in glass and tin, butter and cheese from the best dairies, fruits and vegetables, grain and in fact everything one would expect to find only in a first class store. Mr. Whitehouse's long and practical experience in all branches of his business gives him many advantages, and enables him to buy and sell to his customers' best advantage, guaranteeing first quality goods, at lowest prices. The reliability of this house has never been questioned and every customer receives the same attention whether a purchase of 10 cents or 10 dollars is intended. Orders receive careful and immediate attention and are promptly delivered. Mr. G.E. Whitehouse, personally, is a pleasant gentleman and public spirited citizen and enjoys the full confidence of the community.



Growstown School Reviews Interesting
History In Planning 100th Anniversary Celebration
Brunswick Record
September 22, 1949

The Growstown School on the Church Road, Brunswick, reviews a long history, as it prepares for its 100th anniversary celebration, which will be held Oct. 1. Many residents of the community attended the little one-room school of which there are only two such left in the area: The other being the rural school at Bunganuc.

At the Growstown School grades from sub-primary through fourth grades were taught by just one teacher. Mrs. Marion J. Holbrook, who resides at Federal Street, Brunswick, goes back and forth to school with many of her pupils on the school bus. She has been teaching 11 years, having prepared at Farmington State Teachers' College. She is a graduate of Brunswick High School, Class of 1933, and has taken extension work during many of her summer holidays.

That she has an intense interest in her small, rural school is evident in the trouble she has taken to make the anniversary a festive as well as sentimental occasion. She has been to call on the gentleman she believes to be the oldest living alumnus, Asa Rogers of Freeport, now 83. He has been a fireman at Freeport for many years, and is a well-known figure both there and at Brunswick, and Mrs. Holbrook hopes he will be an honored guest at the anniversary.

The program for the anniversary will begin at 2 p.m., Saturday, Oct. 1, in the Growstown Church, and will have music by the Brunswick High School Band. Brunswick Superintendent of Schools Leon P. Spinney will address the assembly, and the highlight of the program will be the chief speaker William A. Wheeler of Gray Road, Gorham, who is well-known as an authority on early local history through his feature articles which have appeared frequently in the Brunswick Record. After the program, the audience will adjourn to the schoolhouse for refreshments and inspection of school work. Mrs. Holbrook hopes to have many former teachers of the Growstown School participating that day.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Fred Harmon, the photograph showing the school in 1855 is reproduced, and the following article is the original deed and contract for the schoolhouse, printed just as it was 100 years ago.

(Note: below the picture is: Top, Left to Right: Hallie Parsons, Emma Roberts, Floss Hunt, Addie Herrick, Edith Clough, Pinkie Sawyer, and the school teacher Sarah

Sawyer. Bottom, Left to Right: Frank Hunt, Lewis Simpson, Percy Simpson, Alice Woodside, Allen Storer, Fred Harmon, Ed Hunt, Mary Herrick, Minne Clough, Dulay Parons, Teddie Hunt, Mable Clough, Clara Harmon, and Bernie Harmon.

Brunswick, February 22nd, 1849

Know all men by these presents,

That we Josiah Melcher and Osborn Melcher of Brunswick doe this day contract with the committee for School District No. 5 to build a new School house for said District to be located where they have decided, and to be bilt as follows viz.

The house shall be thirty feet in length and twenty six feet side, walls nine feet, the roof of a suitable pitch, a good frame to be covered with good sound boards and shingled with what has formerly been called No.1 shingles but now extra, and clapboard with good narrow clear clapboard, to be lathed and plastered between studs and to have six windows twenty pains each, 8 by 10 glap lip sash two doars and a sash over the outside doar and a closet in each corner of one end 5 feet square with shelves, the inside well lathed and plastered on the studs and under the beams, and a mop board all around the room 10 or 12 inches wide, the house to be well underpinned with stone and pointed with lime mortar mixed with hane, and a chimney on a stone foundation from the ground suitable for a stove plaised where the committee shall direct, the finish out side to be a get and the ends to have a suitable progection, and to be pained two good coats lite straw couler and the flouor and inside work to be of suitable materials and to be finished according to a plan made by Harry S. Otis, and the writing desks and inside work all to be painted a suitable coler, and all to be done in a workman like manner, under the inspection of your Committee, for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars and the old school house with the exception of the stove and funnel, and all to be completed by the first of October next, and you are to be paid as follows fifty dollars in advance and the remainder when the house is completed.

Jonathan Snow
E.C. Raymond
Stephen Snow
Committee for School
District No. 5

Great Seal of Maine Work of Brunswick Mechanic

An interesting account of the adoption of the state of Maine seal was contained in the Brunswick Telegraph of April 23rd, 1858, and has been copied recently by a state library publication, contributed by Mrs. Abbie Tate Cromwell of Brunswick.
Brunswick Record
August 13, 1931

The article, as it was used in the publication follows:

On the 2nd day of June, 1820, the first legislature convened at Portland. On the same day Wm. King, our first GOVERNOR, delivered the message to the convention in the old meeting house that then occupied the place where the present stone Meeting House of the First Parish now stands. This sensible communication was read to the convention in a loud, clear voice and was listened to with great attention. Among other necessary provisions, a seal for the state was to be established, as no commissioners could issue to our civil or military officers till this was done. Many were the speculations on this important subject. A special committee was raised for this purpose, one of whom was the late Isaac Reed of Waldoboro. He was a gentleman of education and taste and had much to do in the reporting the resolve accompanying this communication. On the 9th of the same June, the Committee reported the resolve for providing a Seal.

The Report was unanimously accepted and a resolve passed directing the Secretary of State (the present venerable Judge Ware), (this was printed seventy-three years ago,) to procure a suitable seal, conforming to the sketch. He employed Robert Eastman of Brunswick, Maine, to execute the work. Mr. Eastman was an ingenious mechanic. Though his seal was clumsily done, it answered the purpose and many commissions bore its impress. Soon after the seal was engraved as it is now, and the state paid Mr. Eastman \$50.00 for his seal. Judge Ware no doubt aided the committee in their labor of devising the seal. He is the only survivor of Gov. King's cabinet. The senate at that time was composed of 21 senators; two only survive: Hon. Barrett Potter of this city, and the Hon. James O'Brien of Machias.



Frost Home In Topsham is One
Of Community's Landmarks
At One Time A Fashionable Boarding School
For Boys, Frost Family Still Occupies It in the Summer

Brunswick Record

August 9, 1945

By Virginia Hall Benton

The summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Frost and their family on Elm Street, Topsham, bears an air of exciting mystery as the former Franklin Family School, which flourished in the middle of the last century as an elite educational center for the sons of sea captains and other prominent New Englanders.

Before it became a fashionable boarding school for boys, it was owned by one of Topsham's most enterprising gentlemen—philanthropist, ship-builder, and bank president, Major William Frost, great-grandfather of the present owner. And it was for sentimental reasons, as well as for his interest in the old historic house, that Mr. Frost purchased the former residence of his great-grandfather eight years ago.

Topsham Lumber Used

As Mr. Frost says, much of the history of the old Franklin Family School is shrouded in the mist of time. Yet the fact that the house has been substantially preserved in its original state invites exploration into its past. In all probability, it was built from lumber cut right here in Topsham. The principal change in general appearance through the years involve razing of its large barn, nearly the size of the house, and the addition of a cupola on the roof of the house, replacing the "captain's walk", a small fenced-in square which decorated many homes of that period. Fireplaces are still in existence in every room of the house, and two grace one wall in the charming ballroom on the second floor. Originally, these fireplaces were the only means of both heat and cooking. An old brick oven that was a part of the Frost kitchen was removed years ago in the process of modernizing that room.



The Ballroom

The enchanting, many-windowed, softly decorated ballroom, appearing like a muted painting at the head of the front hall stairs, is one of the principal attractions of the residence. A minstrel's gallery at one end of the ballroom, and an arched 15-foot ceiling connote gay, early 19th century parties, replete with balcony fiddlers, and animated conversations in the intimate atmosphere of the two lighted fireplaces. The ballroom has been used frequently by the Frost family for parties, teas, and larger gatherings.

Secret Staircase

Downstairs a secret stair-case is revealed by pressing of a panel in a wall, and sharply winding stairs, scarcely more than a foot wide, lead to the second floor, and on beyond to the minstrel's gallery. The molding around the parlor ceiling to the right of the entrance is decorated with a carved rope motif of exquisite handiwork, and there is similar carving in a decorated strip below window sills. Elsewhere in the house are wainscotings of pine boards two and one-half feet wide, and windows reminiscent of yesteryear, which extend from the floor to the ceiling.

The house was built by Samuel Melcher in 1806. Melcher also designed a number of other houses in this vicinity, among which are the old Lyons residence on Park Row, Brunswick, near the railroad tracks, and the home in which Ellis L. Aldrich now resides in Topsham, owned at one time by Governor King, first governor of Maine. The Frost home is much like a house still standing at Salem, Mass., "Hamilton Hall."

Once A Tavern

The Freemasons largely defrayed the expense of the construction of the Frost home for the privilege of having a lodge-room—the present ballroom—as a meeting place. Nathaniel Green kept a tavern there from 1831 to 1836 to accommodate persons attending sessions of the court house, which was located at the site of the present Amedee Picard home at Topsham, and it then passed into the hands of Major William Frost.

Major Frost

Under the ownership of Mr. Frost, the estate was undoubtedly regarded with glowing civic pride, for Mr. Frost was the second president of the First Union Bank of Brunswick, member of the legislature for some years, a major in the Maine military organization, and a shipbuilder. He was also a Mason and a Unitarian, and donated the bell to Topsham's Unitarian Church. As the owner of a ship building industry, he once sailed in one of his own ships, carrying lumber to the West Indies, early in the 1800s during the embargo on shipping. While on board, he was fired upon at the mouth of the Kennebec River, but undaunted, succeeded in making his trip.

School For Boys

After Major Frost's death the house was sold to Warren Johnson, uncle of Mrs. John A. Cone, and the first state superintendent of schools, who founded the Franklin Family School for Boys. The school was established to offer "a sound intellectual

culture...to continue as far as possible genial influences of home and to add thereto the systematic discipline of school." For 25 years it played a major role in the lives of 50 or so New England lads.

An addition in the form of a long ell, providing dormitory space, was built from the present residence out to the barn, which was converted into a gymnasium. The present ballroom in the Frost home became the recitation and lecture room, and when Mr. Frost purchased his summer home, blackboards glared from its extensive walls. The tuition of \$150 for a year covered board and room, as well as the use of textbooks, fuel and lights, and other incidentals. Classes were held from 8 a.m. until 1 p.m., with an evening session from 7 to 8:30. The grounds consisted of 40 acres of land. Among those who attended the school from this vicinity were Harry Peterson, a resident of Bath, and the late Owen Rogers of Bath. As the public school systems improved vastly, the Franklin Family School declined and dissolved in 1889. It was subsequently again sold as a residence.

On the board of trustees of the school were a number of distinguished gentlemen of the times: Professor C.E. Stowe, husband of the famous Harriet Beecher Stowe, Benjamin Flint, Esq. Brooklyn shipbuilder, who married a member of the Scribner family of Topsham, and Ephraim Flint, Secretary of State. Succeeding Warren Johnson as owner and master of the school were Samuel Johnson, father of Mrs. John A. Cone, and Daniel Smith, father of Miss Belle Smith of Brunswick.

Other Topsham Homes

After the constitutional convention of 1789, there was a great upswing of business in the state, and it was during this period of expansion, which lasted until about 1810, that shipping and lumbering prospered and many of the large New England homes now becoming storied landmarks, were built. Among such landmarks at Topsham are the present Ellis L. Aldrich home, built in 1802, about the same time as the residence of Joseph A. Aldred of Topsham; the Charles Thompson residence is now owned by Peter Shiels in the triangle between Green and Main Streets, built about 1800; the Robert B. Miller home, constructed by Major Frost, and sold to his son-in-law, Dr. James McKeen, prominent physician of Brunswick. The latter was the son of Joseph McKeen, the first president of Bowdoin College. Other famous landmarks are the home of Mrs. Arthur B. Johnson, built in the latter part of the 18th century, and the Walker Homestead, constructed in 1809. Like the city houses of the area, the Walker residence tip-toed on the sidewalk, because, local historians explain, it was generally thought at this time that Topsham would bloom into a large city like her sister, Salem.

Industry Turned Away

Two industries that might have contributed vastly to the growth of Topsham were lured elsewhere during this period. The Lowell brothers, looking for a water site to build their cotton mills, sought purchase of water rights here, but the price demanded was so high that the Lowells built on the Merrimac instead, and later, Lowell, Mass., sprang into existence. The Town of Veazie was similarly named for Governor Veazie, a prominent merchant of the day. The story goes that Mr. Veazie's dignity was offended by a dousing with a pail of water as the final crux to a business argument, and he left Topsham in a huff, establishing his business to the East.

Elm Street Homes

It is perhaps superfluous to point out that these homes were built on Elm Street when the town was located in Lincoln County, State of Massachusetts. Many residents in

Topsham can remember having heard their forbears speak of even earlier days when there was only three houses on Elm Street—those owned by John Ridley, Miss Florence Merriman and Jesse Wilson, proprietor of Wilson's Drug Store, for years the old family residence of the late Melville C. Hall. The proper front doors of these three pre-Revolutionary homes faced the Androscoggin River—and also the street—for the main thoroughfare then followed the river. Elm Street having been constructed later, in a parallel position.

The Frost Family

Jack Frost, as Mr. Frost is affectionately known to friends and former college mates at Bowdoin College, is a successful attorney in New York City. He is a resident of Pleasantville, N.Y., where he served for 10 years as the city's mayor. After his graduation from college, and before pursuing his legal studies he was assistant to the late John A. Cone as principal of Topsham High School. A son, William, enjoyed a brilliant scholastic career at Bowdoin College, has taught at Carnegie Institute for several years and is now studying for a doctorate at Yale University. Bill and his wife, a talented artist, spent the month of July here with his parents. Stephen Frost has completed 18 missions on a B-29 out of Saipan. The youngest member of the Frost trio is Hunter, who is in training with the Army Air Force in Arizona.

Topsham citizens are prone to regard the Frost family as regular residents of the community, for both Mr. and Mrs. Frost have made great contributions to its civic welfare and have shown a special interest in the Topsham Public Library.

FROST FAMILY CLOSELY LINKED WITH HISTORY OF TOPSHAM

Recent Bequests To Town's Library Revive Interest In The Distinguished And Varied
Service Rendered By Members of The Family

Brunswick Record

October 2, 1939

Alton Frost of Merrimac, Mass. and Mayor John W. Frost of Pleasantville, N.Y. donors of the Frost trust fund of the Topsham Public Library in memory of their mother, Mrs. Augusta Chase Swift Frost, are the great-grandchildren of one of Topsham's most prominent citizens of the early 19th century.

The Frost family's interest in all matters of the community springs from their residence here since the earliest settlement of the town.

The grandfather of the late William E. Frost of Elm street, husband of the deceased, Mrs. Augusta Chase Swift Frost, was one of Topsham's most prominent citizens in the early part of the 19th century. Major William Frost from young manhood was one of a group of men who became leaders in various enterprises in the early part of the 19th century. His contemporaries, such as Governor King, Dr. Porter, and Major Nathaniel Walker were all enterprising leaders in the affairs of a growing community. Major Frost was president of the Union Bank of Brunswick, served the town in the Legislature, was a major in the militia, the owner of sawmills on the river, the owner and builder of several ships and was engaged in lumbering and other enterprises. He was also

a prominent Mason and was a donor of the bell at the Unitarian church of which he was a member.

For most of his life he resided at his residence just east of the court house lot, now the school lot on Elm street. And there he died in 1857 at the age of 76 at his residence now owned by his great-grandson, Major John W. Frost of Pleasantville, N.Y.

After his death, this residence was purchased by Warren Johnson, and became the Franklin Family boarding school, for which purpose it was used for a number of years.

His first wife was Anne Emery, whose sister, Sarah Emery, was the wife of Humphrey Purinton of Topsham. Major Frost's second wife was Mrs. Phebe Greeley, who survived him.

He had three children, a son Obadiah Emery Frost, and two daughters. One daughter, Octavia married Dr. James McKeen, and lived many years in a house which Major Frost had built fronting on Green street, which is now owned and occupied by Robert Miller. Another daughter, Sarah, married Dr. Israel Putnam of Bath, and their son, William L. Putnam, was a United States District Judge in Maine for many years.

Obadiah Emery Frost, the eldest son, and father of William E. Frost, was graduated from Bowdoin College in the class of 1826. He studied law and was a lawyer and merchant in Topsham. For ten years, 1830 to 1840, he was Register of Deeds of the county. He married Jane P. Hunter, daughter of Captain William Hunter, of Topsham. A malady thought to have been typhus resulted in his death at the age of 42. He had built, in 1839 and 1840, as his residence, the house since occupied by members of his family west of the present Fair Hall on the north side of Elm street.

He had three children, a son, William E., and two daughters, Anne Octavia, who married M.M. Riggs and lived in the West, and Sarah Elizabeth, who resided in Topsham and died here in 1926.

Captain William E. Frost was born in Topsham in 1848, and resided here all of his life. He went to school in Farmington, after which he went to sea and followed the sea all the early part of his life, commanding a ship at the age of twenty-six. As master of the "Midas" and "Pleiades," he sailed the seas in the merchant trade to various parts of the world until he retired. Later Captain Frost became agent of the railroad in Topsham and occupied that position until a few years prior to his death. For about forty years he was clerk and one of the trustees of the First Parish Congregational Church of Topsham.

Captain Frost married Augusta Chase Swift, daughter of John L. Swift of Brunswick in 1877. Two sons survived them, Alton S. Frost of Merrimac, Mass. and John W. Frost, an attorney of New York City and the Mayor of Pleasantville, N.Y. where he resides, who recently purchased the Major Frost residence on Elm street as a summer home.



Daniel R. Stover

FROM SCHOOLHOUSE WINDOW
An Essay Written 25 Years Ago by Daniel R. Stover
Of Harpswell
Brunswick Record
August 28, 1903

Twenty-five years ago Daniel R. Stover, who was then a teacher in the school at Division No. 18, asked his pupils to look out of the western windows and write an essay on what they saw, agreeing at the same time to write one himself. On Thursday evening, August 13, Mr. Stover was persuaded to read to the audience gathered in Centennial Hall, the essay which he wrote a quarter of a century ago. It proved of remarkable interest to those who heard it, and believing that it will also interest the readers of the Record the essay is printed below.

Mr. Stover was born at West Harpswell Jan. 5, 1846, fitted for college at Westbrook Seminary and entered Colby College in the class of 1867. He represented Harpswell in the Legislature of 1876 and 1877, and served as superintendent of schools in Harpswell for ten years. The ability which he displayed as a young man in college and as a teacher has made him one of the most influential and useful citizens of his native town. The essay is as follows:

Standing at the West window of schoolhouse No. 18, in the town of Harpswell, and looking to the left one can see the Fore Bay, a branch of the Casco, a Maine contraction of Aucocisco, and far off a section of Bailey Island and Jaques Islands, while beyond there the broad Atlantic with its waste of deep blue waters stretches unbroken to

the ice and volcanic fires of the Antarctic continent. Bailey Island is so called from Deacon Timothy Bailey, an early settler who lives on what is now known as Gardner's Point.

From our place of observation we have a view of Lowell's Cove and the recently-erected spring house, the water of which Prof. Carmichael's analysis shows possesses very similar properties to that of Poland Springs.

Jaques of Jaquith's island derives its name from Lieut. Richard Jaques, an old Indian fighter who joined Col. Harmon's expedition against Norridgewock in 1724 and in the battle that ensued one fine Sabbath morning, shot the French Priest Rasle at the door of his chapel. As the Massachusetts Colony then paid a big bounty for Indian scalps, the lieutenant doubtless received quite a sum for his share in exterminating the last remnants of the Norridgewock tribe.

The entrance to the harbor, Half-way Rock with its light house, Mark Island, and its black and white striped monument, and a portion of Haskell's Island are hidden from view by Capt. Johnson's residence, but we can see Little Harbor and nearer at hand the winter moorings of the fishermen's boats.

The south-easterly half of Potts' Point is shut from sight by the stable formerly the property of the honest but somewhat eccentric old gentleman, Willerby Pinkham, familiarly known as "Uncle Will," but on the right may be seen the bowling alley, steamboat wharf and other structures.

The point is called after Richard Potts, who purchased it in 1672, two hundred and ten years ago and one hundred years before the Revolutionary war, three before King Philip's and but fifty-two after the landing of the Pilgrims.

In the distance is Cape Elizabeth, a large and thriving town opposite the city of Portland, and nearer Jewell's Island, which is one of the many places where Capt. Kidd or some other pirate has buried untold wealth of gold and silver, so charmed as to be undiscoverable without a proper understanding with his Satanic Majesty.

There is Thumb or Thumb Cap, Flag Island and Eagle Island noted for its hornets, and big snakes, the reputed size of which would tax the credulity of a much more confiding mortal than the writer. Farther to the right and nearly west are numerous small and larger islands of Chebeague, and in line with this and about half way are Birch and Horse Island. The latter was seventy years ago the home of a man named Nathaniel Bennett. His well had stone steps leading down to the water. He lived entirely alone many years and was at last found dead in his house, which was afterwards taken to the mainland and used as a schoolhouse in no. 5.

The superstitious people of those days claimed that in the night time balls of fire frequently passed to and fro from the islands to the school house. Possibly the old man might have in his lifetime been opposed to a system of popular education and after death manifested in this manner his displeasure against the use of his house for the purpose.

Still nearer is Bar Island, wherein they were wont aforetime to compress the odoriferous porgy. To the extreme right is seen the southern parts of Ash Cove and Basin Point. The first probably gets its appellation from some ash trees, no longer standing and the second from an arm of the sea enclosure between the two points and which furnishes water power to Casco Bay Mills, grinding some 5000 bushels of corn per week.

In front and on lower ground are the hotels which during the summer wear a lively aspect. As we look out upon the fine homes, cultivated fields and note the sails in

the offing, regarding these evidences of civilization one can scarcely realize that only a few years past all these points and islands were covered with dense forest among which roamed the wolf, bear and panther; and through which the untutored savage armed with his stone hatchet and flint-head arrows pursued the moose and deer, and that upon these bays and inlets there was naught to be heard save the hoarse note of the seabird, or the plash of the Indian's paddle as he glided over the waters in his birchen canoe.

Perhaps, however, ages hence when we shall be gathered to our fathers, shall have returned to the dust that formed us, another race will walk here who will be as far in advance of us in science and in the comforts of civilization, as we are of the simple Red men, the smoke of whose bark covered wigwams here curled up to the blue heavens through the thick branches of the overarching trees.



FRANKLIN FAMILY SCHOOL, ONCE A FAVORITE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE

Many Prominent Men of This Vicinity Were Students in This Old-Fashioned
Academy at Topsham Which Flourished in the Last Century

By Frank D. Townsend
Brunswick Record
July 16, 1909

Back in the middle of the nineteenth century, in the days where high schools were almost unknown and public schools were far inferior to what they are now, in the days when the American merchant marine was in flourishing condition and sea captains almost invariably took their wives with them on their long voyages, there was a good need for schools where the sons of seafaring men could receive an education and at the same time be under discipline and influence of home. To furnish this education and supply the element of control which the home could not furnish, throughout the country there sprung up a number of boarding schools. The courses of instruction offered at these schools were suitable for boys from 10 years and even younger up to 20. What is now taught in the highest classes of the high school, including preparation for college was taught in these schools, or academies, as they were called. The school life of the time was much like the life of a boy at home. The school demanded and obtained almost perfect behavior on the parts of its pupils, and the younger boy whose parents were sailing in far distant countries found himself well cared for and in as good hands as he would have been were he in his own home.

These schools have now largely been replaced by high schools and academies of the modern type; but at Farmington, Little Blue has changed but little from what it was fifty and more years ago.

Warren Johnson, a graduate of Bowdoin in the class of 1854 and a native of Farmington, understood fully the place filled by Little Blue and realized that with the large number of sea-going men residing in Bath, Brunswick, Topsham and Harpswell

there was an excellent opportunity for such a school. At that time ship building was the principal industry along the shores of Casco Bay, the Kennebec and the lower Androscoggin. The shipyards of Topsham and Brunswick were then active, and many men whose homes were in the nearby town were in command of ships sailing to every part of the world. Mr. Johnson saw that these men would appreciate and take advantages of a school similar to Little Blue in this locality. Accordingly he decided to start such a school. Looking for a place where the grounds and buildings were suitable for his purpose he decided that the residence of the late Major William Frost situated in Topsham, close beside the Topsham Academy, would be an ideal spot. The home of Major Frost had formerly been a tavern and would require but few alterations for the boarding school. The building was situated upon a hill overlooking the waters of the Androscoggin and some 40 acres of land went with it.

In the year 1856, two years after he had received his degree from Bowdoin, Mr. Johnson purchased the estate and on May 20 of the following year, 1857, opened the Franklin Family School, which until 1889 was one of the leading educational institutions of Maine.

Mr. Johnson was right in his belief that the sea captains would appreciate his school for as soon as the announcement was made that the Franklin School Family School would be opened in Topsham under the management of Warren Johnson, applications for admission were made in large numbers. So great were the numbers who sought admission to the school than in less than ten years it was necessary to enlarge the building by making extensive addition to the ell. The school at one time had as many as 66 pupils but the number averaged somewhat over 40. Mr. Johnson was assisted in his work by his brother Samuel I. Johnson and Humphrey A. Randall.

The Franklin School was a home for boys. The boys roomed in the school, and had their meals there, studied there, recited their lessons there, and played there. They had practically every advantage of home, coupled with the opportunity to receive an education that would fit them for business in the world or that would admit them to almost any college in the country. Parents felt that in the Franklin School their children were in good hands. Discipline stricter even than that of most homes was maintained, and every influence that prevailed about the school was for good; the boys were required to go to church on Sunday and to attend Sunday school. They were not allowed to use intoxicating liquors of any kind. Tobacco was forbidden and profanity was punished. The boys were watched in their associations outside of the school and if they did not behave properly, or were found in the company of boys whose characters were not above reproach they were made to stay within the limits of the school yard. Surely few boys were ever better cared for than were the pupils of the Franklin Family School.

There were not entrance examinations, any boy of proper character was admitted and placed with other boys of his own size and advancement. The course embraced every branch of a thorough English and Classical education and while ample provision was made for those fitting for college, the principal gave his personal attention to those branches of study which would fit the pupil for the business of life. The best opportunities were given for those who from any cause were backward in their studies, and also for foreigners acquiring the use of the English language. Book-keeping by double and single entry, navigation and the shortest practical methods of mathematical calculations received special attention.

The cost of tuition, including board, room, washing, repairs of clothing, lights and similar expenses, amounted to but \$300 a year. The school year was divided into three terms much the same as the school year of the present.

The fall term began on the third week of September and ended a few days before Christmas, a few days recess being given for Thanksgiving. The winter term opened the first week in January and closed the last week in March. The spring term was from the second week of April until the last of June or the first of July. Pupils were received into the school at any time during the year.

The school session opened at 8 o'clock and from then until 11 recitations was heard. At 11 o'clock came recess. A feature of recess, which was probably never found in any other school, was the serving of a lunch of good old-fashioned gingerbread. How the boys did like this and how they would eat it! It was made fresh every morning and served while still hot. Occasionally apples or some other fruit in season was served with it. At 1 o'clock the school exercises were over for the day. There was no afternoon sessions, leisure thus being afforded, as a pamphlet describing the school said, "for digestion and out of door exercises."

What had been the hall for the old tavern was used as a school room. It was situated on the north side of the second story. Beyond were the boys sleeping rooms. Mr. Johnson found it necessary to make a large addition to the ell in order to accommodate all the pupils. On the lower floor were reading rooms and living rooms. In the rear of the building was a gymnasium fitted up with all necessary paraphernalia. Over that was a large room used as a play room on rainy days.

In the yard of the school there was a large playground that was very popular with the boys. Here they enjoyed all the games then in vogue and here they found sufficient exercise to keep them in good health and spirits. The playgrounds were for the exclusive use of the boys of the school, but the boys in school had many friends among the town boys and it was not infrequent for the boys outside the school to be invited in to play.

In the sixties baseball was in its infancy, and the now national sport was indulged in by only a few. The Franklin School had one of the first local baseball clubs and upon its team were several good players. In those days eligibility rules were unheard of and teachers as well as pupils were allowed to play on the school teams. Warren Johnson frequently played with the boys, and Mr. Randall was one of the star members of the team.

In the year 1866 the "Cushnocs" of Augusta, one of the fastest organizations of its day sent a challenge to the Franklin School team. No time was lost in accepting and arrangements were made to play the game on the old Delta. In those days the diamond on the Delta ran nearly north and south instead of east and west as at present. Gloves and mitts had not then come into use, in fact they were officially barred. Mr. Randall was playing in the field in that game and having a sore hand wore an ordinary street glove for protection. This fact was noticed by some of the opposing players and a protest was made, but as they were told that he was "only a teacher with a sore hand" he was allowed to continue playing with his glove on. Had the Cushnoc known his ability as a ball player as well then as they did a few minutes later he would probably been ruled out. Towards the end of the game the Cushnocs were several runs in the lead, but the Franklin School boys succeeded in filling the bases. Then he who was "only a teacher" came to the bat. The opposing pitcher threw a ball that just suited Mr. Randall and the result was that he

drove it clear to the house of Gardner Cram on Federal Street, bringing in the three men on bases and giving him an easy home run. These four scores were sufficient to turn the score and the game resulted in a victory for the boys of the Franklin School.

After the game the visiting players were taken to the school house where they were royally entertained. A supper, cooked by an old colored lady who at the time was ruler of the kitchen, was served and the memory of it is still fresh in the minds of many who were fortunate enough to be the number to partake of it. Among the other delicacies were great, thick, juicy lemon pies covered on top with a cream frosting several inches thick. These pies reported to be tastier than anything ever eaten before or since.

The favorite winter pastime with the boys was skating on the river. Mr. Johnson, or one of the teachers, would go to the river as soon as the ice was sufficiently strong enough to allow skating and mark out places upon which the boys could skate with safety. Outside these bounds the boys were not allowed to go, and there was always supposed to be a teacher with them to see they remained within limits. One afternoon a pupil named William Goore skated beyond the bounds onto the thin ice which broke beneath his weight and he was drowned. At another time on an extremely cold winter day a number of the boys were skating down river towards the Narrows. The weather was so bitter cold that the instructor who was accompanying the boys thought it best to take the party on shore where they built a large bonfire by which to warm themselves before going back. On the way back one of the boys, overestimating the strength of the ice, went beyond the prescribed limits. Although the weather was cold the ice in the center of the river was not thick enough to hold him and the result was that he broke through. His companions quickly pulled him out and took him to a nearby house on the shore where he was wrapped in blankets, given warm drinks, and cared for until he could be taken back to school. Fortunately no ill effects resulted from his mid-winter swim.

In the matter of discipline the boys were divided into three grades. These grades were made up each week according to their attention to lessons, and general behavior during the week preceding. A ticket telling his grade was issued to each student. A student holding a first grade ticket was allowed a perfect freedom on afternoons. He could go anywhere or use his time in any proper manner without permission from the teachers; a pupil with a second grade was allowed to leave the grounds only upon being granted special permission from the principal; a third grade ticket required the holder to remain within the school yard at all times. If a boy holding a first grade ticket misused his privileges in any way the next week he found himself holding a ticket reading "Second Grade," and a second grade boy, if he was known to misbehave would be reduced to third grade. On the other hand if a boy in the third grade paid faithful attention to his lessons and maintained a good record in deportment he soon found himself advanced to a higher grade.

Smoking was not allowed, but the youths of that time had a fondness to be like grown-up men the same as boys do today, and once in a while when one of the teachers would be walking through the woods in the rear of the school grounds he would come upon a small group of boys enjoying a quiet smoke. If the boys were among the older ones and generally well behaved the teacher would forget what he had seen and nothing would be done about it. But were they young boys of too strong inclination to smoke they would be reprimanded.

The boys of the first grade were allowed to go to Brunswick any time in the afternoon they pleased, but none of the students were allowed away from the grounds in the evening without special permission. In spite of all the watchfulness of the teachers, occasionally a few of the boys would steal away in the evening making their escape by means of a bed-room window. It has been said that some of the boys were sent away from school as a result of their evening excursions, for among the boys there were those who liked liquor and as this would sometimes be obtained in Brunswick, the boys did not always come back to school in the same sober condition that they left it. However these cases were rare, and the general character of the boys far above reproach.

Sunday was a hard day for the boys. In the morning they were required to go to church and Sunday School. During the remainder of the day they were required to remain about the grounds although those of the first grade were allowed to spend the evening at the home of a young lady friend were they so inclined. But as the boys were usually kept too busy with their school work to form many intimate acquaintances with the young ladies, this privilege was not taken advantage to any extent. The greater part of the day was spent in the reading room or studying. It was unpleasant to a group of young men full of activities and life to be kept restricted all day, and it was also hard on the teachers for during the latter part of the afternoon and evening the boys would become restless and uneasy and would sometimes be inclined to do things which were not allowed.

After the war some of the students became filled with the military spirit and as a result a military company was formed. While uniforms and arms were being obtained, and during the first preparations the boys were greatly interested, and for a while drilling was a pleasure; but after it had gone on day after day for about a year, the newness and fun of the thing wore off and to drill became a task rather than a pleasure. The drill work was in charge of the teachers of the school, ably assisted by the late Charles Henry Small.

In the year 1867 Mr. Johnson became desirous of changing his work and accordingly the school was bought by Mr. Randall and Mr. Johnson engaged in business in Boston.

The educational abilities of Mr. Johnson were widely recognized and he was honored by being made the first Superintendent of Schools in Maine, a position which he filled with great credit.

It was during Mr. Randall's administration that the military work was given up. Mr. Randall was assisted by his sister Florence, now residing in California, who had strong influence for the good and who was very popular with the boys. Mr. Randall carried on the school for about a year. Then Mr. Johnson became dissatisfied with the new business, and Mr. Randall decided that he would like some other form of occupation. The result was that Mr. Johnson returned to the school again, and Mr. Randall entered the Union National Bank of Brunswick as cashier, a position which he held for 20 years.

Samuel J. Johnson carried on the school for about a year. It was later conducted by R.O. Lindsey, who was succeeded by a Mr. Billings. Mr. Billings sold the school to D.L. Smith who continued it until 1880 when ill health forced him to retire from active work. Under Mr. Smith's administration a number of students from foreign countries, largely from France, came to the school for instruction in English. Also at this time the school was made co-educational. Mr. Smith was assisted by his wife and daughter Anna.

About this time free high schools were springing up all over the state and the demand which had been filled by schools like the Franklin School was supplied to a large

extent by the public high schools. Also the American shipping was beginning to decline and the need for a home for the sons of sea captains was much less than it had been thirty years before. In spite of these facts there were several who would have taken the school and carried it on but conditions of the building was such that it would have required a large amount of money to have put it in proper repair for school use. Therefore when Mr. Smith retired the school was closed for good and the building turned into private residences.

There is probably no graduate of the Franklin School better known to Brunswick and vicinity than William J. Curtis of New York, who a few years ago gave to Brunswick the Curtis Memorial Library in memory of his father Captain John Curtis. While living in New York his three sons, William, Christopher and Malcolm were sent to the Franklin School. Malcolm was one of the youngest pupils ever sent to school being only seven years of age when admitted.

The building occupied by the Franklin School is in itself of historic interest. It was built by Daniel Holden in 1804. At that time United Lodge No. 8, Free and Accepted Masons, was located in Topsham and as the rooms which were then occupied were not satisfactory to the lodge, the lodge voted to enter into arrangements with Mr. Holden for the fitting up of a suitable lodge hall in his building. In 1806 James Purington was appointed agent to finish up a hall in the building, and Elijah Hall was appointed to solicit subscribers to defray the expenses. Among the subscribers were Jonathan Page, Nathaniel Green, Abel Merrill, Daniel Baker, Jesse Haley, James Purington, Joseph Sprague, John Raymond, William C. Page, and Jacob Brown. Later these subscriptions were repaid by the lodge. The first Masonic meeting in this building was held in December 23, 1806. The hall was dedicated on January 1st of the following year. The Masons continued to hold their meetings in this building until August 27, 1811, when it was decided to move to the building on the corner of Main and Winter streets, now owned by Samuel Knight.

The building was used for many years as a road tavern and as such it was very popular. It would accommodate a goodly number and had a large hall, later used as a classroom, in which social functions could be held. It continued to be used as a tavern for a number of years during which time it was under several different managements. About 1840 it was purchased by Major Frost who made it his residence until his death. It was sold by his heirs to Mr. Johnson. The building is now owned by Fred Ward of Topsham. The main house is used for tenements, and in the old gymnasium there is a knitting mill.

Frank Morin Reminiscences On His Years In Ice Cream Business

Brunswick Record

October 4, 1945

By Virginia Hall Benton

The third selectman of Brunswick probably won't choose ice-cream for tonight's desert. Frank Morin, of Boody Street, who celebrated his 20th year as Wiseman Farm's Brunswick manager, works eight hours a day surrounded by 3,500 gallons of ice-cream. Long, Long Ago

Mr. Morin has fun reminiscing about the time that he and John Wiseman, one of the owners of Wiseman Farms, sat under an elm tree on Maine Street, a score of years ago while Mr. Wiseman explained what his duties would be as manager of the new Brunswick branch. "Those were the days before electric refrigeration," Mr. Morin says. "Few stores featured ice-cream in the winter-time, and I was supposed to sell milk, cream, butter, eggs, chickens, and a long string of things besides ice-cream. I was getting more and more discouraged as Mr. Wiseman talked on and I felt a strong yen for my old job running an express from Brunswick to Bath, hauling ice-cream." From Ten to 175

The far-away day when he began his business with 10 skimpy accounts seems unreal to Frank Morin now as he serves his 175 accounts and dreams of the not-far-away glowing future when the ice-cream industry is predicted to leap forward in giant-size strides. The allotting of quotas to ice-cream dealers has already ceased.

Mr. Morin opened the Brunswick branch on Middle Street, where it remained for 10 years. Then the branch moved to the rear of Hunt's Market, and three years ago last March it occupied its present location on Maine Street at the rear of Field's Jewelry Store.

10 Degrees Below Zero

At the Brunswick plant there are a dozen or so large ice-cream coolers which look like out-size old-fashioned refrigerators. The temperature of the largest—a "walking cooler box"—so called because it is high enough for a person to walk around inside, is 10 degrees below zero. These boxes are defrosted three times a year in the usual fashion of household refrigerators. The two refrigerated trucks seem frequently about town each hold 500 gallons of ice-cream. The branch also has another smaller truck.

Electricity vs. Ice

Electricity is as much of a miracle to the ice-cream industry as it is to the housewife thinking of her Monday's wash. Mr. Morin chuckles as he recalls how many a delivery truck dripped its 18-mile way from the Lewiston headquarters, packed with large cans of ice-cream surrounded with fast-melting ice and rock salt. "They looked just like old-fashioned water sprinklers for wetting down road dust," he said. Electricity has made unnecessary three or four tons of ice per day at the Brunswick branch and the help of six or seven men.

Medals—For the War?

On a wall in Mr. Morin's office is a group of framed medals. Apologetically, he explains that some people have exclaimed, "Gee! Did you get those in the war?" Five silver stars represent five months during which the Brunswick branch of the company has

won state sales contests sponsored by Wiseman Farms, and one gold star indicating that the local branch surpassed all others in Maine for sales during a year's period. As his reward Mr. Morin chose a fat check against a Caribbean trip. The latter would have encroached upon the time it takes him to keep his branch in top-notch efficiency. Two Army Air Force medals are on airplane spotting, which, during the war, occupied many mornings from 3 to 6 o'clock at the Maquoit Road post.

Long, Hard Work

Mr. Morin modestly credits his customers with being responsible for much of his success and throws similar bouquets to his employees, but a description of the early days when he worked 365 days a year is a story in itself. Up until quota-allotments became necessary, he worked seven days a week keeping his customers happy. For a number of years he has attended an ice-cream institute in Boston and he has made it a policy to hold friendly chats with his customers, helping them with their merchandising problems.

At present, the local branch has accounts from here to Boothbay Harbor, Wiscasset, Richmond and Freeport, in their respective directions, and also in the summer resorts in those areas. Assistants at the plant are Milton V. Rogers of Bath, former manager of the now discontinued Bath branch, and Raymond Caouette of Brunswick.

Extra Curricula Activities

Lithe Mr. Morin has no time to acquire any surplus weight. When he isn't working at his office or thinking of potential new accounts, or toying with a merchandising idea, he's engaged in extra-curricula activities of which airplane spotting has been only one.

He is first vice-president of the Brunswick Lions Club and belongs to the Knights of Columbus. In March, he acted as chairman of the Red Cross Roll Call business district division. He also finds time to serve as selectman. His elder son, Ph.M 2/c Frank F. Morin, USN, is aboard a transport in the South Pacific, while David, the youngest son is a senior at Brunswick High School this year.

Ice-Cream—More, Better, Fancier

Post-war plans of the Brunswick branch of Wiseman Farms include a 20 x 50 foot cooler in anticipation of the spurt of ice-cream sales. In addition to having more and better ice-cream—butter-fat content has already risen from 10 ½ % during the war to 14%--Mr. Morin assures the customer that he will soon be able to purchase those beguiling little flowers and fetching animals fashioned of ice-cream which were once the stand-by of many caterers for elite parties and special holidays.

FORT GEORGE LODGE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

This Flourishing Order in Brunswick Was Organized
Twenty-six Years Ago. One of the Strongest Lodges in the State

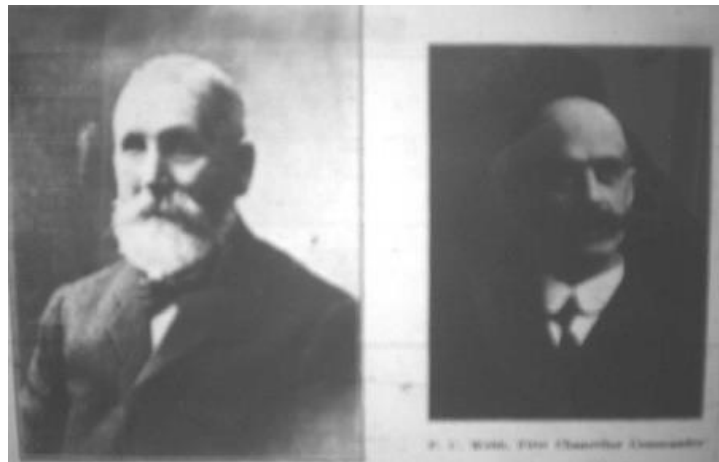
Brunswick Record

December 10, 1909



Samuel L. Forsaith
Chancellor Commander

Ernest L. Mayberry
Vice Chancellor



Larkin D. Snow

F.C. Webb

Fort George Lodge No. 37, Knights of Pythias, was instituted on the evening of February 7, 1883, in Grand Army Hall, at that time over the store occupied by Philip R. Goodrich. There were thirty-five charter members, and in order that the degrees might be properly conferred, the degree work was commenced in the afternoon. The arrival of the evening trains brought large numbers of visiting Knights from Bath, Lewiston, Portland, and other nearby places, and these so greatly taxed the accommodations of the small hall that it was necessary to transfer the meeting to the Lemont Hall, where it was completed. The charter members included Franklin C. Webb, J.N. Frank, James E. Alexander, J.B. Hall, J. H. Little, Frank M. Stetson, Andrew H. Strout, John B. York, A.W. Chandler, B.T.Skelton, George Nevins, C.S. Mitchell, H.W. Moody, G.W. Parker, A. J. Booker,

Jordan Snow, S.A. Winslow, M.B. Graves, J.B. Blaisdell, A.H. Hunt, L.D. Snow, David E. Standwood, C.H. Alexander, Thomas W. Given, I.H. Simpson, A.W. Woodside, G.S. Chandler, A.T. Campbell, W.J. Haley, William Anthoine, W.A. Bodge, George O. Campbell, J.A. Turner, J.H. McGleachy, H.J. Lackey and F.C. Welch.

The lodge grew rapidly so that within a short time the quarters in the G.A.R. Hall became too limited, and accordingly permission was obtained to use the Masonic Hall, then on the third floor of Lemont Hall. As the lodge continued to grow and prosper its members decided that they should have a hall of their own, and accordingly a lease was taken of Lemont Hall. Extensive changes were made and the hall fitted up into one of the best suites of lodge rooms to be found in the State. The lodge hall of Fort George is one of a very few which has a balcony about three sides, permitting the accommodation of a large number of members and leaving plenty of room for extensive floor movements. Three years ago the lodge purchased Lemont Block so it now not only owns its own quarters but also one of the finest business blocks in town.



Lemont Block

In the list of Past Chancellors are to be found the names of Alfred J. Booker, Barnett T. Skelton, Thomas W. Given, George Nevins, Franklin C. Webb, Isaac N. Frink, Hiram M. Merriman, Herman F. Moody, I.H. Simpson, Larkin D. Snow, James E. Alexander, Frank M. Stetson, Frank E. Davenport, Melville C. Hall, Frank A. Hall, Fred M. Robinson, John R. Lunt, Frank A. Morse, Charles E. Hacker, Herbert E. Dunning, Joseph H. Lombard, George L. Thompson, Dudley E. Campbell, Henry B. Dunning, Gilbert M. Elliott, O.R. Pennell, John Plutzer, Philip R. Goodrich, Eugene Thomas, Henry C. Upton, I. H. McKenney, W.S. Harrington, Victor Bagley, N.E. Young, H.E. Despeaux, C.E. Torrey, Edward W. Wheeler, E.L. Mayberry, E.M. Pennell, W.M. Small and J.R. Lombard.

The growth of Fort George Lodge has been unusually rapid, and though it is the youngest of the large orders in town, its membership is nearly as large as any.

Since purchasing Lemont Block, the lodge has made many improvements in its quarters, especially in connection with the ante rooms. Modern conveniences have been installed and the rooms made thoroughly up to date and attractive. A well furnished

parlor has been fitted up and also a smoking and card room in which the members gather evenings.

The rapid growth of Fort George Lodge and its prosperous condition is in no small measure to the work of Larkin D. Snow. Mr. Snow was prominent in the organization of the lodge and has always been the most active worker for its welfare.

UNIFORM RANK

In the spring of 1908, a lodge of the Uniform Rank was organized with the following men among its charter members. Ernest L. George, J.L. Day, Arthur Crockett, William Gallant, Charles Hatch, John Thompson, William Crockett, W.S. Harrington, Clarence Hitchcock, W.S. McKenney, Fred Ward, A. Melcher Graves, Charles P. Curtis, Frank E. Gould, F.E. Priest, Guy Stinson, James O. Kincaid, J. Robert Lombard, Forrest E. Staples, Fred Sylvester, and Charles Smith.

The Uniform Rank is the military branch of the Knights of Pythias and the degree is obtainable only by members of the Knight's rank. It is distinct from the subordinate lodge and its workings are of a military character.

ALVA YOUNG TEMPLE

Alva Young Assembly, No. 19, Pythian Sisterhood, was instituted April 28, 1893 with forty-two charter members as follows:

Mrs. B. L. Dennison, Mrs. O.T. Despeaux, Mrs. S. H. Foster, Mrs. J. W. Fisher, Mrs. W.E. Gordon, Mrs. E.A. Graves, Mrs. John Brackett, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Jr., Mrs. James O. Kincaid, Mrs. J.H. Lombard, Mrs. W. S. McKenney, Mrs. I.H. McKenney, Mrs. M. McKellar, Mrs.N.H. Merriman, Miss Lilla Milliken, Mrs. Stephen Nutter, Miss Carrie Nutter, Miss Lottie Minot, Mrs. Etta Mathews, Mrs. Amos R. Nickerson, Mrs. Edward Nickerson, Miss Sadie Bryant, Mrs. A.O. Reed, Mrs. Frank L. Snow, Mrs. L.D. Snow, Mrs. Fred D. Snow, Mrs. J. Frank Snow, Mrs. Frank M. Stetson, Mrs. George Owen, Mrs. David E. Standwood, Mrs. George F. Tenney, Mrs. W.K. Turner, Mrs. W.B. Woodward, Mrs. G.B. Webber, Mrs. Fred Wagg, and Mrs. Louisa Wagg.

The Assembly had the honor of being named for the founder of the order, Mrs. Alva Young of Dover, N.H.

On February 5, 1907 the Assembly was changed from Pythian Sisterhood to Rathbone Sisters, the new lodge being known as Alva Young Temple. Alva Young Temple has the distinction of being one of the very few temples throughout the country having no male members.

The members of Alva Young Assembly upon whom the honor of Past Chancellor has been conferred are Mrs. M.McKeller, Mrs. S.H. Foster, Mrs. L.D. Snow, Mrs. John Brackett, Mrs. Samuel Knight Jr., Mrs. F.D. Snow, Mrs. G.D. Campbell, Miss Blanche Bryant, Mrs. James O. Kincaid, Mrs. G.B. Webber, Mrs. John H. Dunning, Mrs. William Crockett, Mrs. A.W. Townsend, Mrs. Charles A. Rogers, Mrs. I. H. McKenney, Mrs. John Causland, Mrs. P.N. Watson, Mrs. J.W. Pennell. There are now three Past Chiefs of the Temple, Mrs. S. H. Foster, Mrs. Samuel Knight Jr., and Mrs. George F. Tenney.

Former Owner Writes Poem About Old Store
At South Harpswell Frank L. Bailey of Plymouth, Mass. Who was a small
Boy at South
Harpswell, contributes the following poem About the old store here which was owned by
his father.

It has since burned. (Editor's note)

Brunswick Record

December 28, 1939

THE OLD BAILEY & CO. STORE

AT SOUTH HARPSWELL

By Frank L. Bailey

Plymouth, Mass.

Outside, the ground is white with snow
Aglisten in the blue-white glow
Of the December moon o'er head.
On crusted field and frozen track
And off beyond the floating pack
That spanned the cove from shore to shore
The Ash Cove lights gleaned faintly o'er.

From house to house by "Potses" road
A yellow lamplight dimly showed.
And near the wharf—down on the right
A brighter light show thru the night
From out Will Bailey's grocery store
As it stood there close by the shore.
Let's step inside, out of the cold—
We lift up the iron latch of old—
A weaker throat I vow would choke
Amid the thick tobacco smoke.
And to our ear is brought the sound
Of conversation flowing round.

Post Office on our left, we see— O familiar words: "Any mail for me?" The
stove, an old style, coal upright Is bulging red, with slides alight. And resting
there upon the floor— A home-made, pine box cuspidor. Its sawdust innards
show much use Of burned match and tobacco juice; There's soft pine shavings
scattered round—Some jack-knife carpenter, I'll be bound

Has been whittling out a model boat Of maybe a Douglas billy-goat.

Now on our right we plainly view
Cigar showcase and candy, too,
The counter with its fruit displayed,
And where the dried smoked herring laid;
Toward the back and at one side
The showcases with its cheese inside,
And one with golden butter, yellow—
"Andrew's butter," sweet and mellow;
The scaled, the pails, the old wall shelves
With patent medicines for ourselves
Arabian Balsam, Davis' Pain Killer,
Wild Cherry Balsam, Hood's Sarsaparilla,
Smith Brother's Cough Drops—sweet and black
Sure to stoop that pesky hack.
And at the right, far in the rear
Was kept the rope and fishing gear.

Potatoes in their barrels stood
Upon the floor, with box of wood
Containing many vegetables
Along with other eatables;
The Hardware, we must not omit,
The nails, the screws, the hinge and bit.
The paints and putty—turpentine,
Most everything along that line;
The marlin wound in convenient balls,
The salt fish and overalls
Resting on a table wide
Fish and cloth both side by side;
The cambric and calico,
The apron prints, all in a row;
Needles, thread and thimbles, too.

And other "fancies," not a few; Powder, shot and shells, and more Most
everything was in the store; Rubbers, boots and leather shoes.

Rubber boots and overshoes; Slippers, stockings, shirts and pants—
Everything a body wants; Odds and ends in queerest places.
Arm-elastics and shoe-laces, And many others I could mention,

But, if you please, let's pay attention To
that gray bewhiskered man,
I do believe it's Cap'n Dan
With ear-ring hanging from one ear;
"I can tell you one," said he,
"I've seen a loon shot from a tree."
"Hope m'die," said Uncle Lem.
"I remember winters when
The sea-dusk struck in awful thick
Round 'Black' Rock and sound Bold Dick."
Then Cap'n Dan—his hip would smite
And laugh and laugh with eyes shut tight
Until the others joined in-Knowing
how t'was pleasing him. Then Uncle
Douglas—Unckle Ike Would tell
another, something like The duck he shot
at Flag Island Pond— "Went right in
ar'ter him, all clothes on."

Perhaps Bill Morse, with stub cigar Would
tell one of the Civil War-He used to puzzle
me a lot How Bill could smoke those stubs
so short Without enflaming those monstrous
whiskers
Or burning his lips to running blisters.
And then Charles Douglas—known as "Crab"
Would start to limber up his gab.
Some anecdote about so-and-so—
Then refer to his brother: "Member that Joe?"
"God, I guess I do," said Lon. "No you
don't," said Crab, "you're too darned young."
Then he would laugh and give a wink To Gus
"Fish" Bibber, or maybe "Wrink"
Then "h 'ist" his feet atop the stove,
And head between his shoulders shove
As he tipped back in a long-legged chair—
I can still see him tilting there.

Now as my wandering fancies rove I see again
beside the stove
Mr. Holden—imitator. How his
toothless jaws would caper
With a chew of "black B-L"
When some story he would tell.
Old Uncle Frank, and Uncle Eli,
Uncle Stover, Uncle Bill—

The fishing schooner's hardy crew
From the Emma Jane—Carrie Allen, too,
Their skippers all, I used to know,
Cap'n Al and Cap'n Joe And Cap'n John of the "Lettie May"—
A trim craft in her maiden day. Now Cap'n Prout has a word or two As he glances
round among his crew-He braces back to his full size Then gazes down thru squinted
eyes: "Well, boys, all hands on board tonight We're going to leave before it's light";
And that was all he had to say Except as to when they'd get underway.

Full many a year has come and gone Since the Emma Jane sailed out that morn;
Her prow will cut the sea no more, She's joined the fleet that's gone before; And ne'er
again will the store-light shine
By "Potses" Road in the winter-time, And of all those men who sailed the sea Three's
naught but just a memory-Let go the anchor, unstep the mast, They've reached the Good
Home Port at last.

Brunswick Men First In This Country To Develop X-Ray

First Patient, Also Brunswick Man, Suffered
Scorched Stomach As Rays Were Placed
Too Close to Him

By J.T.G.

Brunswick Record

May 25, 1933

Once upon a time no one knew anything about X-rays. A gentleman named Roentgen first discovered that some, electro-magnetic rays, of shorter length than ultra-violet, would pass through opaque objects, and because he didn't know anything about it except that, he referred to his discovery as "X-rays." The X meant unknown, or what you will. This was just 38 years ago this past week.

Then they began to experiment with them, and in a short time the Germans had progressed so far that they were taking pictures of the human body with them, and before long medical science was to be better off than before.

It was along about this time that the first X-ray picture was taken in this country. And according to what is in hand, the first X-ray picture made in this country was made in a laboratory at Bowdoin College.

According to the story, it was Dr. G.M. Elliott who found in his medical magazine a description of the method. This article was written so that anyone who knew what it was about could go to work and take X-ray pictures himself if he had an X-ray, and wanted a picture. It was written in German.

Dr. Elliott was interested, of course, and he struck out to find his good friend Prof. Hutchins of the college, who can wade through German like an elephant through canebrake.

Prof. Hutchins said "Let us take a picture," or something like that, and Dr. Elliott replied, "Yes, let's," or something like that. Prof. Hutchins repaired to his laboratory and guided by the article donated by the veteran Brunswick doctor, he started making an X-ray tube.

Prof. Hutchins, while it is not known perhaps so generally by Brunswick people, is a name to be reckoned with in science. He is now retired from active life at the college, but in those days his ideas kept cropping out in such a way that the scientific world listened with the attention. Today he does such things, as set up a camera to photograph a total eclipse, and work out science problems for his own amusement.

At the same time he is perhaps the town's most gifted manual workman. Some of the things he has whittled with a jackknife are works of art. With his hands he can produce marvelous works, some in the way of science, some more simple things—like carving and inlaying.

Be that as it may, this ability served him well in his laboratory. The way he made his eclipse camera last summer was proof. So he soon had an X-ray tube, and was anxious to try it out.

The first X-ray picture was a photograph of Dr. Elliott's hand. Mind you, this was before the general run of United States scientists ever heard of X-rays. Not only was

the success of this first picture of interest to the Brunswick men, but it was a startling device to the whole country. Dr. Elliott's hand must have looked like some writing on the wall (figuratively speaking, of course). It represented a whole realm of undiscovered country, where medical science might expand to proportions never dreamed of.

The rest of the story is well-known. Now you can get an X-ray taken for a nominal fee, and they use it in police work, beef curing, fixing up cigarets, and about any way you want.

For years Dr. Hutchins made X-ray tubes for important laboratories, and as the thing became better known, he forgot about the humble beginning at his hands with Dr. Elliott's hand.

But a good yarn developed from that. Soon after a certain gentleman of these parts, Perley Watson who died in 1930, fell off a stool, or something, and dropped a stitch in his back. He was doctored up more or less, and should have recovered. However, he felt that perhaps the job hadn't been done as well as possible, and he wanted to know if he couldn't have an X-ray taken of his spine. The doctors assured him it wouldn't do any good, but he said he was willing to pay for it, so they approached Prof. Hutchins and asked him if he'd take a picture.

It seems that Mr. Hutchins said no. Then Mr. Watson pleaded. Finally, in the interests of science, only, they agreed to do it. This was all right as an agreement, but the trouble was that even Prof. Hutchins didn't just know how to go about it. They had been experimenting with hands, and objects more or less thin and easy to manipulate. How to go about photographing a spine, with a more or less corpulent stomach in the way was something else again.

But they got a big plate, fitted it into the table somehow, got this man to take off his shirt and pants, and he reclined gingerly on his back. After an exposure they developed the plate, and got only a slight blur which looked more like some cumuli on the morning horizon than a picture of an injured backbone. Mr. Watson would have to pose again.

So this time they made sure that there would be no under-exposure. They propped the man up with a newspaper, stuck a cigar in his mouth, put in a new plate, arranged the tubes, and sat down to wait. They let the cunning little X-rays play up and down his tummy for about a half a hour, and then found that they had a beautiful photograph of the region to the west of his umbilicus. No, there is nothing the matter with your backbone they said.

This pleased the man immensely. Smart people, these doctors. How much will that be? They told him that they weren't doing this for profit, but that in the interests of science they had consented to do it. Therefore there would be no expense. However, if he wanted to reimburse them for the cost of plates they had used he would please them. The plates were big, and cost about five dollars. He paid them and went out.

A short time later this man came back to his doctor. He had a rash on his stomach. It itched something terrible, and he kept the whole family up nights what with making great moans and uttering such things as Odsbodkins and Zwounds.

The doctor gave him an ointment, a bill for a dollar, and said he guessed he had an itch. A few days later the man came back. Itch be damned, he had something worse than that. His stomach was rosy and bubbly and ever and anon one of the bubbles would

break and he would cry out with tremendous enthusiasm, using such words as are not generally included in conversation among company.

First they thought of all the sinister diseases mankind has Pandora to thank for. Maybe it was leprosy. More salve.

But at last they thought what it was. It was the X-ray, and he had enjoyed a half-hour's cooking to the satisfaction of his vertebrae, but to the ruination of his epigastrium. Medical science had agreed with nodding of heads and checking of haw-haws that it was a wonder he hadn't been killed.

But when it was all over the part this man regretted the most was that he had paid \$5.00 for the privilege of suffering exquisitely. He said things about the doctors in general and Prof. Hutchins in particular, and the matter was dismissed as just another martyr to the matter of medical progression.

There may be a few omissions and errors in the foregoing account and it may be that time and silence had a part to play both in exaggeration and suppression. But that was years ago, and perhaps the same adventure had its trouble for great ends. Brunswick, Bowdoin, and the rosy stomach may feel proud to have played a part in the work.



FIRST PARISH OF THE PAST

Address by John Furbish Reviews

Church and Town History

Brunswick Record

May 20, 1904

An address by John Furbish on the "First Parish of the Past," given in the Congregational Church vestry Wednesday evening, contained a great deal of valuable historical matter and many interesting reminiscences of former pastors.

Mr. Furbish spoke of the formation of the parish in 1714, by the Pejepscot proprietors, and the law which governed the relations between the town and the church. In the early days the town meeting called the minister and the church accepted him, for it was then the duty of the town to provide a pastor.

In 1715 it was decided to build a meeting house, and a few years later the building was completed. The site was about halfway between the falls and the shore, on the Maquoit road, and the old cemetery now marks the spot where the first church stood. It remained there a great many years.

One of the reasons advanced in the petition for incorporation of Brunswick in 1735 was that the people had secured a pious and orthodox minister. Some years later the church was given the power to call the minister and the town voted to concur. The church represented an ecclesiastical body and the parish was the financial body, which had the duty and responsibility of providing religious instruction.

The records show that in 1717 three praying Indians petitioned for a praying house in this town, which shows the gospel had reached these savages before the incorporation of the town. Massachusetts appropriated \$700 for missionary work among the Indians in Maine.

Mr. Furbish spoke of Rev. Joseph Baxter, Rev. J. Woodside and Rev. Isaac Taylor as men who preached in this town previous to 1735. After the incorporation of the town Rev. Mr. Rutherford remained here about five years.

In the early days ecclesiastical differences arose in the church, one side being Scotch-Irish Presbyterians and on the other Congregationalists, which eventually led to the erection of another church.

In 1746 the town voted to hire Rev. Robert Dunlap of Sheepscoot and to pay him \$4 a Sunday, collections to be made weekly. Mr. Dunlap was ordained in Boston, and the town appropriated 30 pounds to pay for the ordination dinner. That amount was not sufficient and later a further sum was raised. His salary was to be paid in such specie as would buy lumber.

In 1755 the East-side meeting house was built, one reason for its construction being the differences between the Presbyterians and Congregationalists and another to avoid the Indians who constituted a serious danger to people obliged to go some distance to reach the meeting house.

Difficulties in regard to Mr. Dunlap's salary led to misunderstandings that ended his pastorate.

John Miller was pastor from 1761 to 1787 and was ordained in 1762. It was the custom in those days when strangers came to town to warn them to leave in order to prevent them becoming town paupers. In accordance with the custom Mr. Miller was warned to leave, but that was of course a mere matter of form.

In 1768 the singing problem came up and an attempt was made to set off a part of the house for a choir gallery, but it was voted down.

When the organ was first used one of the church members objected to the noise as an unwarranted interruption of the reading, and expressed his opinion that it has an immoral tendency. In 1786 the custom of deaconing the lines of the hymns was practiced and that continued until there were books for all.

In 1787 the town voted to dismiss Mr. Miller. He appealed to the church and the church agreed with the town. The congregation, however, voted to sustain him. The town froze him out by appropriating no money for his support.

About this time the Baptist element of discord appeared, members of that denomination refusing to pay their church rates. In the case of a man named Minot who refused to pay, the town took his horse and sold it to meet the tax. In 1792 the Baptist element claimed and received the right to draw a portion of the tax assessed upon the parish. The last money raised by the town for support of the parish was in 1796, but two years later the town chose a committee to settle differences between the congregation and the parish.

The development of the water power and the commercial interests of the town, and the needs of Bowdoin College, led to the construction in 1808, of the first church on the site of the present edifice. The pews were sold and the building was presented to the parish, the north gallery being set apart for the use of students.

Mr. Furbish spoke of Rev. Winthrop Bailey, Rev. Father Sewall and Rev. Asa Mead, as pastors in the early part of the last century, predecessors of Dr. Adams, who, coming here in 1829, served for 42 years. He referred to Asa Mead's famous temperance sermon and the fact that he was hung in effigy by the students.

Dr. Adams won his audience by his singing, said Mr. Furbish. His fervor was so pronounced that on one occasion in war time when he sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" he aroused great enthusiasm.

The present church was built in 1845, at a cost, it is said, of \$14,000.

Mr. Furbish said that the first history of the parish is due to Rev. Winthrop Bailey. The records of the Adams pastorate are meager, and most of them were obtained from the diary of the old pastor.

First Home of Local Catholics
Old Catholic Church which stood at the corner of
Federal and Franklin streets, where the residence of
Dr. McDowell now is.
Brunswick Record
November 19, 1931

The photo of the old Catholic Church printed herewith will stir many memories among the older Catholics of Brunswick, for it is in this church that many of the townspeople first took their communion away back between 1876 and 1882, when there first existed a Catholic society in Brunswick in its own right.

Previous to that there had been no church in Brunswick, and masses were heard once a month when a priest from Bath came to town. The Brunswick services were a mission from Bath, and the people met at small halls and even at homes in town.

The church was formerly a Baptist meeting house, and when Father P. Noiseux first came to town as a resident priest the building was acquired and was used as the church. This was in 1876. For six years it served the local French-Canadians and other Catholics, until in 1882 the first specially constructed Catholic Church was erected, on Pleasant street.

At that time the society disposed of their former meeting place, which stood on the corner of Franklin and Federal streets, selling it to Samuel Knight, who used it for a number of years as a stable.

After that it was sold to a Mr. Hutchins, a bookkeeper at that time at the pulp mill, and now in Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Hutchins razed the church-stable and built himself the residence that now occupies the site.

The church used following this burned in 1912, and later the land at Union and Pleasant streets was bought and the present church erected.

Finishing Touches on Mortons Store
Brunswick Telegraph
June 11, 1902

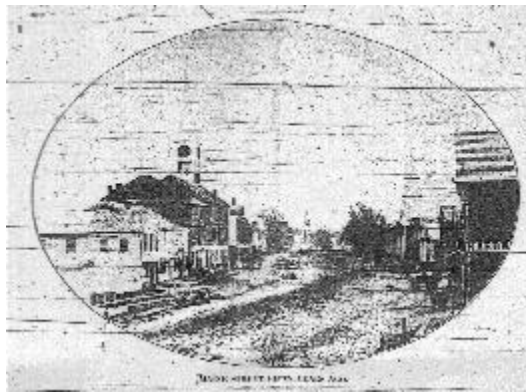
The finishing touches are being put on the Morton Store. The ice cream parlor is being finished in a dark red and black. It is separated from the rest of the store by rich drapery curtains and little individual tables in an antique black will be set about the room. The whole will be a delightful resort in the hot days and will be quite a revelation to Brunswick.

Fifty Years In Brunswick's Maine Street

Brunswick Record

July 30, 1909

The growth of business may well be illustrated by the changes which have taken place with fifty years on Maine street, the principal thoroughfare of the town. Some of these changes can be seen in the accompanying illustrations, by comparing pictures taken fifty years ago with those of today. The picture showing Maine street as it was fifty years ago tells a long story in itself, a story which anyone who is familiar with the street as it exist today can readily read. The picture of Maine street taken twenty-five years ago show that up to that time there had been change and improvements.



In almost every way the Maine street of half a century ago was different from the Maine street of the present. Fifty years ago there was no network of wires, electric lights, telephone and telegraph; no electric car tracks running through the town; permanent improvement of the street was not in evidence; many of the large shade trees of the present were then young and small while many trees of that time have been removed. Old tumbledown buildings have been demolished, and large brick structures have been erected. Almost every point up and down the entire street shows a marked improvement over the conditions of that time.

Not alone in physical condition has there been a decided change but there has also been a change in the men who make the life of the street, the merchants, the business and professional men. Of the men who were in business here fifty years ago there is but one remaining at the present time—Alonzo Day. A few of those who were in business many years ago, have retired, but for the greater part of them have passed away.



To give a complete account of all the changes made on Maine street during the half century would be impossible. Men have come and have gone, buildings have been built and buildings have been destroyed. Many of these changes have been forgotten.

Many of the improvements may be seen at a glance. The Knights of Pythias Hall, Crawford Block, the Town Hall, Lincoln Building, Odd Fellows Block, O'Brien Block, Dunlap Block, Perry Block, Snow Block and Arcade Block have all been built. On the upper part of the street, fine residences have replaced the buildings that stood there years ago.

Way back in the middle of the thirties on the corner of Potter and Maine street, where now stands the Alpha Delta Phi Chapter house and the residence of Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, there was a large oat field. Years later Gen. Chamberlain purchased the house which he now occupies and moved it to the north corner of these two streets. Below on the corner of Maine and Noble streets Aunt Susie Dunning lived in a little house that was moved away to make room for the fine lawn of Prof. Franklin C. Robinson's home. Before the railroad was extended through Brunswick the land upon which its tracks are now laid was a large swamp. This has been drained and improved until now in place of a swamp Brunswick has a fine railroad station and an attractive station yard. A Mr. Tappan once had an undertaking shop on this property, and Daniel Owen had a house nearby.

The store now occupied by William F. McFadden as a restaurant was built by Isaac Senter in about 1850. Mr. Senter occupied the same store utilized for some years then it was taken by a Mr. Poland. Following Poland, William P. Field ran a restaurant, pool room, and store there. Under Mr. Field, the store became a well-known to people for miles, and even now people who were accustomed to trade there and who were well acquainted with Mr. Field sometimes refer to it as the Bill Field place. The site upon which McFadden sits, where, for years known as the Brunswick House was built, was formerly utilized for a cooper shop by Jonathan Varney. The Varney home has changed little during this long period. The house now occupied by Mr. P.A. Norton was built by Abiezer Jordan.

The block in which A.J. Leavitt has his drug store has seen many changes. Years ago McKenney and Smiley had a carriage shop there and S.C. Catlin a provision store. There was a hall upon the second floor which for some time was used as a skating rink and as such was a very popular place especially with the young people. This building became in bad repair but a few years ago it was exclusively improved by Mr. Leavitt. The old blacksmith shop, which used to stand on the site of the Park Bowling Alleys, was

occupied by blacksmiths too numerous to mention. It was but a few years ago that this building was torn down and the building which was used as a carriage house by C. E. Townsend, and was formerly located in Town Hall Place, was moved there and converted into a bowling alley.

Where Philip R. Goodrich now has his bakery, Samuel Owen once had an undertaking shop. The Everett House, at present occupied by Mrs. Charles Rogers and U.N. Nash, was built sometimes in the eighties. The Everett House on the corner of Maine and Everett streets is much older.

Joseph Griffin, years ago a well known Brunswick printer, had his shop on the northern corner of Maine and Everett streets. Here he did printing, published a weekly paper, and conducted the College Book Store. Mr. Griffin and Nathaniel Bodge lived in the next house. Where the harness shop of Smith and Lenton stands, was a small shop occupied by Alfred McClellan and later by Deacon Pettingill. Amos Stanwood once had an express office here. This shop was move to the Tontine lot where for many years it was used for an office of the American Express Company. Later it was moved back onto School street and used as a laundry. The next building was a small shop occupied by Edward Ransom as a harness shop.

The Pejepscot House, shown in one of the accompanying illustrations; stood on the corner of Maine and Pleasant streets. For years the Pejepscot House was the leading tavern of Brunswick and was the stopping place for stage coaches. After the days of stage coaches had passed and after the Tontine had been built the tavern was converted into a dwelling house. It was turned about on the lot so that it now faces Maine street where it formerly faced Pleasant street. This for many years now has been known as the Capt. Alfred Merryman house.



Upon the opposite corner, formerly known as Cushing's corner, stood a number of small wooden buildings. About thirty years ago these were town down and Lemont Block, now the Knights of Pythias Block, was erected upon the site.

In the upper part of the McClellan Block there was formerly a large hall in which town meetings were held, and entertainment was given. This hall was used for the holding of town meetings until the Lemont Hall was built, then these meetings were held there until the present Town Hall was built.

The Town Hall was built twenty-five years ago. Work upon it commenced in 1883 and finished in 1884. The old Washington Hall once stood upon this location. It was an old black building used as a tavern.

The Boardman store, in which Nelson McFadden now has a grocery store, was built sixty years ago by Eben Parsons. For many years this was used as a dry goods store

by A.J. Boardman. After Mr. Boardman's death the business was carried on by Co. George L. Thompson.

A number of old shanties once stood where the present O'Brien block is located. These were torn down years ago and in their place the wooden block known as O'Brien block was built.

Many people will recall the millinery shop of Dolly Giddings which for years occupied the corner of Maine and Cumberland streets. This property was purchased by the late Benjamin Greene and he built the fine residence which for many years adorned the spot. After his death the house was bought by the Delta Upsilon Society and moved to its present location on Maine street near the college grounds.

The Forsaith homestead has been occupied by members of that family for more than fifty years.

The next marked change on Maine street is at the corner of Maine and Lincoln streets. The late Dr. Lincoln's home stood on the corner lot with spacious grounds about it. Dr. Lincoln had his office in a small building some distance from the street. A few years ago Dr. J.W. Curtis moved the house to Lincoln street and remodeled it. The office was moved to lower Maine street and Lincoln Block was built.

The store in which Philip Caron is now located was for years known as the Andrew Campbell grocery store. Dr. Baker once conducted a drug store where F. H. Wilson now is, and in the next building John Perry had a clothing shop. The old Baptist church stood where Snow block was built. The church was torn down in the last part of the eighties and the Perry and the Snow blocks were built. In '57 Nathaniel Webb and Harvey Stetson built Arcade Block. Many of the older residents of the town recall the time when the land upon which Arcade block was built was nothing but a pasture.

Before the brick store, where the Furbish Hardware store has been for many years, was built, there was a small wooden building upon the lot. When the brick building was built, the wooden store was moved to lower Maine street where the Elite bowling alleys now are, and occupied by Merrill Stout as a hardware store. In the illustration of Maine street fifty years ago this store may be plainly seen.

The Pejepscot National Bank building is little changed from what it was fifty years ago. The Weeman block formerly owned by Samuel Thompson has been remodeled and enlarged. Where W. E. Gordon now stands was formerly an old store which burned down. Lemont Hall and Forsaith once conducted a large grocery business there and paid off many men who were employed in the lumber business in the store. Mitchell and Carvell also had a general store there. The Factory store, now owned by F.C. Webb, was for years run as a dry goods store by James Collins.

The Cabot Company have made a big change in their mill property within fifty years. The big main building of the Cabot Company is less than twenty years old. Formerly the company boarding houses, which now form the houses on Cabot street, were located just back of where the mill now stands. In 1890 when the Cabot Company decided to enlarge its mill, it was found that in order to do so properly it would be necessary to occupy a portion of Maine street, then unused. Maine street at that time extended north to the place where the flagstaff of Fort George once stood. The roadway branched then, as at present, to the Maine street bridge, thus forming a large triangle that was not used and was of little value to the town. At a special town meeting on Oct. 2, 1890, there was an article in the warrant signed by the late Benjamin Greene and others,

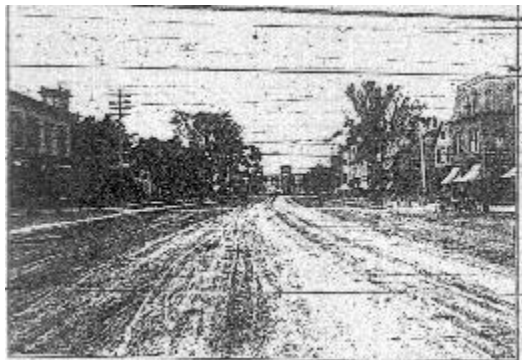
asking the town to discontinue that portion of the street. It was voted to do so and to convey the property to the Cabot Manufacturing Company for one dollar. It was included in the vote of the town that the Cabot Company, or whoever afterward owned the property, should maintain a suitable mark at the spot upon which the flagstaff of Fort George was located. There is, accordingly, a bolt in the lower floor of the Cabot Mill about 20 feet back from the face of the mill and in line with the tower making this spot. There is also a bolt placed in the foundation of the tower. Later the Cabot allowed the town to use a part of their property on the east side of the street to make the roadway wider.

The main addition of the Cabot Mill was built in 1890. Bow street was discontinued as a town road and Cabot street was laid out as a private way. The old boarding houses which had been where the mill was built were moved there and made into tenement houses.

The illustration of the Cove shows as it existed about fifteen years ago. The S.T. and E.M. Brown saw-mill is shown in the foreground. In the upper part of the mill the Fairfield Lawn Swing Company was located when it first came to Brunswick. The Charles H. Colby saw-mill is also shown. The Dennison Mill used for the manufacture of absorbent cotton and the wooden mailing boxes is not shown, being hidden by the Brown's Mill. The roof of the Androscoggin Pulp Mill was burned a few years ago, is shown. These buildings have all been torn down within a few years... finishing one of the finest concrete power stations in Maine.

Within the past fifty years Maine street itself has been greatly beautified. The Mall, at one time used as a pasture for cows, has been graded, walks laid out, the pasture changed into a well kept lawn, a bandstand and numerous seats have been erected. At the foot of the Mall a fine up-to-date drinking fountain has been placed.

Between the railroad station and Pleasant street a fine macadam road has been built the intention of the town being to extend this road the entire length of the street to the bridge.



On the east side of Maine street there have been also many changes during the last half century. Where A.I. Snow now has his grocery business there was formerly an old yellow building in which W.P. Field had a restaurant. Joseph McKeen had a store near by. This was burned down and the building now owned by C.E. Townsend and occupied by H.T. Nason was built. Robert Bowker lived in the next building and ran a livery stable. Mrs. Benjamin Greene purchased the old Lamb residence for her new home which was built a few years ago. The Lamb house was moved to Coffin street.

The house owned by Walter D. Hatch was built by Charles Jones. In the cut through which M.C.R.R. tracks are laid there was formerly an old house which was

moved to Market street. Prof. Upham built the house north of the tracks for many years occupied by A.J. Lyons. The McClellan residence, for many years occupied by the late T.S. McClellan, is the only on Park Row which is now the same as it was fifty years ago.

The Tontine Hotel, located upon the corner of Maine and School streets, was known far and wide. This burned in the early part of 1904 and the lot which it occupied is now adorned by two large sign boards.

The old Cushing house, shown in on the accompanying illustrations, was moved to Pleasant street a few years ago and Crawford block built. The house was 105 years old when it was moved away. James Alexander conducted a livery stable in the rear of this house for many years where the livery stable of E.A. Crawford is now located. In the picture of the Cushing house Anthony Hall, for years a well known local hack driver is shown sitting on the first hack that ever came to Brunswick. The late Dr. N.T. Palmer lived in the house owned by Levi Toothaker before he moved into the Palmer residence.

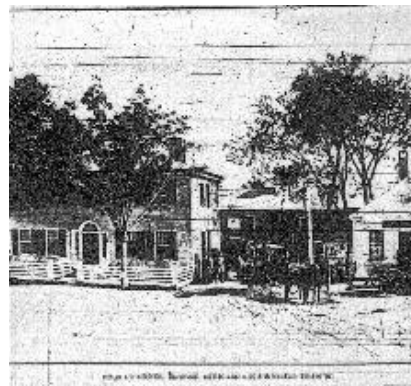
The Bowdoin Hotel was built by L.D. and Jordan Snow. The Elm House, once the residence of Robert Dunlap was one the corner of Maine and Dunlap streets. This was moved on to its present side on Dunlap street about 1880 to make room for the building of the Odd Fellows and Storer Blocks, which were erected in 1883. Dunlap Block was built in 1880.

The armory of Co. K.N.G.S.M was formerly the Universalist Church. As a church the building had a tower in which there was a large clock that could be plainly seen from nearly all parts of town. This tower was destroyed by fire in Oct. 1884. At this time Alonzo Day was in the boot and shoe business in the corner store of the building. On January 17, 1853 fire destroyed two stores in Day's block on the opposite corner. These were rebuilt at once by Alonzo Day. That there has been little change below here is well shown by the illustration.

Fred D. Townsend



Old Maine St. Buildings



Crawford Livery Stable

Famous Topsham Doctor “Most Forceful and Daring”

Brunswick Record

May 16, 1929

A menu of a dinner to the American Medical Association at Metropolitan Hall, New York, May 5, 1853, was brought into the Record Office recently by Mrs. Jennie Carr of Topsham. The dinner was attended by Dr. James McKeen of Topsham and the menu was given to Mrs. Carr's mother, Mrs. Jack, by the doctor's wife, whom Mrs. Jack nursed during her last illness. The dinner was given by the physicians of New York City. The menu which offered a large variety is shown in the accompanying cut.

The Curtis Memorial Library has recently acquired a book by James A. Spaulding, M.D., entitled “Maine Physicians of 1820” and in it is a very interesting biographical sketch of the famous doctor. It reads as follows.

After a long-continued study of the men who practiced medicine in Maine a century ago, I believe that the most forceful, original, and daring character of them all was James McKeen of Topsham (1797-1863). After a common school education he entered Bowdoin, and whilst there he was attracted to the meteoric career of Napoleon, so that he followed with maps and pins those dashing marches across the face of Europe, which then held the world spell-bound. He was also devoted to astronomy, and night after night could be seen lying on the campus tracing the paths of planets, and looking for meteors. He completed his medical course at Harvard and was a Founder of our Society (The Maine Medical Society). Although a very young man, he tried hard to keep the Society alive by his presence and his papers. He spoke chiefly, at the meetings, on “Ethics,” “Medical Education”, and “Tables for Fees”. Finally, at the death of that genius for Anatomy, Dr. John “Doane Wells, he delivered an extraordinary eulogy.

During an epidemic of Yellow Fever in New York, Dr. McKeen closed his office and went to study the disease. On the journey he traveled a long distance with Daniel Webster, whom he did not know at all, but who made upon him a wonderful impression as together they discoursed on various topics. When finally they came to a parting of their ways, Dr. McKeen said: “I never met a man in all of my life whom I liked better than you, and I do wish that you would tell me your name.” “Why, sir, I am just Daniel Webster from Boston.” “Well, well, replied McKeen, “I don't wonder that everybody admires you, for I have never met with a better talker, and I have traveled much.”

After being appointed Professor of Obstetrics in the Bowdoin Medical School, Dr. McKeen set off for Dublin, and as drafts on Europe were scarce and exchange dear, he was obliged to carry a thousand dollars in silver coin. Moving from one boarding house in Dublin to another, after a warning as to the bad reputation of the first, he was attacked by two thieves, but bags of silver in his two hands, he drove both of them into disastrous flight by smashing them each in turn over the head with “Very Hard Cash” to pay them for their assault. This story he told with much glee in the Dublin Court when arrested for noisy conduct in the streets.

Returning home, he occupied the Chair of Obstetrics at the Bowdoin Medical School for fifteen years and after that the Chair of Theory and Practice of Medicine.

Dr. McKeen possessed much suavity of speech and presence of mind, and if perchance he found that he had forgotten to bring certain drugs in his hand bag for a

complaining patient, he would say, "Well I guess I won't leave anything new for you today, but the next time I come over, I will have the latest novelty, sure to cure."

When the Androscoggin was frozen over and the snow well tramped down, it was a sight to see Dr. McKeen standing up in his sleigh, cracking his whip, and urging his horses at full gallop across the icy road. It was, as one might say, one of the winter sights of Topsham and Brunswick to see Dr. McKeen go sleighing on the river.

When Dr. McKeen had reached his fiftieth year of practice, he adopted a very unusual method of celebrating so great an event. Instead of waiting, and waiting in vain, in all human probability, for an invitation to a dinner in his honor, he took time by the forelock and invited his own hospitable board such of his class as were living; and many of his medical friends. It has not been told me, but I do hope that such an invitation shamed them into buying him a bit of silver in honor of the semi-centennial in medicine.

What a lack of kind-heartedness and of courtesy prevails amongst American Physicians in this respect. One would think that all of his colleagues would be glad indeed and very happy when any good physician had reached his semi-centennial in medicine; an event so rare in medical history, and so worthy of being commemorated, and would make him so happy by gathering around him, that he never would forget so auspicious an event in his life.

Also in the book are biographical sketches of two later Brunswick doctors, Dr. Isaac Lincoln and Dr. Jonathan Page.

Isaac Lincoln was born in Cohasset, Massachusetts, in 1780, and died in Brunswick in 1868. He was well educated at Harvard in 1803 with Samuel Weed, of whom we shall in due order hear, taught a while, and at the same time studied medicine with Dr. Thomas Thaxter of Hingham and Dr. Samuel Adams of Ipswich, and later of Bath, and of whose "Case Book" we have already heard in this collection. He settled for practice in Topsham in 1804, and was a successful physician. He finally had so many patients in Brunswick, compelling him to cross the Androscoggin so often and occasionally so difficult to accomplish that he finally moved to Brunswick for good and for all.



Fame of Brunswick's Water Induces
New Industry Here
Glen Garry Spring Ginger Ale and Other
Soft Drinks to Be Manufactured by W. E. Tanner
Brunswick Record
January 4, 1923

The fame of Brunswick for pure water and its products bids fair to be further increased early in the year when the products of Glen Garry spring will be put on the market. This spring, a rival to Paradise Spring and Pine Spring for purity has been developed by W. E. Tanner, who for twelve years or more was proprietor of Highland Spring in Lewiston which became well known for its ginger ale. He also for a time manufactured Old Scotch ginger ale in Augusta.

Mr. Tanner has purchased the old Joyce property from Mrs. Crediford of Sanford. This property is located at the corner of Jordan Avenue and the Bath branch of Maine Central Railroad. On the property is a spring which comes from the same strata as Paradise Spring and the water of the Brunswick and Topsham Water District. This is a wonderful boiling spring which produces between 10 and 15 gallons of water a minute.

A very attractive spring house has been erected and the spring itself has been laid in white tile.

The bottling house is a building 31 x 50 feet. In the basement is the bottling factory which is equipped with the latest and most improved type of bottling machinery. The first floor is given over to storage, while above that is an attractive tenement, which for the present will be occupied by Mr. Tanner and his family. The building has been so constructed that as the business increases it can be used entirely for bottling purposes and also so that it can be enlarged as need be.

Glen Garry ginger ale will be featured as the product of this spring, but in addition other kinds of soft drinks will be manufactured and Mr. Tanner will also manufacture syrups of all varieties.

It is planned to start the business in a conservative manner but to increase as rapidly as business conditions warrant and gradually extend the fame of Glen Garry products through Maine and the other New England states.

Edwards Reviews History of Fire Fighting
In Brunswick
Began in 1810; Early Fireman Worked As
Punishment; Fire-Fighting Often Runs in Families
Brunswick Record
June 16, 1938

The Brunswick Lions Club held their last meeting of the season Tuesday evening and heard William B. Edwards, chief of the local fire department, in an interesting talk on fire fighting in Brunswick.

Dr. Dean C. Eaton, president of the club, presided at the meeting.

It was voted to suspend meetings through the summer months, but to resume them starting with the second Tuesday in September. The annual summer outing will be held at the Pleasant Point Gun Club in July.

Chief Edwards traced the history of the Brunswick fire department from its beginnings in 1810. He joined the force in 1901, and next to William S. Harrington, assistant chief, is the oldest man in the department from the point of consistent service.

He pointed out many difficulties in fighting fires in large building, all different and with different crews, volunteers always arriving at the scene of a fire at different times.

Chief Edwards explained that in the early days firemen were often forced to fight fires as punishment. Brunswick's first fire engine in 1810 was one of the oldest types, and had to be filled with water by bucket brigades. The volunteer members of the department had to provide themselves with canvas bags to carry out household goods, a bed wrench, and two leather fire buckets. If a fireman went to a fire without this equipment he was punished by being forced to do patrol duty.

Between 1810 and the time the town secured the famous Niagara handtub there were several other engines here. The chief praised the Niagara and mentioned the numerous prizes it has won in competition.

The first motorized apparatus was obtained by the town in 1917, largely through the efforts of Victor Bagley and Irving W. Stetson. The year 1919 marked the start of the modern motorized equipment, and several pieces have been added since that time.

Chief Edwards declared that fire fighters are born and not made. He claimed that the members of the department join for the service they perform and not for the pay. He asserted that the amount of money earned by a volunteer fireman generally does not pay for the clothes he spoils while fighting fires.

Chief Edwards stated that fire fighting often runs in families, and mentioned the Nickerson and Alexander families of Brunswick, who have been fire fighters for generations.

Brunswick was a pioneer town in furnishing fire protection in rural areas. The plan was originated by Chief Edwards, and as a result dams have been constructed and much rural property has been saved here. Fire officials from many localities have inspected Brunswick's system for rural fire protection, and have copied large parts of it.

There have been very few accidents in the Brunswick Fire department, thanks to the caution of the leaders in looking out for their men.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY DESCENDANT

GT. ISLAND PIONEER

Her Irish Ancestors Later Moved

From There to Bowdoinham

Brunswick Record

March 17, 1932

Edna St. Vincent Millay, who is thought by some to be America's greatest poet, playwright and satirist, traces her ancestry back through various generations to one James Milee, who after emigrating to this country from Ireland, settled on Great Island in the town of Harpswell, where he lived for many years. Later he moved to Bowdoinham, in which town he died.

The study of this s first American ancestor of the gifted poet tells the story of the struggles of the early settlers in this great wilderness of Maine. James Milee, as his name is spelled in all the old records, was born in a little burg in Kilkenney County, Ireland, July 25th, 1755, and was drowned in the Cathance River, Bowdoinham, Maine, Aug. 20th, 1817. In his family Bible, which was bought Oct. 20th, 1804, he spelled his name Millea. In 1847 a number of his descendants met together and decided that the family name should be written in its present form, Millay.

James Milee came to Great Island, Harpswell, Maine, with one of the sturdy captains of that very enterprising place. He proved to be a trustworthy sailor. Like many another Irish boy who came to America in that early period, he found Maine the place of home-like hospitality, which he had judged it to be from the sea captains whom he had met. He arrived in America just before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, and at once showed his genuine love of America; with genuine Irish wit he made rhymes and jingles which described the power of tyranny, and prophesied the complete triumph of Liberty.

Dr. Wheeler, in his History of Brunswick, Topsham, and Harpswell, says "An Irishman on Great Island, Harpswell, Maine, who understood how to make salt from salt water, suggested the building of salt works on that Island. A company was formed, the building was erected, and kettles and other appliances purchased. The Irishman, whose name was Millay, had charge of the kettles. A yoke of oxen was employed to draw wood for the ovens. Sixty bushels of salt were made each week, and sold in Boston at \$2.00 per bushel."

All of the salt, according to traditions handed down in the Millay family, and in others, went into the manufacture of gunpowder, in a time when gunpowder was very scarce in Washington's army.

Women and young girls generously gave their help to the carrying forward of the work of young Millay. Among these was broad-shouldered Abigail Eastman. Her wonderful strength had often been exhibited, and many stories of it have been handed down in the old families of Harpswell, Maine.

Once her father had slaughtered a 300-pound hog, two men stood by and disputed over the best way of taking it to the house. With merry laughter Abigail shouldered the hog and bore it away.

In the same way she strode up to a man whose Tory sentiments were well known, and who was idly watching Jimmy Millay toiling at his salt works. She took him by the collar and thrust his head into the kettle of bubbling salt water. "Smell of that", she said, "and see if there is not some Yankee powder in it already."

After that the man worked as if he had been convinced of several important facts. And it is said that from that day Jimmy Millay worked still more arduously at his salt works. He was sure that for him life would always be bright if this Abigail Eastman, with her dancing black eyes, should be his wife. And when another fellow guessed this, and said to her as he sarcastically pointed to the small frame of Jimmy Millay, "Oh, has that pinch of salt turned yer head?" She turned to him, "He's helping salt the EARTH. And ye know well what the Good Book says about salt that's lost its savor."

In the quaint old Town records of Harpswell, appears the entry: "On ye 17th of December, 1779, James Melee and Abigail Eastman, of ye Great Sebascodegan Island, Harpswell, were united in ye Solemn Bonds of Matrimony, by ye Reverend Samuel Eaton." And the life story after this is full of strength, industry, and success, sprinkled here and there with a witty Irish jingle.

Old traditions say that Abigail's faith in Jimmy was unbounded, and that she said to him, "You've shown the folks what you can do with salt water, now show 'em what grand things you can do on the land." So in 1780 James Melee bought a farm in Bowdoinham about one mile from Cathance Landing, which is now Bowdoinham Village. A log house was built which became a center of great hospitality, and in this six sturdy sons and three worthy daughters were born, whose descendants are widely scattered over the country, and have everywhere been people of worthy lives.

Captain Silas Adams in his History of Bowdoinham says "The Millay neighborhood was where the sturdiest and most helpful people of the town located. Theirs was a triumphant wrestling with the wilderness."

Edna St. Vincent Millay is descended from the first child of James Millay and Abigail Eastman, John Millay, who was born at Bowdoinham, Maine. Dec. 19, 1781; and died Feb. 6, 1828. He early removed to New Portland where he was an industrious farmer and worthy citizen. He married Sarah Denslow, who was born at Bath, March 29, 1785, and died April 3, 1861; a woman of deep piety and fine intellectual gifts; the daughter of Rev. Joseph Denslow, an early settler of Great Island, Harpswell.

The children of this home were: James Denslow, Sarah Jane, Samuel Denslow, Israel Millet, William King, and Joseph. And from these are many descendants.

The grandfather of Edna St. Vincent Millay was William King Millay, who was born Sept. 15, 1820 and died at Union April 15, 1893; a quarryman and farmer of worthy life, who married Aug. 23, 1846, Mary Jane Pease, born Appelon August 4, 1828; died July 20th, 1896. The 6th child of this home was the father of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Henry Tolman Millay, who was born at Union June 26, 1863; married Cora L. Buzzell, a noted author, and lived for many years at Camden, where the gifted poet was born.

Edna St. Vincent Millay attended the schools of Camden, Barnard College, Columbia University, graduated from Vassar College. Tufts College conferred on her

June, 1925, the Degree of Doctor of Literature. She married Eugene Buissevan of Holland, an importing merchant.

And now Miss Millay and her husband have left the shores of the United States and may never return. Saturday the talented couple sailed from New York for Mallorca, Spain, a voyage that will take fourteen days.

Before leaving, the poet made the following statement: "This trip is an impulse from which I may never return, but it's a lot more fun than doing the biggest of things conventionally."

She took a plentiful supply of paper and pencils and intimated she may do a lot of writing both on board ship and after her arrival in Spain. In closing the interview she remarked: "I like Spaniards, I like their poetry and that's all."



Edna Millay, Poet Buys Ragged Island

Romantic Casco Bay Isle To Become Summer
Home of Famous Poet and Her Husband

Brunswick Record

August 10, 1933

By Lyndon A. McMackin

Ragged Island! Shrouded in mystery; the subject of many fantastic tales; a gem of beauty dropped into the ocean's blue; the dread of sailors in a storm; scene of many shipwrecks; one of Casco Bay's most famous islands—this is to be the summer home of Edna St. Vincent Millay, one of the most outstanding of modern poets and her author husband, Eugen Jan Boissevain.

Ragged Island, owned by various Harpswill families for many years, was sold by order of the court. The Fidelity Trust Company had a mortgage on the island and foreclosed some time ago. As a step in the liquidation program of the trust company, the court gave permission to the conservator to sell the island.

Ragged Island has been to most everyone in the locality what the Orient was to Joseph Conrad. They have put their finger on the map and said, "Some day I will go there!" And those who have been "out to Ragged" have said, "I'll go out there again!"

Ragged Island first made its claim to fame as the Elm Island of Elijah Kellogg's books for boys. His "Elm Island Series" had its setting on Ragged. Kellogg sailed about the bay a good deal and knew Ragged Island. As a youth, he was struck by its beauty and secluded atmosphere. Kellogg in his books make Ragged Island what it is—a place where any boy would love to live.

For years there have been stories of hidden treasure on the island. Like all secluded places along the Maine coast, Ragged is supposed to have been used as a landing and hiding place for pirates.

Of late years it has undoubtedly been used for rum-running operations. Deepwater boats have come in as far as Ragged Island, signaled to smaller craft and transferred their loads to secluded spots along the shores of Casco Bay.

There is an old house on the island, now in a bad state of repair, which is to be put in shape for the new owners of the island. Workmen have already started to repair the structure and it is believed the island retreat will be ready for occupancy within a few weeks.

The poet is a native of Camden and loves the Maine coast. She first became interested in Ragged Island while a guest at the Root cottage at Bailey Island. She has been a frequent visitor there, and has spent considerable time in the little summer house used as a study by another woman of letters, Clara Louise Burnham, which is nearby.



Looking out from Bailey's she has seen Ragged Island, far out in Casco Bay, and like many others wished to have it as a summer retreat.

With a soft spot in my make-up for the salt-sea spray and secluded spots along the shore, and the news stories that pop up now and then, I have banged around Casco Bay these past few years. Every now and then, I would make up my mind to go out to Ragged Island, and then something would happen to cancel the trip. The several picnic sails that have been planned have ended up somewhere else. Once I planned to row out from Bailey's but a storm kicked up the bay. I was "highlander" enough to go just the same, but my companion knew better and we rowed back into Mackerel Cove.

But last week in the full of the moon, I sailed out to Ragged Island. Our party had planned to go in the afternoon and take a few snapshots, but those little things that delay picnics and sails, kept us on Bailey Island until early in the evening.

As we sailed out by Jacque's Ledge the full moon was just beginning to show above the horizon. It came up out of the water like a huge, red ball pushed upward into the sky by fairy hands.

By the time we reached Ragged Island—over three miles from Bailey’s—the moon was well up in the sky. We landed on a little beach on the northeast end of the island. Rocks and ledges jutting up all around the island made it necessary to use considerable caution in running a boat up to shore.

For the most part the shores are high and rocky. On the seabank the ledge droops, a sheer wall, for several feet into the water. The cliffs are white and in the haze of the moonlight stood out in delightful contrast to the dark spruce trees that grow on the island.

A considerable portion of the island is wooded with spruce. There are open pastures at one end of the island and there was once a fairly good sized field.

There is a house on the island where various owners have lived from time to time. One owner had quite a farm on the island, and up to a few years ago, sheep were pastured here.

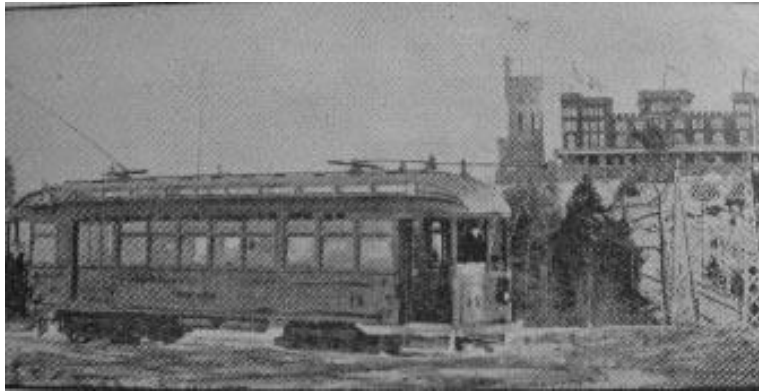
Ragged was a beautiful place by moonlight and I hope sometime to see it by sunrise when the surf is running high.

Editorial Rambles By Trolley

Bangor Industrial Journal

October, 1905

It was the forenoon of the opening day of September that we commenced a trolley ride that was to continue for the greatest part of a week, covering in the meantime between three hundred and four hundred miles, and taking us through Southwestern Maine, Eastern New Hampshire and over quite a portion of Massachusetts. Taking the electric cars at Bath, the Shipbuilding City was soon left behind and after a ride of ten miles Brunswick was reached, among the places passed on the way being the famous New Meadows Inn and Merrymeeting Park. Upon nearing Brunswick the cars passed in the immediate vicinity of the stately buildings of historic Bowdoin College. At Brunswick close connection was made with the cars for Yarmouth and after a ride of about twelve miles and passing through the villages of Freeport and South Freeport we reached Casco Castle, distant about 22 miles from Bath.

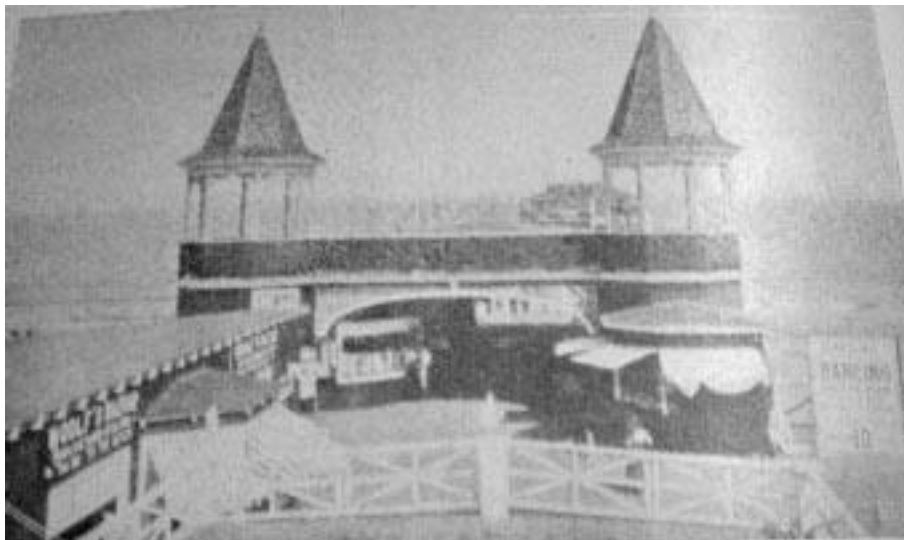


Casco Castle was reached in ample season for dinner and here we tarried, indulging first in one of those elaborate shore dinners for which the resort is noted and then taking in the scenic attractions. Casco Castle has indeed a picturesque location and the view not only from the rock tower over 100 feet high; but along the wide verandas of the hotel as well is one of rare loveliness, Casco Bay with its myriad islands being stretched out before the vision. Surrounded as Casco Castle is by water on three sides and the location being very elevated, the view is one rarely equaled. Casco Castle is under the management of James A. Fuller, and he also runs in the winter months Hotel Mandeville, at Mandeville, Jamaica.

Crossing the suspension bridge that spans the deep ravine separating Casco Castle from the highway we take the cars once more and continue to Yarmouth where after a short tarry at the waiting station we take the car for Portland. From Yarmouth to Portland the waters of Casco Bay are nearly all the time in view from the electric cars and for scenic attractiveness the Portland and Yarmouth route will compare favorably with any trolley trip in New England. At Portland a tarry of only half an hour was made and taking the trolley at Monument Square we proceeded to Dunstan and there changed cars, reaching Old Orchard Beach late in the afternoon after a trolley ride from Bath of 53 miles. Casco Castle was left in the early afternoon and Old Orchard was reached in ample season for supper.



Old Orchard has always had a warm place in my affections. In my boyhood I lived for some years in Saco, and at that time Old Orchard was not as now a town by itself but a part of Saco. Therefore this to me was a familiar locality and numerous visits there in intervening years have kept me in touch with its growth and development. Old Orchard has experienced during 1905 a prosperous business and the hotels there have generally enjoyed the best season for many summers. During our stay at Old Orchard we tarried at the comfortable Sea Shore House, presided over by Frank G. Staples, who for a third of a century has been prominently associated with the hotel interests of Old Orchard and who for some years was President of the Maine Hotel Proprietors' Association. One should not visit Old Orchard without a tour of the ocean pier and here an old-time friend was found in the manager, Fred Yates, who for some years was proprietor of The Biddeford House Biddeford Pool. Manager Yates imparted to us the interesting information that the ocean pier has this season been visited by 70,000 people.



About nine the next morning a car was taken at Old Orchard for Biddeford. On the way we crossed Goose Fair Brook from which in earlier years I lured the festive trout,

and soon we passed through the principal business street of Saco and crossing Factory Island entered Biddeford. A brief time was at our disposal before departure of the car over the Atlantic Shore Line Railway and this was improved by brief calls on Treasurer Gorham N. Weymouth of the State Board of Trade and Landlord Willey of The Biddeford House. From Biddeford we went to the junction at Kennebunkport townhouse and thence to Cape Porpoise, where at the big casino located well out to sea one can get whiffs direct from the Old ocean. Cape Porpoise is not only a favorite place of resort for tourists and fishing parties, but it is a commercial port as well, and coal and other supplies come here in large quantities by vessel and are shipped over the electric line to the busy manufacturing villages of Sanford and Springvale. A tarry of half an hour at Cape Porpoise and we return to the junction, this time transferring to the car bound for the village of Kennebunkport.

At Kennebunkport the hotels and cottages are generally some distance from the terminus of the car lien and so a bus is taken that at frequent intervals makes a complete circuit of the settlement, leaving the passengers wherein they may wish. It was near the noon hour and we stopped at the New Oceanic, of which George H. Bayes is Manager, and where an excellent dinner was served. Manager Bayes is an active member of the Maine Hotel Proprietors' Association and is not only vice president from York county but is one of the directors as well. The New Oceanic enjoys a commanding location, within a comparatively brief time it has been very materially enlarged and has had a large business the present season. In the immediate vicinity of the New Oceanic are numerous hotels and cottages, while close by is the site of the old time Ocean Bluffs Hotel, long since destroyed by fire, the land having been purchased this season by a syndicate of which Reuel W. Norton, innkeeper at Ye Olde Fort Inn, Kennebunkport, is a member. Conspicuous among the attractions hereabouts is the boating on the Kennebunk River, and the numbers of canoes and small craft owned here is legion, the annual carnival being an event looked forward to with great interest.

Almost half after two in the afternoon we left the New Oceanic and strolled along the smooth waters of the Kennebunk River to Kennebunkport village where the car was boarded and we proceeded once again to the junction, this time transferring for Kennebunk, where we abandoned electric transportation and fell back on the oldtime and usually reliable steam railroad. There is but one break in the through electric system between Portland and Boston and that is between Kennebunkport and York Beach. By the highways this intervening distance is now about fifteen miles but surveys made the past summer through the woods and across the fields shorten the route by two or three miles. The Atlantic Shore Line Railway this season has been erecting a big dam and power plant along the Mousam River and it is understood that another season this gap will be closed up, continuous trolley riding then being possible from Bath way through New York City. At Kennebunk, as above stated, we took steam cars and over the Western division of the Boston and Maine Railroad proceeded less than a score of miles to Salmon Falls. Had this train not been an express we would have left it at South Berwick but it did not stop there and we continued across the river into New Hampshire territory. All we had to do, however, after leaving the cars at Salmon Falls was to cross the bridge and we were back in Maine once more and in South Berwick. Here we found the electric street railway inaugurated through the enterprise of a former chief executive of Maine—Hon. John F. Hill—and after a side of 15 miles, part of this distance at truly lightning

speed, we reached York Harbor, 37 miles of the distance traveled in this day having been by trolley.

York Harbor was reached Saturday evening and here we tarried over Sunday, finding excellent accommodations at the hospitable Marshall House. About the time of our arrival the weather which up to then has been perfection itself changed and rain commenced falling. During the night and all day Sunday the rain descended in torrents, a fierce southerly gale blowing all the while. But we were in a spacious, superbly equipped and comfortably-heated house, and the rain was no serious drawback, while from the hotel was to be a fine view of the surf as it beat on Short Sands Beach on one side, and in another direction where the ruffled water of York River driven hither and thither by wind and tide. Picturesque indeed is the location of the Marshall House, directly across from the village of York Harbor, and on Stage Neck, a bold promontory with its point, Fort Head, dividing the ocean waters that break upon Short Sand Beach on one side, or flow into York River on the other side. The Marshall House is one of Maine's pioneer summer hotels and was opened to the public by its present proprietor, Hon. Edward S. Marshall, June 20th, 1871. Additions and improvements have been made for two hundred guests, while throughout the summer it is filled to its utmost capacity, among the guests there being not a few who have sojourned here annually for a generation. Hon. Edward S. Marshall, the proprietor, has in past years figured prominently in affairs of state and he has not only represented York in the Maine Legislature but has served in the Governor's Council. The Marshall House was among the first of Maine summer hotels to establish a garage for automobiles and this building, 90 x 18 feet in size, is to be doubled in capacity before another summer, the new addition to be 90 X 18.

Monday morning the sun did not put in an appearance and the horizon was somewhat obscured by fog, but the rain had at least for the time being ceased falling, and we resumed our journey, with more or less misgivings as to what might be in store for us in the line of weather. From York Harbor to York Beach for four miles we skirted the shore, the surf as it beat on cliff and beach presenting a grand spectacle. From York Beach we returned to York Harbor and continued on through York Village and Kittery to Portsmouth. York is rich in historical points and from the electric car can be seen the old jail erected in 1654 and we crossed the famous Sewall Bridge, the pioneer pile bridge in America. York is truly historical ground for it was here more than two hundred and fifty years ago that Sir Ferdinando Gorges established his city of Georgeana, the seat of government for his Province of Maine. Kittery is also old and of much historic interest. Immediate proximity to the car track is the old time mansion of Sir William Pepperell. I was impressed however the idea that all the employees of the car line between York Beach and Portsmouth are not intimately familiar with the history of the region traversed for when I spoke to a motorman and inquired as to the location of the Sir William Pepperell mansion he could not inform me, while furthermore he imparted the interesting information "I do not know the gentleman." Proceeding further through Kittery we passed by the famous U.S. Navy Yard where has been held the international conference which happily terminated the fierce war between Russia and Japan. Leaving the electric car at Kittery we were transferred by a large ferry boat to Portsmouth.

Up to this time there had been very little rain fall that morning but it soon commenced to drizzle. A short stay in Portsmouth was improved by a brief call on friends and a few moments passed at the city's famous hotel, the Rockingham. Continuing from

Portsmouth the electric car conveyed us to Rye Beach, with the famous Farrugut House in sight, and on to Little Boar's Head, famous as a resort. It was between here and Hampton Beach we had the only unpleasant incident of our extended trolley trip. The fierce storm of the preceding day had resulted in the track being overflowed for a considerable distance and suddenly the passengers were notified to get out of the car, proceed along the sea wall and take another car on the other side of the watery expanse. A feature that did not add to the interest of the occasion was that the rain had just commenced to come down in torrents again, so that everyone of the passengers was thoroughly drenched before the trolley ride was resumed. That throng of passengers, many of them in holiday attire, it being Labor Day, and many of them loaded down with baggage, as they groped their way through the sand and rain must indeed have presented a remarkable spectacle. At Hampton Beach a tarry was made and a sumptuous shore dinner was secured in the big casino there. At Hampton Beach as well as at Salisbury's Beach magnificent views were had of the surf, while interesting indeed were the unique sand dunes which there abound. Later in the day the skies deluged nature again, and drenched the thousands who were improving their holiday by visiting Salisbury's Beach. Later in the afternoon Newburyport was reached and after traveling 46 miles that day it was deemed best to rest for awhile and dry off.

Newburyport is an old-time city and there is much of historic interest there. The Brown Square Hotel where we made a stay is itself more than a century old. Among the sights of Newburyport is the mansion where resided years ago that quaint character Lord Timothy Dexter. It was mid-forenoon before we left Newburyport and the welcome sun had again put in an appearance. The route lay passed historic Dummer Academy, and through Rowley, Ipswich and Beverly to Salem, close connection being made at each place; but the transfers were too frequent to be thoroughly enjoyable. It was in the vicinity of Beverly that we passed a trolley party bound on an excursion to Gloucester by special car. At Salem we tarried, securing dinner there, and also visiting the Essex Institute and Peabody Museum, while before leaving this historic town we of course had to see the famous witch house. From Salem we went to Lynn, and then instead of going direct to Boston we went via Wakefield, Stoneham and Woburn to Lexington. Of the extensive perambulations by trolley during our sojourn of some days to Massachusetts we cannot at this time write, neither will space permit elaborating as we might the interesting historical objects witnessed in and about Lexington and Concord.

Returning from Boston we left on the Steamer Bay State, of the Portland Division of the Eastern Steamship Co. The trip was smooth, the temperature mild and Portland was reached in the early morning. Close connection was made with the Steamer Monhegan of the Portland and Rockland Line. The weather was all that could be desired, mild temperature prevailed throughout the day and the delightful trip along Maine's picturesque coastline was made under the most favorable of auspices. The Monhegan, after reaching the mouth of the Kennebec, entered between the town of Southport and Squirrel Island, and soon we were in Boothbay Harbor. From there we continued eastward winding our way among the islands, passing near the historic Pemaquid and making short landings at New Harbor, Round Pound, Friendship, Port Clyde and Tenant's Harbor, reaching Rockland late in the afternoon. Capt. I.E. Archibald, the Manager, can justly boast of a line unsurpassed in their operations.

In Rockland the trolley was resorted to again, and after a trip of eight miles Camden was reached, and at the favorite Bay View House presided over by Messrs. Wright and Ames to spend the night. The next morning we boarded the Steamer City of Bangor at her Camden wharf and in the late afternoon safely reached Bangor.

E.M.B.

Early Beginning of the Brunswick Savings Institution Recalled on 100th Anniversary

Brunswick Record

May, 1958

It was a fine morning in 1858 when Augustus C. Robbins set out to start his new job as treasurer of the Brunswick Savings Institution. He almost regretted the walk was so short between his home and the bank of Maine St. opposite the end of Lincoln St. He had put on his shawl, dressed in his beaver hat as he left his Lincoln St. home, but turned back to leave the shawl the morning was so fine. The sun was warming up fast, shining through the small budding maples as he paused to admire a patch of lilies of the valley under his front windows. They came up each spring mingling with fern and wild violets that were common in every door yard. Augustus liked growing things, trees and children, though he spent most of his time, totaling items. In 1853 he had served on a committee for village improvements, raising the sum of \$132.61 to buy and transplant shade trees. The trees cost 30 cents apiece, he recalled with his accurate mind for figures. Well worth it, too, he thought with satisfaction, now that fine shade trees were rising over streets that had been laid out willy-nilly, without thought of beauty or the future.

He noted the lilies were in full bloom as they stretched their branches over the tall board fences that furnished property boundaries. The fences weren't built to keep the neighbors out but to keep the animals in. Most everyone in the village had a horse and even some had cows and nearly everybody had chickens. Then, there were unsightly buildings or necessity that had to be hid from the roadway. All the houses along the street were fairly new, except the three or four, built of native brick, one and a half storied. Not pretentious but sturdy. Some of them had cost as much as \$1,000 for a mere dozen rooms.

Happy Surroundings

Mr. Robbins liked the neighborhood. It was handy to Maine St. and he didn't have to hitch up a rig every morning before work. He liked his neighbors, too—Ben Furbish and Mr. Webb, and Dr. John Lincoln. The first two were serving as trustees of the new Brunswick Savings Institution and he was acquainted with Dr. Palmer and Rodney Forsaith just around the corner on Maine St. He knew them through his service to various Brunswick banks he had been working in for nearly 18 years. Ben Furbish, a tinsmith, ran a hardware store and had invented one of the first widely used stoves in the country. Fireplaces were used for a blaze of warmth but they were draughty and old-fashioned. He needn't worry over-much about warming his ancient bones, he thought wryly. He was only 43 years old and had never had a sick day in his life. He hoped at least another 10 years (he died in 1868). He shrugged off a dark mood and began to think of his job.

As he reached the corner, he saw the doctor's horse and rig tied to a hitching post in front of the Lincoln's. Dr. John has been out all night, he thought. He was too old for night calls, must be close to 80, but sound as a rock and would probably live to 100 (he died at 88). A good thing his son, Dr. John, had filled in the breach for his father the last 12 years.

Augustus felt a slight chill. He missed his shawl. The ground was wet and muddy as it always was in May. Snow still lurked in the shade of the board fences. Still the peach trees in Dr. Lincoln's orchard were in bloom. Every in town knew the exact moment these peaches would ripen and fall. The old doctor was generous with children and young Doctor John gave promise of being as well loved and as well skilled as his father. It isn't a bad thing to have two doctors on the street in case of sudden illness. Mr. Robbins had a sentiment about himself, as he thought about a lot of things, such as the town vetoing next June, the town charter he had been promoting. The few hundred families in the town still spoke of Brunswick as "the village" and they enjoyed the wrangle and tussle of a hot town meeting. The farmers still like to have "their say."

Bowdoin College Graduate

Mr. Robbins loved Brunswick. He was a native of Union but had spent four years at Bowdoin College, graduating in 1835. He had a sensitive mind and a strong spirit. He was thinking of a future Brunswick as he nodded absently to Andrew Campbell, another neighbor, who was standing in front of his grocery store on the north corner of Lincoln St.



The Maine Bank stood directly across the street, a lanky red brick building, cast in morning shadows. It was crowded onto a corner, little room to spread, so it went up, with a second story for offices over it. "Main Bank" was carved in stone over the narrow front door flanked by two equally narrow windows. Mr. Robbins had been elected cashier of the new Maine Bank the year before. He knew all the previous banks in town, serving first one, then another, his first job beginning with the Brunswick Bank in 1841. Mr. Robbins' desk was in the right front window, facing west, where he worked standing in full view of the passing public. The sun fell good on winter afternoons as he posted his daily accounts. He noted this morning, as usual, that all was in order, no outbreak of fire, no improper entrance during the night. He was mulling over the name of the new institution.

A Name Is Born

Brunswick, for the town. "That's good," he thought. Makes it belong to the people. Savings, exactly the right word to promote thrift in the village where men were getting good wages, five or six dollars a week. His own pay on one banking job was no better, but serving two banks boosted his income. He rolled the word INSTITUTION on his tongue. No tongue twister with his college education though it might stump some. The word held a sound of importance and permanence which the word "bank" lacked. A bank could be the side of a stream or an old sack where some folks still preferred to hoard their savings. He'd teach them better than that, words like "dividends" and "interest", showing how dollars begot cents and cents begot more dollars in a bank. He viewed his

job as not the acceptance of savings or making loans but giving encouragement, education, helping.

Mr. Robbins was strong for education. High schooling was a necessity, college desirable. He might not grow rich as a result of his own college education but his life was the richer for it. There were things worth more than money—setting out shade trees, grading the village schools, promoting a high school building, working in his church.

Symbols Of A Good Town

Over his shoulder he saw the spire of the Baptist Church on Maine St. Just below the bank he saw the tower and clock on Mason St.—the fine new building now used by the Universalists and Unitarians—the Mason St. Society. The hands of the clock pointed to 7:45. Far up Maine St. on the hill, the spire of the First Parish Church was visible, the oldest church in town. Mr. Robbins was a Congregationalist by faith but he loved all church spires. They were the symbol of a good, godly town. The churches' influence was felt, for the town had just voted for an anti-liquor law. No saloon in Brunswick. Various temperance societies, made up of all church members, saw to that. It wasn't like the old days when rum was needed for medicine, and even the minister drank his daily tot to keep out the cold. This was modern times, the middle of the 19th century; something new was discovered every day. Whale oil lamps had given place to kerosene. Soon gas would be available to light homes.

Parker Cleveland of Bowdoin College had made some astounding scientific discoveries and held audiences spellbound with his talks of minerals found in Topsham. Rocks weren't just rocks, but had a history as amazing as that of mankind. He'd also invented a lightning rod to protect homes from fire.

Many Things Needed

Mr. Robbins sighed. The town still needed so much. The new savings bank represented a necessary part of the town's growing economy, but it also needed paved roads, sidewalks, better fire protection. Only last year the Town House had burned down and the Kennebec and Portland Railway depot had burned with loss of valuable goods. The town needed a new Town Hall, possibly just north of Pleasant St., right on Maine St. where Washington Hall had stood before the fire in 1856. The Mall needed new fencing and beautifying.

Mr. Robbins shook his head, dissolving day dreams. He wiped the mud off his feet as he turned the key in the lock. What the Brunswick Savings Institution needed was a treasurer and he'd better be about his work. He placed his beaver hat on a corner shelf, let in some light, and lightly touched a cold stove. The sun would have to do the warming in May.

Then he went to the safe and took out the new ledger. Opening it on his counter, he glanced over the minutes of the early meetings, the first held April 21, 1858 in the quarters of the Maine Bank, this building. The corporation meeting was held on April 27 and the first board of trustees elected on May 4. The president, Amherst Whitmore, had taken office on the same date as his own election as treasurer, May 11th. There followed the list of trustees, names he knew well, Charles Boutelle, Robert Bowker, Robert Carr, Richard T. Dunlap, Benjamin Furbish, William Gore, Benjamin Greene, M.S. Hagan, Frances Harmon, William Harmon, Joshua Haskell, Samuel Jackson, John W. Perry, Leonard Stover, Samuel Webb, A.T. Webb, Amherst Whitmore. They were all good

sound businessmen, all seventeen of them. Several of them had had previous bank experience. Splendid men, all of them.

Beginning A History

Mr. Robbins riffled the white pages. If the bank succeeded, there would be plenty to write on them in years to come. A kind of history of the town could be read by citizens of the future. Actions in a board meeting could be as revealing of personalities as privately written diaries.

“Fine words butter no parsnips” he muttered to himself. He was always doing that, idealizing, when perhaps his bosses would say it was only figures that told a story.

Patiently he prepared for the day, put the ledger carefully away, and adjusted a hopeful countenance against the first arrival. He checked his quills, opened the ink well, put on his paper cuffs, and glanced out the window. Maine St. was bathed in sunshine. Children ran screaming and chasing each other to school. A few lazy buggies loped along the street. The laborers in the saw mills, and at the Cabot Manufacturing Co., had long since gone to work. Mr. Robbins took out is “punkin-faced” watch from his vest pocket. It was exactly eight o’clock.

II

The Brunswick Savings Institution opened in 1858, a favorable time on the local scene. Two other banks had opened a year before, the Maine Bank and the Pejepscot Bank, but these were commercial banks which soon would be nationally chartered. The Brunswick Savings Institution was a new type of bank in this community, a mutual savings bank entirely owned by its depositors. Service to the community by promoting thrift through systematic savings, to assure economic independence to depositors was the purpose of the newly founded bank. It had a president, treasurer, and at its beginning, 17 trustees. A large group of incorporators elected the trustees. The lowest number of trustees was five members between 1870 and 1874. At the present time there are eight members who elect their own president and treasurer.

The time was ripe for organizing the Brunswick Savings Institution. The newly organized Cabot Manufacturing Company was giving employment to 175 persons with a monthly payroll of \$3,000. Some of that money could reasonably be expected to be deposited in savings accounts, while the remainder, spent of food, rent and goods, would boost the town’s general economy.

A savings program would have to be encouraged among the mill workers and Benjamin Greene, local agent at the mill, also a trustee of the new Brunswick Savings Institution, was the ideal man for the job. The more thrifty and aggressive mill workers would, slowly, over the year, move out of the cheaply constructed tenements and, as a result of earlier savings, become homeowners with loans negotiated through the Brunswick Savings Institution.

New Industry

Another industry was forming next door to the bank in the Dunlap Building. Upstairs there was a small factory for the manufacture of jewelry boxes, known as the Dennison Box Factory. By 1872 this industry would grow large enough to employ 100 persons.

Fine new homes were being built as business in town improved. Richard T. Dunlap built a three storied brick mansion on the corner of Center and Maine Streets. The house was sold in 1870 and became the Bowdoin Hotel. Captain McManus erected

another fine brick house on Lincoln St. Such homes were typical of the 1860 to 1870 period, and while many were built from private fortunes, the less well-to-do were enabled to build homes through loans with the Brunswick Savings.

Reserves At Zero

In the first year of its operation the loans almost equaled the deposits with only \$341.50 in undivided profits and the reserves listed as zero. A decade later, in 1868 the undivided profits increased to \$659.95, but still there were no reserves.

From its very outset the Brunswick Savings Institution was performing to its utmost its function of making real estate loans for house that were, and still are, an ornament to the town.

The Brunswick Savings Institution proceeded with confidence although nationally things did not look very bright. James Buchanan was President, but Abe Lincoln, a lanky lawyer from Illinois, was already stirring up national issues on the question of slavery. Fear of war did not halt local progress. The town should have been well informed and probably was, on national issues. Charles J. Gilman, co-owner of the building in which the Brunswick Savings Institution operated, was district representative to Congress that year. A telegraph office had been opened in Brunswick in 1854 so that political news was quickly communicated.

The Brunswick Telegraph

In 1852 the BRUNSWICK TELEGRAPH was purchased by A.G. Tenney, a Bowdoin College classmate of Augustus Robbins. National as well as local news was published in his weekly newspaper which was called one of the best in the state. Slow readers were still perusing a book called "Uncle Tom's Cabin", written by Harriet Beecher Stowe while she lived in the Titcomb House on Federal St. It sounded a grim and tragic note on the evils of slavery that was read and discussed nationwide. Some Brunswick citizens were so moved as to furnish underground passage for runaway slaves to Canada. Out of Brunswick had come a book that changed a nation's history.

No War Hysteria Here

Though the gloomy ones talked of war, the town was very gay, with Bowdoin College the focal point of social and intellectual activity. There were band concerts, patriotic parades, firemen's musters, church strawberry festivals, moonlight sails at Harpswell, athletic exhibitions and any number of cultural clubs. Ladies bought new bonnets at "Dolly" Giddings shop which stood on the corner of O'Brien and Maine Streets, where the First National Bank now stands. They had daguerreotypes made of themselves at William Pierce's Studio, bought laces and flounces at Daniel Elliott's below the Dunlap Block or up street at Boardman's. They rented rigs from Bowker's livery stable to go calling and imported wallpaper from Boston. It is a wonder their husbands found any money to deposit at the new Brunswick Savings Institution, but they did.

The first year there was \$7,372 in deposits. In 1863 there were 228 savings accounts although the Civil War was going full blast and flour sold for \$20 a barrel. Depositors ate corn bread and potatoes with their codfish and kept saving. Thrift is a natural trait in Maine folks, while it might be called native instinct in the French-Canadian people who came in ever swelling numbers to work in the cotton mill.

Struggle Goes On

Underneath the social froth, a grim struggle was going on to improve individual businesses which catered largely to the various necessities of living. Many articles were homemade but there was a gradual importing of foreign articles, mostly luxuries, by way of ships visiting distant ports and the new railroad which came directly to the town. The wealthier strove to expand family fortunes. Financial control appears to have been largely in the hands of a few families, those who had inherited many acres of land or those building up fortunes in shipbuilding.

Everything seemed to have sprung up at once, new homes, many stores, saw mills, shipyards, drug stores, even a furniture store operated by Harvey Stetson. Some of the old family names such as Lincoln, Dunlap, Furbish, appear not only as trustees of the Brunswick Savings, but also as directors of the Gas Light Co., as selectmen or as representatives to the Legislature.

Banking Power Grows

In banking circles, there was a definite continuity of power, Richard T. Dunlap, first president of the old Brunswick Bank, became a trustee of the newly formed Brunswick Savings. His older brother, David, was the first President of the First Union Bank which opened in 1825. David Dunlap presumably built the Brunswick Bank in 1836 on his own land, a building obviously designed for banking purposes, the bank which was later to become the Brunswick Savings Institution. These banking pioneers were educated, civic minded men of means who inaugurated an early banking service for the town and at the same time put their own capital profitably to work.

David Dunlap, banker, died in 1843, and his bank building was leased by the Maine Bank in 1857 from Dunlap's daughter, Alice McKeen Dunlap Gilman. The Brunswick Savings Institution sublet from the Maine Bank from 1858 until 1870 when it became the owner.

First Financial Report

The first full financial report of the Brunswick Savings Institution made five years after its beginning shows the bank to be a very small one by modern standards. In 1863 its depositors number 228 with only 15 deposits exceeding \$500. The average deposit was \$149.12. Nineteen dividends had been declared amounting to \$2,432.76. An extra dividend of \$1,299.78 was declared that year. The usual rate of interest to borrowers was eight percent. Operating costs were low; a sum of \$40 per year was paid the Maine Bank for rental (it became the First National Bank that year). This fee included other services such as heat, use of the vault, postage and stationery. Probably not much mail went out as the BRUNSWICK TELEGRAPH was used to make important announcements.

Both banks shared the same treasurer, presumably each bank paying him a fixed salary. When A.C. Robbins resigned as treasurer in 1859, he was succeeded by a man with the odd name of Ai Brook who continued to serve both banks until 1868. This arrangement would be illegal under present banking laws, but it was not only legal but economical for both banks in the early period. The Brunswick Savings Institution and the First National Bank held joint tenancy in one building until the present First National Bank building was completed about 1917.

The joint treasurership appears to have continued until 1874, when James M. Winchell became treasurer of the Brunswick Savings, while John P. Winchell continued as cashier of the First National Bank.

Bold Step In 1870

The Brunswick Savings Institution took its first bold step forward in 1870, a bad financial year, when it purchased the bank building. The purchase seems to have been precipitated by the announcement at its annual meeting in May that the rent would increase from \$40 to \$150 a year. A vote is recorded to pay the First National Bank that sum. The increase must have caused dissatisfaction, however, as on August 4 of that year, the Brunswick Savings trustees voted to receive the property “at the lowest possible price”.

Within two weeks they had purchased the bank building from Alice McKeen Dunlap Gilman “in her own right”, and her husband Charles J. Gilman, both building and lot for the sum of \$4,200.

Three days later they turned the tables on the First National Bank in voting to lease to it the quarters now occupied by them (with coal shed attached) for 10 years, at the rental sum proposed earlier to them, \$150 per year.

The Brunswick Savings was still dependent on the First National Bank for other services, so very shortly they voted to pay their tenants \$150 per year for accommodations of the banking rooms. It may be assumed that the vault, stove, furniture and possibly other fixtures had been purchased by the First National Bank since their use by the Brunswick Savings Institution was included in the \$40 rental fee. Perhaps such sharing was no longer reasonable with the First National Bank now paying rent. Small matters to quibble over a century later, but they point to the rivalry between two growing institutions and a healthy spirit which is inherent to banking success. Friendly relations must have continued, for John P. Winchell was serving both banks up to 1874. A picture of the bank taken about this time shows the sign BRUNSWICK SAVINGS INSTITUTION above, with THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK below it. The erstwhile tenants had become owners with the former landlord now the tenant.

Few Physical Changes

Except for a new sign, the little red brick building has undergone few physical changes in its first 12 years of occupancy by the Brunswick Savings Institution. Five years after its purchase, the trustees voted to extend the bank about three feet on the north side. This may have been a room for trustees' meetings or possible for storage. There was little room for expansion in the easterly direction, as Bank St., formerly known as Chickabiddy Lane, was filled with small houses elbow to elbow. At some unrecorded time, the Brunswick Savings must have acquire the “house and lot” at its rear, probably before 1882, since it is mentioned as being included in a proposal sale of the bank at the time.

The small addition and some further improvements made in 1875 was under the supervision of Messrs. Swift and Carvill, trustees, each of whom received twenty five dollars for his works. Next, gas was installed and a permanent portico built over the front door. The door of the safe was sent to Boston to be strengthened with the orders that the job be done “at actual cost”. The brick sidewalk built in 1873, extended from the Dennison property to Bank Street, was repaired. Steam was piped in from the Dennison Box Factory. These improvements were made over a period of six years and cost \$1,423.

Twice Voted To Sell

Twice the Brunswick Savings Institution trustees voted to sell the bank and lot, first in 1876 to the First National Bank for \$5,000, a vote they reconsidered adversely three days later. Again in 1882 they voted to sell the entire property on the corner of Maine and Bank Streets to E.W. Dennison or his firm consisting of the following: "Vacant lot, bank building and lot, house and lot, for the sum of \$12,000".

No further mention of the sale appears.

A map of 1871 shows the area between Bank and Dunlap as a popular business location. It contained the Bank, a vacant lot, the Dennison Box Factory and the store of Daniel Elliott who became a Brunswick Savings trustee in 1859. The Brunswick Savings Institution was located on a desirable corner, yet, in the midst of making improvements, the trustees voted to sell. In 1882, after concluding these improvements they voted again to sell. The reason is not clear. Neither sale went through.

Faced Difficult Time

Examination of the bank's financial situation may clarify the picture. In the decade between 1868 and 1878, the Brunswick Savings Institution was going through difficult times, their financial problems were the result of the Post Civil War Depression. The report of 1868 shows an increase in deposits but where were no reserves.

Before the close of the next decade, the trustees resorted to drastic measures, reducing their treasurer's salary from \$800 to \$300 in July 1875. In the same year they foreclosed on the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick's most famous public house. The following year they passed the regular October dividend and the next spring the April dividend. Depositors wishing to withdraw their money would be paid only 90 percent and depositors borrowing against their own bank books could not borrow more than 75 percent, with interest deducted in advance at 7 ½ percent a year. Dividends would not be passed, however, on new deposits.

The Plan Works

This tight operation obviously was designed to bring in new deposits, discouraging depositors from withdrawing their money and thus improve the bank's condition. Between 1868 and 1878 the deposits had grown from \$75, 113.74 to \$193,283. The reserves are the first recorded, \$547.66; undivided profits had jumped from \$659.95 in ten years to \$15, 240.04. Loans were only \$89,543.95. The treasurer's salary was restored to \$800 in August, 1876, and the following March, announcement was made that a rate of five percent a year would be paid on all New deposits.

This announcement must have been eye-catching news in the BRUNSWICK TELEGRAPH. It was equivalent to announcing that the Brunswick Savings Institution was about out of the depression. The trustees must have chuckled over the fact they still owned their bank building and business was going like a house-a-fire.

Enter Thomas H. Riley

In the history of any long-lived organization there is usually a central figure, a man whose life is dedicated to the institution's advancement. Such a figure emerges in the history of the Brunswick Savings Institution in the person of Thomas H. Riley. Mr. Riley became treasurer in July 1886, succeeding James M. Winchell, who had been the fourth treasurer of the bank in a little more than a quarter of a century.

Mr. Riley's assumption of that important office was the beginning of a long period of service, almost phenomenal in the lifetime of one man. His service record in local banking circles had been exceeded only by that of Samuel L. Forsaith, present chairman of the Board of Trustees of the First National Bank and its former President. Mr. Forsaith is serving his 56th year with the First National Bank. He has been a trustee of the Brunswick Savings Institution since 1903 and from 1901 to 1902 served as its treasurer.

Served For 50 Years

Thomas H. Riley's service to the Brunswick Savings Institution covered exactly half a century. Upon his retirement as treasurer in 1930, he became President, an office he filled until his death in 1937. As treasurer of the Brunswick Savings, Mr. Riley was usually at the bank's counter, not only serving but greeting depositors. To many people, Mr. Riley was the bank, so familiar he became to the town's citizens. His friendly manner, his conservative habits, his perfect dignity furnished an atmosphere of inestimable value to the Brunswick Savings Institution. He served under five able Presidents, Henry Carvill, a store keeper and later assistant treasurer of Bowdoin College; Weston Thompson, a lawyer who occupied an office over the bank, and whose one-time partner was the Hon. Edward W. Wheeler; Alonzo Day, who ran a shoe store; Barrett Potter, prominent lawyer; Ellery C. Day, son of Alonzo Day, also a shoe dealer. Mr. Riley succeeded the latter as President. At the time of his death in 1937, the Brunswick Savings Institution was 79 years old. Mr. Riley's connection with the bank numbered 50 years.

Family connections with the bank continued with the promotion of Thomas H. Riley, Jr., from assistant treasurer (1919 to 1930) to treasurer (1930 to 1945). John W. Riley another son, served as the President from 1942 to 1945. He resigned the same year his brother Thomas H. Riley, Jr. died.

Bank Assets Tell Story

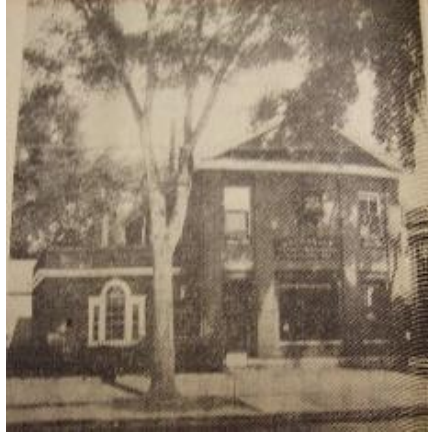
Mr. Riley's period of service to the Brunswick Savings witnessed more drastic changes in banking, more altered ways of living, more national crises than possibly any period before or since. His years of banking included two wars and brought him close to a third. The First World War took many Brunswick boys "Over There."

One of them, Lawrence A. Brown, who came in to help Mr. Riley in 1937, is now present treasurer of the Brunswick Savings Institution. The services of the bank and Mr. Riley were generously offered to the town—Liberty Loans, Red Cross drives, money raised for starving Belgians.

Saw Many Changes

The Brunswick Mr. Riley loved, changed before his eyes. Gas gave way to electricity, horse and buggy to trolley cars, then automobiles, lastly planes soaring overhead. He could recall Merrymeeting Park with its small zoo, the first flickering motion pictures and roller skating rink, all within reach of a five cent trolley ride. He knew Jake Conant's, the first shore dinner place with a lobster dinner for 50 cents. He saw stock companies play their 10, 12 and 30 cent shows in the Town Hall. He remembered the jokes between Mr. Interlocutor and Mr. Bones at the local minstrel shows. He saw the Cabots play baseball on the Delta and hear the St. John's band in the Mall on Thursday nights.

Year by year the cords tightened in banking circles. His work increased and the helpers were few. Typewriters took the place of pen and ink, though the Brunswick Savings ledgers show Mr. Riley's fine handwriting to the closing of days of his banking career, 1937. There were new banking laws, state auditors, bank examiners, new type loans, and new taxes, all part of the machinery set in motion for stricter banking operation.



Depression Years

In 1929 came a stock market tumble, followed in 1933 by a terrific crash. Banks closed, factories closed, foreclosures took place—a terrifying experience for an old-fashioned banker.

The Brunswick Savings Institution felt a slight jarring only. Mr. Riley, then President, kept his head. By nature he was a conservative, serene man. He still stood for the Savings Bank in whom people had confidence. Perhaps this was Mr. Riley's "finest hour". In a half a century of unstinted service to one community, to one bank, who knows what hour?

If Mr. Riley were living, he would now be 100 years old. In celebrating its 100th birthday, the Brunswick Savings Institution is observing his birthday, too. He would have enjoyed the coincidence.

III

It is another fine May morning, this year 1958, as Lawrence A. Brown, treasurer of the Brunswick Savings Institution is out, walking to his work at the bank. He almost regrets the distance is so short between his Green St. home and the bank still on the corner of Maine and Bank Streets. He has left his topcoat home, the morning is so pleasant. As he turns the corner of his own street, he notices that the tall shade trees on the Mall are bursting into leaf, and in a Park Row Garden a bed of yellow jonquils in is in full bloom.

Lawrence Brown is 65 years old but doesn't look it. His moderate ways and a deep contentment with his job makes his years sit well on him. His is a Brunswick boy, born and bred, his memories to the town go back to the beginning of the century. At the corner of Maine and School Street he recalls the old Tontine Hotel burned down when he was in grade school back about 1902.

The cars returning from passing on from Jordan Avenue, crossed the town square each evening, right where the automated traffic signals are not. Houses have been

removed on Maine Street's east side to make way for the A & P Supermarket and the Central Maine Power Co. building. Emery Crawford's Livery Stable is gone, stores like Barton Jordan's and Larkin Snow's no longer exist. The whole street has greatly changed since 1900, and seems especially different when neon signs and luminescent street lights illuminate Maine Street.

The Welcome Change

Lawrence Brown may regret changes in old Brunswick but he enjoys one phase of its change, banking progress. It is with a deep sense of satisfaction and pride that he approaches the Brunswick Savings Institution noting where the new wing begins in the north section of which is the desk and his private office. Pretty cramped they were in the old days, he recalls that in 1953 they remodeled the bank, let's see. He worked in the bank building 15 years, six in the new, 21 years in all, 13 of them as treasurer. He checks his wrist watch by the clock above the front door, its sign BRUNSWICK SAVINGS INSTITUTION over it.

The clock is unique, perhaps the only of its kind in the state, it is 8:15, and the chime are a constant reminder to the shopper that time is fleeting. Lawrence Brown enters by a rear door. The double automatic doors, the new entrance to the bank, will open at nine o'clock when the bank opens for business. Those are the latest touch in modernization plainly marked "In and Out" a boon to a person pushing a gocart or to a shopper loaded with groceries. They go to the bank entrance and the automatic doors do the rest.

Neighbors Changed Too

The bank's neighbors have changed. The Dennison Box Factory has long since moved from town. THE BRUNSWICK RECORD, successor to THE BRUNSWICK TELEGRAPH, occupies the first floor of the brick Dunlap Block and the Jay Brush Factory operates upstairs. The vacant lot is now filled with the bank's Colonial Wing addition. "The house and lot" at the rear have parted company, the house being hauled to another part of town and rebuilt into a fine home by J. Albert Robinson. "The lot" has become a parking lot for bank patrons. The hedge in front of the bank is curbed and furnishes simple landscaping. The grape ivy, now building, will cover the bank walls with verdant green in summer. Mr. Brown knows every step of the bank's transformation wrought in 1952, for he handled the bills. The cost of the complete remodeling would probably exceed many times the entire first assets of the bank.

The luxury and conveniences inside the bank are familiar to him, the ceiling lights, soft carpets, private offices, modern vault for safe deposit, gleaming walnut counters, gold draperies. All these improvements give a sense of well-being of security in a bank where good taste is paramount. Space aids prompt service, invisible comfort is furnished by air conditioning, and downstairs is a fine director's room. The whole atmosphere creates a felling of ease and friendliness and invites relaxation while one carries on business.

Large Staff Now

The Brunswick Savings for which A.C. Robbins served as part time treasurer 100 years ago now has a large staff. Mr. Brown is aided by two assistant treasurers, one, F. Burton Whitman, Jr., who has been with the bank since 1941, assistant treasurer since 1952. He is the husband of Elizabeth Riley, daughter of T. H. Riley, Jr., granddaughter of Thomas H. Riley. One hundred years ago, Mr. Tenney, in THE BRUNSWICK TELEGRAPH, would have called him "the genial Mr. Whitman" that being the fashion

for speaking of pleasant people in those days. Lucien Dancause, an alert young man, was former manager of the Endicott Johnson Shore Store until the bank hired him as an assistant treasurer in 1953. The Brunswick Savings Institution's increase in business in 1952 demanded more space, a larger personnel for its adequate operation.

Then are the girls: Eva Racine who has been working for the bank since 1934; more recently engaged help, Monique Coulombe, Mary J. Bailey, Therese Dunning, Agnes Cloutier, Phyllis F. Hartley, Carol Eppolito and Glenys Pagurko. All these girls have their individual jobs although the electric posting machines, adding machines, typewriters and calculators, all new equipment used in modern banks, are great labor-saving devices.

Tuesday A Busy Day

Tuesday is a busy day at the bank. Every Tuesday afternoon as the chime clock strikes the hour of four, the trustees of the Brunswick Savings Institution gather for a weekly board meeting. When Samuel L. Forsaith steps out of the First National Bank, meticulously dressed, a cigar in his hand, he is quite likely to be joined by Uriah Nash, dean of Maine St. merchants, as he comes out of the J.E. Davis Store. Allen E. Morrell of the Brunswick Coal and Lumber Company arrives promptly but pauses to see how the hedge is growing, as gardening or landscaping is his hobby. Next E. Randolph Comee will drive over from Topsham where he has been for many years chief engineer of the Pejepscot Paper Co. Henry Baribeau's the next man, a former grocer's clerk who in 20 years has become the leading real estate man in this area. Glenn R. McIntire, assistant treasurer of Bowdoin College, arrives slightly out of breath as he is always hurrying to meetings after his hours in the Bursar's office. Thomas P. Riley is the youngest, known as "Timmy" because of the numerous Thomases in his family. Son of John W., grandson of Thomas H. Riley, he leaves the Riley Insurance Agency to go to what he still probably thinks of as his grandfather's bank, a bank the long-time treasurer would scarcely recognize now in physical dimension or volume of business.

President Aldrich Nearby

Ellis L. Aldrich, president, can wait till they all arrive. He has only to walk downstairs, as his law office is directly above the bank. Mr. Aldrich succeeded John W. Riley as president of the bank in 1945. The immediate predecessor of Mr. Riley was Arthur B. Johnson, Topsham resident and purchasing agent of the Pejepscot Paper Co. Mr. Johnson served only from 1941 to 1942 when illness overtook him. Carl Day, former postmaster and son of Alonzo Day, served from 1937 to 1941. Mr. Aldrich's term of office up to the present is 13 years. An admirable executive, he is one of the leading citizens of the town.

Following tradition, the trustees of the Brunswick Savings Institution are selected as outstanding business and professional men. They are also civic minded citizens. In the present group of trustees most of the individuals have served the town in various capacities including the town offices and on important committees working for town improvement. Wide business experience, fine character and with most, professional training, make them well chosen members of a tremendous banking business. The Brunswick Savings Institution now has 8,195 regular savings accounts; its assets as of March 31, 1958 are \$9,696,245.85. Deposits of the same date are about eight and one half million and the surplus of the bank is \$1,054,200. The trustees of the bank have a grave

responsibility to the depositors; despite modernization and the apparent ease of the Brunswick Savings operation today, banking still requires most careful supervision.

Treasurer Is Busy Man

The treasurer's duties are many. As the bank's executive officer, he prepares the agenda for the trustee's meetings, supervises personnel and maintains public relations. This month he is especially busy preparing for the 100th annual corporators' meeting, a dinner was served to the corporators and guests at the Hotel Eagle, an occasion which is an annual social function.

Ever-Expanding Service

The Brunswick Savings Institution augments its good will program by offering ever-expanding community service. The era of service expansion might well be said to have begun in the late 1920s when Thomas H. Riley, Jr., then treasurer, organized a school savings program. He personally visited school classrooms to explain the important aspects of thrift to hundreds of children.

The school bank collection weekly was a feature with children bringing small sums to school. Later the program was dropped, then renewed in 1952. There are now 2,581 individual depositors among school children who have accounts at the Brunswick Savings Institution. The educational program is worth more to the bank than the sums involved. To catch a saver, you must catch him young.

First To Adopt FHA Loans

The FHA type of loan was promoted through the Brunswick Savings in the early 1930's, the first bank in the state to adopt this type of loan. FHA represents an insured government form of loan to facilitate building new homes on more lenient terms than a mutual bank can offer. Again, the Brunswick Savings, has helped the small homeowner, by using the governmental plan.

In the years following World War II, the government offered highly liberal loans, called G.I. loans, to aid veterans in building modest priced houses at a lowered rate of interest with payments on a longer term. The Brunswick Savings Institution has handled many of these loans for local veterans enabling them to settle in Brunswick.

Rapid Growth Since 1933

The most rapid period of growth in the Brunswick Savings Institution seems to have flourished after the bank closings in 1933 up to 1937. The banking situation has radically changed in Brunswick in 1934. The Topsham and Brunswick Twenty-five Cents Savings Bank, organized in 1875, merged with the Brunswick Branch of the Fidelity Trust Company in 1932. The Fidelity closed in 1933. The Brunswick Savings took over some of the mortgages at the time, but more important was the removal of an active competitor in the mutual savings bank field. There remained only one competitor of the mutual savings bank type, the Brunswick Savings and Loan Association, organized in 1888, a cooperative association still in operation, the Branch of the First Auburn Trust and the First National Bank also have savings departments.

In the 1940s the financial picture changed rapidly, with nearly every aspect of local business favorable to the growth of the Brunswick Savings Institution. In 1940 the assets of the bank were considerably over three million; by 1948 they had nearly doubled

to six million. The Brunswick Naval Air Station was in high gear during the early 40's; the Verney Corporation was enjoying successful years. Families moved into the area to be employed in the Bath shipyard and many local men went as far as South Portland to work in the shipyards. Private homes were split up into apartments to accommodate the influx of families. Bowdoin College remained open the year around conducting various student military training programs. Payrolls swelled and so did the Brunswick Savings' now insured deposits. They are still growing. The 1958 assets of more than none million dollars represent a growth of three million in the last decade.

A Strong "Shoe String"

A century ago the Brunswick Savings Institution opened its bank on what, in our time, would be called "a shoe string". Money standards were different then. Today a man's monthly pay can easily equal an entire year's salary of a century ago. Shortage of cash was supplemented by raising home produce, keeping cows and chickens, bartering surplus goods for other goods. Still, farmers and workmen put a bit by for "a rainy day".

The Brunswick Savings has fostered the local sense of thrift for a full century. No account is despised because it is small. Meanwhile the bank has continued to offer an increasing number of services to this community.



Dunlap Block, Housing Record Office Has Long And Honorable History

Brunswick Record

December 11, 1947

By William A. Wheeler

The enlarged modern quarters of the Brunswick Record are located in a building which has long played an important part in Brunswick's commercial history; a building which dates back some 66 years, and which was the cradle of an infant industry now grown to important stature.

In its exterior appearance, except for the striking changes made by the Record's expansion, the building is much the same as it was in my boyhood; but there was then, to reach the upper floors, an outside, covered stairway on the south side, next to the bank. The building was known to us simply as "the box shop" and as the box shop it is, perhaps, best remembered even now by old-time Brunswick people.

Originally The Gilmans

In 1870, according to the records in the Cumberland County Registry of Deeds, the land and buildings thereon were purchased by Eliphalet W. Dennison of Boston from the wife of the Honorable Charles J. Gilman. That was before my time, and I do not remember the building then existing; but as nearly as I can ascertain, it was a two-story block, the front part of brick and the rear of wood, with two stories, the entrances covered by a wooden awning extending the width of the sidewalk. I believe that in one of these stores a Mrs. Boardman conducted a millinery shop at that time.

Next The Dennisons

In 1880 the present brick building was erected apparently by Eliphalet Dennison, and in 1881 he sold it with the land, to the Dennison Manufacturing Company.

The story of the Dennison family and their achievements began more than a century ago. Aaron Dennison, a watch-maker and jeweler in Boston, was the first in America to devise machinery for the mass-production of watches, hitherto made entirely by hand—the beginning of the great Waltham Watch Company. In his jewelry store, he used paper boxes which were imported from abroad. They were of inferior quality, and often were received in badly damaged and soiled condition. He was not satisfied to sell to his customers jewelry encased in such mediocre containers, and sought a way to improve the situation. Nowhere in America were paper boxes made, it was virgin ground for an inventive Yankee mind.

Jewelry Boxes

Aaron Dennison obtained a small supply of Bristol boards, paste, and created paper of various hues from David Felt of New York, the only manufacturer of such commodities in this country. With his package of potential box-material under his arm, he journeyed to Brunswick by stagecoach, steam packet, and finally, on foot, to present to this father, Col. Andrew Dennison, a plan for making jewelry boxes for his use.

Col. Dennison was a cobbler, and turning to the tools with which he was most familiar, he used a shoe-knife and a straight edge to cut the Bristol board into box-forms, which were then folded in prescribed lines by his daughters, Julia and Matilda, and covered with the fancy papers brought with such care from New York.

These boxes were so far superior to the imported variety that when Aaron took samples back to Boston and showed them to fellow jewelers there, orders began to flow in. Within a year the Dennisons, in their little cottage on Everett Street, were employing 10 helpers to carry on the work. Matilda and Julia Dennison, the first paper box makers in the United States, became expert not only in fabricating the boxes and teaching the art to others, but in management of the business as well.

But cutting, scribing and folding the boxes by hand was a slow, laborious process. With the same genius which evolved the machinery for making watches, Aaron Dennison invented a machine for cutting the stock for boxes, and another to scribe the lines for hand folding. Later he produced a machine which performed the entire job at one operation; and, in principle, this is the machine used throughout the country today for the manufacture of paper boxes.

This, then, was the birth of the Dennison Manufacturing Company which today, in its immense factories in Framingham, Mass., makes not only paper boxes but a multitude of allied products. That beginning of a great industry was, of course, long before my time; but the Dennison factory on the upper floors of the Dunlap Block was familiar to me in my youth.

First Floor Stores

The first floor front was arranged as stores. In the space on the northwest corner, where for many years the Brunswick Record had its office, B.G. Dennison, brother of Aaron and Eliphalet, had what might be called a “variety” store. My recollection is somewhat hazy, but I think that he carried not only stationery and allied commodities, but tin-ware, small household goods, crockery and “notions.” In a way it was the forerunner of today’s “Five and Ten.” Later the business was taken over by Lithgow Dennison and moved to a store in the O’Brien Block, just north of what is now Senter’s at that time as Boardman’s.

There, however, were many mercantile establishments, and of little interest to the youth of the day. It was upstairs, in the busy box shop, that we found fascinating adventure. I think men must have been more forbearing, and with a better understanding of boy nature, in those days, anyway, we were permitted the run of the place as we pleased.

The Box Shop

The box shop office, as I remember it in those early days, was located on the north side, about in the middle of the second floor. Here Frank W. Chandler, the local head of the company, managed its affairs; and here, when we boys wanted a little paste or some piece of fancy paper, we called on Mr. Chandler and always got what we asked for, with a pleasant smile thrown in.

The Chandlers

Mr. Chandler acquired his managerial position logically; his wife was Ann Julia Hinkson, only daughter of Julia Dennison Hinkson, one of the two pioneer box-makers of America.

Two Hall brothers I think their names were Charles and Frank—were employed in the factory; and later, at Framingham, Charles became an official of the company. They were sons of “Ant” Hall, for many years Brunswick’s only hack driver. Perhaps by coincidence, possibly by intent they chose as a location for their new homes the street where the Dennison industry was born.

Four other Chandlers besides Frank were connected with the Dennison Manufacturing Company—Fred, Edward, Harry and George. In 1944, Edward and Harry, the only surviving members of the group were honored by the company at a banquet.

About 1893 the Dennison Company moved its factory to Roxbury, and later Framingham. The Chandler families and the Hall families together with some of the employees, followed the industry to its new locations, and some of their descendants are still connected with the company.

Several years before the removal of the Dennison Company to Massachusetts the officers of the concern were moved downstairs to the vacant store later occupied by the Record as its business office. With that change was also, as I recall, a change of policy—No admittance signs were displayed on the entrance to the factory floors, and all callers were required to state their business at the office on the street floor. That put an end to our wanderings through the busy factory, picking up waste material and generally making nuisances of ourselves. However, it didn't put an end to Mr. Chandler's kindness—if we really needed a dab of paste or a sheet of red and gold paper—or thought we did—he found a way to get it for us. Sometimes, perhaps to save our self-respect, he let us pay a cherished penny for it; more often it was given to us freely. Boys don't forget things like that; my memory of Frank Chandler is a warm one.

I won't vouch for the truth of this story, although it had wide circulation. After the sewer system had been installed in Brunswick, the Dennisons put in flush toilets for their employees—something brand new for a Brunswick industrial plant. There was great glee, on the first day the toilets were put into operation, when a certain man was found “washing up” in one of the bowls after his day's work, and swearing mightily because it had been placed so low that he had to get on his knees to wash his hands.

Dr. Wilson's Ventures

I am quite sure that after the departure of the Dennisons, the upper floors of the building remained vacant for some time. In 1896 the property was purchased by Dr. Frederick H. Wilson, the druggist, for the Pine Spring Bottling Company, of which he was the head. The bottling concern, however, utilized only the rear position of the first floor for its plant, and the upper floors were unoccupied until around the turn of the century, when they were leased to the Brunswick Paper Box Company—and one more Brunswick had a box shop.

The Pine Spring Bottling Company was not the only business venture of Dr. Wilson. He had several other interests, chief of which was the drugstore now owned by his son Jesse. This store first opened in 1820 by Dr. Charles Baker, was acquired in 1875 by Dr. Wilson, who had worked there as a clerk. It has, therefore, been in the Wilson family for more than 71 years—perhaps a record for Brunswick business concerns.

It is interesting to note, too that the proprietors of two other pharmacies learned their profession in the Wilson Drug Store—George Drapeau, whose business is now run by his son, and P.J. Meserve, who still operates his store near Town Hall.

The Pine Spring Bottling Company was founded by Dr. Wilson in 1896 when he acquired possession of a spring of clear, sparkling water on Topsham Foreside, almost opposite Brunswick's famous Paradise Spring. The company was operated by Dr. Wilson until his death in 1915, when it was taken over by his son Jesse. In 1920, it was sold to Samuel S. Holbrook, whose father Sumner Holbrook, will be recalled by old time

residents as a frequent contributor to the page of the old Brunswick Telegraph. The company is still in existence, and a going concern.

The Baxters Come Along

The Brunswick Box Company was founded by the late Stephen C. Whitmore about 1900, and was operated by him and his associates in the former quarters of the Dennison Company until 1904, when the business was taken over by the Baxter Paper Box Company. This concern manufactured not only jewelry boxes, similar to the product of the Dennison Company, but cigarette boxes as well.

In 1901, three years before the Baxters purchased the box business, the canning firm of H.C. Baxter & Bros. took over the second floor front of the Dunlap Block for its offices, moving there from the Lincoln Building. Harley C. Baxter, who founded the company, originally had his office in his residence on Cumberland Street, now the Brunswick Hospital. Later, when his brother James Phinney Baxter, Jr. became associated with him, the office was located on the second floor of the building now occupied by Meserve's drug store; and from 1892 until about 1900, the office was in the Town Building. In 1918, the firm moved to offices in the new building of the First National Bank.

In 1926, the building was sold by Jesse Wilson to the Brunswick Development Company, an aggregation of Brunswick businessmen, headed, I think, by the late Wilbur F. Senter. Since that time, the factory floors have been vacant, and the hum of busy machines silenced, until, in the Spring of this year, they were taken over by Textron, Inc., for the manufacture of women's wear. In the interim, however, the space was used, for a time, by the Pejepscot Paper Company, as a storage warehouse.

It was in 1902 that the newly established Brunswick Record took over much of the street floor, with the exception of the store on the south side and a small space at the extreme rear. The quarters became inadequate for the fast growing newspaper and printing plant, and expansion was imperative. Today the Brunswick Record occupies the entire first floor front for its modernized business and editorial offices, with its efficient printing plant in the rear.

The old Dunlap Block has had its face lifted—it is a credit Brunswick's principal thoroughfare, and to Brunswick's modern newspaper. Nevertheless, to me, as I believe to many of my contemporaries, it always fondly will be remembered as "the box shop"!

Drapeau Purchases Beverage Firm Here Glengarry Spring Acquired In Transaction Involving Reported \$55,000

Brunswick Record
April 7, 1949



What may prove to be one of the largest real estate transfers to take place in Brunswick for many years was completed Friday when Louis J. Drapeau, proprietor of Drapeau's Pharmacy, Maine Street, purchased Glengarry Spring, a soft drink manufacturing firm, from Harry Argiroulis, also of Brunswick, in a transaction reported involving more than \$55,000.

The deal was made through the office of Pacific A. Sawyer, Brunswick Realtor.

Shortly after the transaction took place, Drapeau installed his life-long friend, Arthur A. Gagne, Jr., a native of Brunswick, as manager of the plant.

The Glengarry Spring bottling plant, along with 33 acres of land is located approximately two miles outside of Brunswick proper on the Bath Road, where the spring, which supplies the water used in the bottling plant is located.

At present the firm has the franchise for distribution of a nation-known orange drink and rootbeer. It also manufactures its own line of carbonated beverages. The territory covered for the orange beverage includes Camden, Augusta, Lewiston, Bath and Brunswick and for the rootbeer, Augusta, Camden and Lewiston.

In addition to the carbonated beverages, the firm distributes bottled water from its spring to homes in this area. It is planned to give 12-hour service to bottled water patrons in the community.



Gagne, the new manager, is the son of Arthur A. Gagne Sr. of Brunswick. A graduate of Brunswick High School in the class of 1929 he was employed as a clerk for the Brunswick Hardware Company for 10 years before becoming associated with the Polar Chemical Company at Lewiston in 1940. For the past nine years he has made his home in Lewiston. This is Gagne's first position with a beverage bottling concern.

In the near future he plans to move his family to the quarters at the Glengarry building on the Bath Road. He is married and the father of four children: Robert, 8; Henry, 6; Colette, 3; and Juliette, 2. He is a member of Sekinger Council K. of C.

Drapeau plans to leave the operation of the plant in Gagne's hands and he will continue to be at his drug store on Maine Street.

At the present time the firm has three trucks available and a new washing and filling machine at its service. Although definite plans for future operations haven't been made by Drapeau, he plans to expand company services in the near future.

Argiroulis, the former owner, was associated for many years in partnership with Harmon Eliason of Bath, formerly of Brunswick in the enterprise. Argiroulis was also at one time, in partnership with Louis Zamanis at the Maine Hotel. He also owned and operated the Bowdoin Hotel and restaurant for a time. He will leave Brunswick to assume partnership in the operation of a hotel in New Jersey.

Brunswick people employed at the Glengarry plant are Russell Sherburne, plant supervisor, Roland Bisson and Russell Brown.

DR. BENJAMIN PORTER PROMINENT FIGURE IN TOPSHAM HISTORY

Business Partner of Maine's First Governor

Had Many Interests

Brunswick Record

November 22, 1928

Recently there have appeared in various papers more or less historical data regarding the separation of Maine from Massachusetts in 1820. It was with some surprise that some of the younger residents of Topsham and Brunswick learned that an important member of the committee appointed to adjust this delicate matter was Dr. Benjamin Jones Porter of Topsham.

Dr. Benjamin Jones Porter, one of the many prominent men of Topsham, and active throughout the State, was the son of Major Billy Porter, born in Beverly, Mass., September 20, 1763.

After completing his academical course at Byfield Academy he studied medicine with his uncle Dr. Jones, a surgeon in the Continental Army. Young Porter was commissioned as surgeon's mate in Tupper's (eleventh) Regiment, April 10, 1780, and in H. Jackson's (fourth) Regiment in 1783.

It is believed that he acted in that capacity in Lafayette's regiment. While in this position he became acquainted with the leading men of the Revolution and he became on intimate terms with many of them, among whom were Lafayette and General Knox.

At the close of the war, Dr. Porter went to Scarboro, where he practiced medicine for several years, and then went to Stroudwater, now Westbrook, where he remained, practicing also in Portland with good success.

Entering into partnership with Hon. William King (subsequently first Governor of Maine) then of Scarboro, in the lumbering business, he removed to Topsham about 1793, where he built the house, since destroyed, on the site now occupied by the G. L. Quint livery stable.

Benjamin J. Porter and William King, under the name of Porter and King, kept store near the southeast corner of Winter and Main Streets from 1792 to 1802, or a few years later.

A factory was established by the Brunswick Cotton Manufactory Company, and incorporated March 4, 1809. Ezra Smith, William King and Doctor Porter were among the proprietors. The company was formed for the manufacture of cotton yarn, which was shipped to other mills to be made into cloth.

This mill did not prove a success, and it is said that the stockholders lost all their capital.

Dr. Porter built his second house in Topsham in 1802, now occupied by Representative Ellis A. Aldrich, one of the old mansions on Elm Street, and at one time a boarding school for young ladies, opened by Mrs. Fields in 1831.

It is of interest that in the year 1800, at the time when the death of Washington was commemorated at the old meeting house in Topsham, a carpet, the first one ever made in Topsham, (for they were all home made at first) was made in 1799, by Miss Margaret Rogers (later the wife of Nathaniel Greene). This carpet was borrowed to cover

the rough platform which was built up in front of the pulpit and upon which were seated the poet of the occasion and the dignitaries of the day.

There was one other carpet in town at this time, belonging to the wife of Doctor Porter, but as it was fastened to the floor, she objected to having it taken up.

Dr. Porter was active and helped in the early days of the town, he was one chosen on a committee to draw up the enlistment orders, and to wait on the men and see that their names were enrolled in 1794.

At a meeting, May 6, 1799, the town voted to petition the General Court to have a court of common pleas and general sessions of the peace held in Topsham thereafter. Rev. Jonathan Ellis, Doctor Benjamin Jones Porter and James Purinton were chosen a committee to draft and present the petition.

In 1798, Samuel Thompson sold to Benjamin Jones Porter and William King, his share, or one fourth part, of the Great saw mill for \$666.66.

The business of the firm of Porter and King continued until about the year 1810, when Mr. King removed to Bath and there formed another branch of the business. They built vessels and sailed them. In 1814 the great freshet on the Androscoggin River swept away, in mills, lumber and the bridge, of which he was one of the proprietors, something like \$80,000 of Dr. Porter's property.

In addition he met with considerable losses in navigation during the embargo times.

Prior to the separation of Maine and Massachusetts he held the office of Governor's councilor and was also senator from Lincoln County.

At the time of the separation he was chosen one of the commissioners to make a division of the property.

He had the honorary degree of A.M. conferred upon him by Bowdoin College in 1809, and was a fellow and treasurer of the college from 1806 to 1815. He is said to have been a man of rare conversational powers and of great suavity of manners. A familiar saying during his day was "As polite as Dr. Porter."

Dr. Porter married Miss Elizabeth King about 1792, a sister of Hon. Rufus and Hon. William King, and had six children. Mrs. Porter died in 1853.

Among his children were Benjamin J. Porter, Jr., who became a prominent citizen of Camden, and Hon. Charles R. Porter of Bath.

Dr. Porter removed to Camden in 1829, where he died Aug. 18, 1847, aged 84 years.



Diaries of 1883-4, Kept By Joseph Stetson,
Master Mason, Tell of Building Town Hall
Brunswick Landmark Completed In 15 Months;
Notes Reveal Expense Contrast With Today's Costs

Brunswick Record

March 5, 1953

By Catherine T. Daggett

(Editors note: The following account of the building of the Brunswick Town Hall was written by Catherine T. Daggett from records made available to her through the courtesy of Mrs. George Crimmins. The use of this interesting material is much appreciated by the editors. The diaries from which this material was culled may well be the only remaining authentic accounts of the construction of the Town Hall.)

One day in 1841 there landed at Baganuc off the packet ship from Boston a mason and his family who were coming to live in Brunswick. They and their household goods, which were also on the packet, were moved to town by oxcart. Among their possessions was the first "salamander" stove and the first flat irons the town of Brunswick had seen. The irons were soon to be borrowed by many of the housewives of the town.

The mason was Joseph Stetson, grandfather of Dr. E.G.A. Stetson of Berry Street who retired only a few years ago after more than 50 years of active practice as a physician, and of Dr. Joseph S. Stetson of McKeen Street, Brunswick Dentist, still practicing after 50 years. They have a brother in Portland who has worked 50 years at his profession—but that's another story.

Contractor For Town Hall

This one is about mason Stetson and the Brunswick Town Hall for which he served as contractor and was responsible for all the masonry work. By 1883 Joseph Stetson had established himself in Brunswick as a master mason and had doubled his pay. In 1841 he worked, sun-up to sun-down, six days a week, for \$1.50 a day. Half of this he took in cash and half of it in brick.

He was living down on Bow Street in those years. At the end of the day's work he would put his earned brick in a wheelbarrow and push it up to Spring Street where he had a plot of land. When he had accumulated enough he built by hand and without benefit of architect, the charming suggestively-Gothic brick house now lived in by his great

granddaughter, Mrs. George Crimmins. He built the brick houses on Lincoln Street and several business blocks on Maine Street. In addition to laying brick he had a shop in which he made plaster ornamental moldings, ceiling medallions and dados. Examples of his decorative work are still visible in his own home on Spring Street, in the Bowdoin President's House, in the Delta Sigma fraternity house, and in the captain's houses along Park Row.

In 1883 he was still working the sun around, six days a week, but he now received \$3.00 for a day's work, and apparently he took it in cash.

Diaries & Expense Book

In the possession of his descendants are two diaries for 1883 and 1884 kept by Joseph Stetson as expense accounts, as weather records, as business notations, as sermon notes, and concise memos of town happenings. The entries during the first three months give a good sampling of the cost of living in Brunswick at the time.

"Jan. 7—Cold, cloudy: eight below. Paid William Simpson \$11 for two cords of wood. Deposited 25 cents savings bank. Subscribed Harper's magazine with A.V. Metcalf, paid \$3.50. Annabel went to Portland by way of Lewiston. Baptist Church holding week of prayer sermons by pastor. Paid George Tucker for Advocate for 1883, \$2.40. Paid toothpick 10 cents, eyeglasses 10 cents.

Jan. 18—Fine, mild, six inches snow. Paid Randall for steak 26 cents. Paid for one pint oysters, 16 cents, one pound coffee, 30 cents. Subscribed NY Tribune, \$1.00.

Jan. 26—Very cold, 18 below. Pd. One yard cloth, nine cents. For mutton, 23 cents, two steaks, 25 cents, bread 10 cents, 16 oranges, 25 cents.

Feb 12—Fine snow drifts, three feet on ground. No thaw since first snow. Paid for arithmetic for Prudie (Mrs. Isaiah Morrell) 90 cents, six and one half pounds of butter, \$1.05, one cord hard wood, \$5.50, two and one half pounds tripe, 28 cents.

March 9—Cold, fine. Excellent sleighing and has been for three months. Sent postal card to Mrs. Childs, Queens, N.Y. about bulbs, Amaryllis.

March 19—to Rev. George Tucker, Dr., For whitewashing kitchen, dining room, bed room, storage and back entry, all two coats; one coat on parlor, three chambers front entry; total, \$2.25."

Town Meeting

Then on March 28, the regular town meeting having been held on March 7, this is the only entry, "Snow and fair. Town meeting on Town Hall. A great meeting. A large majority for hall." Just a month later, on April 28, 1883, an entry reads, "Town Hall building committee met at office. Voted to employ Mr. Faucette as architect at \$800. Three hours at office."

Mr. Stetson was employed to do the masonry on the building. There is no notation of any flat fee to be paid him but in May there began to appear such entries as "Town Hall, Dr.; one half day myself on stonework, \$1.50."

"June 6—Hot. At home, House-cleaning" (No editorial comment necessary).

One June 30 the order for 19,000 brick was given to Norton Purington. On July 2 the carpentering contract went to Foster and Son of Waterville.

Cornerstone Laid

"August 11—Hot, Laid the cornerstone of Town Hall and deposited the lead box. Speeches by A.G. Tenney, Prof. A.S. Packard, C.J. Gilman."

He noted on August 23 that the masons were working on the cellar paving, on August 24 that the vault door had come, and on Aug 25 that the granite threshold had arrived but was broken, and so was rejected. The granite blocks used in the foundation were hauled from Woodside, in the vicinity of Crystal Spring Farm.

By Sept 28 he reported "got the walls up halfway." His son Joseph E. Stetson, was working for his father now and then on the building. One day he went into Dennison's variety store which stood next to the Town Hall, where Senter's now is. Picking up a handful of china doll's heads he said, "I'm going to set these in the walls of the new building. Wait and see." There are those who claim the doll's heads still can be sighted, if one knows where to look, about 25 feet on the side towards Senter's store.

Work on Tower

Oct. 13 was a busy day. "Fausette came at 3, went at 4:30. Purington came at 5:30. Foster came at 11:30. Went at 3. Eight masons on tower. All the main trusses up and to top tower."

On Oct 19—"Town meeting to raise money to head Town Hall voted \$120." Again on Oct 26—"Let the steam heating to Brann, Dow & Co. for \$350. All complete with Frisk valves; cast iron radiators and improved braced boiler, to cut the woodwork and everything to make the job complete. The boiler to be set with pit in front of suitable size."

On Nov 1, the chimney on the tower was finished, and on Nov 2, the slate roofers came and the door steps arrived. For several days the setting of the steps went on, interspersed with entries; "Put on double windows at home. Organ concert, three tickets, \$1.05. Bought overcoat at Elliott's, \$16.00.

Dec 5—"Plummers came. Taking down straging on back side." Then on Dec 11, this entry underlined. "Elbridge Cornish putting in boiler for Varney Bros. Chain broke and broke all the stone steps on South side." On Dec 19—"Decker made a contract with Brann. Dow to cut and deliver at depot in Brunswick set of two steps and threshold for Town Hall like those broken, for \$85."

Finishing the interior and setting glass in the windows were noted throughout the winter of 1884.

Jan 16—"20 below. Fine. Paid for chicken, 45 cents." !!

In February the gas fixtures were selected and the contract awarded to a New York company for "beveled glass in lantern in corridor, also stand light and flexible tubing for stage and 13 foot lights and shades and chimneys."

Appropriations

The Town meeting on March 3 "raised for Town Hall \$3,000, for library \$400, for Post Office, \$2,500." The day after town meeting, "Mr. Norlund, fresco painter from Boston to make proposals," and on March 6, "Nordlund and Casson of 28 Sudbury Street, Boston, to do the frescoing in Town Hall, for \$975. The lobby and Post Office in oil, and all the corridors and stairways and halls 7 ft. high, the upper part and ceiling in distemper." The work took until April 5 when "Fresco painter finished and went home."

On March 24—"Made contract for scenery Nordlund and Casson for \$650 to consist of one maroon curtain and six sets scenery with all the boards and flies put by a stage carpenter complete in good running order."

Communication with Hall and Co. concerning the memorial tablets began on March 1 and continued until April 12 when the black marble tablets from Tennessee

purchased at a cost of \$1191, arrived. During May the Post Office boxes were set up, the settees were put in, and all odd jobs finished. On May 28—"to one day Town Hall \$3. Cleaning stairs and sweeping."

On June 2—"Town Hall committee met in new P.O. at 3 p.m. A full board. Called Town Meeting for Monday, 9, at 10 o'clock. Also in evening."

Dedication

When the great day of dedication arrived the entry reads simply. "At Town hall in forenoon. Dedication of hall in evening. A full meeting, Ira Booker moderator. Speakers, A.G. Poland, A.G. Tenney, C.J. Gilman, Prof. Packard, Gen. Joshua Chamberlain."

Joseph Stetson, mason, seems to have had at last, time of his own. For days at a time, the entries are simply, "at home", and twice during July "went to Harpswell (or Gurnet) to picnic. A good time."

Brunswick's Town Hall was hand made according to these accounts. Laboriously and yet with fair speed. Only 15 months elapsed between the decision to have a Town Hall and the dedication of the completed building.



DEVELOPMENT OF BRUNSWICK AND TOPSHAM SCHOOL SYTEM

Brunswick Record
December 13, 1928

The Topsham-Brunswick Chapter of D.A.R. was delightfully entertained Tuesday evening, Dec. 4, at the home of Miss Anna E. Smith, curator of the Bowdoin Art Collections. Miss Smith was assisted in entertaining by Mrs. Elizabeth S. Hormell and Miss Caroline E. Shorey. Delightful refreshments were served.

Plans were made for the annual banquet in memory of Washington's wedding day, to be held at Hotel Eagle on Jan. 8. The affair last year was very successful.

A very interesting paper tracing the development of public and private schools in Brunswick and Topsham was read by Miss Smith. The paper is as follows:

In giving a brief survey of steps taken toward the establishment of the early schools in Brunswick and Topsham, one does not go back to the aboriginal inhabitants of this vicinity, nor is one especially concerned about the early voyages of discovery going on between 1605-1714, for comparatively few persons had made settlements in the region previous to the formation of the Pejepscot Company in 1714.

On the third of May, 1717, Brunswick was, by vote of the General Court of Massachusetts, constituted a township, and the Pejepscot proprietors with a view to settling the town, had many meetings and made certain proposals which have not particular bearing upon the subject.

In the same year, 1717, that Brunswick was constituted a township, it received its legal name which was probably given to the town in honor of the Guelphs, of the house of Hanover, or the house of Brunswick, to which George I, then King of England, belonged.

In the same year the town of Topsham was legally named for the English town, Topsham, from which most of the English settlers of this tract had come. It is suggested

that the situation of the place on the bank of the river may possibly have reminded the founders of this town that they had left.

The municipal history of Topsham does not begin until its incorporation in January, 1764, 47 years later than Brunswick was incorporated as a township. The inhabitants of Topsham had long suffered from the rival claims of the Plymouth and Pejepscot Companies, from taxation by the town of Brunswick, and from want of power to control what concerned themselves, and finally they decided to apply for the act of incorporation.

So far as the establishment of schools in these two towns is concerned, no special credit attaches itself to the early settlers of the vicinity for they simply acted in accordance with the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, of which Maine was a part. It was doubtless well that the establishment of schools was not left to the discretion of the early settlers who with few notable exceptions were extremely ignorant. There is, however, sufficient excuse for them in the fact that they were few in number, constantly exposed to the attacks of a savage foe, and obliged to attend to physical, rather than mental needs.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts by its incorporation of the town of Lebanon in 1733, established the precedent of requiring towns when incorporated to set apart three lots,--one for the ministry, one for the schools, and one for the first settled minister. The Pejepscot proprietors, however, did not wait for any legal enactment of any kind, but very early set apart the required amount of land both in Brunswick and Topsham, and also assisted in the erection of a meeting-house in each town. The first action toward the establishment of a school in Brunswick was in 1715 when the Pejepscot proprietors voted that the meeting-house should be located midway between the fort and Maquoit, and that the lots of the ministry, the first minister, and the school, be the center lots of town.

This was two years before the incorporation of Brunswick as a township, and two years before the provision was made by the General Court of Massachusetts for a schoolmaster to reside in Brunswick, and that the sum of 50 pounds to be paid for books and rewards for the young Indians who might become pupils. This school was a part of the mission to Indians. At the November session of the Court of General Sessions in 1717, Benjamin Larrabee, Esq. appeared in behalf of the town of Brunswick to answer to the "presentment of the town for not having and maintaining a schoolmaster in said town to teach children and youth to read and write as the law directs and requires." Larrabee's excuse was accepted, but the town had to pay 16 shillings, the fees of the court.

In 1728 the township of Brunswick was incorporated as a body politic by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and a considerable increase at once took place in the number of new settlers.

At the town meeting in 1739 a proposition to employ a schoolmaster was "voted for, and passed in the negative," but later a committee was chosen to secure a schoolmaster. The first teacher employed by the town was James McCashion in 1740. he was paid 40 pounds for his services. It appears from a statement in the Pejepscot papers that the Rev. McClanethan taught a school here in 1741.

One thousand seven hundred and forty would seem to indicate the time of the beginning of the development of the public school system in Brunswick. In course of time a committee was formed to secure a teacher and to look after payment. Among the

early teachers was George Harwood, who was employed to teach by the year, and in order to give equal privileges to all, was obliged to teach in three different parts of town—at the upper part of the New Meadows, at the old West meeting-house, and at lower New Meadows. Early teachers were John Blake, John Farrin, Richard Flaherty, and Dorman Perkins, who in 1810, taught in the district schools keeping a school one term in Benjamin Larrabee's house at New Meadows, near where Mrs. Thomas lived about 1878, another term in the upper New Meadows district and another at Maquoit.

In 1790 the town was for the first time legally divided into two districts. In 1798 the town first voted to choose a school committee, the choice being the selectmen to act in that capacity. Previous to this the red schoolhouse at the foot of the Mall was built, but it was afterwards moved to the Cove. Who the other teachers besides those already mentioned may have been prior to 1800, is not known.

In 1810 the town was divided into nine districts. In 1820 when Maine separated from Massachusetts, the number of districts must have been increased as there were this year 23 public or district schools. In this year the school committees were directed to report at the annual meeting the names of two pupils "from each class, one boy and one girl, that shall have made best improvement and sustained good moral character."

Very few records of the districts can be found, excepting No. 5 (Growstown) and the village district. Among the early teachers are Mary Noyes, Mary Merryman and James McKeen in 1814; Priscilla Melcher, and John Winslow in 1815; Margaret Ransom and John Winslow in 1816; Deborah Small and Benjamin Thompson in 1817; Mary Snow in 1818; Mary Stanwood and Benjamin Thompson in 1819.

The earliest information concerning educational development in Topsham is found in the town records from which it is learned that on March 18, 1766, the town voted to raise 60 pounds for "a minister and schoolmaster" for that year and "Thomas Wilson was chosen a committee to agree with him or them." At a meeting of the Pejepscot proprietors, held July 23, 1768, it was voted "that lot number 65 adjoining to the aforesaid lot granted to the first settled minister lying on the rear of lots conveyed to Benjamin Thomas and bounding northwest on land belonging to heirs of William Wilson as described and laid down in the plan, be and hereby is granted to the town of Topsham, for the lot for the benefit and advantage of the public school, to continue for said use forever; said lot contains 100 acres."

At the annual meeting in 1773 the selectmen were instructed to divide the town into school districts, and to proportion the taxes according to the number of children in each district. In 1795 they were instructed to take measures to secure the lot of land called the "school lot" and finally three of the school districts were consolidated into one.

One item of interest in 1825 is the doubt of the school committee as to "whether knitting and sewing ought to be permitted in town schools." Hopes are expressed "that parents in the future will be convinced of the impropriety of imposing this service on the instruction."

Having started with date 1717 when both Brunswick and Topsham legally received their names and having hastily covered a full century, let us pause a moment with the date of 1820, at which time the Province of Maine ceased to be, and the State of Maine began. On March 15, 1820, the State of Maine was, by act of Congress, admitted to the Union. At the first election for Governor of Maine, held the same year, the vote of

Brunswick stood: Hon. William King, 195; Stephen Longfellow, Esq. 23; scattering, nine.

During the period of the Brunswick and Topsham townships we have seen the beginnings of a public school—most of the private schools have not yet appeared, the first parish churches in Brunswick and Topsham have been established, and by act of incorporation, Bowdoin College was established June 24, 1794. The college is thus 26 years older than the State of Maine even though eight years passed on account of lack of funds, before the college went into operation. In 1811 James Bowdoin 3rd, diplomat and art connoisseur and collector, son of Governor Bowdoin of Massachusetts for whom the college was named, died, bequeathing to Bowdoin College among other valuable gifts, a collection of about 150 original drawings brought from Europe, and a number of family portraits showing the best example of early American portraiture. The collection, now show in the Bowdoin Gallery of the Walker Art Building, has been the possession of the college nine years longer than Maine had been a separate State.

To continue from 1820, at least another half century, would still keep us within the period of our subject.

The selling of the Brunswick “school lot” at auction Nov. 29, 1824, was the origin of the school fund. A. Bourne Thompson, the auctioneer, was the chairman of the trustees of the school fund. The remainder of the school lot was sold in 1833.

In March, 1826, at a town meeting, steps were taken to separate the colored-people from the white citizens of District 14 at New Meadows where there were quite a number of negroes. On the 11th of the following September the town voted that the money for District 14 should be divided, the whites having a school summer and winter, and the colored population at other seasons. The division of money was to be made in accordance to the proportion of pupils in the two schools.

On Jan. 29, 1848, the district decided to build a new schoolhouse “at the corner of the road on land owned by James Otis and occupied by E.T. Parsons, on the north side of the road leading to said Parson’s house; with an understanding that it be given gratis.” On Jan. 25, 1849, the building of a schoolhouse was set up at auction to the successful bidder, “except the stove and funnel.” James Otis agreed to build for \$250, and the district voted to raise \$200. The schoolhouse was built that year.

Brunswick village was formerly divided into three school districts, known as 1, 2, and 20. After several years of informal meetings and appointment of committees, it was voted at an annual town meeting, April 3, 1848, “that Districts Nos. 1, 2, and 20 be discontinued, and constituted in one district, to be called the village district, provided such shall be the wish of the several districts respectively.”

At a meeting of the legal voters of District No. 1, on April 24, 1848, a committee of five were chosen to take measures for building a new schoolhouse. It was also voted at this meeting “to join Districts 2 and 20 to form a high school.” The meeting adjourned to May 6, at which time the district acted on various matters, as though no vote to join the other districts had been passed. Several votes were passed and this was the last meeting held by District 1.

There were various other meetings and various committees chosen until, finally, on June 20, 1848, a petition was sent to the legislature, stating that the three above mentioned districts had united and formed one district with the consent of the town, and requesting the passage of an act confirming the action of the town “and giving to said

district power to raise annually such sum of money as may be needed for the support of the public schools therein." This petition was signed by Abner B. Thompson and 19 others in District 1, by Robert P. Dunlap and 35 others in District 2, and by Parker Cleveland and 23 others in District 20.

In accordance with the petition the legislature, the same year, passed an act confirming the vote of the town, and granted to the village district, all the powers and privileges of other districts in the State.

After the passage of the act, measures were taken, for the organization of the village district. The Board of Agents made a report Sept. 27, 1848, in which they recommended the purchase of a lot on Union street, between O'Brien and Lincoln street, for the erection of a grammar and high school building, the renting and furnishing of rooms for those schools until each building should be erected, and for the enlargement and repair of the primary schoolhouse. In their next report, the Board stated that all schools had been organized according to the plan agreed upon. During the winter of 1848-9, four primary and two grammar schools had been taught. The number of teachers employed was 11; eight in the primary schools, two in the principal grammar school, and one in the select grammar school. The number of pupils at this time in the primary schools was 446; in the principal grammar school 125; and in the select grammar school, 46.

The select grammar school was a temporary expedient made use of at this time since the number of pupils fitter to enter a high school was too small to justify the immediate establishment of such a school. It had, however, been necessary to establish a fourth primary school on Union street.

In concluding the report the Board congratulated the district on the successful introduction of a new and better system of school and in their report for the year ending April 2, 1849. The superintending school committee also spoke of the very decided improvement in consequence of the adoption of the graded system and the uniformity of school books.

Trouble soon arose. Taxes levied by the district had not been collected. Some were hostile to the new school system. An attempt was made to procure from the legislature, a repeal of the Act of Incorporation of the Village District. The petition was signed by John Crawford and 104 others who declared that the plan of uniting the school into one district had proved a failure. A remonstrance against a repeal was at once started. It was signed by Robert P. Dunlap, Adam Lemont and 221 others. Truth in regard to the feeling is shown in the fact that District 1, 20 petitioned for the Act of Incorporation of the Village District, 35 petitioned for the repeal of the act and 67 remonstrated against a repeal. The whole matter seems to be one of taxes, of borrowing, of paying or not paying, until finally, a law suit ensued concerning the constitutionality of the Act of Incorporation of the Village District. In the end Judge Howard in an exhaustive review of all the questions raised upon either side fully sustained the Board of Agents. This, March 1, 1851, ended one of the most important law suits in which the village of Brunswick has ever been a party, and both sides deserve credit for persisting in bringing, to a legal settlement, questions of such importance to the welfare of the town, and to the interest of education in general.

At the next meeting of the village district, Prof. William Smyth made a report in behalf of the building committee, who, with the Board of Agents, had selected the lot of

Miss Narcissa Stone, on the corner of Federal and Green streets. More difficulty with taxpayers, but finally on Tuesday, Dec.9, 1851, just 77 years ago, the new brick schoolhouse was dedicated. The services were opened by Prof. William Smyth. Prof. D.R. Goodwin gave an account of the schools after which John S.C. Abbott made remarks. After a prayer by Rev. Dr. Adams, Messrs. Adams, Boody, and Smyth spoke, a hymn was sung, and the benediction was pronounced by Father Stetson.

The cost of the brick schoolhouse was \$5,885.44, cost of lot \$1,000 not included. A portion of this was raised by load (\$5,000), the balance by a direct tax.

In 1867, the brick schoolhouse on Bath street was built, and in September, 1872 the school house on the corner of Federal and Center streets was completed.

In 1876, the whole number of schools in town was 23, the number of teachers 31; the total amount of money received from all sources, \$10,403.08.

The history of the development of a school system in Topsham is, as we have already seen, similar to that of Brunswick. It is believed that the Topsham village high school was established about 1854. The names of teachers prior to 1800 are unknown. The earliest teacher of whom there is any record is Rev. Jonathan Ellis, who taught between 1789 and 1811. At first he taught in a schoolhouse at the eastern end of town near the old first meeting-house; afterwards in the schoolhouse which stood on a lot owned by Capt. William S. Skolfield, on the corner of Pleasant and Elm streets. Afterward he kept a school in the court house, where he was at the time of the great eclipse of the sun in 1806.

In 1802, John Hern taught in a small schoolhouse which stood near the Benjamin Wilson house. About 1825, Josiah Perham came to Topsham and taught the village school. In later years he was well known for his "Perham's Excursions", and still later for "Perham's Seven-Mile Mirror"; a panorama, which was exhibited in the principal cities of the country. He is said to have been the first man to sign a petition for a charter for the Pacific railroad.

The academic institutions of the two towns were the Brunswick Academy and the Topsham Academy. The former was a Gothic structure which stood on Maine street, opposite the southwest corner of the college grounds. It was built by President Allen for a classical school. The first teacher was William Smyth (afterwards professor) who taught the first quarter ending December 1824, and the second quarter which began a week later was taught by William Hatch. The building was used only a few terms for a school. It was then used by college students, and later as a dwelling by Charles J. Noyes. Still later it was torn down and rebuilt as a dwelling.

The Topsham Academy was started in 1847 or 1848 by a few prominent citizens of the town. They purchased the old court house which was made into an excellent schoolhouse with recitation rooms, a library, etc. The teachers were Messrs Dexter Hawkins, Bowdoin 1847; Charles H. Wheeler, Bowdoin 1847; Messrs. Albert H. Ware and George O. Robinson, both Bowdoin 1849; Francis Adams 1850; John Clement, and last of all, Joshua Loughton, Bowdoin 1857. The school was given up about 1858, having had an existence of about 10 years.

Pleasant Street seminary was erected in Brunswick on the south side of Pleasant street, not far from Maine street, in the winter of 1842 and 1843. It was dedicated March 23, 1843. An address was delivered by Prof. A.S. Packard, and there was singing by a choir under the direction of Charles J. Noyes. The first term began March 20, 1843 under

the instruction of M.B. Bartlett, Bowdoin 1842. Mr. Bartlett is said to have been an excellent teacher, and the school was a good one. After three years Mr. Bartlett was succeeded by Alfred W. Pike, a graduate of Dartmouth. He was already an experienced teacher. Later the building was used as an Episcopal Chapel and afterwards moved to Maine street to be used as a store.

The Brunswick Seminary was incorporated in 1845 with the purpose "of establishing an institution, in which the youth of both sexes might receive a thorough and practical knowledge of those branches of education which pertain especially to the every-day business of life; and also those higher branches of a finished education, which are taught in boarding schools and the higher seminaries."

The commodious building obtained for the school on the corner of Maine and School streets is now the residence of Mrs. George Skolfield. The trustees of the school were Hon. Robert P. Dunlap, president; John S. Cushing, Esq., secretary; Parker Cleveland, LL.D, treasurer; Leonard Woods, Jr. D.D.; Gen. Abner B. Thompson, Rev. George E. Adams, and Gen. John C. Humphreys.

The instructors in 1845-6 were C. Clinton Swallow, M.A., principal; Miss Tryphena B. Hinckley, preceptress; Miss Frances E. Stowe; teacher of music; Miss Oliva J. Record, drawing and painting; Albion K. Knight, M.A., vocal music; Miss Evelina Owen, assistant; Miss Mary B. Hill, Miss Ellen S. Shaw, John W. Watson, John S. Fuller, monitors. During the first year there were 169 students, of whom 81 were young men and 88 young women.

Of the innumerable smaller private schools of all sorts, only a few can here be mentioned. Miss Eunice Buss came to Brunswick in 1802 as a friend and companion of Miss Lucy Abbott, daughter of the Hon. Jacob Abbott of Rollo book fame. After Abbott's marriage in 1805, Miss Buss taught a small school for young children. After Mr. Abbott's death in 1820, the family prepared a small house for her in a corner of the garden-lot where Dr. Phillip Mason's house now stands. She taught here a number of years, highly esteemed, and often acting as the presiding officer in many of the ladies' charitable associations. In 1835 she returned to her former home in Wilton, N.H. because of impaired health.

Mrs. Caroline Putnam, wife of Henry Putnam, Esq., and mother of George P. Putnam, the New York publisher, taught school in Brunswick for about 18 years. From 1807 to 1809 she taught in the old Dunlap house later the residence of the family of Dr. John D. Lincoln. Miss Narcissa Stone was for a time her assistant.

Mrs. Putnam taught for a year or two in the Forsaith house, built in 1794 by Major Swift, just south of Dr. Lincoln's, occupying the southeast room for her schoolroom, and from there she moved to the old Stone mansion near the corner of Maine and Mill streets, somewhat back from each. She occupied one half of the house and Dean Swift the other. Here she taught until 1825, when the house was destroyed by fire. She then moved to New York where she remained. She was called by those who knew her, an excellent woman and a good teacher.

Asa Dodge, Bowdoin 1827, afterwards a missionary in Syria, "taught a school for young gentlemen and ladies" in 1829 and a few years after, in the conference room on Center street. His school was considered one of the best ever kept in Brunswick. He was a fine scholar and instructor, and a very superior man. He died in Bierot, Syria.

Miss Tryphena B. Hinckley, a notable private school teacher, came first to Topsham in 1842 to assist kin Mrs. Fields school. Two years later Mrs. Fields resigned and Miss Hinckley took her place for one year after which was persuaded to unite her school with Principal Swallow's Brunswick seminary. About a year later Miss Hinckley left this school and taught a day school in the Pleasant street seminary. A year later she leased a house on the corner of Pleasant and Union streets, afterwards owned and occupied by Samuel R. Jackson, and here she kept a boarding school for young ladies. From here she moved to the O'Brien house where she taught for seven years, having a large and prosperous school. Finally she bought a house opposite the college, of John S.C. Abbott, and to this she made additions and improvements. In all her schools she had been assisted by her sister, Miss Josephine Hinckley, who excelled in drawing. Miss Fannie White, Madam Zimmerman, a German lady and fine music teacher, Miss Frances Adams, afterwards the wife of President Chamberlain, Miss Lizzie McKeen, Miss Fannie Stowe, Miss Sarah Newman, Miss Emily Poole and Miss Sophia W. Wheeler were all assistants to Miss Hinckley. For men assistants she depended on the college.

Under special schools in Brunswick one finds a dancing academy and schools for embroidery, French, music, navigation, fancy painting, singing, writing, and other subjects.

There are two fine mansions on Elm street in Topsham, side by side, to which much interest is attached, both residential and scholastic. The first was built by Dr. Benjamin Jones Porter, in 1802. When he moved to Camden in 1829 the house passed into the hands of his brother-in-law, Governor William King, the first Governor of Maine. In 1843 it was purchased by Francis T. Purinton whose family occupied it for many years, after which it changed owners several times before becoming the property of its present owner, Ellis L. Aldrich, Esq.

In this beautiful house, Mrs. Elizabeth Fields carried on her famous school from 1831 to 1844, when she was succeeded by Miss Tryphena Hinckley to whom reference has already been made.

Mrs. Fields was the widow of Robert Fields, Esq., an English barrister, who came to America and for many years practiced his profession in Boston. He died in 1812 and in 1830 Mrs. Fields while visiting General King's family in Bath chanced in an afternoon's drive to pass Doctor Porter's house which General King pointed out to her as his property, once the residence of his sister, and now likely to remain unoccupied for years. At once the idea suggested itself to Mrs. Fields of taking it for a young ladies' boarding school. The necessary arrangements were made, and in 1831 the school opened with 12 boarding, and as many day pupils. General King sent his only daughter, and used his influence, which was not small, in inducing his friends in Augusta and elsewhere to send their daughters. Miss Caroline Weld was the first assistant teacher. Later the assistance of Miss Mary Thacher, daughter of Peter Thacher, Esq. of Lubec, a person of mind and intellectual attainment, was secured in 1838. Miss Thacher left to be married and her place was filled by Miss Hester A. Hinckley from Hallowell, equally competent, but one who also left to be married. She was followed by her accomplished sister, Miss Typhena Hinckley.

Mrs. Fields was an English woman of marked ability and refinement and fitted for any station in life, but her reputation in this vicinity is said to have been mainly due to her pre-eminent qualities as an instructor.

Next to the old Porter house on the west side, stands the old Major William Frost house, which was built in 1806 by Captain Daniel Holden, the Free Masons paying largely for the privilege of having a lodge room in it. Nathaniel Green kept a tavern in it between 1831 and 1836, to accommodate persons attending court.

Dancing schools were often kept in the hall after it was vacated by the Free Masons. From Mr. Green it passed into the hands of Major William Frost, whose widow, in 1856, sold it to Warren Johnson, Bowdoin 1854, for a boarding school. Mr. Johnson enlarged it somewhat, and on May 20, 1857, opened the school under the name of the Franklin School. Later, the growth of the school necessitated the building of an extended ell for a dormitory, and beyond that a large and well equipped gymnasium. These additions have, in recent times, been torn down.

The whole period of the school covered nearly 40 years from 1857 to 1906. Founded before the popularity of our fully developed high schools, the purpose was to form a home school, said to have been modeled after the Farmington Little Blue School, to meet the need of the sons of the flourishing captains of the time, who with their wives were away for long voyages.

Mr. Johnson was fortunate in the selection of what was considered one of the most beautiful estates in the vicinity, covering nearly 40 acres, extending out over Mt. Ararat, and overlooking the Androscoggin river. The house was one of the fine old two and a half story houses, with a large terraced lawn in front, and a play ground at the side. There was a pretty little pond between the school and the Purinton mansion, which was good for skating in winter, and for immersions at other times. Falling into the water, which was not very deep, came to be a sort of initiative act, for every new boy was sure to get his wetting, and just as sure to parade himself, dripping, through the house, entering by the front door the better to show himself off.

Warren Johnson was a man of recognized educational ability and a "born teacher." He was assisted in the school by his brother, Samuel Johnson and by his brother-in-law, Humphrey A. Randall. In 1866, when Warren accepted the position of State superintendent of schools, Mr. Randall took charge of the school for a time. When he left in 1868, Samuel Johnson became principal for a year or more, when he was succeeded by R.O. Lindsay, who was followed by Oscar Billings, and Daniel F. Smith.

In 1875 Daniel L. Smith was pressed by Warren Johnson to take the school, which had suffered somewhat from too frequent changes.

Mr. Smith, who ended the school, like Mr. Johnson who founded it, was a recognized educator in the State, and held positions as superintendent of schools, before and after he came to Topsham. He too was a born teacher. Mr. Smith was assisted in many ways by his wife who had been a teacher before her marriage, and later by his eldest daughter. He also had for assistants, men from the college, and usually native French and German teachers.

Throughout its history the aim of the school was to provide a home-like atmosphere, with high moral standards, and an opportunity to fit for business or for any college in the country. Bookkeeping was taught in connection with various sorts of assorted business carried out by groups of boys. The real teaching was done in the schoolroom. The practical part was done in recreation hours. Sometimes the house was an imaginary shop. The cupola was the pilot house. Lines extended from various windows to there and all sorts of signals were given. If a storm prevailed it was not

unusual for a polite boy to offer his arm to one of the ladies of the family in going to the dining room, saying "the ship is pitching a good deal this evening."

The age of the pupils ranged from 10 to 17. All courses essential to an English and Classical education were included in the curriculum, and each student, whether fitting for college or for his life work, had the personal attention of the principal.

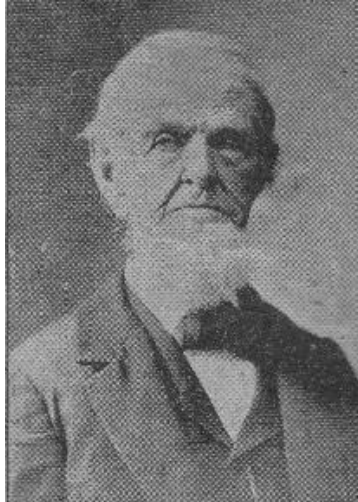
Classes were conducted in what had been the dance hall of former times made into a schoolroom. There was a gallery at one end which had been occupied by the musicians in the dance hall days.

A large reading room downstairs served also as a recitation room and sometimes as a playroom.

In the last period of the school there were about 30 boys in the family, and a good number of day pupils. Those in the house were largely sons of sea captains, congressmen, European travelers and widows. It often happened that many stayed through the holidays, and Christmas was a very merry time. It was necessary to have two trees, both of which would be laden with handsome gifts.

Charles R. Flint of New York, the author of "Memories of an Active Life," and the late William J. Curtis and his brother Malcolm, were members of the school in its early period. Harry Thomas, nephew of the late Hon. W. W. Thomas, former minister to Sweden; two sons of Congressman Dingley, Arthur and Albert; Harry Sawyer, member of an old Boston family; Albert and John Perry, brothers of Robert Perry of Brunswick; Charles A. Gilman, Edward H. Willis, and all the children of Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey R. Thompson of Topsham were pupils of the last period.

The school came to an end in 1889 because of the failing health of the principal Daniel L. Smith. The property which was bought from Warren Johnson, he sold to his neighbor Humphrey Purinton, who was the living in the old Porter house now owned by Mr. Aldrich. The present owner of the Franklin School building minus its ell and gymnasium is Arthur H. Bell of Brookline, Mass., who uses it as a summer residence.



DEATH OF THEODORE S. McLELLAN
Aged Citizen of Brunswick Passed Away Last
Sunday—Buried with Masonic Honors
Brunswick Record
1904

Theodore S. McLellan, at the age of 93 years, passed away last Sunday morning after an illness of only a few days. On the Monday preceding his death he was seen on the street for the last time, and he then spoke of weakness that betokened the approaching end of his long life. The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon, and was conducted by United Lodge of Masons of which body Mr. McLellan was the eldest member. The Masons after assembling at their hall marched to his residence on Park Row and the impressive services of the order were performed by Rev. E.D. Johnson, rector of St. Paul's church and chaplain of the lodge. Selections were given by the Aeolian quartette of Lewiston. The bearers were, Lyman E. Smith, A.F. Varney, C.A. Pierce, and S.C. Whitmore, all members of the lodge. A splendid floral triangle, bearing a design of the square and the compass, was the conspicuous tribute to the departed brother.

The Masons again formed in line and escorted the remains to Pine Grove cemetery where the burial rites were performed.

For the greater part of a century Mr. McLellan had lived in Brunswick and in his remarkably retentive memory he had a wonderful knowledge of the history of the town and its people. His personal knowledge of Brunswick was greater than that of any man now living and it was always a pleasure to him to talk of the changes that had come to pass within his lifetime. He was very much interested in Masonry and regularly attended the meetings of United Lodge even up to his last days. His devotion to the lodge made it especially appropriate for his brother Masons to have charge of his funeral, and the large number in line testified to the affection and respect that was felt toward him.

Mr. McLellan was undoubtedly the oldest printer in Maine and one of the oldest publishers. Although he had not for many years been engaged in active work in these lines of business he was always interested in printing and in newspapers. He called frequently at the Record office and always had a story or item of news to contribute to its

columns. Age had affected his hearing and his sight, but had not affected his memory, his interest in the events of the day or his general disposition.

Theodore S. McLellan was born in Gray, 22 miles from Brunswick, on Dec. 12, 1811. His father was Joseph McLellan who came to Brunswick in 1819. His mother was Rebecca Stone, who was born in Fort George, the ancient structure that once stood on the site of the tower of Cabot Mills.

Coming here as a boy eight years of age Mr. McLellan was sent to school. At first he was a pupil in a private school kept by Mrs. Catherine Putnam at the corner of Maine and Lincoln Streets. Then he attended a public school in the building on Federal Street, which is now the home of the Niagara Engine company, and later he attended the Red school which was located on what is now School Street.

As a schoolboy Mr. McLellan became acquainted with Longfellow, Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce, who were students at Bowdoin College. With Pierce Mr. McLellan used to take long tramps in the woods and often went pigeon hunting.

After leaving school Mr. McLellan took up the printer's trade and served his time in the office of Joseph Griffin. While employed there he did all the press work and most of the type work on Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's "Outre Mer, or Tales of the Sea."

Having finished his apprenticeship Mr. McLellan decided to enter upon newspaper work and during the years 1837-1838 he published the Regulator, a Democratic paper, of which I.A. Beard was the editor. This was followed in 1842 by the Brunswicker, which Mr. McLellan with John Dunlap as editor, printed as a neutral paper. The Brunswicker was in turn succeeded by the Yaggerhammer, of which only a few numbers were published before it was suspended.

McLellan's father, Joseph McLellan, was postmaster of this town from 1823 to 1840. When his father decided to retire in 1840, Theodore announced that he was a candidate for the position and on Dec 29 of that year he received his appointment. He served until Feb. 9, 1842, when he was succeeded by Elijah P. Pike, who served for only a few months over a year, and on Sept. 11, 1843, Mr. McLellan was again appointed postmaster and this time served until May 2, 1849.

One of the most interesting chapters in Mr. McLellan's career dates back to the fifties when he was in California. While working in the gold mines he met a man in Sacramento who had taken a contract to do State printing and who wanted a book printer. "He asked me to go to work for him," said Mr. McLellan in relating the story, "and offered me \$16 a day to act as foreman. The regular hands were paid \$12 a day. I went to work and after that contract was completed bought an interest in the establishment. I remember well the first day I worked there. After we had completed the day's work, which was ten hours, a man came in and wanted 30 copies of a small handbill printed. None of the others were willing to work overtime so accommodate him. I did the job, charging him \$20. That price didn't seem at all unreasonable. The paper we published, a four page sheet, sold for 25 cents a copy. Board was \$15.00 a week. Doctors charged \$16.00 a visit. Other things were in that proportion." In 1852 Mr. McLellan was taken seriously ill with cholera and was compelled to return to Brunswick.

On Dec. 4, 1842, Mr. McLellan was married to Miss Mary Owen. Mrs. McLellan was born April 13, 1822 and her death occurred last December, shortly after the 62d anniversary of their wedding. They had three children, two of them are living. Charles, a

railroad superintendent at Topeka, Kan. And Louise, who is the wife of Prof. Sheldon of Boston.

In the same year that he was married Mr. McLellan took the degrees in the United Lodge No. 7, F. and A.M. of this town. In 1848 he took the degrees in Montgomery chapter and on April 18, 1900, at the age of 88 years, he took the degrees in Mt. Vernon Council being the oldest man that ever took that degree in the United States.

Mr. McLellan has distinguished ancestors. His father, Joseph McLellan, as a boy joined a privateering crew during the Revolutionary War. His grandfather got the news of the battle of Lexington in Portland on a Sunday morning and the next day started with five other men to join Col. Prescott's army in Cambridge. Later he was sent home to raise a company. The two oldest sons also went to war, but Mr. McLellan's father being only 13 years of age, was told to stay at home. The martial spirit of that time, however, soon prevailed over the counsel of his parents and he went aboard a privateer in Portland. That vessel was captured by a British warship and sent to St. John. Mr. McLellan's father with another boy was sent ashore near Mt. Desert Island to dig clams, and they took advantage of the opportunity to escape. After two days and nights in the woods they reached the town of Waldoboro.

Joseph McLellan later became postmaster of Gray and held the same office in Brunswick up to the time of his death in 1840.

Mr. McLellan's grandfather on his mother's side kept a tavern in Brunswick in 1764 at the corner of Mill and Maine Streets. He paid \$2.00 for a lot of land which extended 10 rods on Maine Street.

“DEAD SHIP” OF HARPSWELL

Last Appearance of Spectral Craft Was Eighteen Years Ago

Brunswick Record
November 2, 1906

There are still living in Harpswell, Maine, aged men who believe in her “Dead Ship”—a picturesque tradition familiar to them from childhood and readily accepted as truth by these old men of the sea; who share the superstitions of all sailors and whose fancies lean to the romantic and picturesque.

Harpswell is not the only locality that numbers a phantom ship among her traditional and misty belongings, but her phantom has been immortalized in the verse of Longfellow, and is thus distinguished from the common sorts of ghost ships that are told of in ship chandleries all along the shore from Eastport to Kittery. Longfellow had the story of the Harpswell apparition from old sailors in Harpswell Neck, who were full of superstitious lore and believed in their romances of the sea as much as they did in the stories of John Paul Jones or the fight off Monhegan between the Enterprise and the Boxer.

The Harpswell people declared that the Dead Ship came often to their shores, although she never reached the harbor. She came always at day’s end generally in stormy weather; appearing in the offing and coming straight in, with all sail set, only to fade away like a mist when close in. Not only the Harpswell folk, but the fishermen of the islands of Casco Bay, believed, in the phantom, and all the ill omens of her coming—that her appearance off shore was a sure sign that within a month crepe would hang upon the door or one of those who had seen her. Longfellow, who had spent much time in the company of these sailor fishermen, heard and was familiar with all their tales and selecting the most picturesque of these he wove them into the poem that is so familiar to readers of his works.

The Harpswell tars told the poet all the details of the ghost ship’s appearance—how she seemed always to come in a fog, or mist, although the weather at the time might be perfectly clear. No crew was to be seen upon her decks, no hand at her helm, and she came on with neither flap of sail or creak of block, like a veritable spirit ship. She was much like the celebrated Flying Dutchman, or the phantom of Coleridge’s Ancient Mariner.

In the first half of the nineteenth century Harpswell was a hamlet literally steeped in the superstitions of the sea and rich in quaint romances. Its fisheries were as famous as those of Gloucester, only less practical, and far more picturesque in speech and manner. The memories of Harpswell’s old men and women teemed with traditions striking and entertaining, regarding the great sea whence the community won its subsistence—the phosphorescent gleam upon the water, the Northern lights and other electrical phenomena, all were looked upon as things of supernatural origin, foreboding good or ill to the mariner. These superstitions yet remain firmly planted in the minds of the older people, and thus it is that one occasionally meets with aged mariners who have strong faith in the existence of the Dead Ship, and who would not be surprised to see her standing for the shore any evening now.

Cundy's Harbor One Of Best
Prepared Towns On Coast
Hopes To Buy Fire Engine Soon; Water Rescue,
First Aid and Emergency Housing Corps Are Organized
Brunswick Record
January 29, 1942

Members of the Cundy's Harbor fire department are wishing today that they had a fairy godmother who could provided them with the wherewithal to buy half a fire engine.

Not that they are considering the purchase of only half a pumper. It's simply that they have half the necessary funds. And while they don't expect to find a fairy-godmother they do have hopes that contributions for the other half will be forthcoming from property owners of that section, both resident and non-resident.

As a matter of fact, the fire department has already made arrangements to buy the pumper, a second-hand fire truck still in good condition. If the deal is completed the pumper will be thoroughly overhauled and re-outfitted with new equipment, including a 200 gallon booster tank, auxiliary pumps, chemical tanks and ladders.

The Cundy's Harbor fire department has already made considerable progress since its organization less than a year ago. Under the leadership of Chief Oscar Stuart and Assistant Chief Sidney W. Watson, it is also serving on one of the observation posts in the Aircraft Warning Service.

More recently, the fire department has instigated the formation of a water rescue committee which includes the owners of many fishing boats in the village. The boats are equipped with litters, and first aid kits, and will be ready to respond on short notice for rescue work along this section of the coast.

The village also has a well-trained first aid corps, which is prepared to care for shipwrecked persons who might be brought ashore there. As a further measure of this program, a list has been compiled of 50 rooms and 75 beds that can be thrown open to victims of sea warfare.

The water rescue committee is under the direction of Ernest W. Darling. The first aid unit is in charge of Mrs. Oscar Stuart.

It is believed that Cundy's Harbor is one of the few towns along the Maine coast that has such a rescue unit all organized.



Cumberland Theatre Is Little World In Itself

Brunswick Record
September 24, 1931

"Well my dears, what are we going to do tonight?"

"I dunno, let's all go to the movies, huh?"

"Okey with me..."

So they all put on their best bonnets and come to the Cumberland Theatre in Brunswick, which is really quite a place. A careful regard for the little play-house shows much more to interest than the photo-plays presented nightly, the vaudeville shows once a week, or the genial smile awarded the customer by the door-man on the way in.

A theatre is in a class by itself. The people look at things differently. They speak a different language. They are almost as bad as newspaper people, but they wouldn't admit it.

The ordinary person would be lost if he wandered, by chance, back stage during a vaudeville show. It isn't much like what you think it is. Well, let's go in then, and see. The stage-door is around back here, and it's always open, so let's walk right in.

First we hear the distant tinkle of some instrument, and we know it is "Bunny" (Ernest to you) Stanwood, playing the tunes for a tap dance act. We can hear a tap-tippy-tap-tap-tap, and then it stops and the people start to clap.

But look around you. Over there two are playing checkers. One is the strong man in the first act, the other is the crooner that tried so hard to imitate Rudy Vallee, and both of them are good checker players. There is a little dancing girl picking fleas of her little dog, and a magician is helping her hold the beast, and not doing it very well.

These places along the side are dressing rooms, or more strictly speaking undressing rooms, and if you look here where the door is open you'll see the disorder that usually marks it as a dressing room. On the bench—perfumes, powders, make-up sticks, a mirror, a pair of shoes, a pipe, a banjo, a tall silk hat, a pair of long-legged underwear and maybe a dozen other things. But they belong to someone, and just as they were tossed in there this noon, they will be picked up again tonight, and as the troupe moves on the dressing room will empty again.

Just then they change an act. The magician has gone on and a rest is given the checker board. Now this ladder here goes up there where "Dempsey" is pulling ropes. Alexi Fournier is the handy man around the Cumberland. He works backstage Friday nights with the vaudeville crew, and has the job of pulling the curtains up and down. He stands up there on that platform, and he knows what every one of those hundreds of ropes are for.

But Dempsey can't work alone, one of his most needed helpers is the man who runs the lights. Let us introduce you to Bill Perry, stage manager. Bill knows how to run all these electric switches and by turning them off and on at the right times he makes the acts just so much better. It is Bill who puts the stage in darkness while Dempsey changes a curtain, and the rest of the boys swap a grand piano for a flock of canary cages, or erect a tight rope arrangement for the last act.

You can look out here and see the stage. In fact that is what everyone is doing. The audience sits in rapt attention before the footlights while the comedian tells that one about the three hares, and although you can see the audience fairly well, it is queer that they seldom see you. It's good they can't, for these wings of the stage often contain things that are not to be seen.

One night not so very long ago a comedian was taking off his stage pants and getting into his street clothes when the attention was drawn to something going on on the stage. He stepped over to the wing to see what it was all about. The audience couldn't see him. Luckily, too. But the player who was just going through his act got one look at the man, clad only in his underwear, and it threw him into a fit of laughter, that spoiled the act. The comedian was to blame, maybe, but still, can't a man go without his pants, if he wants to?

The member of a vaudeville team sees the shows put on by others three times a day during the tour, but they stand in the wings and watch every night. Sometimes they get to wise-cracking—cracks that can be heard by each other and by the players on the stage, but which are too low for the audience to get. This makes the show more enjoyable from back-stage, because those players all have ready wits.

It is a good thing that they do have, when they play Brunswick, especially in winter. "When we leave here," said a player one night, "we know just what we are good for, and just what we are like. If we are good, we get a good hand, and are appreciated. If we are lousy, they give us the berry. It makes you feel bad if you get razzed, but the first-class acts get more fun playing Brunswick than any other town on the circuit. The college students appreciate good stuff, but they have a good sense of criticism, and they resent any poor playing. Consequently we do our best here every time, and I'll bet the Brunswick show is the best on the circuit."

The end of the vaudeville show is followed by getting the screen into position for the showing of the pictures. A drop is run down in front, the stage cleared, and the screen pushed into place. Then that scratchy noise indicates the coming of the talkies begins, and the vaudeville show is over until the next time. The second show ends the evening's work, and the troupe crowds into a bus, and goes to Biddeford, where they play the next day.

The pictures are another part of the show, and the Cumberland is fitted up in great shape to take care of them. Perhaps one of the most wonderful things in our modern day

is the talking photo-play. The picture part has not changed much from the old silent ones, but the addition of the sound part makes another whole story.

Perhaps there will be people who won't believe it when they hear that the sound that comes from the screen is made by a beam of light, and not by a phonograph needle, or similar arrangement.

The long film, which runs through the camera at almost 100 feet a minute, is projected onto the screen by a bright arc-light, and after it passes through the projector it goes through the sound machine. Alongside the strip, just by the pictures, is a row of rectangular dots that contain the essence of the sound. A little beam of light is projected through the dots one after the other as they pass by a slot, and the beam of light brightens or goes dim, wavers and vacillates, according as the villain still pursues her, or that musical comedy star boo-boo-pa-doops.

And the wave of that little beam, sensitive to the extent that man's eye cannot see it waver, is recorded with accuracy in a sound machine, a cable carries the current vibrations to the stage and they are amplified and sent to the audience.

It hardly seems possible that what you hear is, really, something one would expect to see. Light and sound join forces, and you hear what is spoken because it is first a little beam of light.

How touching is the expression of the Homeric heroine, who stands atop the foredoomed towers of lofty Ilicem in the books of Troy, and in the wildness of the excitement of the siege she proclaims in a frenzy of fear, "I see a noise." With Homer it was merely a genius turning a phrase, a quintessence of poetry that had been loved through the centuries by scholars and laymen. The twentieth century turns Homer into a prophet, and the mechanics of our home turns his poetry into an everyday fact—patrons of the Cumberland "see a noise" or "hear a light" every day in the week, Sunday excepted. And often, according to the picture being shown, the pseudo-excitement of a siege of Troy, a French Revolution, a three-alarm fire, a horse race, or a gunfight in the early west is afforded to accompany this strange fact.

The projector room at the Cumberland Theatre has two machines, teamed up to present the many reels of the evening's show in one continuous performance. A reel is about a thousand feet, and takes eight or ten minutes to run. While one machine is supplying the screen with light and sound, the operator is getting the other ready. Every reel has on its end a little black spot that is a cue to the operator. The audience either does not see or does not notice it, but it is projected onto the screen that last thing before the reel ends. The operator of the machine is watching for it. He sees it. He immediately pulls a cord that turns on his machine and shuts off the other one. The audience often does not know the change.

An interesting thing is that the roll of film does not have the sound and the picture directly opposite each other. The picture is flashed on the screen by the upper part of the projector, and the sound is projected by the lower. This means that when the picture is in its place before the beam of light that throws it on the screen, the sound has already gone by that place, and its down underneath, being projected on another ray of light. In other words, the sound is some 20 or 24 pictures ahead of the picture being shown at that particular moment. They are both reproduced at exactly the same time, but they are recorded and projected at different times on the film.

The pictures are thrown on the screen at the rate of about 24 a second. Each small picture, hardly larger than a postage stamp on the film, is jerked into its place before the lens, and a small fan is synchronized so that the blade of the fan stops the ray of light from reaching the screen while the picture is changing. This gives the effect of moving pictures, for the human eye is a slow affair, and cannot see the rapid change of small pictures, but views the whole panorama as if the hundreds of small stationary pictures were moving on the screen. It is merely modern science putting across one of the greatest deceptions magicians ever dared think about. Indeed, the mind of the Record reporter who toured the theatre before preparing this article was quite unable to grasp much of it, and some things were too much for men who know enough about them to operate them for the public.

Like the woman of Troy, we see a noise, or hear the light, and don't know much about it. Lives of engineers, chemists, electricians, and other scientists have gone into the making of the movies we see at the Cumberland for a mere thirty cents.

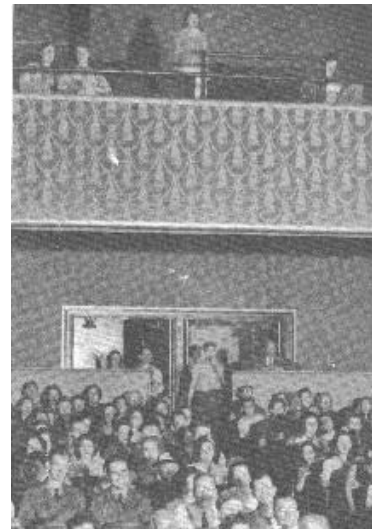
There is one other machine that they have at the Cumberland that is more easily understood. It is a phonograph arrangement that reproduces records to accompany otherwise silent films, such as the advertisements and the pre-views. But the most of the other films come all equipped with little dots to make a noise.

The Cumberland Theatre, as every one knows, is managed by William Murch, whom everyone knows. Mr. Murch, besides being the manager, is custodian of finances of Brunswick's Midnight Club. The theatre is one of a chain owned by the Maine and New Hampshire Theatre Company with offices in Boston. Mr. Murch therefore gets all the credit for the good things at the theatre, and blames all the mistakes on his Boston office, which is a very sensible thing to do. For example, when "An American Tragedy" was billed here, it didn't come, and Mr. Murch passed all one afternoon and evening out front of this theatre explaining to would-be customers that the picture would be "Mother's Millions" instead. Mr. Murch was absolutely blameless. His Boston office had sent him a list of the pictures he would receive on that particular week, and had made a mistake in one of them. The public could not know, Mr. Murch was criticized somewhat (not as much as he thought he was, however, for those things always seem worse than they really are) and the Boston officials smugly sat at their desks and shrugged their shoulders.

There are two kinds of existence and work that always seem to fascinate people, who are not connected with them. One is the newspaper field, and the other is the theatre. There seems to be glamour, romance, and excitement, piled en masse in both of them. Maybe there is, but maybe there isn't. However, the theatre somehow holds a fascination for all, and the Cumberland in Brunswick is a good little theatre—"The Finest in Maine" as it has been called. Take a bow, Mr. Murch.



Left to right: John Barnes, house officer,; Thomas Labbe operator; Leo St. Pierre, usher;
Gertrude Boucher, Box office girl; "The Old Dog," Murch the Manager;
Johnie Peabody, usher; Ferdinand Cloutier, cameraman and operator;
Alexis Fournier, doorman



Cotton Mills In Maine

History of One of the Great Industries of the State

Brunswick Record
November 19, 1910

“The manufacture of cotton goods in Maine was begun about 100 years ago,” according to an article on cotton goods in the Directory of Manufacturing Industries of Maine, just issued by the Bureau of Industries and Labor Statistics. “One of the pioneer mills was established in Brunswick in 1809, another at Wilton in 1810, and a third in Gardiner in 1811. According to the census figures of 1810, there were 811,912 yards of cotton and cloth manufactured in Maine within the census year, but whether this was all factory product is not made clear. There were 780 spindles reported, but a part of them may have been woolen spindles, as the John Mayall woolen factory is claimed to have been running in Lisbon previous to that time. Woolen and mixed goods were then practically made on hand looms in the homes of our farmers.

In 1820, returns made to the Legislature show that there were nine cotton and woolen factories in Maine, but it is probable that a majority of them were woolen mills. We have seen it stated on apparently good authority that there were then six small woolen mills in the state. The capital invested was small, only \$11,000 for the nine mills. Two were located in Cumberland county, with \$3,000 capital; 1 in Hancock, with \$1,000; 2 in Kennebec with \$3,000; 2 in Lincoln, with \$2,000, and 2 in York with \$2,000. In these early figures it is often impossible to segregate the cotton and woolen mills, or the hand made and factory products.

It is clear, however, that cotton manufacturing in Maine had a very humble origin and that its early growth was slow. To show some of the vicissitudes of the industry in its early days we here give some facts as gleaned from Wheeler’s History of Brunswick, Topsham and Harpswell, in the development of the plant known as the Cabot mill

The first factory was established by the Brunswick Cotton Manufacturing Company, which was incorporated March 4, 1809. Cotton yarn was made, which was shipped to other mills to be made into cloth. The mill did not prove a success and it is said that the stockholders lost all their capital.

The second mill was that of the Maine Cotton and Woolen Factory Company, which was incorporated in October, 1812. This company erected a woolen mill and also bought the building of the Brunswick Cotton Manufacturing Company, which they used for a store house. In 1820 there were 1,248 cotton spindles and 240 woolen spindles in full operation, also 9 woolen looms, and carding and fulling machines in proportion. About 100 operatives were employed and 100,000 yards of cotton cloth turned off annually, but the amount of woolen goods produced in not given. Both the factory and store house were burned in 1825. Soon after the fire, a mill for carding wool and dressing cloth was established by John Dyer, which was called the Eagle Factory.

In 1834, the Brunswick Company was incorporated. In 1836, among the assets of the company was a new mill of undressed granite, five stories high, 146 feet long, 45 wide, and capable of containing 5,120 spindles of cotton spinning. The company ran this factory until 1840, when it was leased to Allen Colby, who managed it until March, 1843, when it was sold at auction in Boston to Whitewell, Seaves & Company, for \$34,400. This latter company entrusted the management of it to A.P. Kimball and John Dunning

Coburn of Boston, who soon afterwards purchased it; but after carrying on the business for a few years, the firm failed and the mill went into the hands of the Worumbo Manufacturing Company, which was incorporated in 1847.

Cabot Manufacturing Co.

This new company ran the business a few years, when it also failed, and in 1853 the property was bought by the Cabot Company, but on account of debts and a number of stockholders failing to pay their assessments, it was sold at auction in 1857, going into the hands of a newly organized company called the Cabot Manufacturing Company, with a capital of \$400,000, and the mill was enlarged and improved at an expense of \$40,000. The establishment then contained 9,000 spindles and 235 looms, gave employment to 175 hands, with a monthly payroll of \$3,000, and turned out weekly 50,000 yards of plain cotton cloth.

Thus for nearly half a century, this enterprise struggled through poverty, misfortune and failure, before it was established on a firm financial basis. Various enlargements and improvements have from time to time, been made until now the mill contains 72,000 spindles and gives employment to 650 operatives.

In 1826, a cotton mill was erected in Saco, which in 1829, had 1,200 spindles and 300 looms, and gave employment to about 400 persons; but in 1820 it was destroyed by fire. The location is now occupied by the mills of the York Manufacturing Company, containing 50,369 spindles, and where about 2,200 operatives are employed.

In Biddeford, the Laconia Company was organized in 1845 and the Pepperell Company in 1850, each erected mills which have since been engaged in the manufacture of cotton goods. The mills of both companies are now under the management of the Pepperell Company, run 200,000 spindles and furnish employment to approximately 3,600 hands.

In Lewiston, the Lincoln mill, the first to be started in that city, commenced operations in 1846, other mills followed, until it became the most important cotton manufacturing center in the state. The five mills now in operation are running 321,432 spindles and furnishing employment to nearly 5,000 operatives, while the Lewiston Bleachery and Dye Works, where cotton goods are dyed and finished, is now employing 250 operatives.

In Augusta, the making of cotton goods was commenced in November, 1845, in a small mill containing 10,000 spindles. This establishment has changed ownership and been enlarged several times, until it now contains 101,000 spindles, and gives employment to about 1,100 operatives. It is owned and operated by the Edwards Manufacturing Company.

At the Lockwood mills in Waterville, the manufacture of cotton goods was begun in 1876. The establishment now contains 80,320 spindles and employs 1,100 hands.

Other cotton mills in operation in the state at the present time are the Farwell mills in Lisbon, with 25,000 spindles and employing 312 hands; the Dana Warp Mills in Westbrook, of the Royal River Manufacturing Company at Yarmouthville, with 2,400 spindles and 65 hands; and those of the R.W. Lord Company in Kennebunk, with 3,896 spindles and 65 hands.

In the development of the cotton industry, in its earlier stages, the tendency was to the erection of many small plants, a very few of which have ceased to do business, but the policy of more recent years has been to consolidate and enlarge existing plants, rather than erection of new mills; and while the number of establishments in the State have, chiefly by the process of consolidation, been reduced fifty percent in the last thirty years, the number of spindles have increased thirty-one percent, and the number of hands employed over twenty-two percent.

The manufacture of cotton goods has for a long time been one of the most important industries in the State, for several decades taking first rank, and is still increasing.



Complete History of The Brunswick Air Station Many Obstacles Overcome In Building Maine's Largest Naval Air Station While Important Flying Missions Were Being Carried Out Brunswick Record April 13, 1944

As the United States Naval Air Station here celebrates the first anniversary of its commissioning on April 15, its officers, men and civilian workers can look back on a proud record that began even before April 15, 1943—all the way back to Oct. 16, 1942 when construction began; for the Air Station had to be built the hard way and built it was, four months ahead of schedule!

Used While Building

Operations which the navy had planned for Brunswick and its auxiliary facilities of that day—Lewiston, Sanford and Rockland—couldn't wait for the completion of the station. They had to begin at once. What was required, then, was that the station, in effect, had to be built around its operation. Planes had to fly their missions with all the concomitants of fueling, repair, administrative functions and arranging for quarters and messing facilities for officers and men while contractors were moving earth, erecting buildings, digging ditches for the various utilities and carrying out all the other manifold construction activities. It is one thing to build a station; and deliver it ready for use and quite another to have it used before building has hardly begun. That was number one of the reasons that the Brunswick Naval Air Station was built the hard way.

Many Obstacles

Number two was the weather. Nearly all of the men employed on the construction of the station and its facilities were Maine men. They thought they knew what to expect from a Maine winter but the cold and snow of the winter of 1942-3 far exceeded anything they had ever known. There was 40-below cold that made lumber freeze to the hardness of iron and storms that piled up new highs in snow levels. Yet construction went forward on two 10-hour-day shifts, seven days a week and planes flew their vital missions uninterrupted.

Number three was terrain. What is now the Naval Air Station at Brunswick was once a blueberry bog, a swamp, a heavily wooded area, two or three small cultivated areas and a modest airport. It was this last that provided the base for early naval flights, but the rest was a headache. The woods had to be cut off but, more urgently, the swamps and bogs had to be mucked out and filled and graded before the ground froze solid. And, on Oct. 16, 1942 the freeze wasn't far away. With willing workers, giant earthmoving

equipment and floodlights that extended into the night the job was done. As a matter of fact earth moving was the first actual construction work done when grading was begun for a new runway and extensions of the existing runways.

First Building

The first building to be begun was what is now Barracks No. 20 in anticipation of the receipt of the enlisted personnel. However it was soon evident that this building could not be completed in time and work was begun on what is now the control Tower. Despite the size of the building sixteen days from the day work was begun, the building was completed and occupied and they were sixteen of the worst days that super-winter had in stock.

First Arrivals

The first enlisted men arrived at Brunswick on December 20, 1942 and on January 13, 1943 the first mission was flown from what was then known as the "Prospective Naval Air Station." To many of the first men to arrive and live in a control tower that seemed to be surrounded by little but wilderness and bottomless cold, the prospects didn't seem to good.

To the uninformed eye, the site of Maine's biggest naval air station probably did look barren and unpromising late in 1942, but the plans that only a chose few could see, born in the design section at Boston Navy Yard, gave the shape of things to come. The contract was let to a Maine contractor, Stewart and Williams of Augusta, and work began forthwith.

Alderman Arrives

Construction was in full swing when Commander John C. Alderman USN, the present Commanding Officer, came aboard on March 3, 1943 to relieve Commander J. D. Ivey. His Executive Officer, Lt. Harry G. Pollard, now Facilities Officer since being relieved by Lt. Cmdr. J. G. Willett, the present Executive Officer, reported the next day.

When Cmdr. Alderman reported at Brunswick, he was fresh from campaigns in the Southwest Pacific, where he won the Navy Cross.

While Cmdr. Alderman won fame for seamanship, he is a naval aviator of long standing. Upon graduating from the Naval Academy on June 7, 1928, he served two years aboard the USS Colorado and then went to the Naval Air Station at Pensacola for flight training. His wings won, he thereupon embarked on a flying career that experienced nearly all of the many facets of naval aviation. Upon reporting at Brunswick, he therefore brought to the raw new air station a knowledge of flying hard-won through the years.

The Commissioning

By the time the date set for commissioning of the station rolled around, April 15, 1943, Brunswick was 70 percent completed and its auxiliary stations were, if anything, a little nearer finished. It was almost symbolic that the day of the commissioning, when Commander Alderman read the orders, assumed command and set the watch, simultaneously the watch was set on the auxiliary stations at Lewiston, Sanford and Rockland by telephoned orders, should be gray and raw after the rigorous weather in which the station had been built.

On September 1, 1943, all the construction called for in the original plans for the Brunswick station was completed. Its satellite fields had achieved completion two or three weeks earlier. The first of September completion date meant that in spite of the

worst winter in years, terrain and the complications of building a station in the midst of actual operations, the job had been done in four months less than the estimate. In less than a year, several million dollars worth of air station had been built at Brunswick along with three other fields, and each one had its own headaches thrown in for good measure.

Many Buildings

As the Air Station plans for the celebration of the first anniversary of its commissioning, it boasts a 100-bed hospital with the finest equipment north of Boston, a recreation hall with all manner of diversional equipment seating 800 men, a galley and mess hall that can serve 2500 meals at one time and, most important of all, everything necessary to keep planes flying.

In all the ten and a half months between October 16, 1942 and September 1, 1943 saw several miles of surfaced runways and taxi strips built and approximately 45 buildings erected on what was once a blueberry bog. To heat these buildings are two miles of steam lines radiating from a central heating plant. Five or six miles of water and electrical service facilities bring them water and light while three and a half miles of hard surfaced roads connect them. Those are only a few facts picked at random to illustrate the work that was done.

While not as spectacular as the construction job, the land-taking for the site by the Navy is of a piece with the expertness with which the building of the station was carried out. Of all the various parcels taken 98 percent of the claims are settled and less than one percent went to trial.

Tributes

Lt. Sutter, Assistant Officer in charge of construction, highly praised the spirit of the workmen, skilled and unskilled, who had a hand in the construction of the Brunswick station and its facilities. Many drove as many as 100 miles round trip per day to a job that often exposed them to extreme weather conditions on a 10-hour day, seven-days-a-week schedule. How well they served was emphasized last November when six of them including Walter S. Hall of Topsham, received the Navy Bureau of Yards and Docks Award for Meritorious Civilian Service. Lt. Sutter also paid tribute to the contractors who gave the Navy their utmost co-operation.

Training of British

But Brunswick and its facilities have not stood on the glowing record compiled during their days of construction, but under the guidance of Commander Alderman, have had a busy and important place in naval aviation during the year just passed. Much of the flying done is, of course, of a confidential nature but there is plenty of it and it is important. One of the vital contributions Brunswick and its auxiliary stations have made to the Allied war effort is the training of pilots of the British Fleet Air Arm. Scores of British pilots have already gone from Brunswick to meet and defeat the enemy.

There are American squadrons too, carrying out missions of all types in a wide variety of naval aircraft.

Since the commissioning ceremonies on April 15 of last year, two additional facilities have come into the Brunswick orbit—Bar Harbor and Casco Bay.

Construction has never really ceased on the station even since the original plans were completed. Buildings and facilities have been constantly built and expanded to meet the every-growing demands placed upon the Brunswick air station and its ever-widening

ring of auxiliary stations. At the present time, a chapel is being built at Brunswick to care more adequately for the spiritual needs of the personnel.

First Birthday

The celebration of the first anniversary of the commissioning of that station and its facilities on April 15, 1944, will be an elaborate one, highlighted by military ceremonies and brilliant social functions, and justly so for the Naval Air Station there has much to celebrate. Officers, enlisted men and civilians will all participate in the various phases of the celebration which is appropriate too, for all of them contributed to its fine record and all are striving to maintain it.

College Maintenance Crew Happy In Their Work

George Higgins Heads Resourceful Group; Recalls Earlier Days In Interview With Brunswick Record

Brunswick Record

May 13, 1943

George W. Higgins of 282 Maine Street, who has been employed by Bowdoin College almost as long as any other man on the work crew, can remember the day when he had to plow snow from the Delta at Harpswell Street and the Bath Road so that the Freshman and Sophomore classes of the college could pay one of their traditional football games in the Fall. Mr. Higgins smiled as he related how the town roller was called into service to flatten down the remaining snow after he had plowed all he could from the field. "And then," said the father of six children, "I marked out the playing field with hot coals from the heating plant." The contestants in the memorable game wore leather gloves with the fingers cut off, he told an interviewer from the Brunswick Record.

Mr. Higgins enjoys recalling the past days of Brunswick because he has spent most of his life here. It was almost with regret that he stated he had been born in Lewiston, but he hastened to add that that was merely because his father had temporarily moved away from Brunswick. Mr. Higgins' father was a stone mason a little less than a century ago, but the present foreman of the college carpentry shop did not follow in his father's footsteps as his own son, Clifford, is doing.

George Higgins, with his ability for carpentry and cabinet work, served his apprenticeship under Elmer White of Lisbon Falls, and subsequent jobs carried him to several other towns before he settled in Brunswick for good in 1911. Working for the E.I. Burrowes Screen Company in Portland, Mr. Higgins added that he helped make "hundreds of pool and billiard tables."

When anything needs repair at Bowdoin College in the woodworking line, it goes to the small brick building on the Bath Road where the college carpentry shop is located. "One fellow came in here and looked around some time back," said Mr. Higgins, "and then he said, 'Well some of it looks familiar.'" Mr. Higgins, who was dressed in his blue working clothes, went on to explain that that man had slept in that building when he was attending Bowdoin College. The present carpenter shop was not only used as a dormitory, but also as a gym.

When Mr. Higgins took over his present job the carpentry shop was heated by two stoves, but now the whole little building is heated by steam from the heating plant at the college. Under Mr. Higgins there is one regular carpenter and general handy man, and at the present time there are two extras. During the past few weeks the carpentry crew has busied itself with screens for the dormitory windows, but the real strain came last season when entirely new screens were made for Maine, Winthrop, Hyde and Moore Halls. The next extra job of the woodworking crew will be to repair damage done in the Deke fraternity house fire.

Spruce wood is rather difficult to get at the present time, Mr. Higgins said, but other woods may be obtained quite readily. In the basement of his carpentry shop the Bowdoin "Jack-of-all-Trades" has material stored which will enable him to accomplish almost any repair job which may be asked of him. He told the Brunswick Record reporter

that he never knew what would come up next. He and his crew have been able to handle difficulties in the past, and the future holds no terror for them.

Lack of necessary carpentry machines is made up by manual skill, for Mr. Higgins' shop is not fully equipped. The shop does house a band saw, a wood plane, and a saw table, but a lathe and a drill press would make the carpenters the happiest men in the world. Repairs and new materials are readily made in the open shop, which at the moment is filled with the aroma of newly planed pine boards, and in the small and adjacent building is located the paint shop where carpentry jobs may be given the necessary Spring coloring.

Mr. Higgins has lived with his wife Mrs. May Alice Higgins, on Maine Street since 1911. Their son George has a highly responsible job at the post exchange at Fort Williams, where he is a Staff Sergeant. Other children are Mrs. Bernice Stone, Mrs. Beatrice Nason, Miss Katherine P. Higgins, Clifton E. Higgins, and Walter S. Higgins, who is a state trooper.



**Chamberlain House Is Closely Linked
With Brunswick History
Halls Of Stately Mansion Have Felt The Tread of Many
Famous Persons Since It Was Built in 1820
Brunswick Record
July 5, 1934**

The Brunswick Record presents its readers with a history and description of the Chamberlain House which is one of the most historic places in the town.

The original house was a story and a half cottage which was built in the north side of Potter Street by Captain Pierce in 1820. It then passed into the possession of Mr. Fales. In 1831 Henry W. Longfellow and his bride went there to reside. At that time he was Professor of Rhetoric at Bowdoin, and later he said that the happiest days of his life were passed at this home. It is important to remember that Longfellow had no connection with the house as it stands today. The present "Longfellow Suite" is on the second floor of the house, as several years later General Chamberlain raised the original cottage and built a new first story beneath the house.

The third owner was Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, from whom Joshua L. Chamberlain purchased the house in 1861. At this time Mr. Chamberlain was Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Bowdoin. When the purchase was made Mr. Chamberlain's financial ability was by no means equal to his good name and high standing in the community. But the President of the local bank was a friend of Mr. Chamberlain, and he negotiated a loan which made the purchase possible.

Shortly after the transfer was made, the Civil War assumed serious proportions and the young Professor was called from the peaceful paths of the classroom to the glory of the battlefield. General Chamberlain and the 20th Maine Regiment won many laurels for the northern cause for which the State of Maine and the Town of Brunswick have reason to be proud. While the war was not won by any one Regiment or leader, the activity of the Maine men was gallant and worthy of mention. The fame of the Hero of Little Round Top is so well known, especially to people of this vicinity, that no further

comment in this respect is called for here. He returned to Brunswick after the war with the rank of Major General.

General Chamberlain had the cottage moved from its original location on Potter street to its present site on the corner of Potter and Maine streets. Upon his return from the war the house was remodeled, and given its present form. It was simply raised up into the air (chimneys and all) and another story was built beneath it. In this manner the original house remained intact, only it was one story higher. The lower portion was built more up to date, as style of building had changed considerably from 1820 to 1860. The difference in architecture in the first floor rooms and those of the second are very interesting to observe.

It is extremely doubtful if there is another house in the entire State of Maine beneath whose roof so many distinguished guests have been entertained. Among the famous generals who have been visitors at the house were Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, Warren, Ayers, Griffin, and O.O. Howard. Its walls have rung with the eloquence of Sumner, Wilson, Evans, Fessenden, Bradbury, Fry, Hale, and Blaine. In 1875 Longfellow visited his old suite when he returned to Brunswick to deliver his famous "Morituri Salutamus". Hellen Keller was another guest at the house.

The house is very spacious and contains no less than 20 rooms. The great hall on the first floor was designed by the general himself. Its architecture is very unique. A huge arch spans its entire width, and this is the main support of the old chimney behind the winding stairs. The drawing room leads from the hall to the right. It is spacious, and was always used for the special functions of Bowdoin College. Many distinguished men and women of this and foreign countries have been entertained within its walls. Until recently an old cello which was used by the General when chorister in the old "Church on the Hill" stood in one corner. This was given away a short time ago. A lute of great age from the ancestors of Mrs. Chamberlain attracted much interest.

Although many of the valuable trophies have been removed from the house in recent years, it is still replete with souvenirs, chiefly of Civil War time. Some of the historical articles were removed to Boston by the daughter to whom General Chamberlain willed the house with all its contents, as after the death of her brother, the house was at times the mark for pilferment. But many of the articles are still kept in the house, and it is indeed a treat to have the opportunity of going through the house and to have so many articles of priceless value and historical interest explained.

From the middle hall on the first floor a door opens to the left into what was the General's private office. On one side is a tapestry picture which was acquired by General Chamberlain because it reminded him of his old horse Charlemagne. This horse carried him through nearly all of the battles of the Civil War. Three times the horse was shot, but each time it rallied and carried the General on safely. Once a rebel bullet went clear through its neck during a charge on the enemy. By deflecting, the bullet hit the rider in the breast, inflicting a severe wound. Fortunately, however, both the General and the horse were spared, and at the close of the war the horse was brought back to Brunswick, where it was idolized by the family. Charlemagne was a pet and playmate of the children, and when death claimed the faithful old animal, it was buried at the summer home of the Chamberlains at Simpson Point.

In the same room was a little iron cot which the General used for his bed in camp during his four years of service. The blood-stained ground was often the bed of the

officers as well as men, and the pillow was too many times the coat of a dead comrade. But the many sleepless nights and hours of worry and uncertainty which General Chamberlain must have passed on this bed would make a brave and fearless man shudder. This bed is treasured as a precious heirloom by his relatives.

This same room was used by General Chamberlain when, as President of Bowdoin College, he was called upon to have business and personal calls from students and faculty. Here on numerous occasions an inspiring word and encouragement has been given to downhearted and discouraged young men. And here also the General has been called upon to display the disciplinary measures which the head of any institution must inflict upon mischievous youth.

The library and study are interesting rooms in the old mansion. The General's library consisted of over 2,000 well chosen books, and many pleasant hours were spent here by the General reading in front of the cozy open fire. There are many war trophies and objects of literary and historical interest in these rooms. One of the most interesting objects here is a large cavalry pistol with a history. In the famous charge on Little Round Top General Chamberlain was met by a rebel officer who, with this pistol in hand, discharged one barrel at the General's head. Although the officer was only 10 feet away, the bullet missed its mark. The rebel, who belonged to the 15th Alabama Regiment, then drew his sword and rushed at the Union leader, General Chamberlain met his opponent with saber drawn and being the most expert swordsman, soon had the southern individual at his mercy. Seeing the cause was hopelessly lost, the Confederate officer surrendered his sword to General Chamberlain and became his prisoner. This is an incident in the history of that famous battle which was never made public until 1907, and to the Lewiston Evening Journal belongs the credit for having extracted this valuable bit of United States History from the modest victor.

Several years ago the Chamberlain house had the cap and sword of General Griffin among its relics. There is an interesting anecdote about the Battle of Five Forks which illustrates the heroism of General Chamberlain. It seems that Griffin, who commanded the Fifth Corps, lost his sword in this battle. General Chamberlain, who saw the accident, gave his sword to General Griffin who used it during the remainder of the battle. Chamberlain was without a sword for a brief time, but he soon managed to secure another.

There are several priceless flags in the house. The flag of the first division of the army of the Potomac covered the library ceiling for many years, it having been sent to General Chamberlain by the United States Government. It was used as his headquarters flag, and it is still in the house. Another very interesting flag is General Chamberlain's Fifth Corps, bearing the red Maltese cross. It is torn and shattered by shell and bullet. Over the fireplace still hangs the field of the flag of the 20th Maine Regiment which was commanded by General Chamberlain. It contains 28 stars.

A visitor at the house today can see the 22nd Alabama flag. This was either the last captured or the last surrendered of the Civil War. A most interesting incident connected with this flag occurred when Helen Keller saw it when she was examining the Chamberlain trophies when she visited the house. When told that this was the 22nd Alabama flag, Miss Keller replied that that was her father's Regiment. Several weeks later General Chamberlain received a copy of Miss Keller's book, autographed as follows: "To my dear enemy, General Chamberlain".

There are many swords of many descriptions in the house. The regular cavalry swords are worn by Colonels, while the sword of a General is a straight rapier. Other objects of interest in the house are the Fifth Corps' bugle, General Chamberlain's saddle, many authentic letters and original field orders, an oil painting done by Mrs. Chamberlain in her young days of Keene in the part of Hamlet, a coat of arms of the Wyllys family, Mrs. Chamberlain's ancestors. Specimens of French and Chinese carved furniture are among the articles still remaining in the rooms.

General Chamberlain received the Congressional Medal of Honor for his performance at Little Round Top. It was after this battle and his severe wound at Petersburg that General Grant promoted him in the field, giving him two grades above his former rank. But few officers have ever received more rapid promotion, and still fewer have ever been more deserving.

On the mantel over the fireplace in the library there is a piece of shell which was used after the war as a match box. The shell burst at the feet of the General during the battle of Gettysburg. It was a conical shell, and when it exploded five pieces flew off into the faces of Chamberlain's men. Of course no officer engaged in such momentous work and running so many risks as at Gettysburg could stop to pick up souvenirs. But it is reported that on a visit to the field long after the battle the shell was found on the exact spot where General Chamberlain had the fiercest encounter with the enemy.

A few years ago many other gruesome objects were kept in the house which have since been removed to Boston. The coat which the General wore on that fatal day when he was so terribly wounded in front of Petersburg is among these objects. The holes where the bullet entered and passed out on the other side are just above the hips, thus showing that the leaden missile had ploughed its way through the most vital parts of the body. Another coat, bearing the stars of a Major-General, has the left breast and the left sleeve tattered and torn by shot and shell. This was done at the first fight at Quaker Road in the last campaign of the war. These relics are stained with blood, and one cannot help but shudder at the horrors of war when gazing at them.

A few years ago the house contained an old Swedish drinking horn which is known to be at least 500 years old. It came down through a princely Swedish family from the days of the old Norse sea kings. Recently this horn was removed to Boston. It was obtained for General Chamberlain by Hon. William Widgery Thomas Jr. While General Chamberlain was Governor of Maine he sent Mr. Thomas to Sweden to confer with those in authority there about founding a Swedish colony in northern Maine. The colony was an outstanding success, and largely through the mission Thomas later became United States Minister to Sweden. He gave this horn to General Chamberlain as a remembrance.



Cathance School Is The Only Rural School Left In Topsham

Brunswick Record

January 11, 1944

Topsham schools opened on Monday after a vacation of three weeks over the holidays.

All teachers in town resumed their positions with the exception of Mrs. Laura Lee, who resigned at the Cathance School. Mrs. Teresa Manzi has taken up her duties there for the remainder of the year and is making her home with Mrs. Henry Powers.

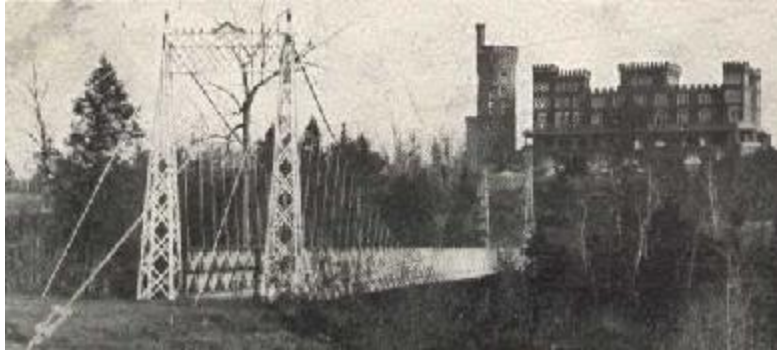
The Cathance School is now the only rural school in Topsham. Nine of the one-room school buildings which at one time housed many children from the country districts have met the same fate as most of the rural schools in the state.

The Haley School which was district No. 1 on the Old Lewiston Road was moved several years ago to Topsham Heights to accommodate the children there, but now is closed. The Jack School which was situated on the top of Jack's Hill just above Pejepscot was sold many years ago and made into a home, as was the Goodwin school house which was situated nearer Lisbon Falls on the same road.

The Alexander school house on the Meadow Road was sold a few years ago to private parties who used it for a home, and the Branch school house, also on the Meadow Road, was sold and moved. The Mallett school house on the Mallett Road was sold to private parties and was burned nearly two years ago. The brick school house at the top of Tan Yard Hill was sold and the Foreside school house, which was situated near the Flagg Homestead, now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morse, was sold and moved away to be rebuilt for a home.

The Middlesex School was closed this year, although the building still belongs to the town.

Pupils from these districts are transported by buses to the John A. Cone School in the center of town and to the Pejepscot School.



Freeport's Casco Castle Was Mecca At Turn of Century Many Still Recall Its Rugged Walls, Moat And Bridge, Its Meals and Its Glamor

Brunswick Record

February 1, 1945

By Rosemary Clifford Trott

Just past the turn of the century a castle, inspired perhaps by the tall majesty of a Celtic tower, was built on the shores of Casco Bay at South Freeport.

With the ruggedness of the irregular shoreline below and the primeval beauty of the backdrop of forest it was not difficult to visualize as its inspiration the old world coastline, the lords and ladies making gay in the high arched halls. Here an artist with stone and mortar brought to materialization a dream of early Erin or Scotland which must have stirred to fire the imagination of many a dreaming boy or girl of that June in the early 1900s.

And now we can see, if we will close our eyes and let the picture take form, the hotel guests of that carefree summer of long ago, for our Scottish castle was in reality a hotel, modern in 1900, built by the Portland and Brunswick Railway for the pleasure of its patrons. Little those men and women of the young decade realized that their days were the prelude to two rapidly approaching major wars. Their amusements were less sophisticated than ours, perhaps more robust, and their laughter knew less of fear. Leisurely ladies in the long skirts and high-boned collars fashionable at the period walked across the green lawns arranged by a landscape genius for their enjoyment. Buffalos, wolves and slender-poised does with their fawns regarded them from enclosures on the grounds. Little barefoot boys who are now responsible businessmen of the village of Freeport ran across the lower footbridge from the piazza of the castle.

Like some ancient moat the steel suspension bridge, 300 feet in length and 70 feet in height above the water, connected the mainland with the castle grounds. Stones towering 102 feet above the foundation gave full view of the sweep of coastline spreading out in all directions. And the White Mountains were to be seen by looking keenly on a clear day.

Incongruous in some settings perhaps there is that about the rough-hewn Maine seacoast that did not reject the draw bridge, the postern gates and the portcullis of the castle, but lent itself to the medieval atmosphere. By night the beacons shone out from

the gray stone posts lighting the path to the sea for the liners which passed. And, by day, to the artist and the dreamer, there was inspiration and incentive to creation.

Nothing was spared in the effort to furnish relaxation and comfort to the guests of our early century. Shore dinners were served in the great dining hall. The tinkle of ice in the shining glasses, the glow of silver on the damask cloths were the setting for serving of dishes of lobster, clams, fish delicacies and coffee that would be difficult to excel. Complete from the relish and chowder of the typical shore dinner to the ice that concluded it, the fame of the castle service was carried by word of mouth to all parts of the United States and even to the continent.

Today in our age of transit, a little slowed perhaps by wartime exigency, we can scarcely comprehend the convenience and pleasure to those of the earlier generation when they were cleanly and swiftly transported from their train at Union Station in Portland, which had brought them down possibly from New York, by an electric car which allowed them to enjoy the grandeur of the scenery of the entire bay and the fresh saltiness of the atmosphere after the closeness of the train.

During the day they might walk on the carpet of pine needles through the nearby woods, breathing deep of the balsam-laden air that in the cities was connected only with pillows on sale at the gift shops; they could chat in a leisurely fashion on the wide windswept veranda, laughing at references we might perhaps fail to find amusing, such as the familiar advice to the owner of a gasless buggy, "Get a horse."

Girls who would have shuddered at our carefree, comfortable slacks; who were afraid of snakes and showed it and who lifted sweeping skirts gingerly as they climbed the rocky shore in their canvas pumps, were serenaded by boys in striped flannels to the air of "In the Good Old Summertime." Your pretty red-head of 1900 and something was "baby mine" and "tootsie wootsie" to her mandolin playing admirer, so we cannot claim "baby" and "toots" as our own after all.

It was this day of canoeing and open electric cars that Walter Cripps of Brunswick first went to Casco Castle as an employee and it was upon this bay that he was to have his Robinson Crusoe-like adventure. Walter enjoyed the privileges of the grounds in his hours of leisure and the window of his spacious room which was as well-furnished as the guest rooms, commanding a sweeping view of the ocean, the vari-colored masses of flower and shrubbery on the beautiful landscaped grounds.

The employees were treated in a generous and comradely fashion by both management and guests. One instance in particular Walter recalls when a boat was chartered to take the personnel for an outing by an extremely benevolent guest who, in addition, treated them to candy. Walter did not take the trip, but the host insisted that he go to a confectionery store in South Freeport where he was to order his share of the sweets at no expense to himself.

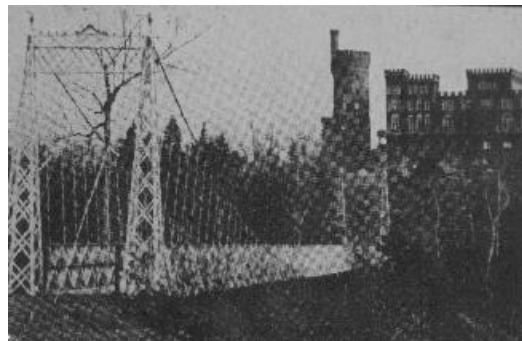
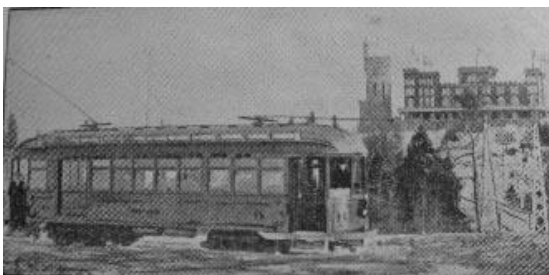
A genial and friendly young man, Walter became a favorite with a visitor from New York State who invited him to spend the night on a nearby island which he had purchased with the intention of building a summer home. So attached had he become to Walter that he wished him to remain in his employ during the entire year, coming to the island on the bay during the summer and returning to New York in the winter. After the first night spent in discomfort in a sleeping bag on the rocky shore, Walter became more and more convinced that he did not return the gentleman's enthusiasm for his company

and in fact did not trust him fully, so he departed from the island in the depths of the night using for transportation an old dory abandoned on the beach.

The ancient mariner could not have found the sea more sinister than did Walter whose time was evenly divided between bailing out the dory and attempting to sight a familiar landmark in the encircling vista of ocean. Eventually when the heavy darkness of the sky was broken by the redness of the dawning, he came upon a point of land rising out of the water. Here he anchored the dory and slept for a time waking to find it daylight. To his amazement and consternation, his small isle had become a mountain in the midst of the surrounding sea and he was perched atop it. With some difficulty he again launched his sieve-like craft and navigated to a point which he was later able to identify as being in the vicinity of Harpswell. Once on land he commenced to walk in the direction of Brunswick, obtaining directions from school children who were a little surprised at his appearance. For sometime he could not be lured into a sea voyage and he will long recall the sinister night spent of the island in the company of the gentleman from New York who Walter somehow “just did not trust.” Walter never again returned to the Castle as an employee.

Its brief day of glory took place during and before the eventful and world-shaking year, 1914, since, in that fall when the world was on the threshold of the First World War, fire swept the wide verandas, the high-vaulted halls, and the great chambers, leaving for the future visitor only a gray stone tower rising like a sentinel over the quaint cottages and wharves of South Freeport.

The boy in search of adventure in our matter-of-fact world can rebuild the castle of the Scottish Bens in his mind’s eye, he can people the halls with knights and ladies and man the drawbridge but the generation which knew Casco Castle as a gracious hostelry recalls a place closer to peace perhaps than the 1940s now, against the backdrop of the hills and water in South Freeport.



Casco Castle
Bangor Industrial Journal
June 1903

Through the efforts of Amos F. Gerald, Maine’s trolley magnate, and chief promoter of the Portland & Brunswick Street Railway, there has been established at South Freeport one of the most unique and attractive resorts in Maine.

Casco Castle is picturesquely located at South Freeport, on the line of the Portland and Brunswick street railway, and overlooks the island-studded expanse of Casco Bay. As will be seen by the accompanying illustration, the Castle is reached by an elevated foot bridge, which spans Spar Creek. This bridge is a suspension steel cable 300 feet long and at elevation of about 50 feet above the creek.

The stone tower is of baronial style, while the hotel and casino are of castellated architecture. The observation tower is constructed of stone laid in Portland cement, is 25 feet in diameter and rises to a height of 100 feet above the elevated plateau in which it stands. The tower is equipped with an electric elevator and there are observation stations, the views therefrom commanding a wide sweep of land and water.

The hotel and casino is 50 x 100 feet. The ground floor is devoted to a kitchen, lavatories, and a large café with private dining rooms. On the first floor is a large office and parlors and a large music hall for dancing and music. Above the first floor are 50 rooms for guests, half of these being equipped with private baths. There are also several public baths for general use. A broad veranda extends entirely around the house on the first and second stories and there is also a roof garden.

The hotel is equipped with electric lights and there is a telephone in each room. The floors are hardwood throughout the building and the general finish throughout is stained wood. Mineral water is brought to the hotel and casino through pipes from a famous spring two miles away. The café on the ground floor is fitted up in a thoroughly rustic manner, and the general surroundings are highly attractive.

Wm. R. Miller of Lewiston is the architect who designed this unique and inviting establishment. The contractor is A.F. Warren of Auburn. Jas. A. Fuller, formerly connected with the casino at Merrymeeting Park, is to be the manager of Casco Castle and its formal opening will occur June 27th, when the Maine Commercial Travelers will hold forth there.

Casco Bay Poem
By P.P. Alexander, Orr's Island
Brunswick Record
July 20, 1939

Three hundred and sixty five
Islands located in Casco Bay
Once owned and governed by the
Indians many years ago, they say.

Old Ragged Island across the Bay
Not far from Orr's Island shore
Was once the happy hunting ground
For lobsters and fish galore.

She is ragged by name and nature
And exposed to the gales which roar
And many vessels which, we are told,
Have been stranded on her shores.

The Isle of Pond and Cedar Ledge
Which, we are told, is where
Captain Kid, the Pirate, deposited
Much of his gold.

The little Isle of Elm, so called,
Which is so small and low, is
Mentioned many, many times, in the
Book of Beecher Stowe.

We can imagine the beautiful
Pearl, sitting in the sun
Sketching the story of Captain Kid,
The Pirate and his double barrel gun.

As to her story of Garden Cove
With a limited ship yard station
We have often thought of the
Wonderful skipper and his navigation.

We began paddling the waters of
Casco Bay, long, long ago,
Almost back to the good old days
Of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

We are now paddling down the

River, on the years of decline
Remembering our happy boyhood days
In the good old summer time.



Carpenter Shop Has Served In Various Capacities For Centuries

Brunswick Record

November 23, 1939

From the Bowdoin Orient

Little would the average person traveling down the Bath road think that the small, one story, red-brick building behind Seth Adams Hall was of any consequence in the history of Bowdoin College, yet it has served as a commons, gymnasium, chemistry laboratory, and carpenter shop, in which capacity it is used at present.

In the early years of the College's experience, the problems of furnishing adequate and reasonably-priced board arose as eating establishments of Brunswick did not satisfy the students. As a solution to this problem, the College in 1829 appropriated \$1,750 for the erection of a brick building to be used as a Commons. The old catalogs also mention that twelve cows were bought and a meat house put up by the College to insure its students better and cheaper food. An interesting fact has been preserved for us—the rates at the Bowdoin Commons were a dollar and sixteen cents a week. It was a College regulation that all men eat at the Commons unless excused by the College Physician.

In 1851 the wooden ell was added to house the staff of the Commons kitchen. Soon after this construction, however, with varied opinions as to the prices, and courses, coupled with the growth of fraternity groups eating together, the College was forced to close the Commons. Bowdoin has never since had a Commons, except during the period of the World War.

The building was then used as a gymnasium for the College. Here it may have been that a man by the name of Dole, circus strong man and campus figure, interested Dudley A. Sargent in Physical Education. Sargent later became famous in the field of Physical Education, establishing a school for the study of that subject and devising a system of measurements for strength tests. It is for him that the present gymnasium is named.

For several years, from the 1870s until 1886, the building was used as a chemistry laboratory, until that department was moved to the present Science Building. After the departure of the Chemistry department, the little red-bricked building became the storage room and carpentry shop. Today it is cluttered with many woodworking machines, ladders and odd pieces of lumber, far removed from the new building it must have been one hundred years ago.



Capt. E. B. Nickerson



**Capt. Ed Nickerson Recalls Life On The
River Years Ago
When Shipbuilding and River Traffic Were Active
Brunswick Record
February 18, 1932**

“River stay way from my door,” sings the old colored gentleman with his cabin behind the levee, and with a deluge of other popular songs about the famous Mississippi, People get to thinking that everything romantic must come from those valley states where they have a flood every once and a while.

But perhaps the younger generation never paused to think that this old river of our own, the rushing Androscoggin with its damp odors and swirling falls, once had its moments. Maybe there are a great many people who never supposed that there once was shipping on the river. That there was once shipbuilding. That there were river boats which came up here with cargoes.

Most of us know that there have been times when the river forgot itself and overflowed its usual confines. We have seen pictures of the falls when there were no falls there at all, but a white-frothed watercourse that stretched out over the dams with never a drop to show where they existed.

But those are outstanding moments of the stream. When the river fumes, we remember it; but when it is quiet, and does nothing out to the ordinary, we forget it. But those many years when it stayed where it should, when it behaved like a well mannered child, when it carried boats on its unruffled bosom, and floated merchandise down to the sea—those moments we forget.

But not everyone forgets. The other night the Record man wandered down on Water street and passed a pleasant evening in talk with Brunswick’s grand old man of the river, Cap’n Ed Nickerson, who has lived on the river and the salt bays for most of his life, and whose home is now within sight of the stream, and who can hear the roar of the falls from his doorstep.

Cap’n Ed, he said, was born many years ago, on the island in the river between the dams, known as Shad Island. The island is not big, but at that time there were three homes, a barn, a sawmill, and a box factory on the little pile of rocks and land that covered barely over an acre. There was a bridge out to it, and there the river-man was

born. Small wonder that when he grew up he turned to the river for his living. He was to become the only navigator who ever did any extensive sailing in our local waters.

He tells a story well, and his mind is filled with many things that go to show that Brunswick once had several industries that she does not support now and which many of her citizens never knew of.

“It was in 1870 that the last big boat was built here. That was the Charlie Counts, a good sized vessel of perhaps three or four thousand tons, that Cap’n Purinton of Topsham built for Charlie Counts to go to the West Indies in.

I don’t know what ever became of her, but it seems to me that I recall hearing that she was lost somewhere. I towed her down to Bath after she was launched, and she was rigged for the sea and away she went. Just a short time before that they built the Carrie Purinton at the same yards, she was a good sized brig. Those old yards were near where the present railroad bridge is, right where they filled in and made the feldspar mill.

There used to be a lot of building around here in days gone by, and I can just remember some of the boats that they built down by Merrymeeting Park, on this side of the river. They built some good sized vessels there. Cap’n Frank Jordan, the Merrimans, and the Skolfields used to build some big ships of a couple thousand tons down on Harpswell neck. But that was a long time ago.

Your see there was always a sort of tradition of the sea around here. Brunswick and Topsham had their deep water captains, and it was only last year that Cap’n Mallett died. He as a skipper up until war time, when the Germans sank his boat on him. He always told he felt mighty funny when they did that—felt like a boy who’s done wrong. It was no fault of his, but he always felt that it should’n have happened. He had a load of wheat, and the Germans thought it was going to Russia, and they disposed of it.

But the most trading and sailing went out of style here a long time ago. I was a skipper on the river for 51 years, and ran a tow boat, barges, and lighter up and down her during that time. I used to do carrying for the paper mill, the box mills, and anything that anyone wanted me to do.

The river was and still is just like any other river. There are sandbars that change location, there is tidewater to change things, and in 51 years I got so I think I know as much about this place as anyone else.

I didn’t stick to the river all the time. I used to go wherever anyone asked me to. I’ve been down the coast to Bar Harbor, done shipping in the Penobscot, but most of the time I stayed here in the Androscoggin and Kennebec because I got more work here.

I had the steamer Harold built in 1895, and she towed a 200 ton barge. She was built just below here, and she served me well until war times, when the shipping business went to pieces, and there was nothing more to do with her. In 1920 I took her down, after 26 years of steady service.

The war ruined business. Whey, I can remember when there used to be 17 tug boats on the rivers here, and now there is just one, and that is having a hard time to get along. I used to haul coal for the Bowdoin paper mill here, and that gave me quite a job. I did it on contract, so much a ton, and carried about 5000 tons a year. Then one year there cam some trouble over the stevedores in Bath, and the demurrage was so high that the paper company decided to have their coal come by rail, and they have ever since. I think now the coal comes by truck from Portland; but there was a time when it came all by water, and my old Harold towed it up the river from Bath.

There were sand-bars in the river, and they kept shifting. Sometimes the channel would change during the winter, and the next spring I would have to learn to sail all over again. I had the courses all marked, and I guess the river is just as good today for navigation as it was then. Of course, there were times when we got stuck on sand-banks, and had to wait for high tide to get us off. We usually ran with the tide, and it was pretty easy usually to get off the bar. But day or night for 51 years I was ready to take my boat and go wherever they want me to, and we had to know how to get up and down the river at all times.

Sometimes I'd get a trip outside, and then there was some differences between the quiet waters of the river and the wild waves of the ocean. I usually tried to find out what the weather was, and make my trips in calm going. You see the Harold was built especially for river sailing. She didn't have any draught particularly, and was made for going in shallow places. So heavy weather meant something to her. I hit plenty of it at times.

One winter I took the boat around in the Penobscot and worked at Stockton. We hauled rafts around from the Kennebec to Kiddie's Point at Searsport, and we never lost a log out of four rafts. They were logs 60 and 80 feet long, to be used in building piers at Searsport, and it was quite a job to tow them out through the rough weather. But we did.

There were lots of funny jobs on the river. I did all the coal work, and between times hauled such things as a load of rags for the paper mill, anything that we could get on the scow would be carried. And as the scow was also built for river work, we sometimes were afraid of getting her top-heavy and having her tip over on us. But she never did.

There hasn't been any work on the river since I left. I don't think they've had a boat up to Brunswick since I dismantled the Harold. There's just as much water now, but no business.

I recall one time when they launched a vessel at the Skolfield yard over by the present spar mill. They had a big one—if I remember right it was the Captain Sam, of about 2000 tons. She was started down the ways into the river, and she broke the ways before she got out far enough to float.

There wasn't anything for her to do but settle down into the mud, which she did, and she stayed there for a bout a month. For a time no one knew very well what to do. It was a nice juicy mud, and she kept a settling a little more with each tide, until people began to think that generations to come would have a boat sitting there on the bank of the river all ready to sail, but without enough water to sail her.

Arthur Woodside finally got ready to move her. We started digging away the mud, and the only time we could work was at dead-low tide. We would dig away the mud on one side of her, and then roll her over onto that side. Then we'd go around and dig out the other side, and shift her back again. It took quite a while, but finally we got her afloat, and she went down to Bath to be rigged.

One day when we were standing down on the bottom of one of those holes, with the whole ship poised perilously above us, someone came in and told us that Woodside had loosened some of the tackles, and the boat might roll over. We all piled out of the hole, and we had hardly got out when down came the ship into the hole, and if any of us or all of us have been in there we'd have been instantly killed.

We went up around the ship, and there stood Woodside, and no one said anything. There was one old fellow in the crowd who went up and stuck his face right into Woodside's. Woodside never said a word, but if he had that man would have killed him right there, I'll bet a nickel. I don't know what Woodside was thinking of.

Yes, there's been many things happen on this little river of ours, many things that never amounted to much, and many things that have been forgotten. But I always loved it, and I guess anyone who ever had anything to do with a river loved them pretty much. There's something about it, you know."



Capt. Morrill Of Orr's Island Recalls Bitter Winter of 1918

Brunswick Record

February 6, 1947

By Bob Edwards

As numerous comments on rugged weather are being heard on all sides these days, it is interesting to hear old-timers tell of the days when winters were really tough. One such veteran of icy blasts is Captain B. Morrill of Orr's Island.

Captain Morrill delights in telling of the particularly cold spell in 1918 when most of Casco Bay froze solid. As captain of the inter-island steamer Merryconeag, he was responsible for winter transportation between many of the communities served by the Casco Bay and Harpswell Lines and that winter proved to be one of the most treacherous for many years.

The residents of the islands in Casco Bay were almost entirely dependent on the small steamers for food, coal and mail, and when the wharves at the various islands were carried away by the ice that winter, considerable concern was felt. Using typical Yankee ingenuity, Captain Morrill solved the problem by edging the Merryconeag up to the thick ice near each of his regular landings and horses and sleds drove out from the land to meet him and take off cargo.

Captain Morrill says that the ice off Cliff Island was 13 inches thick in February, 1918. From his lookout high on Bailey Island, Captain Everett Sinnett reported that no clear water was visible as far as the eye could see. Mackerel Cove was the only place at Bailey Island where a boat could land, and although the cove seldom freezes over, during that winter ice, nine inches thick formed there.

"The steamer Merryconeag took quite a beating from the ice while making its run from Portland through the bay," says Captain Morrill. "We had to sheath here with tough yellow birch and, even then, the planking had to be repaired after a few short trips. It was a strange sight to see people walking and driving horses directly from Chebeague Island to Portland."

Admitting that a few mornings recently have been right brisk, Captain Morrill emphasizes that it's nothing like the old days.

C.P.A. Provides Work In Harpswell

Five Men Are Employed In Repairing and Grading At Schools

Brunswick Record

December 28, 1933

The "Application For Approval of Civil Works Project" for schools as presented and signed by Selectman Perley A. Hackett as local administrator, and F. P. Bailey as Chairman of Superintending School Committee, originally called for three unskilled men at 50 cents per hour, and two skilled men at 75 cents per hour. The State Administrator changed the application to read "Three skilled men at \$1.20 per hour."

The work as accepted by State Administrator John A. McDonough, Commissioner of Education Bertram E. Packard, Selectman Perley A. Hackett, F.P. Bailey, D.H. Doughty and Hugh E. Johnson, included certain repairs to three school buildings on the mainland, and grading lot at North Harpswell. New windows, painting ceilings and outside of buildings, new fence, grading, etc at Orr's and Bailey Islands; also grading lots and other work at East Harpswell schools. Should weather conditions be unfavorable for painting and grading lots, wiring school buildings, well-digging and plumbing could be substituted.'

Under the C.W.A. Plan the Federal Government pays the workmen but does not pay the selectmen or committeemen for their trouble in arranging for material or for supervising the work. The workmen are selected by government officials from information gathered from the cards of the registered unemployed. The selectmen and committeemen have no part in selecting the workmen or fixing the salaries.

Under the school projects in the state, the towns must furnish material and equipment. Twenty-five per cent of the whole cost of the project of such material and equipment is paid by the government.

Under the plan presented and approved the salaries of five skilled men for eleven 30-hour weeks, amount to \$1980, the state paying \$225 for material furnished by the town and the town furnishing \$729 in material.

Of this material required to be furnished by the town, \$340 worth of shingles, nails, lumber, etc., had been paid for out of the Appropriations of March 1933 and was on hand in the West Harpswell school building.

In wiring the schoolhouses the government pays the salary of the man doing the work, and 25% of the cost of material used. One of the carpenters allotted to the school project is also an electrician.

In a recent town meeting caused to be called by the school committee asking that the town vote to authorize the committee to contract for necessary material and equipment to meet the state under the C.W.A. plan, no objection was raised, and the adjournment of the meeting without such vote of disapproval left the committee to proceed.

All materials have been ordered under the C.W.A. plan in anticipation of the 1934 Appropriations for repairs and supplies and as is required price quotations are solicited from two or more firms.

The time limit under the C.W.A. Plan has been extended from Feb. 15 to March 1 as advised from Augusta. Also an Augusta C.W.A. official reports the probability of another relief plan, beginning Jan. 1st to provide work for the unemployed not yet drafted.

These and other plans having been created in a short space of time cannot be expected to be 100% perfect. Young men without dependents, also sons of rich or well-to-do parents and others with sizable bank accounts or incomes, unemployed though they be, were not as is held, meant to be helped.

“Bunganunganock” Once The Name For Bunganuc...Say It!

Brunswick Record
September 15, 1932

It was a long time ago that the “Injuns” used to refer to that section of Brunswick as Bunganunganock. Perhaps there is bit of humor in the fact that this name is made into the more easily pronounced “Bunganuc” which is used today, for there are many who feel so ridiculous and self-conscious when they try to say even the shortened form.

However, Bunganuc is an important part of Brunswick, in that some of the earliest settlements were made down there, and in that the first seabound life of the town took place in the sound between Mere Point and Bunganuc.

Bunganuc, according to those who profess to be fluent in Indian jargon, means, “High Bank Brook”, and of course refers to the stream that drops out from under the road to Flying Point and Freeport, and tumbles down over a rock into tide water.

The little river, or perhaps stream would more accurately describe it, is hardly thought of in connection with the rest of Brunswick. To the young the name of the brook means the location of an out-side dance hall, and to others it means a direction that tourists laugh at as a name scarcely worth repeating.

But in 1734 one Samuel Woodward paid one Benjamin Larrabee five pounds toward the purchase of 100 acres down that way, and the conditions of the sale included that Mr. Woodward was to build a home and occupy it. Later he was to pay more money, or if he failed to live there he was to forfeit his five pounds. Five pounds was a lot of money in 1734, and Mr. Woodward stayed.

It was not until four years later that Brunswick was incorporated as a body politic by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Immediately there was an influx of settlers and almost in no time at all some thirty people lived here, including the settlement at Bunganunganock.

Tradition says that big vessels were built down there in the days of Yankee skippers. There is also a history of fishing and cargoing that makes Bunganuc a name not lightly to be dismissed from Brunswick’s past.

It may not be true, but it has been said that Bunganuc landing was Brunswick’s first port, and that Mere Point, Harpswell, Gurnet, and Androscoggin River shipping came later.

Today there is evidence of seaside life there. A few motor craft are moored up in the creek. The bank of the little stream is piled high with lobster traps—old traps, new traps, traps to be discarded and traps to be made over. There are fish weirs stuck in the

mud. Someone has a lobster pound. Little floats and walks stick out over the water—not large ones because there isn't much room in the stream.

And to get out of Bunganuc you have to wind down the stream, between the high banks that made the name, under towering spruces on the headlands, out into Maquoit Bay, with Mere Point on this side and Flying Point on that.

It is a pretty place, one that is little frequented, yet one that would give a picnicker or a sightseer much pleasure. It is perhaps unfortunate that Bunganuc's dance hall has been the chief attraction there, and that visitors come after dark. Not to see Bunganuc and not to know its history is to miss an important part of Brunswick.

BRUNSWICK—TOPSHAM BUSINESSES

Brunswick Record
December 21 ,1922

Furbish Hardware Store
58 Maine Street

When we mention the Furbish Hardware Store we are not only dealing with modern history for this house possesses the distinction of being the oldest along the street. This business was started in 1835 by the grandfather of the present proprietor, Benjamin L. Furbish, who has the prestige of many years of a successful business to back him up.

The Furbish Hardware Store handles all kinds of hardware, light and heavy, builder's hardware and fittings, plumber's supplies of all kinds, etc. Fine cutlery, plated ware, kitchen utensils, bicycles and accessories are also to be had here. In paints they are agents for the Dupont line. All that is needed in hardware, cutlery, household tools are carried here in first class quality and the hundred and one things you would expect to find in an up-to-date store of this kind. Fittings of all kinds, and lawn mowers and garden tools of all kinds.

Nowhere will you find better values, for the prices are right and you have a wide range of goods to select from all new and reasonable. It is worth to mention that the public have the highest confidence in this firm, who have always given their patrons a square deal.

It is worth while mentioning that three of the employees have been with the concern for many years; W.K. Thomas, furnace repairman has been in continuous service for over 51 years; Charles H. Nash and W.S. Harrington, 43 and 35 years respectively.

Day's Shoe Store
96 Maine Street, Brunswick

For over half a century Day's Shore Store has been leading headquarters for the most dependable footwear and stands out conspicuously in the town as one of the oldest stands along the street. This business was started in 1852 by Alonzo Day and now is under the able and efficient management of Ellery C. Day, who carries at all times nationally famous shoes. For ladies, he specializes in the Queen Quality, which comes in various styles and qualities from the sport shoe to the dancing and evening shoe. This style of shoe is always popular and sustains its reputation as being a favorite with the ladies.

For men the "Walk-Over," the reliable shoe, is equally popular, considered the classy shoe for men, and is made to conform to the shape of the foot. In the children's department he has "just the thing" for school that "is warranted to stand hard wear" and a large selection of better shoes for best.

If there is anything you need in the shape of rubbers and overshoes you will be sure to be satisfied if you purchase at Day's Shoe Store where your needs will be met promptly by those who will see that you are well fitted and who understand the business from A to Z.

Webber's Studio
Brunswick

"There is a photographer in your town," the phrase made famous by the Eastman Kodak Co., seems to refer especially to Mr. G.B. Webber. For 30 years Mr. Webber had conducted his studio in the same location, photographing, enlarging and reproducing photographs. His studio is a large one and the business extensive enough to warrant the employment of four assistants who are kept busy with the developing and other details of the business. One specialty of Mr. Webber is enlargements.

Coloring is done here and artistic picture framing is a feature. At the studio is carried a supply of cameras, films and photographic supplies. The amateur who is thinking of buying a Kodak will do well to visit the studio and get expert advice on what kind and size of a Kodak to buy, just suited to his particular needs and the subject he is contemplating photographing.

The Priscilla Shop
137 Maine Street, Brunswick

It is in a shop by the beautiful name of Priscilla that one would expect to find a certain quaintness and you are not disappointed to find this quality in the Priscilla Shop of Brunswick. Two very enterprising young ladies are the proprietors. Ethel S. Kelley and Helen A. Campbell, who have displayed unusual taste in the arrangement and appointments of their shop. Just the place to drop in for afternoon tea after a shopping trip for a dainty lunch of tea, cakes and sandwiches. Or if it is the meal hour, you wish to patronize the Priscilla Shop, you will be regaled with salads, hot rolls and ice cream which is served at all times.

This shop has been opened only a year and has come to stay owing to the patronage it has received and that is constantly increasing. The novelties in their gift department are unique and make the most novel Christmas gifts for family or friends. You will find the Priscilla Shop a most delightful place to visit and will be cordially greeted by the ladies who are charming hostesses.

Senter's Dry Goods Store
Maine Street, Brunswick

One of the most flourishing business concerns in Brunswick is Senter's Dry Goods Store, the large department store managed by Mr. Wilbur F. Senter of Brunswick, the enterprising proprietor. During the 14 years Mr. Senter has been in business his clientele has steadily increased until today he has one of the most prosperous businesses in Maine. Every department in this store is fully stocked with everything that appeals to the feminine eye and heart, for a woman likes to pick and chooses, and as much personal attention is given to the one who is "just looking" as to the bonafide customer. Supremacy is the quality of all goods at Senter's where every effort is made to secure goods that will pass the test of quality and service.

In their ready-to-wear department you will find suits, coats, of all weights, even to the heavy, mannish coat. These have passed the test of the fashion creator for style and beauty of apparel and where you will be sure to find just what you were looking for. A smart variety of styles to suit the different tastes of their customers.

Mr. Senter is especially particular about his staple lines which have real qualities, his hosiery, underwear, yard goods, blankets, cottons and linens, all of splendid durability. In fact values stand out in all departments of this store as their many patrons can testify. Their display of handkerchiefs at this time, which is the universal Christmas gift, is wide and varied with many new designs. Do not leave these until the last day or two for the handkerchief department is the most congested at that time.

You will find here many novelties that will expedite you Christmas shopping, direct from the large, metropolitan centers.

Pejepscot Paper Company
Brunswick

It is questionable whether or not most of the residents of this section realize the magnitude and the relative importance, industrially speaking, of the Pejepscot Paper Company.

The Pejepscot Paper Co., manufacturers of pulp paper, and lumber, have three plants, one in Topsham, one at Pejepscot Mills and one in Lisbon Falls. The three plants furnish daily a total of 165 tons of paper and 120 tons of ground wood. This includes the manufacture of white and colored news paper, wall paper, colored ground wood specialties, such as confetti, colored poster and ticket paper. They employ 700 and their average weekly payroll is about \$15,000. Their timber holdings are in Quebec, New Brunswick and Eastern Maine. Their products are almost all sold east of the Mississippi river. New England and the Atlantic coast absorbing most of their output. This concern started in Brunswick in 1868 with a small plant employing about 40 men, with an output of but six tons per day. In 1909 their three mills, known then as the Bay Shore Lumber Co., the Bowdoin Manufacturing Co., and the Lisbon Falls Fibre Co., went under one management and called themselves the Pejepscot Paper Co. which name they have retained up to the present time.

T. Albert Field
141 ½ Maine Street, Brunswick

One of the stores that stand out in Brunswick, is the jewelry store of Mr. T. Albert Field, who was born in Brunswick in 1870, and educated in the town schools and who is widely recognized as a merchant of enterprise and integrity. This business was started in a store across the street 20 years ago and has been in the present location for 19 years.

The famous Community Plate that is so popular is carried here and also the 1847 Rogers Bros. silverplate and the store just teems with silverware, cut glass in splendid assortment for gifts, during any season of the year or for any special occasion. We would mention the repairing of watches, clocks, sewing machines, musical instruments, toilet sets, fire arms of all kinds and all kinds of typewriters. In the rear the best work is done on the adjustment of your watch, chronometer or clock. In addition they repair all kinds of jewelry, are experts in diamond setting and specialize in society engraving of all kinds.

To carry out this work and see that his patrons are accorded every attention and service, Mr. Field has two competent assistants and a visit to this store will assure you of the superb lines carried and the quality of the service.

Drapeau Drug Store
The Rexall Store
60 Maine Street, Brunswick

Drapeau Drug Store is easily one of the best equipped in the vicinity. Mr. Drapeau is a man of ripe experience in the drug business, having had twenty years experience.

In the rear is the laboratory equipped with every modern device and safeguard to insure promptness and accuracy in the compounding of prescriptions and family medicines.

Here you will find the best possible values in toilet articles and preparations in a line that is varied and pleasing. We would also mention sick room requisites, hospital supplies and guaranteed rubber goods.

One of the pleasing features of this pharmacy is the splendid soda fountain at which is dispensed the purest and most wholesome summer beverages, also ice, sundaes and other popular confections. A choice line of the freshest candy and the leading brands of cigars and cigarettes, make this store a popular headquarters.

Shorey's Millinery Store
112 Maine Street, Brunswick

Miss Caroline Shorey has successfully conducted her millinery business since 1911. The display of hats in this well appointed shop is very select and smart. There is everything a woman can desire in the line of headdress from the classy turbans to the large picture hats that are so much in vogue. Miss Shorey shows excellent taste in her choice lines for her patronage who demand the latest style and finest workmanship. Her large and well equipped store is commodious for the display of her goods, especially for her hat trimming. We would also mention yarns and corsets carried here, for Miss Shorey wants her patrons to have style to be able to carry off her special designs which have won for her special recognition as an artist in her line. She has the exclusive agency for Sage hats.

Mary Mathurin Variety Store
62 Maine Street, Brunswick

One of Brunswick's popular stores is the above establishment of which Mary Mathurin has been the proprietor for the past 11 years. A large stock of goods is kept here at all times, of the very best quality. An attractive line of holiday fancy goods is well displayed and includes notions of all kinds, also underwear and hosiery. Toilet articles of all kinds that give little touches of taste and fastidious nicety, including toilet waters and powders. Another department is devoted to kitchenware, crockery and glassware and everything of the best possible quality. It is well to mention that this store carries a fine

line of candies and confections of all kinds that attract the patrons. In fact all departments are stocked with goods that are particularly attractive and reasonably priced.

Fortin's Grocery Store
36 Maine Street, Brunswick

The above grocery store does a bustling business which the enterprising owner has built up within the last three years. Mr. Fortin serves the public only first class goods and his groceries and provisions are kept strictly fresh by the quick turn over of his stock. While he does not deliver, he is able to sell at a price that is consistent with the market. Cereals and flours, staple and fancy groceries and prime provisions in most pleasing assortment, canned, bottled and jar goods and fine table luxuries, together with the finest blends of teas and coffees. His dairy products are strictly fresh and in season there are daily arrivals of fresh garden truck domestic and tropical fruits, etc. Through the winter months the winter vegetables are always on hand from the farms in the vicinity. Mr. Fortin is also an agent for the Auburn beauty six auto.

Eagle Garage
147 ½ Maine Street, Brunswick

The above garage with Albert Ouellette as proprietor was opened about a year ago and already several men are employed attending to their many patrons. The building is finely equipped with a storage capacity for 50 cars and where repairing is done on all makes of cars.

The garage easy of access and because of the excellent work done here by expert mechanics attracts many motorists who know if their car has to be repaired here or generally looked over, they can be confident of getting to their destination on schedule time.

P. Levesque Shoe Repairing
44 Maine Street, Brunswick

A thriving business is conducted at this stand and anyone patronizing A. Levesque is confident that his shoe will be as good as new when he has finished the job. For it is his business policy to turn out only first class work and his skill as a repairman is well known in the community. His shop is equipped with the latest machinery. All kinds of shoe repairing is done here quickly and promptly and don't forget that he also does expert work on rubbers, especially when you are on the point of throwing a pair away. Mr. Levesque is a member of the Chamber of Commerce.

F. W. Sparks
Plumbing and Heating
Brunswick

Although only two years in the above business, F.W. Sparks of Brunswick has been doing a class of work that has attracted comment and a reputation for being an

expert in his line. He is not only a thoroughly skilled sanitary engineer but he also has an equipment that enables him to undertake the largest contracts. Among the heating plants he has installed within a short time, we would mention the home of Professor Stanwood, and those of Mr. Harry Weeks and John Thompson, and many others. Mr. Sparks is pleased to furnish information or estimates on plumbing, heating, ventilation or drainage, steam or hot water heating systems, pumps, fittings, etc. At his store, 2 Center Street, he makes a pleasing exhibition of the latest ideas in both room furnishings and accessories, and carried a large line of supplies for every branch of the business handled by him. He does a large plumbing business and has a complete workshop that facilitates all work entrusted to him.

The Baxter Paper Box Company
Manufacturers of First Quality Paper Boxes
Brunswick

This industry was founded by the Dennison Co. and came under the present ownership in 1901.

H.C. Baxter, J.P. Baxter Jr., and R.H. Baxter comprise the firm. This is a thriving industry and during all these years Brunswick has benefited by it and its influence has been felt by the storekeepers who are benefited by the large weekly payroll, which runs from \$1200 up.

Their plant is modern and in a spacious building on the main street, well lighted and fitted up to make the most ideal working conditions for their helpers. They also have another factory at Mechanic Falls for the manufacture of the Baxter Boxes.

About 25 men and 75 women are employed in this plant all craftsmen and have the latest improved machinery and various modern devices for rapid and perfect production.

Arthur F. Brown, a native of New York, is general manager, starting with the company in 1907. Harry Herrick of Brunswick, is Superintendent and called one of the best set up men in the country.

“Buy Baxter Boxes Because Best”, the slogan of this company are not empty words but backed up by a production made of first quality materials.

During the war the plant turned out 87 per cent essentials and was speeded to its capacity and received recognition from the government for its valuable services in the form of an award of merit.

For the woman who likes to earn a little and be able to run her home, the Baxter factory is a boon and besides the hundred workers in the factory there are many women who call for work and do it at home where they can keep the pot boiling.

The annual out-put from this factory is over 2,000,000 boxes. They sell to the United Drug Company, Liggitt, Inc., Gillette Razor Company and Pike Mfg. Company of oil stone fame.

Brunswick is fortunate in having this industry in her midst which makes for contentment among those who are fortunate enough to be employed in this factory, with

its fine working conditions and excellent wages. Much credit is due the management for the successful running of this factory during these many years.

Maine Feldspar Company
Brunswick

The Maine Feldspar Company are miners and grinders of Maine feldspar from which is manufactured from the pulverized feldspar, chinaware, tiling, etc., etc. Their mills and quarries are located in Auburn and Topsham.

The concern started in Auburn, April 1902 with one grinder, capacity of which was 200 tons. At present they are operating seven grinders with a capacity of 1600 tons. The Auburn mill has three grinders and the Topsham mill four. About 90 are employed in the two mills, the approximate weekly payroll being \$2800 dollars. The officers and directors are: President B. Gilpin Smith; Treasurer and General Manager, Norman G. Smith, both of Brunswick and Arthur Waring of New York.

The Citizens Laundry
Hello 80 73 Maine Street
Brunswick

The Citizens Laundry was bought out by M.R. Hinckly, the present manager, in 1909 and since that time has become known as one of the finest laundries in this section. With fine equipment, embracing the latest improved types of laundering machinery and devices, its work is of such character as to be excelled nowhere. At all times the service has been prompt and efficient, and the prices most reasonable. To carry on their large business 20 help are employed who are skilled operatives and the greatest care is exercised in the laundering of the most delicate fabrics, without the slightest injury or shrinkage. The finish is such as to command the favorable comment of the most critical dresser, whatever his walk of life. They make a specialty of family washings, either wet, rough dry or flat which are delivered free from all germs or dirt. This laundry is conducted under the latest and most sanitary methods and hands thoroughly trained in high class. Hello 80 is a most accommodating and efficient helper to the busy housewife and is much appreciated by all those who have patronized The Citizen Laundry.

Lebel's
E.A. Lebel, Prop.
72 Maine Street, Brunswick

Any one purchasing candy from Lebel's can be assured of the fact that is made from the most wholesome ingredients. This can be said also of their ice cream which is known for its excellent flavorings and finest of texture.

Their counter goods are tasty and attractively gotten up, and they have many specialties that are favorites with old and young. Their penny goods for the kiddies are a source of endless delight as they hang over the counter, undecided as what to choose from the many novelties.

From their very fine soda fountain, the best of sodas are served with tonics and soft drinks of all kinds.

Fred W. Hunt, Sign and Automobile Painter
Elm Street, Brunswick

All the latest colors and newest designs in automobile painting are to be found here. This work also includes: cards, cloth and metal signs as well as wood, glass and electric displays. Mr. Hunt specializes in reproductions of antique decorations on furniture and chairs. He has been in business for 27 years.

C.L. Douglas
Real Estate, Lumber
111 ½ Maine St. Brunswick

Two very important things which a real estate dealer must possess to gain the confidence of the people are experience and reliability. He should have experience in local conditions, as to actual value and reliability as to his word. Since starting in the real estate business in October, 1919, Mr. C.L. Douglas of Brunswick has proved his ability as a dealer of real estate and put through several fine deals. Property is bought and sold off commission and Mr. Douglas always has fine properties on his list. He is capable of taking full charge of an estate and keeps his patrons notified of all changes and happenings in a deal. If you are contemplating buying or selling any properties, or have some money you wish to invest safely, we would advise you call on C.L. Douglas, the man who says "My guarantee means something," and who make terms to suit the purchaser.

In May, 1920, Mr. Douglas started his lumber venture and makes a specialty of timber lots. Constantly in stock in his lumber yard are building materials of all kinds. They are selling agents for cement, brick and blocks. For building that new home or remodeling the old home you will do well to place your order with C.L. Douglas and have guaranteed stock that will stand the storm and stress of the changes of New England climate and build your house on the rock of his guarantee.

A. Bernier, Shoe Store
44 Maine St., Brunswick

Footwear of distinction, value, reliability, of service and price reductions to meet the demand of the purchasing public are marked features of Bernier's shoe store. Mr. Bernier has been in the shoe repairing business for 28 years; three years ago he opened the shoe store in conjunction with his shoe repairing business. He carries a full line of men's, women's and children's shoes and rubbers, specializing in Ball Band rubbers. This make of rubbers is always popular and sustains its reputation as being a favorite. Mr. Bernier is interested in anything pertaining to the welfare of Brunswick. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce.

Prescott Motor Company
151 Maine Street, Brunswick

A most commodious and finely equipped garage is that run by Prescott Motor Co., Arthur H. Stanwood, President; Cleo W. Hopkins, clerk; R.S. Prescott, treasurer; these men have this fireproof garage, second to none in this section. It is absolutely fireproof with metal covered walls, gravel roof and cement floor, which makes it a safe proposition for the storage of cars, to the capacity of 25.

This is a real service station where seven or eight experienced men are kept busy by their large patronage. They do all kinds of repairing on all makes of cars. They are right on the job to see that the smallest detail is attended with the most efficient service, keeping up the standard of making their headquarters among the best in the state.

There gasoline tanks have a capacity of 2000 gallons and are easy of access. Only the best oils and greases are used. Accessories of all kinds are carried at all time.

The Prescott Motor Co. are agents for the Maxwell car, the car that has given such satisfaction wherever it has been placed and which makes an ideal Christmas gift. A coupe or sedan being especially desirable for this particular territory. They are also agents for the United States tires and have free air for their patrons. A ladies rest room is also here.

If you have not visited the headquarters of the Prescott Motor Company, call at their fine, up-to-date office and you will be welcomed and shown over the place which you will pronounce first class in every respect.

Bodwell The Clothier
90 Maine Street, Brunswick

This up-to-date establishment is known where high grade goods are carried at all times and at prices consistent with the market. This store is well arranged to display his stock to the very best advantage and attract a large trade for the good quality and style in clothes of distinction and quality. Especially would we mention his fine selection of hats and caps from nationally advertised houses and have "style" written all over them. But it is the clothes that distinguishes this store. If you need anything in the way of a new suit or overcoat, you will make no mistake in making a selection from this popular house, that guarantee satisfaction.

You can also be fitted out with the knobbyest shirts, fine hosiery, small jewelry and all at reasonable prices.

E.A. Graves
59 Maine Street, Brunswick

Here is displayed horse furnishings of all kinds including, robes, blankets, whips. etc.

Or are you thinking of fine luggage that make most desirable and appropriate gifts? Here you will find fitted and unfitted bags, filled and unfitted suit cases, black enamel hat boxes. A fine assortment of trunks are here also either plain or the convenient wardrobes trunks.

Drapeau Shoe Store
56 Maine Street, Brunswick

Not even in the larger cities will you find better values in boots and shoes than you will at the above establishment owned by Mrs. Josephine Drapeau and managed by Mrs. C.L. Drapeau, who has proven herself a most enterprising business woman. The store deals exclusively in footwear. The lines embrace the products of the leading manufacturing concerns of the country, specializing in the famous Douglas shoe for men. Equally dependable are the other lines carried and in style and quality are the best on the market.

Then there are special school shoes for children, guaranteed to outlast most other makes and at prices most reasonable. Heavy rubbers for farmers for winter wear.

F.W. Chandler & Son
Maine St., Brunswick

This is one of those stores where you get the same cordial welcome whether you come to buy or to look, and is popularly called "The College Bookstore."

Have you read "The Story of Mankind," by Van Loon? Fifty thousand copies have been sold at \$5.00 each. It must be good. Better consider this as a Christmas gift.

This store has a stock of this as well as all the other good books. All the latest fiction is found here, together with the monthly magazines that are so full of interest and information.

Mr. A.G. Chandler, the proprietor of this store, has been in business here since 1906 and keeps a most attractive line of souvenirs.

The store is overflowing with gift novelties that simplify Xmas shopping and so is a good place to take you Xmas list. For here are toys for the kiddies, athletic goods for the older ones, Remington typewriters for the high school girl or boy who is anticipating a business course, leather goods, brass goods, Dennison's paper goods, etc.

We would also mention the Waterman, Parker, Onoto, Sheaffer and Moore fountain pens. Also Eversharp pencils in great variety.

If you are thinking of renovating, you will find the latest designs in wall paper.

It has been said that the variety of goods is unequalled for any store of its size in New England.

First National Bank
Brunswick

With a capital and surplus over \$150,000 and a stockholders additional liability of \$50,000 this leaves a total responsibility of well over \$200,000 and places the First National Bank of Brunswick in an enviable position with the Maine banking institutions.

The Savings Department, which is given National bank protection, was established July 1st, 1918. On November 1st, 1922 the books show 1856 depositors with a total amount deposited of \$851,115.57.

The history of the bank, after 60 years of successive banking and Government supervision, shows it to have been an active force in the financial life of Brunswick. Emphasis has always been placed on the importance of local service, and by a strict adherence to sound banking methods the confidence of the community has been justly merited.

The Officers and Directors

Franklin C. Webb, President succeeded former president Frederick H. Wilson upon his death in 1815. Mr. Webb is a retired merchant and has always taken a prominent part in civic affairs.

Samuel L. Forsaith, Cashier. Mr. Forsaith became cashier in 1902. Since that time he also has held the position of town Treasurer.

Wm. H. Farrar is Assistant Cashier, taking his position in 1917. He is a Bowdoin College man, and was assistant Treasurer of the college for about four years.

Rupert H. Baxter of H.C. Baxter & Bro., Canners, is also President of the Bath Trust Company of Bath, Maine and has been a director of the First National Bank for many years. He is also chairman of the Recess Committee on Banks and Banking of the 81st Legislature. He is recognized as one of the leading financial authorities in the state.

William W. Nearing recently resigned after a long and successful career as Vice-President of the Pejepscot Paper Company, has also been for many years a director.

Dr. Gilbert M. Elliott, one of the leading physicians in this section, has been a director since 1915.

John L. Baxter, a Bowdoin College man elected a director in 1919, is one of the firm of H.C. Baxter and Bro. Mr. Baxter comes from a long line of successful business men.

Wm. Warsnop, a director since April, 1921 is agent for the Cabot Manufacturing Company.

The directors represent an active efficient board. Out of town accounts are solicited, and banking by mail given special attention. The bank building itself is modern in every respect, and has ever improved safe-guard against fire and burglary.

Model Bakery Maine Street, Brunswick

Brunswick is indeed fortunate in the possession of this Model Bakery of which A. Brilliant is the proprietor, opening up his establishment about four years ago. Nowhere can you get better bread or pastry and in fact all their cooking has gained a reputation for excellence that is much appreciated by the busy housewife.

The Model Bakery will supply your table with the finest of rolls, cakes and pies! Their cuisine is equipped with all the latest inventions to facilitate their work; this makes it a pleasure to partake of anything coming from this bakery. Especially would we speak of the bread which is produced from carefully selected materials, wrapped in waxed paper mind ideal sanitary surroundings, and delivered to your home fresh daily. Orders by mail or phone receive prompt attention.

J.J. Rancour, Prop.
199 Maine Street, Brunswick

Since starting the shoe and leather repairing establishment in Brunswick in June of this year, Mr. Rancour has kept busy doing a fine job on the bruised and battered shoes. For all his work he used the United Shoe Machinery and has all devices for turning out only first class work.

He does a fine stunt on leather goods of all kinds that need to be renovated, traveling bags and shopping bags.

He specializes on the Field Brothers and Gross shoes.

If you have not already patronized the Shufix you will be rewarded by a first-class job if you patronize Mr. Rancour.

The Cabot Manufacturing Company

The Cabot Manufacturing Company is one of the big industries of Cumberland County. With an equipment of approximately 90,000 spindles and 1600 looms, it employs 850 men and women whose average weekly payroll approximates \$17,000.

This concern manufactures plain cotton goods, plain and fancy scrim and marquisettes and high grade combed hosiery yarn for the knitting trade. The officers who have successfully managed the industry for the past three years are John W. Farwell, president; Nathaniel F. Ayer, treasurer, and Charles E. Inches, assistant treasurer, with headquarters at 77 Franklin Street, Boston, and William Warsnop, agent, Brunswick.

Their product is marketed through selling agents, Eldredge and Synder of New York City, taking care of the cloth output, and Harding, Tilton & Co. of Boston, the yarn.

Water wheels and electric power from their own electric plant look after the necessary power to operate the concern.

About 50% of the employees were born either in Brunswick or elsewhere in the state. The majority are Americans of French Canadian descent. Of the 850 employees over 125 have been in the employ of the concern for a period of 25 years or more.

The condition under which the employees perform their work is excellent. The rooms are well lighted and ventilated. Air conditioners or humidifiers have been installed and so well is their working that there is a well modified degree of heat and humidity, so much so that the relative humidity seldom varies more than two degrees.

A special feature for the benefit of employees is a splendidly equipped first aid room, with a trained nurse Miss Grace Lowery, of Brunswick, in attendance. Here are comfortable chairs, couch, ambulance stretchers and divers comforts to assist in alleviating pain or any mishap to employees. This first aid room is under the personal supervision of a physician, Dr. Gilbert M. Elliott of Brunswick, who makes two visits weekly to the mill. It is estimated that by December 31 this year, the first aid room will have treated approximately 3400 patients during the year and treatments by Dr. Elliott approximately 628. Another feature is that the plant has its own caterer. Charles Charron makes two trips daily through the work rooms with refreshments which he is allowed to sell to employees at a small margin of profit. These refreshments include soda water, ice cream, salted peanuts, ham sandwiches (Fridays shrimp sandwiches), potato chips, candies, pastry, apples, oranges, etc.

In line with other textile organizations managed by the officers of this corporation the aim has always been to produce the best goods possible and maintain working conditions for the employees comparable to the best cotton mills in the country.

Tondreau Bros. Company
Cor. Maine and Bank Streets, Brunswick

Tondreau Bros., a popular headquarters for high-grade goods is in Brunswick with branch stores at 2 Cushing Street, 18 Mill Street and Maine Street, Topsham and 62 Center Street, Bath.

These stores all have the reputation for handling the highest grade of goods at all times, equal to the largest city stores. The best brands of teas, coffees, spices and condiments. For the lunch basket are the best of canned meats and the glass jar novelties.

Hence the popularity of the Tondreau Bros. stores. Their meat department is fully stocked and all meats kept so that they are free from dust and all foreign elements such as flies, etc. Here you will find the best of meats and poultry, and heavy Western beef at all times. Their store windows attract many by the fine displays.

W. O. Powers
Topsham, Telephone 20

The store is finely equipped to serve its patrons with promptness and dispatch with the newest and freshest commodities which are always in stock. If there is anything you need in the line of fine groceries, provisions and choice table supplies you will find only the best at W. O. Powers'. Besides everything you will find in a fully stocked grocery store, we would mention the freshness of their dairy products.

Their meat department has modern refrigerating facilities and their meats are all handled in a most sanitary way. Here you will find the choicest cuts of lamb, beef, veal and pork and seasonable vegetables. Phone you order to 20 if you want best quality, fresh goods, reasonable prices and prompt delivery, you will know that Mr. Powers, who has been in the business seven years will conscientiously fill you order.

Pool & Billiard Hall
R.S. Arsenault, Prop.
Brunswick

This popular pool and billiard hall has been successfully managed by the owner Mr. R.S. Arsenault for about 10 years and thoroughly understands running a well ordered and up-to-date hall. He has an especial knack in dealing with old and young, who here can play a clean game of pool. He has three well equipped tables. In connection with his hall he has a fine line of candy and the leading brands of cigars, cigarettes and tobacco.

His shoe shining parlor is fitted for ladies as well as men.

J. W. & O.R. Pennell
70 Maine Street, Brunswick

In going through the business section of Brunswick, one cannot fail to be impressed by the number of old established business concerns. The above company has been in business for 33 years and is one of the most up-to-date stores in town. Here you can be fitted out with one of Hart, Schaffner & Marx suits, that carried with it always a mark of distinction and has a style warranted not to come off. Overcoats of the most approved style and quality and hats and caps that are the latest thing out. Have you seen their fine line of sweaters, waterproof coats? If not, do so at your earliest opportunity. This store has always been popular headquarters for the newest novelties in haberdashery and in this department you will find plain and fancy shirts, seasonable underwear, fine hosiery, nobby neckwear, gloves, small jewelry, etc. These are sold at reasonable prices, and not even in the metropolitan centers will you find better values.

Roberts Shoe Store
64 Maine Street, Brunswick

Covering a period of 50 years, this old established business is a landmark along the Maine street in Brunswick. Willis E. Roberts of Brunswick is proprietor of this establishment, having succeeded his father who was a leading businessman of the town for many years. A wide choice of the best advertised lines of boots and shoes are displayed here in pleasing variety, whether it be for sport wear, school or for dressy occasions.

Here you find the felt and leather novelties in slippers that are warranted to ease the weary feet and at the same time give pleasure to the wearer.

Goods from this store are sure to give the greatest of satisfaction to purchasers and Mr. Roberts will be right on hand to see that you are well served.

J.E. Davis & Co.
92 Maine Street, Brunswick

Established for nearly a score of years, J.E. Davis & Co. of Brunswick, has been under the active management of Mr. U.N. Nash, who has been instrumental in building up this fine business. There is carried here everything needed in dry and fancy goods, specializing in the best of hosiery and underwear. Notions of all kinds and small wares and the latest fads and fancies. The line of dry goods is particularly fine with an infinite variety of designs and patterns and of the best qualities.

The suit and coat department is in charge of one who understands the art of choosing apparel for women. In-coats the newest cloths in heavy and lighter weights and those with the handsome fur collars that are the style of the day. If you have not already made your selection you will be sure to find something to suit you in the big and handsome display that is carried at J.E. Davis & Co.

The Brunswick Garage
7 Dunlap Street, Brunswick

One of the important things in this land of motor cars is a first-class garage and machine shop. The Brunswick Garage with Harry L. Lowry, proprietor, answers these qualifications in every respect. Well fitted by training and experience to do the finest job on a car, during the five years Mr. Lowry has been in business he has turned out work that testifies to his ability and the knowledge of all makes of cars.

Every equipment is in this up-to-date garage to expedite all work on cars and only skilled machinists are employed here. It has a cement floor and every facility for the quick washing of cars. It has ample storage capacity for 40 cars. Two gasoline tanks with a capacity of 1700 gallons; the best oils and greases and makes a specialty of the Brunswick tires. Batteries are rebuilt, repaired and recharged here with excellent results.

Motorists meeting with difficulty on the road will be rewarded by stopping at the Brunswick Garage where they will find the best of service plus every attention and courtesy.

A. F. Brehaut & Co.
Maine Street, Brunswick

Sir Sidney M. Skinner, head of great London stores, is visiting in this country, scrutinizing closely the various phases of retail merchandising in this country and comparing them with English methods. He says in part—"I know of no store in London, with the possible exception of Harod's, that undertakes service to its customers in a large way. It is extraordinary what a large proportion of the activities of many of the large stores here is centered on service, courtesy and comfort."

This is the key-note of the success of the A.F. Brehaut & Co., where one feels the atmosphere of hospitality at once on entering the store and where the customers are called by name. Alert is the corps of assistants to see that each customer is a guest of the store and accorded every attention and painstaking effort to meet her needs. The store is wonderfully adapted for the trade with imposing entrance and large floor space, wide aisles for plenty of counter room where their goods can be displayed to the best advantage. There is not a dark corner in the store for there are windows on all sides, making of it in truth a "Daylight Store," which reacts favorably on clerks and customers dispensing cheer on all.

Mr. A. F. Brehaut, the man at the wheel, bought out this business several years ago and has proved that he is a man of the hour and has the ability to "put his ideas across." He has the same advanced ideas that make the big New York and Boston stores so popular and had been able to offer the Brunswick people styles right up to the minute and goods of high-class quality.

Everything is carried here in the line of dry goods, fancy goods, dress goods of all kinds that are selected with great care to meet the requirements of the trade. They specialize in Richelieu mills underwear and Wayne Knit hosiery, having for a leader the No. 788 silk stocking, the aristocratic stocking that means so much to the well dressed woman. A large and varied stock of silk undergarments of exceptional beauty in design and material—attractively priced, and suitable for Christmas gifts.

Their needle art department offers many novelties for the holiday trade and no time should be lost if you are planning on making Christmas gifts. These include bureau scarves, luncheon table covers, and an especially fine line of card table covers. We should mention ribbons and laces, and small wares and a multitude of things, that you would find in an up-to-date dry goods store.

Their ready-to-wear department has gowns, suits and coats that spell distinction and are from nationally advertised houses, these have an individuality that will carry style as long as they last.

On the lower floor is a fine display of blankets, crashes, linens, cottons, etc., and a room devoted entirely to linoleums in charge of a thoroughly experienced man who is a lightning calculator on the amount it will take for that room you are planning to carpet with this attractive and durable floor covering.

At all times the display windows are filled with seasonable good and decorated with taste that attract the passer-by to the extent that no many get by but are tolled in by the wonderful values offered here.

In mentioning Brehaut's, one not only thinks of the building which is a model of cleanliness, light, and fresh air, but the high grade stock carried here at all times and the fine service, extending even to the doors of their large clientele.

Park Garage
191-2 Middle Street, Brunswick

The Park Garage, while it is a service station for all kinds of cars, is especially experienced in the repairing and overhauling of Buick and Ford cars. This is a busy headquarters for owners of these cars who do not want their cars just tinkered but thoroughly repaired, and look to Mr. O.J. Chase of Brunswick as the man who can do the job. At all times this garage has first-class machinists who are keen in detecting the trouble with a car and meet the trouble with alacrity and dispatch and you start on your way rejoicing with confidence that the work is done right.

A large stock of automobile supplies are at hand here, including the best oils and greases and a large gasoline tank. A specialty is made of Racine tires which have won for themselves a record of service and comfort. Mr. Chase has been in business but four years. He has just taken on agency for G.M.C. truck and the Everready welding outfit.

M. Singer's Dry Goods Store
50 Maine Street, Brunswick

For fifteen years this store has carried at all times, the best and most complete lines, all in apple-pie order and such that sell readily and make friends, two qualities that have been instrumental in building up its large trade.

In the ready-to-wear department you will find all the latest styles in suits, dresses, coats of the best quality, where the stock is quickly adjusted to the changing fashion and the public sentiment in regard to them is readily met.

We could also mention in the Dry Goods line, the best of cottons, yarn goods, knitted underwear of all kinds and notions with all the latest novelties.

This store really adapts itself to Christmas shopping and you list and heart will be enlightened by finding the many things offered here in useful and suitable gifts for the whole family.

Mr. Singer, with his expert knowledge of merchandizing values combined with efficient service, has given the people of Brunswick a dry goods store that would do credit to many of the metropolitan centers.

H.C. Baxter & Bro

H.C. Baxter & Bro. are the world's largest packers of corn. This concern packs between three and four per cent of the total amount of canned corn in the United States. It is estimated they pack daily during a season about three quarters of a million cans of corn. "Baxter's Finest," "Snow Flake" and "Best Reserve" are some of their better known brands sold in this vicinity. In addition to their own brands they pack for jobbers under the latter's own labels. The distribution of their canned goods is international as well as national and their products are shipped to every civilized country on the globe. The home office of this concern is in Brunswick. The members of the firm are H.C. Baxter, J.P. Baxter Jr., R.H. Baxter and J.L. Baxter. They have canneries at St. Albans, Hartland, Fryeburg and North Fryeburg, Maine; Conway, New Hampshire; Westminster, Windsor, Brattleboro, Essex Junction, Piermont, Vermont, and Wapello, Iowa. In conjunction with the latter cannery is run a 250 acre ranch. During a season approximately 1800 men and women are employed in their various canneries.

Park Hotel Maine Street, Brunswick

A finely kept hotel like the Park in Brunswick reflects on the reputation of the town for hospitality that means so much for the stranger in your midst. While no meals are given here, the Park is a veritable home for those who have been fortunate enough to be sheltered under its hospitable roof. Everything is done for the comfort of the guests and this you sense as you enter the office with smoking room for the men and, for the ladies of the party, a fine reception room.

There are sixteen clean and heated rooms that have been furnished with the sole idea of pleasing the patrons and making them comfortable in every way.

You will find here all the comforts of larger hostelrys, combined with an air of cheerfulness, cleanliness, and a kindly interest that cause those who have been entertained here to return often.

H.A. Wells 117 Maine Street, Brunswick

About two months ago H.A. Wells opened up his store, intending to make it popular by handling strictly high grade food supplies, quoting reasonable prices and rendering prompt and efficient service.

The canned goods, bottled and jar goods are of the very best brands. Special attention is made in the selection of teas and coffees which are the best on the market.

The freshest of dairy products are carried here; fruits and vegetables in their season. In their meat department, choice meats are cut to suit the purchaser. All meats are kept in the most sanitary way in the large ice box which has a large refrigeration. Choicest table luxuries of all kinds are displayed on the attractive shelves.

Miss Ida C. Reed
Milliner
(Opposite Post Office)

The enterprising proprietor of this popular millinery shop has the prestige of catering the longest in fashionable head-gear to the ladies of Brunswick. She has been in her present location for fifteen years.

During these years she has always kept her shop up to the standard by her fine workmanship and the changing demands of fashions with the latest creations that she is adept in making individual for her clientele.

One of the leading millinery establishments in this section, Miss Reed has a reputation for her chic millinery and smart hats, and has the reputation of being a milliner of exceptional ability and taste. With the exception of a few ready to wear hats, all her millinery is hand-made and she employs a milliner of reputation who will make up for you anything you wish.

The stock is well supplied with shapes, flowers, feathers, etc., which are purchased from the leading millinery establishments and is consequently strictly up-to-date.

Albert A. Parent
56-57 Maine Street, Brunswick

For many years this meat and grocery business was run by M. Parent, the uncle of the present owner, Albert A. Parent of Brunswick, who took over the business on June 6th of this year.

On entering the store one is impressed by the fine appointments especially the counters which are kept immaculate and look most inviting to make a purchase from. Their well-arranged shelves are so placed as to easily catch the eye of the customer, so there is small chance of forgetting an important item for the family table. They make a specialty in this store of their farm and dairy products of all kinds, and in season their daily supply of fruit.

The excellent meat room should receive special mention and deservedly so, it is a large room immaculately clean with a two-ton ice box. All meats are kept in such a way that there is no danger of contamination. A specialty is made of their home-made sausage put in pound packages in sanitary wrappers. Salt and smoked fish are to be found here. An efficient free delivery service caters to the needs of the trade.

E. Leblanc Co, Gent's Furnishing Store
46 Maine Street, Brunswick

For a period of 10 years, Mr. E. Leblanc, the enterprising proprietor of this men's furnishing store, has met the demands of his patrons with goods of quality at reasonable prices. All the suits are displayed on racks and can be seen to the best advantage. The clothing carried at Leblanc's comes from only the best known manufacturers of the country. A specialty is made in this store of collegian's clothes and one will find here most pleasing varieties of the many things that go to make up a man's wardrobe. We would mention his nobby line of hats and caps and haberdashery of all kinds, making a specialty of their neckwear. Leblanc lines "can't be beat" as their large clientele can testify to. Mr. Leblanc is always on hand to see that his patrons are promptly and courteously served.

A.I. Snow
224 Maine Street, Brunswick

Mr. Snow keeps a full line of the best quality of groceries of all kinds, teas, coffees, spices, etc., the freshest of dairy products and all fruits and vegetables in their season. Especially would we mention their line of canned, bottled, and jar goods that are displayed on their shelves. The best brands of cigars and tobacco are carried in this store.

In fact, Mr. Snow, who has been about 30 years in business, keeps a large stock at all times and aims to meet the demands of his customers promptly and efficiently. Things are not "just out" at Snow's, this combined with a reputation for fair-dealing and prompt delivery of their orders, have been the chief factors in building up this fine business.

Young & Short
195 Maine Street, Brunswick

Young & Short deal in the finest staple and fancy groceries, specializing in table luxuries and bottled, jar and canned goods of all varieties and many appetizing novelties that tempt the jaded appetite. Their teas and coffees are not to be excelled anywhere. In the matter of flour, cereals and fancy biscuits they handle the product of famed concerns of the country.

Their lines of fruit and vegetables is displayed in the most inviting way and in season you will always be satisfied by buying these at this headquarters.

Young & Short bought out the business of H.T. Nason about two years ago and are doing a bustling business along the street and are rewarded for the enterprise by the large patronage they have built up during this short time. If you telephone your order to 226-W you will get it on short notice.

H.W. Willis
Topsham

The housewife will find it very easy to fill her morning order from the fine line of groceries and provisions that are carried here at all times. During the two years that Mr.

Willis has been in business by producing the goods and offering his patrons the best of service, he has built up the enterprising business stand that he runs today. In the meat department you can get the choicest cuts of heavy western beef—all meats kept in a strictly sanitary condition.

The best ice cream, all kinds of candy and bon bons are carried. Fruits and vegetables are here in season.

We would also speak of his best brand of cigars, cigarettes and tobacco and smokers' requisites of all kinds. An attraction of this store is the excellent delivery service and the prompt filling of all telephone orders, with as much pain-taking care as though the purchaser were present. Tel 163-W.

Wilson Drug Store
82 Maine Street, Brunswick

Since 1875 the above pharmacy has been the dispenser of pure and wholesome drugs, compounded with the utmost care. The laboratory is provided with every safeguard to insure accuracy, in charge of registered pharmacists of ripe experiences. Specialties are made of toilet articles and preparations of all kinds, sick room requisites and hospital supplies, rubber goods, and the score and one commodities you would find in the up-to-date drug store of today.

A fine soda fountain at which is dispenses all the toothsome confections in vogue and where you will be served with the famous S & H ice cream. Also the Wilson Drug Store is popular headquarters for the choicest candies.

The pharmacy's reliability is unquestioned on account of the high quality of their goods and the character of their service.

D. & C.E. Scribner Co.
Brunswick

The D. & C.E. Scribner Co. makers of Scribner's Poultry Feeds. This business was started in 1859 by David Scribner, and has always been in the family. In 1912 it was taken over by D. & C.E. Scribner, D.W. Scribner being president and general manager. I.R. Morrell is treasurer. They do all grinding, all done by electrical machinery. They do a large wholesale and retail business in grain, flour, grass seed, hay, straw and feed of all kinds. In the matter of flour they are the distributors for several of the best makes in the country including the William Tell and others, always quoting the lowest prices. You will always find her quality and this combined with the lowest market rates (for this firm enjoys the most favorable relations with the largest shippers and mill men of the country). Mr. Scribner is a member of the Topsham Board of Trade.

R.W. Laird Motor Co.
Brunswick

On July first of this year the R.W. Laird Motor Co. opened up their finely equipped authorized Ford and Fordson Sales and Service to the public whose patronage

has grown to such proportions that in the spring they will have new quarters on Center street.

With two practical men of foresight and enterprise at the head of the Laird Motor Co, R.W. Laird, Treasurer and sales manager and H.A. Campbell, President and Service Manager, the business is booked to succeed from the start. They are authorized Ford dealers for Ford cars, Ford trucks, Fordson Tractors and also agents for the Lincoln cars. Their quarters occupy two floors. They specialize on the Kelly Springfield tires, the tire that is warranted for hard service.

Their machine shop is equipped with every facility and mechanism for the best of repairs on Ford cars by men who are thoroughly experienced in handling them. A large line of genuine Ford parts and accessories is carried here so there are not annoying delays in patronizing the R.W. Laird Motor Co.

Only the best of oils and greases are found here and the gasoline tanks hold many thousands of gallons. Being conveniently located is one big factor that has contributed to their success. This combined with the courtesy of all connected with the Company is making it widely known as the unexcelled Ford Service Station.

Brunswick Hardware Co.
138 Maine Street, Brunswick

The Brunswick Hardware Co., is a comparatively new organization in town. About three months ago, H.E. and F. R. Treworgy bought the stock of goods at 138 Maine street, and began the new enterprise under the above firm name. The energetic, young men have made many improvements in the establishment.

The Brunswick Hardware Company carry nationally advertised lines. Take notice of their paints and varnishes and you will see familiar names. Dependable kitchen ware, shelf hardware of every description and tools for carpenters, blacksmiths and mechanics you can get very quickly at the store and the prices are right.

This store is making every effort to deserve the goodwill of the men and women of this community and its slogan, "Satisfaction Guaranteed" is no idle phrase.

Catlin Bros. & Cail Automobile Repairing
Brunswick

It is at Catlin Bros. & Cail's that you can get the best workmanship on that automobile that needs attention. E.H.Catlin, L.M. Catlin, and G.W. Cail are the doctors that will return you car to you in first class running order. For here are the best mechanics who understand thoroughly all makes of cars and are not baffled by the stiffest job. Their shop is equipped with all facilities for expert work on cars and it has gained a reputation for reliability. So for that through overhauling you are planning to have done to your car, two have it in ship-shape order for next season, just run it into Catlin Bros. & Cail's, and have it done to your utmost satisfaction.

This firm has been in business for four years and are men of wide experience in this line. Six weeks ago they moved into their present quarters where they solicit your patronage.

N.H. Pierce

One of the largest and best stocked grocery stores in town is the N.H. Pierce establishment that has been in the business center of Brunswick since June 1st, 1890. During all these years uniform courtesy and the best of goods; choice teas, coffees and fancy groceries are to be found here of the very best brands, as well as the finest of dairy products. Also you will find here splendid values in the newest canned novelties, bottled goods, luncheon specialties of all kinds, early fruits and vegetables. Mr. Pierce recommends the famous Superba brand of canned goods, grown and canned in Maine, and conceded to be the finest goods on the market.

In fact all goods in this store are choice and it might well be called "The Choice Store." Phone your orders to "Pierce's" number 164, if you want best quality, fresh goods, reasonable prices, and a prompt and efficient store and delivery service.

G.L. Quint, Sales Stables
Corner Winter and Elm Streets, Topsham

For many years G. L. Quint has bought and sold green horses and will sell you a horse with a guarantee that it is as represented. In an intuitive way he knows what you want and supplies it.

In connection with his sales stable he has built a garage which is an entirely separate building. This he uses for storage room for the Cheverlet and Franklin cars for which he is agent. These cars have a large sale and the Cheverlet is easily recognized as the best car for the money and is widely known for the comfort it affords the tourist on long trips. The Franklin has won its reputation not only as a classy car, but also for its economy in making a large number of miles on a gallon of gasoline. Mr. Quint is ready and glad at all times to demonstrate these cars, whether one is thinking of an immediate purchase or not. So call around and try out these splendid cars.

Frank Cummings
218 Maine Street, Brunswick

This store has a large stock of choice meats and provisions of high grade quality and you will always find yourself satisfactorily served by trading at this up-to-date establishment. Everything spells cleanliness and sanitary surroundings which are so essential where food stuffs are kept.

The best of teas, coffees, canned goods are to be found here together with nationally advertised flour and cereals. Aunt Jemima's pancake flour that Ronald Amundsen has taken a supply of to the North Pole. "Sakes alive" says Aunt Jemima, "I sure done never thought dey to be eaten my pancakes at de North Pole." Just the thing for breakfast these cold winter mornings.

Special pride is taken in the meat department, where heavy western beef is carried and the best of poultry and meats of all kinds. Telephone 436-436 and you will find your order filled and delivered promptly.

Claire M. Parent
The Fashion—Millinery
95 Maine Street, Brunswick

The “Fashion” is the popular rendezvous for those who are seeking the novel in millinery. Miss Claire Parent is the proprietor of this shop and has carried to her clientele for fifteen years with the prevailing styles, every spring and fall. There is always a fine display of her “showing” and whether you are looking for a poke bonnet, picture hat or just a chic turban, Miss Parent will produce one.

Miss Parent is prepared after her trips to the metropolitan centers to suit her most fastidious customers. In her fine store she carries a large stock of frames, flowers, feathers, etc., for the making of hats and will utilize any material that is brought in to be made over for those who have an eye for thrift. She is a milliner of exceptional ability and taste.

Lemieux Grocery Store
42 Maine Street, Brunswick

Mr. Lemieux, the proprietor, has for 20 years, considered the best none to good for his customers. At this store you will find splendid values in the finest and most wholesome staple and fancy groceries—the best of fruits and country produce, creamery and dairy products, table luxuries and luncheon goods for the table.

The popular brands of flour and the best blends of teas and coffees. Mr. Lemieux prides himself in the fine qualities of his meats and has a modern refrigerator of several tons ice capacity, enabling him to carry one of the largest and best kept lines of meats in town. When you trade at Lemieux’s you are sure of always getting the best quality. Efficient delivery service to all parts of the town and surroundings. Your telephone orders will receive prompt attention.

Brunswick's Maine Street Was Old Twelve Rod Road

Brunswick Record

August 4, 1949

By Isabella P. Congdon

Many a summer visitor driving into Brunswick for the first time remarks on the beauty of Maine street, its generous breadth and the well laid out Malls which furnish shady oases in the heat of a summer-day. The story of Maine Street is really the story of Brunswick, for the road forms a connecting link with the outlying settlements which were the earliest beginnings of the town.

In the early days, Maquoit, on the edge of Casco Bay was the center of trading when lumber was shipped by water, and such necessities as molasses and sugar came in from Portsmouth or Boston.

New Meadows, on the east side of the town, was the most flourishing farming community and paid a large share of the town's taxes. Between these settlements was a large timbered area, uninhabited until one came to the point of a new settlement on the banks of the Androscoggin where the sawmills had begun to whine all day. The early settlers on the Landing still depended largely on fishing to earn their living.

Twelve Rod Road

In 1742 the citizens from all parts of the town resolved at a town meeting to lay out a Twelve Rod road from the river, extending towards Maquoit. This road would facilitate the handling of lumber and also give through passage for such travelers as wished to go northward by water to Norridgewock or Canada. Some progress was apparently made on the road, but the following troubled years prevented its completion. Three times the town voted to lay out the road but it was not done until after 1760, with the close of the Indian Wars.

The building of the Twelve Rod Road was the first step towards creating a town center which was to be known for many years as "The Village." Houses sprang up along the new main street and also little shops selling "India goods" or home made hats. The first of these privately owned shops was opened by Captain John Dunning on the site of the present Lincoln Building. His own home was adjacent and still stands on Lincoln Street where it was moved fifty years ago. Captain John, the son of the town's first settled minister, was a fur trader in his youth, but later he branched into trading all sorts of imported articles.

Main Becomes Maine

A few people like to refer to Maine Street as The Twelve Rod Road. I doubt if the early inhabitants called it anything but main street. The capitalization of the name came into being after the Civil War when patriotic citizens approved calling the street for the state of Maine. Its east parallel street was named Federal for the federated states, and the west parallel, Union, for the nation which Abraham Lincoln had struggled to preserve.

Many of us can remember when Maine Street was unpaved, rough and full of mud holes. Twenty five years ago the town began the process of giving the street a permanent surface. It was an arduous undertaking. One historian mentions a distinguished visitor of the early 1800's who was thrown from his carriage into a

mudhole coming up Mill Hill. No bones were broken but his dignity was greatly shaken. Maine Street is now a comfortable road to transport any visitor.

Fine Old Homes

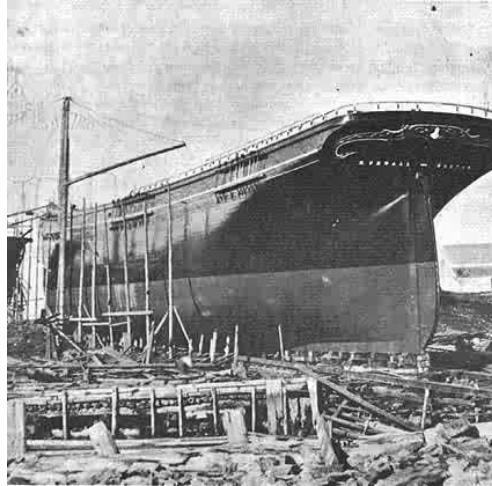
As with so many New England towns, some of our finest residences faced Maine Street. A few of these still survive, among them the Elliott House, the Forsaith house and the Skofield houses on Park Row. The old Melcher house above the tracks has been restored and operates as the Merrymeeting Shop. During the last years many houses have been torn down or moved to make way for commercial progress. Certain landmarks like the old Tontine Hotel are missing. The old watering trough at the head of the Mall is gone, too. Many of the old stone hitching posts have fallen before the impact of the "horseless carriage." Unfortunately Brunswick citizens have not been too conscious of preserving landmarks of their past.

"I wouldn't know the town," former residents complain (sometimes) upon returning for a visit. But if one looks for detail in its truest aspects Maine Street is the same as it has been for more than a century. The generous breadth of its twelve rod wide road remains: the sweep and majesty of the elms still shade the highway. One may stand on the hill and still glimpses the river rolling towards Merrymeeting Bay. Stores have changed much as the woman may change her dress without altering her general appearance. With a little knowledge of the town's history and a little imagination, one can easily recreate the old town.

Unified Maine Street

The tight little "village" is a thing of the past. It was only an artificial creation by certain citizens that they might enjoy special privileges of lighting and sewerage. Maine Street belongs to the whole town.

One cannot doubt it on Town Meeting day when cars and wagons elbow each other at the Town Hall curb and citizens from every part of the community gather to discuss the articles of the warrant. Maine Street then, voices its longevity, its dignity and its determination to bring all the members of its large family together for one day in the year. To Brunswick citizens Maine Street really is Brunswick.



Benjamin Sewall at Pennellville Shipyard

Brunswick's Early Industries Interesting Account of Old Time Shipbuilding And Navigation

By
General Joshua L. Chamberlain
Brunswick Record
September 1, 1905

Peculiar conditions of the region around Brunswick, of which this is a natural business center, having navigable waters—river and sea—on three sides of it, and within easy reach abundance of oak and pine and other woods suitable for the construction of ships, made this the prominent local industry as soon as the early settlers got foothold here. There were bold men here before the country could be called settled; but their hold was precarious. The forays of the French and Indian Wars kept people on the alert and armed at their work as in their homes; block houses were set for rallying places at all threatened points, and so early as 1688 garrisons were established at Maquoit and Fort George, near Pejepscot Falls, at the other end of the road,—for it could scarcely then be called a village. Two generations later the dangers were not ended. So many men of the town took an active part in the siege of Louisburg that even the homes were not safe. Still they managed to keep something going upon their water fronts. When the Pejepscot proprietors came into possession, one of their first concerns was to provide communications with the world without. In 1716 they bought the sloop Pejepscot to open a line between the river and Boston, and soon afterwards built the sloop Maquoit for similar service by way of the sea front.

There was plenty of water then for vessels on the Androscoggin to the foot of the falls, and close in shore in the inlets of New Meadows, Middle Bay, Mair Point and Maquoit. On all these waters vessels have been built and manned by home talent, and were running regular trips to domestic ports and the West Indies, before the middle of that century. The way to the yards was wild but not always lonely, as Captain Cowing

found when building his sloop at New Meadows in 1750, and dragging his iron with his horse—his trips usually expedited by the chasing and snapping of wolves.

The war of the Revolution, of course, checked the enterprises. But when independence was established new settlers poured in, and maritime interests started up again with fresh vigor. The embargo of 1808 depressed everything, although in this year a gunboat was built in Middle Bay, and did good service on the Barbary Coast. The War of 1812 with England would have brought ruin had there not been some demand for privateers. After this, came an era of great activity in shipbuilding, with increasing prosperity for more than half a century. On the sea front the whole shore from Maquoit to Harpswell Neck was an almost continuous line of shipyards or more simple beds. And on the Androscoggin from Merrymeeting Bay to the falls things were lively at the water's edge. The mills and lumber interests here made the owning and sailing of shipping profitable, and thus laid the foundation of many a fortune. On the salt water front things took a little different turn. A goodly number of vessels, indeed, were built to run on homeliness, but it soon came about that the great ships were built here to go to the world; work and never saw home again.

A mere list of names of vessels and builders within the generation or two of that golden age of shipbuilding in this town would take more open space than the entire limit allowed this article. What follows of this description must suffer the loss of brightness that attends condensation and generality. The truth in detail would be a series of stirring and enchanted pictures.

From 1820 home-built vessels were running from New Meadows River, Middle Bay and Maquoit to Portland, Boston and our Southern States on regular lines, and more in the West India trade—and others were making fortune and fame on all seas. Most merchandise for domestic use came by way of the sea front, and the three points named, and was hauled thence four miles to the village now gathering near the falls of the river. All the increasing business needs of a growing village like this, with its mills and factories and thriving college, and also those of the surrounding towns depended on water transportation.

From 1814 the sloop Friendship had been running as a regular packet between Portland, Harpswell and Brunswick, taking freight also for Bath, sent overland from New Meadows River. By 1820 there were two sloops on the Brunswick and Boston line, and a schooner and two brigs in the southern trade. In 1824 the brig "Castine, with superior accommodations for passengers," was running between Brunswick and Baltimore. In 1829 the brig "Hope" ran regularly between New Meadows and Boston. In 1830 the packet "Maquoit" ran between Brunswick and Portland, and the sloop "Union" and schooner "Boston" were on this latter route. In 1842 "the new and splendid schooner Alice" was advertised to run between Brunswick and Boston, touching at Portland each way; this, "having been built expressly for this route with superior accommodations for passengers." The schooner "Accommodation" was put on the same route in opposition.

Maquoit figures largely in this business as it was the nearest port for the village. A fine wharf had been built here, 750 feet long, and a number of storehouses to accommodate so large a traffic. Similar conveniences were provided at New Meadows, and at Pennellville and Simpson's Point on Middle Bay. Some of the vessels sailing for Brunswick made these points their destination, especially as the latter had a good channel

at all tides for the largest vessels then running. This, also, was only a mile farther from the village than Maquoit.

We have accounts of a steamboat touching at Pennells wharf in 1823, and in 1825 running between New Wharf and Boston. This "New Wharf" was so called to distinguish it from Pennell's; which was some years older. That was not, however, the fine wharf since known by that name, which was built in 1837, chiefly for the steamer "Flushing", which ran daily for some years between this and Portland, until the opening of the Kennebec and Portland Railroad in 1850. Sometime before the parties interested in navigation had made a movement to build a railroad from the Falls of the Androscoggin to the most convenient good water on Middle Bay. The larger enterprise of course absorbed—or rather in this case destroyed—the smaller; it made Portland the sea port for all the region round about, and sent the Brunswick built ships to their honorable part in the commerce of the world. Shipbuilding still went on along the sea front, and the New Wharf having a depth of water sufficient to float any ship at all tides became a picturesque spot, where the vessels built by the many yards in Middle Bay came to complete their rigging.

It would be a pleasing task and an interesting object to describe the various yards in detail, and point out the peculiar characteristics of some of the old master builders and the lines and features of some of the finest ships, which were the pride of our people,—two built at New Wharf in the writer's college days, being the largest up to that time in the United States,—The "Screamer", eighteen hundred tons, and the "Sam Dunning" two thousand tons and those latest built at the Pennell and the Skolfield yards, being the noblest and most beautiful. But the limits of this paper compel a mere summary, which may best be presented in tabular form. Vessels built on the sea front whose records have been verified are given classified by their rig; and the attempt is not made to distinguish every separate bed or even small yard, and individual builders in the same; but only to indicate the waters in general; as Maquoit, which includes several building places on Mair Point; New Harbor, which includes four yards in Middle Bay and Pennellville, embracing half a dozen reaching to the head of the same. Skolfield's on Merryconeag Sound, and New Meadows, including three or four yards.

Place	Sloops	Schs.	Brigs	Barks	Ships	Total
Maquoit	4	1	3	2	..	10
New Point	1	1	3	2	3	10
New Wharf	2	9	7	7	12	37
Pennellville	2	14	22	13	17	68
Skolfields	..	2	5	1	16	24
New Meadows		6	4	2	7	19
	9	33	44	27	55	168

On the Androscoggin we find the vessels continuing in navigation there engaged chiefly in the lumber carrying trade. The difficulties of navigation by way of the lower Kennebec discouraged regular packet lines such as were on the sea front. Still a goodly number of vessels were built here, and well repaid their owners. In 1768 the Pattens at Bath began their prosperous career in building the sloop "Merrymeeting" in the bay of

that name, at the confluence of the Androscoggin and Kennebec. At about that time Captain Stone began to build in the Cove on the Brunswick side, and continued the business for thirty years. On the same side below in following years was the Dunlap yard and Humphrey's, this one of the best and latest. On the other side, near where the paper mill now is, Captain Godfrey built several vessels. Below were the Moulton's, Purington's and Lemont's yards, bringing the work down to recent times. The last vessel built here was the bark "Undine", which met an experience characteristic of the approaching end. The railroad bridge having been nearly completed during her construction, the owners had to cut a channel on the Brunswick side to get her out of a berth to which she nor any of her like could ever return. We have not complete or exact statistics of the vessels built on the river, but they were, in all, probably about 40 in number, and made good reputation for their builders and generous profits to the owner.

We have interesting accounts of a steamer being built in the Cove sometime about 1817, and proving unserviceable here being "hailed" (probably on land) to Maquoit, where she went to decay—her naked timbers long afterwards standing momentos of premature enterprise. This seems to be the first steamer built in New England.

Home industries seem to have been favored in those days. When people could not command a shore, they built their vessels in their wood-yards. In 1802 a vessel of 63 tons was built in Lisbon, launched in a freshet of the Androscoggin and brought over the Pejepscot Rips to the head of the Falls; then taken out and hauled on rollers by a hundred yoke of oxen to McKean street; and down that and Maine street to the Cove and launched again into the river, from which point she did good service for 25 years.

In 1815 a schooner was built on Mill streets and hauled to the Landing below the Falls, and in 1822 another in Durham, and hauled to the same launching place. In 1823 another was built at Mair Brook and hauled to Maquoit. This practice, however, did not become a fashion, the cost of transportation of the vessel to the water being more than the savings by near-home production.

This shipbuilding industry was a great sphere of goodly work and influence. It fostered many minor industries in which every man could take his best hold. They were great Old Times—times of simplicity, sincerity, good cheer, patience in labor, and prosperity in results.

And then for those who embarked their reputation; their fortune, and counted on risking their lives in these vessels preparing to do great work on the waters, there were influences to broaden the mind and enlarge the sympathies. Putting one's best thought into large affairs, far away tasks and a remote result builds out the brain. For those who sail the ships on all seas, and deal with all peoples, daring rivalries, breasting dangers, the demand for circumspection, including self command, deepens moral power and all the personal values which make up manhood.

There was also a quickening consequence radiating out from those noble old shipyards, both poetic and practical, which is not easy to measure. See what thoughts were wakened for Longfellow's mind by what he saw here in his college days, afterwards written in his "Building of the Ship." And what far thoughts and bold dreams these growing, going ships stirred in the heart of every manward boy!

No finer ships were on the seas then the last ones built in Brunswick. But now their like does not appear. The demand for them and the profits of them have changed the tide of affairs. The reasons for this are general; but the effects are local. Great changes

have come about in commercial and industrial methods. Trade demands ships of a different character. Iron is replacing wood for all but the shortest voyages; steam is replacing sail for all but the longest. And such as are required are not built here. The tendency to concentration and intensification of industries is especially advantageous centers for large operations, has discouraged the carrying on of local enterprises in places where materials and opportunities afforded by nature once brought stimulus and reward to individual initiative and inborn aptitude. Shipbuilding is now gathered in a few such centers where vessels, large or small, can be built at less cost than in operations wider and thinner spread. New economic conditions demand closer organization of power and of capital. Machinery has displaced simple aggregations of both power and capital. No longer do twelve or twenty men lay a big stick of timber up a steep gang-way to the bow or bulwark of a building ship. Now a little engine at the foot of a set of shear whips it up in a jiffy. So with organized capital. So, even, with the active powers of owner or master-builder. These have to meet new conditions, and the stalwart bare-handed workmen must conform.

Then the owning and sailing of ships has been put at a disadvantage in this country in comparison with others by the advance in social ideas and recognition of "the rights of man." The rates of wages here and the scale of provisioning the crews make the cost of running ships so much greater than under other flags that we cannot afford to own ships.

So it is what we call the advance of civilization that has cut off the most prosperous business of earlier times for the people of this town. The advance of organized society, which is supposed to indicate mastery over nature, appears to give to things a mastery over man. The people along our shores have not yet quite adjusted themselves to the new conditions. A lingering few of the earnest masters and workmen of the former times wander around the old yards, or sit all day long on the seaward looking rocks, dreaming—not of the future, but of the past, and passed indeed! The stimulating influences of a beneficent force have gone from the community. And we do not know what can come to take its place.

The forsaken old yards have a drear and mournful look, and even the rank herbage, springing from their mould and softening their outlines, has not yet aroused the spirit of the old workmen from the stunned sense of lost familiar ways to try to utilize other advantages that lie between sea and shore. So it will be, perhaps, for a generation. But as the world rolls, some new tide will spring. New uses of things, new applications of brain power and vital force will be called forth, and some new truth be found in the maxim, "Blessed are they that sow besides all waters".

Fifty years ago a large part of the wealth of the town of Brunswick was in the builders and owners of shipping, and a large part of the strength of character was in the families of the same. The inheritance of both remains. That source of power and influence is lost, but not the race of brave, broad-looking men and women. Seemingly content to make the best of existing conditions, they are ready for the call to other useful service that will lead again to mastery.

BRUNSWICK WATCH ASSOCIATION

Review of Measures Taken for the Protection of Property from Fire After the Conflagration of 1825

By Prof. Henry Leland Chapman
read before the Pejepscot Historical Society
on November 16, 1889
Brunswick Record
March 10, 1905

On the thirteenth of December, 1825, the village of Brunswick was visited by a great fire—so great indeed, that it was distinguished from all previous conflagrations by being called *The Great Fire* for many years afterward, and is so chronicled in Wheeler's History. "Thirty-three buildings," says Wheeler "were burnt, among which were the two factory buildings, five dwelling houses (occupied by eleven families), two stores, two saw mills, one grist mill and a number of machine shops." It was a cold night of the fire, the thermometer registering thirteen degrees below zero, and many persons were badly frozen; among them perhaps, paradoxically as it may seem, some who were burnt out. It would have been a grievous calamity at any time, but it was peculiarly grievous occurring, as it did, in midwinter.

As soon as the citizens were able to measure its magnitude, and to realize the amount of suffering caused by it, they felt the necessity of calling a special town meeting to take some action in alleviation of the loss and suffering. Accordingly on the twenty-second of December, nine days after the fire, a town meeting was held, at which a committee of fifteen was appointed to solicit and distribute aid for the sufferers of the fire. It was found that "sixty-eight persons had been deprived of a shelter, and more than fifty persons had been thrown out of employment," while the total loss was estimated at ninety thousand dollars, with but slight insurance. Something more than one thousand dollars was contributed by the citizens as a relief fund.

It is interesting to inquire what means of protection the village possessed against such a conflagration as this, or against the lesser fires that were occurring from time to time. For during three years previous to the "great fire" the principal building, a dormitory, on the College campus had been burned, the house of Mr. Benjamin Orr, the house of Mr. James Nelson, and the store of Mr. Annice West, with all his goods, account books and six hundred dollars in bank notes; not to speak of a fire just outside the village, on the Rocky Hill road, which starting in the woods, was not stopped till it had consumed twenty buildings, "with a great loss in woods, fences, sheep and cattle."

It was clearly the part of wisdom to provide such means as were accessible for combating these reoccurring and destructive fires. But in 1825 and prior to that time the appliances for fighting fires were crude and ineffective, and the fire departments, even in the large towns, were extremely simple and ill organized. In our own village, in January 1810, Capt. Richard Tappan's house, store and barn, and the house of Col. Wm. Stanwood were burned; and in order to prevent the spread of the fire, Deacon John Perry's house was torn down. That was rather a costly method of extinguishing fires; corresponding inversely to the Chinese Ho-ti's extravagance in burning down his cottage

every time he wished to feast on roast pig. Still it may have stimulated the movement which resulted in that same year, 1810, in the purchase, by individual citizens, of the first fire engine in town, and the only one before the great fire of 1825. It was a small and primitive piece of apparatus, having no suction pipe, and the tub, therefore had to be filled by hand buckets. As I have just said, this engine was purchased by individuals. There was an Article in the warrant for the town meeting of 1810, to see if the town would appropriate money for the purchase of a fire engine, but the article was dismissed, and hence the engine was purchased by public spirited individuals. The attempt was made, four years later, namely in 1814, to induce the town "to accept of the engine," but the town would neither buy it, nor take it as a gift. This engine was nameless at the first, but was subsequently christened the "Mechanic".

There was also a fire company in Brunswick, organized, perhaps at the time of the purchase of the first engine, but that is uncertain. It was called the "Washington Fire Club," and was composed of volunteers. Each member of the company was pledged to keep, in readiness for use, a canvas bag, a bed key, and two leather buckets. It is known



Bed Key

Used in taking beds apart quickly in order to save this
Valuable furniture from fire

that the Washington Club had charge of the engine in 1825, the year of the *great fire*. Among the members of this Club in 1826, and probably before that time, were Dr. Isaac Lincoln, Professor Parker Cleveland, Gen. Richard T. Dunlap, Gen. Abner B. Thompson, Gen. John C. Humphreys and Mr. John Coburn.

These were the services, therefore, which the village possessed in 1825 to cope with a fierce conflagration in the bitter temperature of mid-December. One small fire engine which had to be filled and kept filled by hand buckets; one Fire Club of the leading citizens of the town, each equipped with a canvas bag, a bed key and two buckets; and the willing but unorganized assistance of the rest of the population.

The pitiful inadequacy of these resources must have been felt by the citizens as they surveyed the smoking ruins of the great fire, and counted up their losses. Two things it seemed to them advisable to do, to guard as far as possible against the recurrence of such a calamity. The first was to add the appliances at their command for extinguishing a fire once started; and the second was to devise some method of watching more carefully against the starting of fires. Accordingly, in pursuance of the first of these designs, a committee was appointed in town meeting consisting of Professor Parker Cleveland, Robert Eastman, Dr. Isaac Lincoln, Dr. Jonathan Page and John Coburn, to purchase a new fire engine, and eight hundred dollars was appropriated for this purpose. Provision was also made for increasing the number of engine men. The former engine was not discarded, but continued to be used, as late certainly as 1847. The new engine was bought

in Philadelphia and was called the "Hydraulic". It was superior to the "Mechanic" in other respects, but particularly in having a suction pipe. Professor Cleveland was the first commander or foreman of the Hydraulic Engine Company and held the position for twenty years. "He was always one of the first on the ground at a fire," says Mr. Wheeler, "always managed the hose pipe, and always stood when duty required, in the place of the greatest exposure and danger."

Having taken these steps toward the more adequate equipment of a fire department to put out fires, the citizens proceeded to organize a movement for the no less important purpose of preventing fires. Prevention is proverbially worth more than cure by a large margin of difference, and there is a special interest, therefore, in the method that was adopted to protect the village against fire by the timely discovery of its beginning, or of conditions that threatened to cause it.

At a meeting of citizens held in January, 1820, "The Brunswick Watch Association" was organized, and rules for its government were adopted, which were prepared by a committee consisting of Joseph McKeen, Parker Cleveland, Caleb Cushing, Richard T. Dunlap, Abner B. Thompson and Benjamin Weld. These rules of the watch are given in full in Wheeler's History, and only a summary of the most important of them is necessary at this time.

The watch each night was to consist of four citizens, two of whom were to remain at the place of rendezvous while the other two were going their round of duty and the watch was to be so divided, that as far as possible, each half should perambulate that part of the village where their own residences were.

The watch was to make five rounds of the village during the night, the rounds commencing at ten, half-past eleven, one, half-past two and four o'clock; and each round was divided into two parts, as follows: one part, commencing at the place of rendezvous was to go up Maine Street to the Academy (which was situated about where Prof. Johnson's residence now is) thence returning by the meeting house to the store of Jos. McKeen, Esq., (which was on the site of Mr. Nason's present store) pass through Cross Street (now Cleveland Street), to Federal Street, thence down the same to School Street, through that to Pleasant Street, proceeding up that Street to the house of Captain John A. Dunning, (which was situated just this side of where the railroad to Lewiston now crossed the street,) and thence returning to the place of rendezvous.

The other part, commencing at the same place of rendezvous, was to proceed down Maine Street, thence through Bow Street to Mill Street to the house of Mr. B. Wells, the cottage on Mr. Gilman's estate, thence back through Mill Street to Maine Street, thence through Mason Street to Federal Street, up that Street to the house of C. Waterhouse, where Mr. Wheeler now lives, through Centre Street to Maine and back to the place of rendezvous.

The watch was to proceed on their rounds without causing unnecessary noise of disturbance to the inhabitants, and, of course, in case of discovery of fire to give the most prompt and effective alarm. To assist the watchmen in the performance of their duties people were asked to have holes made in the shutters of their houses and stores so that fire might more easily be discovered. That was perhaps a wise provision, though there is little doubt that those innocent peep-holes in the shutters led, at times, to other discoveries than that of fire. The watchmen, of course, had a measure of that curiosity which is said to be inherited from the mother of mankind, and when their official duty

and their curiosity prompted them to look through a hole in the shutter from which a ray of light was streaming in the mid-watches of the night, they were liable to discover a case of courting, which they might survey, but, by the rules of the watch, were not permitted to disturb. For example, this is the record of the watch for Saturday night January 7, 1827, the watchmen for that night being Parker Cleveland, H.H. Adams, Artemus Smith, and L.T. Jackson. "The watchmen having assembled precisely at eleven o'clock commenced the first round on the upper district; at one on the lower district; and two on the upper district; at three on the lower district; and at four the last round on the upper district; and remained at the watch room until six o'clock. There was nothing material happened during the night. Found one light in a dangerous position, viz: at the head of a bed in a chair; two fires badly taken care of, and some courting on hand—people up late." And others as a post-script to this record is added the significant line, "For further particulars please refer to H.H. Adams," and somebody, perhaps Mr. Adams himself, has drawn a pen through the name of H.H. Adams and written in the name of L.T. Jackson above it, as the proper watchman to furnish the particulars.

The records of the watch, like this one I have just cited, show that the association contained the most influential and esteemed citizens of the town, and the expenses of it seem to have been met by voluntary contribution. In the list of subscribers I find the following familiar names among others: Isaac Lincoln, 4.00; C. Cushing, 2.00; John R. Larrabee, 1.00; J.C. Humphreys, 1.50; Robert T. Dunlap, 5.00; David Dunlap, 5.00; Ebenezer Everett, 2.00; Benj. Orr, 4.00; B. Weld, 8.00; N. Hinckley, 8.00; Wm. Smythe, 1.00; A.B. Thompson, 1.50; John Perry, 1.50; Joseph McKeen, 3.00; John McKeen, 1.50; James Cary, 1.50; William Allen, 2.00; Thos. C. Upham, 2.00; R.D. Dunning, 1.00; John Coburn, 1.50. The total amount of subscriptions for that year, 1820, was \$102.25.

The principal items of expenses were (1) A record book, and printing; the book being kept at the place of rendezvous for recording each night the members of the watch, together with any interesting or important events that occurred during the night, and such comments as any one of them, chose to make, sometimes serious, but oftener humorous or playful. The record of January 22nd has this item: "Discovered gentlemen removing a part of a pile of boards supposed to belong to Mr. Davis. Gave them chase, and with equestrian speed effected their escape across the bridge—all else is well." On the 30th of January, when Isaac Lincoln was one of the watchmen, it is recorded that they "saw nothing special except a young man returning home from particular business. Detained him awhile, demanded his business for being out so late; he gave us good satisfaction, we let him go by paying one bottle of wine." On the 14th of January, John Owen and Dr. Jonathan Page being two of the watchmen, it is said that "the only important discovery we made as a Pink(?) stern clipper which we saw about one o'clock heading SSE; hailed her and ascertained she was bound for assistance which there was great want of; did not board her. Doctor Page having finished his last round at half-past 3 o'clock took the liberty to retire. It is believed that this is unconstitutional and it is hoped that he will be called to account."

"The Watchmen's labors being done
They gladly to their homes return,
Fatigued with wandering to and for
In ill-trod paths among the snow."

The watchman of February 26th on returning home at half-past 4 o'clock must have peeped through the hole in the shutters, for they report they "saw Hannah kindling green slabs." The process may have aroused her temper, or they would hardly have made a note of it. On March 4th the watchmen content themselves with remarking, "A few interesting discoveries too pleasing to be recorded in this book." On the 13th of March Ebenezer Everett, Esq., heads the four watchmen, and the record is rather longer than usual, though I do not think it was made by Squire Everett, but perhaps by Larkin Moore, another of the four. I quote a part of it: "Second rout commenced at 12 o'clock. We proceeded up Maine Street as far as Col. Estabrook's—made no discoveries until we came down as far as Stoddard's, there we found that he had left a large back-log burning. We determined to let it remain until our next watch. He was very careful to leave his oven door open. Nothing more at present. We will just remark that we wish to have a little more pen and ink for the purpose of transmitting to posterity the discoveries of our nocturnal adventures."

"Commenced the second rout at one o'clock; know no discoveries except they were carrying on in high style at Mr. C. _____ found all well."

"Third rout commenced at 3 o'clock. We made some very important discoveries—all of which I shall not relate—one was a rooster seated upon his pole—another was the inclemency of the weather, cloudy—cold, almost stormy. We finished our laborious career for the year 1827. We take the liberty to mention—to place the rout of Pleasant Street upon the upper rout. It is a candid statement when we say that we think that the upper rout is longer than the lower by the space between here and J. Dunning's. But trust not to report! Traverse it yourself, and then you will be satisfied of the truth of this statement."

These are a few extracts from the original Watch book for 1827, which was preserved among the papers of Professor Parker Cleveland. It is an interesting bit of ancient record, and it must be the book which Mr. Wheeler had the privilege of examining in the preparation of his history; so that it has the value of an original document on which written history is based.

A second item of expense to the Association, after a record book and necessary printing, was the furnishing of a supply of watch-poles, which were carried by the watchmen on their rounds. These were about three feet long, and finished at one end with a hook, so that they served the double purpose of a cane to support their weary steps, and an instrument or weapon with which to catch any unhappy wanderer who should try to escape from them. They were not always effective, as we have seen in the case of the culprits who escaped "with equestrian delight across the bridge." I do not know as any of these watch-poles are in existence, but if they are we should be glad to have one in the collection of this society.

A third, and the principal, item of expense to the Association, was the rent of a room to serve as the rendezvous of the watchmen, together with the refreshments which were served to the watch at midnight, consisting of hot coffee, bread and butter, cheese and cold meats. The place of rendezvous in 1827, during the time covered by the records from which I have quoted was the inn of Barker and Rogers, which occupied the site of the present Tontine Hotel. That inn was burned in the same year.

The committee's report in April 1827 shows they received subscriptions amounting to \$102.25, and that they paid:

For Book Printing, etc.	5.90
Barker & Stinchfield, for hooks	1.06
Barker & Rogers for Rooms	
Lights and supplies for the watchmen	72.16 ½
For persons who neglected the watch	11.12 ½
Making the total of	\$90.25

The balance in the treasury of \$12.00 was paid to twenty persons, whose names were given, but for some reason or service not specified in the report.

Such is the rather meager record of the watch established for the protection of the village, after the “great fire” of 1825. How efficacious it was, it is impossible to say; but it was an honest attempt, as honestly carried on probably, as was possible to poor human nature when exposed to such subtle and seductive opportunities to satisfy its curiosity by inspecting the domestic economy of a neighborhood through holes in the shutters.

Mr. Wheeler says that a similar watch, upon a somewhat modified plan was maintained for one season in 1849. The watch in this later case consisted of six citizens instead of four, and it was divided into three parties of two each, and two of these parties, or four persons; were constantly on the watch through the night, and until daylight.

In 1852 and 1858 the justices of the peace and selectmen appointed a watch of six citizens, who used the engine house, on Pleasant Street as a rendezvous and watch room, meeting there each evening at nine o’clock, and organizing for the duty of the night.

At the annual town meeting in 1858 the town appropriated the sum of seven hundred dollars for a night watch, and since that time we have gone to bed with a feeling of security, not so much on account of the perambulation of the night-watchman as if the better organization and equipment of our fire department; and in these later years, on account of our adequate and trustworthy water system the most considerable conflagration in the village since that time, occurred in February, 1871, when several mills and other buildings, with part of the toll bridge, were burnt at the Cove, with a total loss of \$35,000. Whether the ancient watch association could have prevented the fire, who can tell?

After all, the best prevention of fires, other than incendiary, is for every householder to be a self-appointed watchman on his own premises.

“This,” as Dr. Holmes would say,

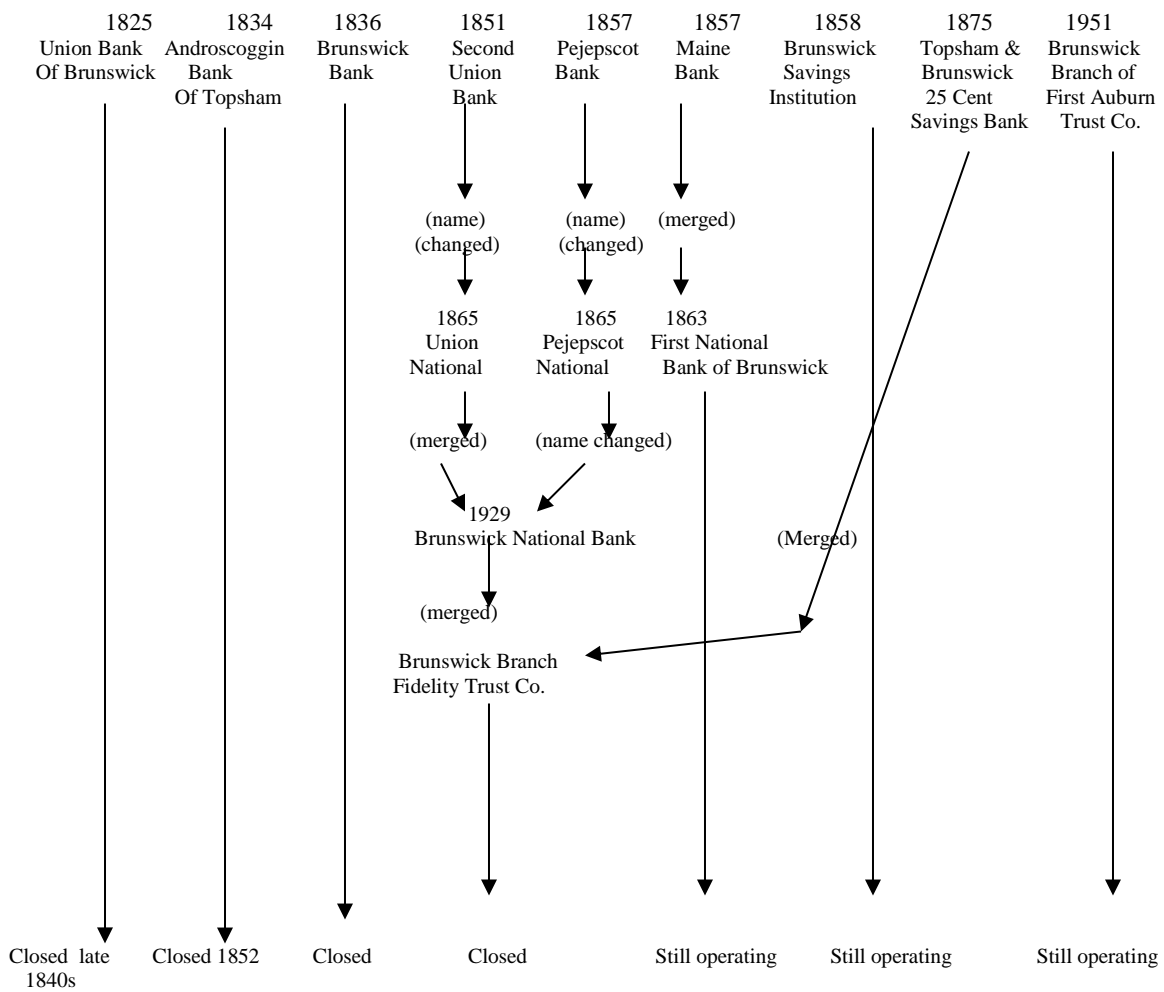
“This is the moral which runs at large,

“Take it you’re welcome, no extra charge.”

First National Bank's Centennial Recalls Early Days Brunswick-Topsham Banking History Illustrates "Survival of the Fittest"

By Paul Downing
Brunswick Record
April 25, 1957

(Editors Note: The Brunswick Record is indebted to William H. Farrar, President of the First National Bank of Brunswick, for the material contained in this article. The information was extracted from a paper which was prepared by Mr. Farrar and read at a recent meeting of the Town and College Club)



One hundred years ago this week a new bank in Brunswick was chartered by the Maine Legislature. It was not the first bank in town, but it was the first to weather a stormy century and remain in business to the present.

As chartered on April 22, 1857, the new institution was known as the Maine Bank. Six years later a new bank was organized under the Federal chartering system, and the Maine Bank was merged with it to become the First National Bank of Brunswick.

In reviewing the history of banking in Brunswick and Topsham, it is necessary to go back 35 years before the Maine Bank's founding. Probably there were banking facilities of a sort in existence before 1822, but they were on a private basis and left no public record of their existence. When Maine became a state in 1820, however, interest was quickened in the founding of a formally organized banking institution. Accordingly, several residents of the town petitioned the Legislature in 1822 for a bank charter, as was done by citizens of many other towns in the state.

First Bank In 1825

The charter was granted, and in 1825 the Union Bank of Brunswick opened its doors for the first time. Those doors were closed for the last time in the late 1840s.

The Union Bank was only the first of several banks which led the brief existences in Brunswick and Topsham during the 19th century. Like ships hopefully launched but lost at sea, they held their brief sway and disappeared from public view without a tangible trace that they ever existed. One such ill-fated venture, however, has left a public monument to itself, a visible reminder that it once was. This was the Androscoggin Bank, the only bank Topsham ever had. The second state-chartered institution in the area, it was founded in 1934; its brick building on Maine St., with the word BANK still visible in large letters, is now occupied by David Burnett as a real estate office. The institution for which the building was erected has been out of existence for more than a century. Its charter, which expired in 1854, was not renewed.

Brunswick's second bank, the third in the Brunswick-Topsham community, was named simply the Brunswick Bank. It began operating in 1836, shortly after the Androscoggin Bank.

Pioneer Closed Doors

Probably there was not enough business in the two little towns to support three banks. Whether or not that was a reason, the pioneer in the field found it necessary to close its doors in the late 1840s. After a lapse of only a few years, however, the Second Union Bank was chartered in 1850; this bank's management was at least partially the same as the first bank of that name, indicating that the same people were back for a second try. This time it was the turn of the other two banks to slip beneath the waves of financial exigency. The Second Union opened on the first day of the second half of the century on Jan. 1, 1851. The Androscoggin failed to renew its charter in 1854 and the Brunswick Bank met a similar fate when its charter expired in 1856.

The Second Union was thus left alone in the field; as had been the original Union before the other two banks were founded. This fact must have given considerable satisfaction to the stockholders of the Second Union who had been involved in the original bank.



Three New Banks Founded

Their complacency was to be short-lived, however, because in the next two or three years after the last competitor went out of business three more new banks were to be founded. First there was the Maine Bank, which was later to become the First National Bank in 1857; later in the same year the Pejepscot Bank was organized, and in 1858 the Brunswick Savings Institution came into the picture. The latter bank, which will celebrate its centennial next year, was among the first of what was then a new type of banking institution, a mutual savings bank entirely owned by the depositors; then, as now, the ownership of a commercial bank was in the hands of the people who owned stock in the company.

In 1865 the owners of both the Second Union and the Pejepscot Banks followed the lead of the First National Bank two years before and obtained federal charters. They became, respectively, the Union National and the Pejepscot National.

For a number of years the situation remained stable, with the Town boasting three national banks and one savings bank. Then in 1875, the Topsham and Brunswick Twenty-Five Cents Bank became the fifth banking institution to offer its facilities to the public.

Five Banks In Brunswick

Many years passed with five banks doing business in Brunswick. Each weathered many a financial storm in sailing through the turbulent period around the end of the old century and the beginning of the new one. The boom era of the roaring twenties found all five still shipshape and sailing on an even keel.

The twenties were to be the beginning of the end for three banks, however. Following a series of mergers which combined the three into one bank, the combined institution failed in the biggest financial upheaval in the history of the country.

Financial mergers, maneuvers and machinations so typical of the period began with the formation in the mid-20s of a corporation called Financial Institutions, Inc., a holding company with headquarters in Portland. By sale of its preferred stock the company acquired banks in Portland, Augusta, and Waterville and then started gathering in other banks. By purchase of outstanding stock, the company acquired both the Union National and Pejepscot National. In 1928 and 1929 at the peak of frenetic financial expansion across the country, the Pejepscot National became the Brunswick National, and the Union National was merged with the new institution. Financial Institutions then acquired the Twenty-Five Cent Savings, and combined it into the Brunswick National.

This bank, having the most auspicious start of any bank in the history of Brunswick, with the strength of three banks behind it, had the shortest life of any in the town's history.

New Building Erected

In 1932 it became a branch of the Fidelity Trust Company of Portland, also owned by Financial Institutions. A beautiful new building was erected for the Fidelity branch on the corner of Maine and Cumberland Sts. Now known as the Senter Block, it housed three stores and a number of offices besides the bank. The space is now occupied by Jarvis' Restaurant.



To make way for the new Fidelity Building, as it was then called, the former Union National building was moved to Town Hall Place, where it now houses the Brunswick and Topsham Water District offices, and the adjoining structure was razed.

Fidelity Trust closed its doors in accordance with the Presidential "bank holiday" order on March 6, 1933, and never reopened. The assets of three Brunswick banks and the assets of Fidelity Trust in Portland and its other branches were not enough; the whole financial edifice, built in the boundless optimism of the twenties, collapsed.

After The "Holiday"

The First National and Brunswick Savings resumed business after the "holiday," and for a generation remained the only banks in Brunswick. The First National was the only one offering commercial banking services. In 1951 the First Auburn Trust Company of Auburn, older than either of the other two banks, established a branch in Brunswick. From a small beginning the Brunswick branch has shared with the other two banks the expanding economy of the area and has grown rapidly since its founding six years ago.

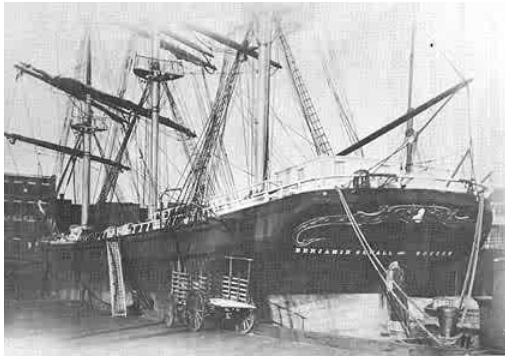
No history of banking in Brunswick can be completed without at least mentioning another organization which has a share in the financial picture of the town. This is the Brunswick Savings and Loan Association, which, although it is not a bank; in the usual meaning of the word, carries on a partial banking function. Founded in 1888, it has served through the years as a savings repository for its members and a source of financial assistance in building, remodeling or purchasing their homes. Housed since its founding in the business office of its secretary, the association moved last November into a building of its own for the first time.



ALTHOUGH THE SCENE IS DIFFERENT, THE BUILDING IS THE SAME.

Shown in the old photograph above is the old part of the present Brunswick Savings Institution building when it housed both it and the First National Bank of Brunswick in the early days of the two banks. Probably built for the Maine Bank, predecessor of the First National, the building was shared by the two institutions for many years before the First National erected its present colonial style building in 1918. The photograph apparently was taken as a picture of the Brunswick Band in the foreground; background historical interest is a bonus. Besides the bank building it shows Joseph Tarbox's millinery store on the site of the Dunlap Block which Houses the Brunswick Record plant, and an unidentified building on the present location of the Tondreau Block. The print from which the engraving was made bears the stamp of the Webber Studio, so it may have been taken by the early Brunswick photographer in the late 1890s or early 1900s.





Benjamin Sewall in 1888 in Boston



Benjamin Sewall unloading Maine Lumber

Brunswick the Vanished Seaport

Brunswick Record

July 5, 1928

Maurice E. Graves of Pittsfield, at the recent Commencement day exercises at Bowdoin College, spoke on "Brunswick, the Vanished Sea Port," his address being one of the most interesting from the local viewpoint of any delivered for many years.

Much of the material used by Mr. Graves in his address was secured while employed by the late William J. Curtis of New York, in obtaining material on Brunswick ships and ship masters, his research work taking many weeks of labor.

In his talk Mr. Graves gave a most interesting picture of our famous old town in the days when shipping was its principal industry and when the clang of the hammers could be heard in many ship yards in Brunswick and Harpswell.

The address was as follows:

Today we must turn back just half a century to the years when the class of '78 that today celebrate its fiftieth reunion, was in College. As the Commencement of '78 approached Brunswick was undergoing a change. She was losing one of her thriving and most interesting industries; she was seeing the men who had carried on that industry pass away. When the Class of '78 entered Bowdoin, the ship "Samuel Skolfield" had just been built, a beautiful ship of seventeen hundred tons. Not until four years later was another vessel of that size to be launched from the shipyards of this neighborhood. Nearly all of the other yards were then out of use; Joseph Given's shipyard, in which no ships had been built for ten years, was offered for sale in 1876 and two years later had not found a buyer. It is true that vessels built in Brunswick were then sailing all the seas. The Skolfield fleet were busy; and this spoke well for Maine built ships, for even there were more "wooden bottoms" than there was cargo for them. Truly, sailing ships were no longer in demand. The year 1878 saw ten sea captains of this vicinity die; it saw ship runs slowly being covered with sod; it saw ships being tied up to rot.

Those years marked the close of an industry that flourished in Brunswick, Topsham, and Harpswell—flourished so greatly that Brunswick vessels and Brunswick captains were known and respected the world over. But the college years of the Class of '78 were but a day in the long time that these three towns had built ships and carried on shipping. Over two centuries ago the first sloop, the "Pejepscot", came up the

Androscoggin to the falls, out of Boston with supplies for Fort George, or what is now Brunswick. A few years after, 1716, the first vessel was built here, another sloop, the "Maquoit." From then on, or until the railroad made land freighting cheap and rapid, there was usually a packet-boat sailing between Boston, Portland and Brunswick—for in those days Brunswick, Topsham, and Harpswell were all one town. Shipbuilding continued throughout the 18th century, not much of it, however, for the lure of navigation had not entirely won man over from the more certain rewards of farming. In the 19th century the industry increased until its high point was reached in the late sixties and early seventies. By that time Brunswick had built probably four hundred vessels, every type from fishing schooners to two thousand ton clipper ships.

What has been the value of this shipbuilding? Are the results entirely and solely to be found in historical facts? Are they merely another phase of life of the last two centuries? Undoubtedly the greatest value of the industry is in its historical worth; it shows a motivating force in Maine, and even in the United States; it shows the contest of shippers and manufacturers that was predominant in many of our early tariff battles; it shows why New England was strongly Federalist in 1812. But nearly any story of shipbuilding—the history of any shipbuilding in any town in Maine—will show the same tendencies. Historically the story of Brunswick's maritime life has been duplicated by many other towns.

To what then, can we turn to evaluate the worth of this now extinct industry? I think we can deal with the influence of the industry on the town, on the men of the town, and on literature. The town, first, because many who live in Brunswick and almost all the students of Bowdoin do not realize that this town has a maritime history. Today when one man leaves Brunswick by train or trolley car, it is hard to realize that there was a time when the best way to go to Boston was by packet-boat. A smooth ride on the "Friendship" must have been infinitely better than the best driven, jouncing stage coach. But all this changed and before shipbuilding died out packet-boats were used only for pleasure excursions.

Brunswick herself was particularly favored by having this industry within her town limits. Not only did it bring an increase in wealth, in activity, and in population but it also brought a widening of the town's affiliations with the world. Her skippers, probably fifty lived here on an average, went all over the world, saw all peoples, and returned with a fund of stories and a wealth of acquaintanceships. In the middle of the 19th century travel was more of an education than it is now since then only by travel was one able to know other lands. There men, and sometimes their wives, saw the world, learned that the other half was not having such a bad time, and came back to tell about those lands. Undoubtedly for days and weeks after each home-coming their narratives were eagerly listened to.

The town received her share of good from the acquaintanceships which these captains made. Captain Frances C. Jordan once gave passage to the Irish poet, John Boyle O'Reilly, who had escaped from Australia where his Fenian activities had sent him. Because Captain Jordan had brought him to America O'Reilly was always grateful to him and once spoke in Brunswick without pay for the benefit of the Library Fund. By her ships and captains the town became known—and because of the strong ships and sturdy men her fame was far from mean.

Before and even for some years after the last ship was built here, the men of Brunswick were well known all over the world for their seamanship. There is a particular strength of character bred in men who daily command sailing vessels. The old sea captain was harsh and, in some instances, even abusive but that was not the rule. Instant and unqualified obedience was his desire, but he took a thought of his men, of his passengers, and of his duty. On shore he was a well-bred and important personage, having weight in his community and being rewarded with town and state offices on his retirement from the sea.

Thus were captains of Brunswick, Topsham, and Harpswell. Known all the world over, respected for their seamanship, noted for their daring yet accredited with the knowledge of when not to take a risk. They made records: the ship "Sam Dunning" brought cargo of over two million and a half pounds of cotton into Boston on one trip which, the Boston Herald said was the largest cargo up to then ever brought into the harbor. The excellent seamanship of Captain Skolfield of the "Rising Sun", won for him the respect of certain French insurance underwriters—as well as a gift from them. These captains were acclaimed for daring: Captain Charles S. Merryman, of the "Ann E. Thompson", all unofficially, was an important factor during the Civil War in Burnside's Expedition at Hatteras Inlet. It is to the credit of such men and to the sturdy ships which they commanded—ships generally built by brothers or relatives—that Brunswick could remain important in navigation as long as she did.

Nor have the signs of Brunswick's activities been left to us in mere numbers of ships built and in commercial records. Writers have found occasion for poem and story about these men. Longfellow must have visited the shipyards when he was in college and his "Building of the Ship" testifies that his was no idle interest. Whittier's poem "Skipper Ireson's Ride", was written about a captain of Marblehead. But it was a Brunswick ship, the schooner "Active" commanded by Captain Robert Given, that Captain Ireson had refused to help on that October day in 1808. Then, too, the brutal Captain of Dana's "Two Years before the Mast", was said to have hailed from this town. This last, of course, was denied by the people of Brunswick. The legend of a funeral ship was used by Whittier for a poem "The Dead Ship of Harpswell". Although he says,

"Old men still walk the Isle of Orr
Who tell her date and name,
Old shipwrights sit in Freeport yards
Who hewed her oaken frames,"

we do not know definitely the source of the story.

Thus we have, in this small town which for the past few years has been our home, a wealth of story, romance, and history. We are likely to forget that when we are harassed by studies and athletics and other campus activities. But our ignorance or indifference cannot alter the facts. Undoubtedly even now a mass of material lies hidden in the attics of the old houses which these sea captains built here—material awaiting some tireless searches. We are likely to belittle the worth of the town, to look to other and larger fields, forgetting that here men struggled with a far greater life, the life of the sea, the building of ships which Old Neptune in his rage could not destroy.

A half century has now passed since the sound of the caulker's hammer was last heard along these shores. No longer shall undergraduates go down each fall to see the launching of the ship, no longer shall the many captains of Brunswick turn eagerly

homeward from many distant ports. Our romance now probably lies in the air, that new struggle which man is having with nature. But we should remember the old romance, the old accomplishments. This old industry has gone; these shores are strangers to ships; silently moving with bellied sails; this town no longer has the picturesque figures of full statured sea captains. We have lost much in losing such an industry and all the glamour of that life but faintly and weakly can be brought back to us by word and pen.

Brunswick Telegraph
September 14, 1898



Frederick H. Wilson

Mr. Wilson is representative elect for Topsham. Mr. Wilson was born in Topsham and passed his boyhood days in this locality. He is an ardent sportsman and has always been active in Fur Clubs and Shooting Clubs hereabout. He is of social proclivity and popular with all classes. Mr. Wilson has for many years conducted the drug business in Brunswick, and is a thorough business man. He founded the Pine Spring Water Company and has always been active in all business interests which were for the good of the town, and seemed practicable while frowning upon those that appeared chimerical. His is a man who makes both friends and enemies, being outspoken and decided to his opinions. He is identified with all the Masonic fraternities. Mr. Wilson will look sharply after the interests of Brunswick as he does his own no doubt, and make a most excellent official.



Sheriff elect

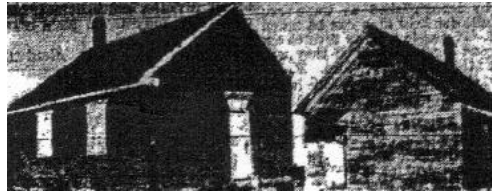


J. Alpheus Fisher

J. Alpheus Fisher is the Registrar of Deeds elect of Sagadahoc County. Mr. Fisher is a resident of Topsham and has for many years been manager of the Trenton Feldspar Works, situated about three miles from the village. Mr. Fisher is Trial Justice in Topsham, and has always been active in town affairs. For some time he has been connected with the schools of Topsham. He has been a life long Republican and always active in party matters. Mr. Fisher will make a model Register of Deeds, and is to be congratulated on his promotion which is well deserved.

**Brunswick Rural Schools Gradually Disappearing
Change in Population Causing Some to Be Abandoned
While Others Flourish—Transportation to Central
Schools More Feasible For Most Sections**

Brunswick Record
January 11, 1932



Prince's Point and Holbrook Schools

Six of Brunswick's discontinued rural schools: Pennellville, Hardings, Lunt, Cook's Corner, Prince's Point and Holbrook.

The town report of 1900 listed sixteen rural schools as being open. These were District No. 1, River Road, with Florence M. Allen as teacher; District No. 2, Hacker, with Lizzie C. Varney as teacher; District No. 4, Kincaid, with Elvira B. Hamlin, Mrs. C.B. Hamlin, and Mrs. Elden Wade as teachers; District No. 5, Hillside, with Mabel Moody as teacher; District No. 6, Frost, with N.V. Marriner as teacher; District No. 7, Bunganuc, with Sumner G. Brewer and E. Belle Stanwood as teachers; District No. 8, Growstown, with Jeanette M. Mitchell and Frances M. Hamilton as teachers; District No. 10, Pennellville, with Agnes J. Muir as teacher; District No. 11, Maquoit, with Leila M. Clark as teacher; District No. 12, Holbrook, with Sadie Sylvester as teacher; District No. 13, Prince's Point, with Effie L. Hamilton and Florence Lancaster as teachers; District No. 14, Middle Bay, with Grace O. Woodside and Edith M. Thompson as teachers; District No. 15, Hardings, with Bertha Nudd and Helen R. Badger as teachers; District No. 16, Ham's Hill, with Charles F. Carruthers, teacher; District No. 17, Cook's Corner, and District 26, Lunt, with Sadie R. Cox, Edith U. Cook and Isabel Farnham as teachers. In 1900 pupils in District No. 3, Brown's Corner, were transported to the schools in districts No. 4 and No. 26, while those in District No. 9, Mere Point, were transported to the Pennellville school.

In a recent Record mention was made of the recent closing of the Middle Bay and Bunganuc schools for lack of scholars and of the fact that the Hillside school had been closed since 1920 and the Ham's Hill school since 1926.

Seven other school buildings have been abandoned since the school catalogue was published in 1900. The Lunt school has been closed since 1905, Miss Ethel J. Lunt having been the last teacher; the River road school since 1916 when Madeline Higgins was the teacher; the Pennellville school since 1913 with M. Cornelia Dweller as the last teacher; the Holbrook school since 1921, when Elizabeth Freeman was the teacher; the Hardings school since 1922 when Isabel D. Hutton taught, while both the Cook's Corner school, with Mrs. Elizabeth Williams as teacher, and the Prince's Point school with Mrs. Mazie G. Wheeler as teacher, were closed in 1927.

The River road schoolhouse, disappeared several years ago, the building having been sold by the town, following which it was removed.

The Hardings schoolhouse still stands in its picturesque surroundings. On the blackboard appears the admonition "Say It in Good English" and a picture of General Pershing hangs on the wall. The building itself is in fair condition, but the roof needs shingling. Through a broken window in the rear one can look in and see school books scattered around the desks and floor. Why these books were not gathered up with the closing of the school for use in other schoolhouses is not known.

The Holbrook school apparently is in excellent condition. At this building all the windows have been carefully boarded up. The building is, however, badly in need of paint and during this past summer it would have appeared much better had a rather unsightly snowplow been moved from the front yard. In contrast to the shade trees at the Hardings school the surroundings at the Holbrook school are far different, there being only one tree near the building.

Nobody can be found who knows the history of the brick schoolhouse at Prince's Point. Harvey Tarr states that as a small boy he remembers a wooden building which it was said was once used as a schoolhouse, but the brick school had been in use for many years when he attended it. Although school no longer keeps in the district the building is still in use as a community center and is in good condition.

The Pennellville schoolhouse has had a restless existence, having been moved at least three times and possibly more. The building has been well looked after and presents a neat appearance. The desks and books have been taken from this building, the interior being practically bare of furnishings of any kind. The building is now located on the Pennellville road. It was at one time on the cross road leading from Pennellville to Simpson's Point. Many Bowdoin College alumni taught in this school in past years, among them having been the late William L. Gahan and Dr. Henry L. Johnson.

People of middle age remember the Mere Point schoolhouse when it was located on a lot near the so-called Hill farm. Later it was moved several miles nearer the village and there it was located when it was burned about five years ago. After that a room at the L.W. Smith farmhouse was used for about a year and since that time the children of the district have been transported to the Longfellow and grammar schools.

There seems to be some question regarding the ownership of the Cook's Corner schoolhouse. This building was for a time used as an emergency pest house during the smallpox epidemic and since then has been abandoned. A sign in the building states that it is for sale by Rufus Y. Storer, but the selectmen and members of the school committee still claim that it is owned by the town. It is understood that Mr. Storer bases his claim to ownership on an agreement that the land and any buildings were to revert to the former owners of the property if every abandoned for school purposes.

The Lunt schoolhouse, now abandoned for more than 25 years, is badly in need of shingling. The building has for several years been used by Fred Dwelley as a tool house in connection with his operations at a nearby feldspar quarry.

The abandonment of these schoolhouses tells the story of the movement of population in the rural districts. One of the best examples is at Brown's Corner, where a flourishing school of about 18 pupils is now keeping. Several years ago that building was closed and children from the neighborhood either attended school in Durham or were transported to the Hacker school.

Many of the closed schoolhouses will never again be opened for school purposes, it having been found much better for pupils to transport them to the village schools. In

some localities it seems preferable to continue the rural schools, even though the number of pupils may at times fall below the number stipulated for the maintenance of a district school.

Brunswick's New Telephone Exchange
Finely Equipped Office in Town Building—Local System Has Been Rebuilt
And is One of the Best in Maine
Brunswick Record
April 28, 1905



Brunswick now has one of the best equipped telephone exchanges in Maine, one that is large enough to accommodate more than twice as many subscribers as are at present using telephones. The system has been completely rebuilt within the past year, five cables have been established, taking in 480 separate wires and since the new switchboard was installed in the new exchange in the Town Building, there has been every reason to feel proud of the splendid telephone facilities that are now provided.

About 300 telephone subscribers have their central office in Brunswick. These subscribers have free communication with the Bath exchange and with the \$40 subscribers of that exchange, including the rural lines to Arrowsic, Day's Ferry, Winnegance, Phippsburg, Sabino, West Bath, North Bath and Hardings Station. Telephone service to the rural districts is growing very rapidly. Brunswick already has five rural lines and five more are to be added immediately. The five existing lines are to Pennellville, Mere Point, South Brunswick, North Harpswell, and one towards Bowdoinham. The new lines about to be constructed will run to Freeport, to Cook's Corner, to Gatchell's Mills, in Brunswick an out the River road and the Meadow road in Topsham.

The present plan is to increase the number of subscribers from 300 to 500, and to this end three solicitors are now taking contracts in this territory. Inducements are being offered, such as 15 months' service for one year's rental, which means practically three months' free service, and in some cases telephones are installed for two months free with no obligation to continue the service.

There are many interesting things about a telephone central office that are not understood by every subscriber. It is a complicated system at best, and when one

considers the immense amount of detail that goes with every telephone communication, he is surprised that the system works so smoothly. Faults are not, as many suppose, due to operators, as a rule. They are generally due to some unavoidable condition outside of the exchange, which are too numerous to mention.

The work of the operators is not essentially difficult, but it is at times very trying on the nerves. In front of each operator is a series of metallic "drops." When a telephone rings, the electric current causes a "drop" to fall, thus exposing the number of the line which has rung up central. The operator does not get the sound of the bell, but merely the click of the "drop." Each desk is equipped with several pairs of independent "cords," which are used in connecting the lines that wish to communicate. To the ends of the "cords" "plugs" are attached. Corresponding to each pair of cords there are listening keys by which the operator can connect them to her set of instruments. The operator notices the "drop," picks up one end of a cord, puts the "plugs" in the "jack" which corresponds to the "drop," and having connected her own instrument with the cord so that she can communicate with the person who has "rung up," and asks "Number?"

Upon learning the number that is wanted, the operator places the "plug" at the other end of the cord in the "jack" that corresponds to the number called for, gives the necessary number of rings by pressing a small lever, and communication is then established between the two parties. The connection having been made, the operator cuts out her listening key and takes the next call, and so on. In a few minutes, possibly not until all the cords are in use, the operator cuts in to see if the parties are through talking, and if so breaks the connection by removing the cord. There are a great many other things that could be explained, such as the "busy tests" for instance, but it would be difficult to make them clear without actual demonstration.

The Brunswick office is in charge of E.R. Spear, who also manages the exchanges in Bath, Boothbay Harbor, and others in this vicinity. Roscoe L. Douglass is the local inspector and lineman connected with the Brunswick office. He has had several years' experience both in this town and in Bath and is a very efficient electrician.

The picture shows the switchboard in the new exchange and the operators at work. The day operators are Misses Mary Wade, Grace Gilbert, Mary Durgin, Mildred Barnes, Theresa McKinley, and Harriet Johnson. The night operator is John Stetson. The exchange is always open. Every day in the week, every hour in the day or night, the telephone is always ready.

The extension of lines into the rural districts is a comparatively new feature of the telephone business and it is one that is greatly appreciated. Distance is overcome and conveniences are multiplied by facility of communication. The farmers are put in touch with the market, a fact that means money to them in selling their products. In cases of emergency the telephone is an ever ready friend. If fire breaks out the telephone may be used in calling assistance. The fact is that much property in the rural districts has been saved from destruction through this means. Sometimes a physician is needed in a hurry, and circumstances are continually arising when prompt communications means more than the cost of the telephone. There is some satisfaction, too, in knowing that it is possible from your home to talk with persons in Boston, New York and even Chicago.

It is apparent that the telephone is soon to become one of the common conveniences of modern civilization. The growth of this business has been phenomenal,

and its increase is bound to be even more rapid in the future, for the greater the number of telephones there are in use, the greater is the advantage to each subscriber.

**Brunswick In Winter Is Fully
As Enjoyable As Brunswick In Summer
Toboggan Slides, Cleared Skating Rinks, and Excellent
Sleighting Roads Are In Constant Use During Fine
Winter Weather By Young and Old**

Brunswick Record

January 22, 1925



TOBOGGAN SLIDE ON WATER STREET

This winter Brunswick is taking her place as a center of winter sports to supplement her fine location in the heart of the summer vacation country. We who do not go South every winter have no occasion to regret the fact we have a town that is so generous in building slides and keeping them clear for coasting. Brunswick in winter owes a great deal to Chief Edwards, who has been one of the most interesting in maintaining sliding places and skating rinks throughout the winter. On many a cold morning he is up at the break of day to clear away the snow of the night before so that the school children may have a chance to get out of doors after school is out, and it is no small piece of work to keep the slides and rinks cleared and flooded.

Under the pines the drifted snow forms a perfect surface for the tracks of snowshoers, the level country and the woods are ideal for skiing and the country roads are just right for sleighing under the moon. So it is no wonder that the streets are crowded with pleasure-seekers every afternoon during the fine winter weather that we have been enjoying. One of the new sports is towing toboggans and skis behind cars and this year the sliders are saved the long walk to and from the sliding place.

There are at the present time two slides on the River and they are in the most constant use. The new Topsham slide was open Sunday and is as long and steep as the one in Brunswick on Water Street.

No need this winter to pack up and go South. Under the supervision of Chief Edwards the slides are in perfect condition all the time and the clear cold air is as wholesome and clean as the snow.

Brunswick In Early Days

The Mall

Brunswick Record

July 12, 1928

By Ira P. Booker

This paper on the Brunswick Mall was written by the late I.P. Booker and read at a public meeting of the Pejepscot Historical Society, October 29, 1908. Since Mr. Booker's paper was written the band stand has been built. "Professor Robinson's lawn," referred to, is now the property of Samuel B. Furbish and the "Lemont Building" is now the Knights of Pythias Building. Few of us ever stop to think, as we walk along its paths and sit in the cool shade of its trees on a hot summer day, how much effort it took to make the Mall the pleasant spot we now know. And about a hundred years ago citizens and visitors going by the Mall on Thursday evening, heard the band concert of the bull frogs, instead of the concert we now enjoy.

The Brunswick Mall

It would seem that the date of an event of within the past century would be easily reached by reference to private or public records, but it has been the experience of the writer, and is no doubt a common experience, that the exact and specific evidence is oftentimes hidden from the most painstaking search.

The beginnings of the reclamation of that pleasant spot which we as citizens all justly prize, for three quarters of a century designated as "The Mall" are not known with exactness, at least to the writer. Some of the acts and incidents, fragmentary in character, touching the movement towards converting an unsightly bog into an ornamental enclosure, are found—but patching these fragments together gives us only a glimpse instead of the full details of the movement which laid the foundation for the present verdant, shady spot lying between Park Row and Maine Street. (And do not let us forget that this Maine is M-A-I-N-E.)

Wheeler's History of Brunswick states that in 1802 a board fence extended from the Northeast corner of R.D. Dunning's house, which stood where now is Professor Robinson's lawn, to the head of the present Mall, and continued to Schwartkin's Store—this store stood about where the building next north of the Lemont Building stands. It appears that the traveled way prior to 1817 was entirely east of the Mall, in other words "Park Row."

It is said that in 1817 Governor Brooks was coming to Brunswick for the inspection of the military, and in view of that visit it was suggested that some improvements should be made. Accordingly a volunteer crew set at work in construction of a straight road or street west of the Mall, in place of the travel being confined to Park

Row and divert all the travel to the newly made Maine street on the west side, but something touching the legal status it is said prevented, so that the two streets have bounded the Mall on the east and west, and to this day have taken the place of the original "twelve-rod-road" which was laid out from Fort George (on present site of Cabot Mill) to Maquoit Bay.

Some years since, Mr. John Furbish, who was given to prowling among musty books and time-stained papers, seeking out the records of the past, thus adding to the lore of the Pejepscot Historical Society, came upon a record of a certain deed which is herewith presented, touching as it does an interesting and essential phase in the history of our Mall. This deed was copied by the writer from the record at the Cumberland Registry of Deeds, book 107, page 121, and is as follows:

"Know all men by these presents, that we John O'Brien, Esq., Robert Dunning, Esquire, and John A. Dunlap, Gentlemen, all of Brunswick, aforesaid, the receipt whereof we do hereby acknowledge, do hereby acknowledge, do hereby release, remise and forever quit claim unto said inhabitants of Brunswick, all our right title and interest in and to the following described tract of piece of land now partly used and improved as a public highway, and commonly called the twelve rod road, or Maine Street, and bounded as follows, beginning at the North West post in Jacob Abbott, Esq.'s fence in front of his dwelling house—thence running across the road on a course of seven degrees South, ten rods and eight links to the house occupied by Russell Stoddard; thence South twenty degrees East, forty-six rods, thence South seven degrees West fourteen rods and twenty links to a stone post at the South West corner of Joseph McKeen Esq.'s store thence West seven degrees North across the street to Robert D. Dunning's yards in front of his dwelling house ten rods and eighteen links, thence North until it comes in a direct line with the North end of said Robert D. Dunning's house, about one rod and eight links from the Northeast corner thereof, thence North ten and a half degrees West eighty-two rods to the first boundary marked A in the plan thereof which is hereinto subjoined.

To have and to hold the same to them the said Inhabitants of Brunswick, their successors and assigns, to their use and behoof forever, for the following purposes and those only, that is to say, a space near the center thereof as marked in said plan (G H I), containing one hundred and fifty rods conveyed by the said John O'Brien and Robert D. Dunning and fifty-nine rods conveyed by the said Robert A. Dunning, in all two hundred and seventeen rods, to be reserved and used as a public walk of the said town, appropriated or applied to any other uses, this deed shall be void and of no effect from the time of such appropriation forever afterwards, and the remainder of the tract herein conveyed to be reserved as a public highway on each side of said walk or Mall.

In witness whereof in the said, John O'Brien, Robert D. Dunning and John A. Dunning, have hereunto set our hands and seals this fourteenth day of June in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and twenty-three.

John O'Brien seal

Robert D. Dunning seal

John A. Dunning seal

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of us,

R.T. Dunlap

Joseph DeMerritt

Cumberland, ss, June 6, 1823

Personally appeared the above named John O'Brien, Robert D. Dunning and John A. Dunning and acknowledged the above to be their free act and deed. Before me

Richard T. Dunlap
Justice of the Peace

Cumberland, ss. Registry of Deeds, received Sept. 26, 1826, and recorded from the original,

Samuel Smith, Register “

Unquestionably the tract north of the Railroad and between Park Row and the southern extension of Powder House Hill, was a veritable bog, the nursery for an abundant growth of black alder, and in whose deep sloughs the wandering kine were not infrequently mired—wonderful accommodations for grand concerts of the festive frog.

The state of things long existed in the western portion of this tract. Wheeler states that C.J. Noyes, Esq., while surveying for the railroad in 1846 went over the top of his rubber boots in this locality.

That fragmenting evidence of transactions not fully recorded, sometime, accidentally appearing, curiously throws light upon them, is illustrated in this case by the finding by Mr. Furbish of a slip of discolored, ancient paper which had been employed as a wrapper for the file of old papers of the First Parish (coming to his hands as an official of church or Parish). On the folded in a hidden surface of this fragment was written in the easily recognized handwriting of Ebenezer Everett, Esq., when he was many years a lawyer in Brunswick, the following:

“The subscribers severally promise Ebenezer Everett to pay him or his order the sums set against our respective names to be expended upon the contemplated Mall in Maine Street, under the direction of the committee appointed for that purpose.

Brunswick, May 8, 1822

Names	sums	to whom paid
A. Bourne	\$5.00	Paid E Everett
Wm. Hall		by E. Everett
	½ day's labor	with 1 pr. of oxen
	2 day's labor	1 man

This makes it clear that a movement for the reclamation of the tract in question was inaugurated prior to the date named in this paper, namely May 8, 1822, and this is an earlier date than the writer had found mention of elsewhere, touching this matter.

Whether any immediate action in applying the subscription shadowed in this memorandum really followed, or whether the action the description of which here follows was the very first, cannot be determined by any record thus far discovered, but the latter seems probable.

As long ago as 1880, in response to my inquiries touching the subject, the late John S. Cushing wrote as follows: “The Mall in its primitive state was located as a bog swamp just where the present Mall is situated. I am not aware of the date but think it was about 1825 when the citizens talked over the matter of improving the spot at the foot of the “Hill” now called the Mall. There was a meeting called, and on the Fourth of July 1825, I think, all classes of people met on the spot with axes, shovels, hoes, wheelbarrows, oxen carts and men and they all were used in demolishing trees, stumps,

hillocks, and generally leveling prominent surface irregularities as well as to open the stream that sluggishly crept through the swamp on the west side of Maine street, through the spot designated as a proper place to have a Mall. Considerable improvement of the place was made by the time the day closed.

Edward Kent, afterward Governor of Maine, and Robert Orr, brother of the late Benjamin Orr, both mounted an ox cart on the premises and addressed the laboring townsmen, so industriously and perspiringly devoted to the work of civilizing and humanizing this spot so long lying in a semi-barbaric state. This is all that can be said of the first attempt to improve this hitherto neglected spot." Cushing designated this as the first attempt at improvement.

In a very interesting interview with the late Mr. Andrew T. Campbell, in 1894, he gave me his recollections of the day on which the people came together for work in Mall making. He was not able to give any information touching the origin and beginnings of the thought to make this spot attractive, but as a boy in the neighborhood of ten years old, he was engaged in the active work of improvement, his share of the work being to bring to the table spruce beer, a hogshead of which had been made for the occasion by Esquire Abbott. He stated that the tables were set in Green street and laden with crackers and fish for the refreshment of the workers and that a great number of citizens from all parts of the town were engaged in the undertaking.

The alder bushes had a great growth, and much cutting and uprooting was done. The ground was ploughed and harrowed and generally reduced from its form condition of a bog and bush to something more promising in appearance.

Mr. Campbell said that at an earlier time a portion of the northern part of this territory had been cleared and used for ball playing and kindred diversions. Not far within that portion stood hay scaled of the old type, roofed over, but with open ends into which the loads of hay entered and were caught up and suspended by heavy chains asides to the sides of car, and then being raised by a lever were weighed, the scaled proper being above the load.

On this occasion he relates that Robert Orr, Esq., of Topsham delivered an address from near the scales he thought, speaking from a platform laid for the occasion. Mr. Campbell felt quite sure that this gathering occurred July Fourth, 1824, differing by one year from the time mentioned by Mr. Cushing.

Of the character of the address it is not to be expected that a boy of ten would bring down through the busy years of a long life any estimate, and it is very probable that, in that day when lightning reporters were not known, none of the eloquence of that occasion was saved to history.

About the time of the interview with Mr. Campbell, a talk with the late Mr. Hiram K. Alexander, who, I think, always lived in the Southwestern part of the town, furnished interesting information from his memory of another participant. He recalled his experience that day of Mall-building, when as a boy, he drove the oxen as his contribution to the work. He was like the others who have furnished information, unable to make certain the year, but thought it was in 1823 or 1824.

One incident made a lasting impression on his boyish mind. The dinner hour having come the workers were called to the tables. He being young and somewhat diffident, did not at once come forward, which was noticed by one of the prominent actors and he was immediately sent along to the board—this citizen mixing, somewhat

weakly, a trifle of grog, for the boy to moisten his lunch withal. While holding the glass modestly waiting for his elders to drink, another and more frugally minded citizen took his glass from his hand, telling him that there was nothing there for him, and that they couldn't feed boys; this seemed a trifle chilling after his forenoon's active and gratuitous exertions. It is probably however that he had his lunch and the "weakly" mixture of grog also. I am sure from the emphasis with which he told of this incident of long ago, that he never after held frugal minded citizens in high esteem.

By this it will be seen that the "Spruce Beer" mentioned by Mr. Campbell was supplemented by something more exhilarating than "Spruce Beer," as that would hardly be designated as "grog." That word, I think, in those days ordinarily signified New England Rum, or on some more important and hospitable occasions, it might be applied to the then more high-toned tippie, West India Rum.

In this connection, although not having any relation to the building of the Mall, but to confirm the impression that the last mentioned drink possessed all the virtues, I am inclined to mention that my father, who was a very temperate drinker at all times, related that on one occasion having on a cold winter day driven from Lisbon to Bath, he was invited to the house of a gentleman with whom he was doing business, and was treated to what, although extremely smooth and palatable, seemed to him very mean in quantity—so meager indeed was it that he really felt a sense of shame for the apparent niggardliness of his host—but, he added, that before he had driven far on his way towards home he was convinced that his host understood the real character of the innocently small amount of fluid much better than he did, for he discovered that he had imbibed quite as much, small as it was, as was good for him. This was West India Rum of the very best.

From what has already been learned it is not possible to fix the year positively, in which the good work was first entered on.

Wheeler says the first work was done in 1826, and additional work on the next Fourth of July. I do not know where he found evidence of this second Fourth of July work, as the writer has found none, and thus we have three years 1824-5-6 mentioned by different persons as being the year of which we have long been in pursuit. This missing link may be found out in some musty diary or other writing of the time.

After writing the preceding paper the writer had an interview with our venerable townsman, Mr. Theodore S. McLellan, whose memory runs back, and whose brain was full of facts and figures touching localities, incidents and changes which had come under his personal notice; or of which he had been informed by reading or otherwise.

Mr. McLellan was certain that the great citizens' gathering for Mall work was in 1825, and he fixes the time by some family events of that year, and he expressed himself as very sure that there was only this one citizens' day, and that the work of later times was performed by hired laborers.

The opinion before advanced that there was something other than "Spruce Beer" on the work day, is confirmed by Mr. McLellan, who says that Esquire Abbott brought our several pails of currant wine, of which he made a great quantity from fruit grown in his garden, and this no doubt was fully appreciated. This may have been the drink referred to by Mr. Alexander, which he designated as "grog" but I should be inclined to doubt it, an adhere to my earlier expressed theory.

There has not come to hand anything of interest touching the Mall for the period of a dozen years or more after that already mentioned, and the next movement is thus

described by Mr. Cushing He wrote as follows: "In 1839 another effort was made by a more determined set of citizens to place this spot in a more satisfactory and respectable condition—several meetings were held in the "Old Red School House" on School Street, in which it was resolved to raise a subscription large enough to grade and fence and furnish trees for finishing and otherwise beautifying this spot in such a manner as would entitle it to be called a "Mall." A committee of three was chosen whose duty it should be to collect subscriptions and afterward to make contracts for grading, opening the ditches—furnishing suitable numbers of trees, and building a suitable fence around the whole ground, and to spend the money to the best advantage as the committee should dictate. Dr. Isaac Lincoln, Joseph Griffin and John S. Cushing were appointed on that committee.

The committee at once went about collecting the funds and finally raised \$300. They went directly to work, devoting all their time for three weeks or more, until the work was nearly accomplished, when it was found the subscription was not quite sufficient, and another effort was made to raise money. But the committee kept at the work, and fifty dollars, were raised. On settling the bills there was a shortage in funds of about \$25, and the committee divided the honor of taking this to themselves, and 'no thanks to anybody.' At this point the labors of the committee came to an end, and it was judged they had used the fund to good advantage, and the Mall, as they left it, was considered an ornament of the village."

It is related that while the work of improvement in 1839 was going forward, as described by Mr. Cushing, who was evidently an active member of that committee, Mr. Cushing was married by Rev. Dr. Adams, pastor of the Church on the "Hill", and the Doctor desiring to aid in the good work, contributed the fee for the marriage service to that object.

For many years there was in the middle of the Mall an open pond supplied by the brook that then and always after ran through the Mall. This pond, or enlargement of the brook at this point was neatly walled, so that its banks were well defined and protected; but after a time it was difficult to keep it so filled with water as to make it in any degree an ornament, on account of objections on the part of some of the residents west of Maine Street who complained that the holding back and raising of the water in the pond, added materially to the dampness of their cellars, which were more moist at best than was desirable. In consequence of this the pond was finally filled with earth, and the greater part of the brook covered.

No evidence has been found fixing the year in which this pond was outlined and walled, but it seem quite probable that it was a portion of the work on 1839, described by Mr. Cushing.

The fence having become much time work was rebuilt in 1867, and the late Doctor Isaac Lincoln was again active in this good work, as he was proverbially active in all good works. His earnest appeal was responded to very generally, and it is related that the impetuous, generous, and public spirited Doctor made vigorous criticisms of those who were well able but had not liberality and public spirit to open their purses. Dr. Lincoln was so constituted that it was not easy for him to understand those persons who rarely saw any but the selfish aspect of affairs, and were consequently slow to contribute

to or encourage public improvements. He was always at the front in matters looking to the betterment of Brunswick, and to the contagion of his work and example we owe much.

After some years of consideration and halting between two opinions the fence was removed entirely, it having become evident that a new one must soon replace it if the Mall was to continue enclosed. It was evidently the opinion of a great majority that it was preferable to have an open park and in the summer of 1902 the removal was accomplished.

It is hoped that the Mall will be cared for and put in such condition in all the future that it will appeal to visitors and citizens as a desirable and environmental feature in the village.

BRUNSWICK IN EARLIER DAYS
From an Address Delivered By James McKeen,
Old Home Week August 1898

Brunswick Record
January 27, 1927

An address delivered by the late James McKeen, Esq., of Brooklyn, NY,
at the Brunswick Old Home Week, celebrated in August, 1898. He was a native
of Brunswick as his address shows, a son of Joseph McKeen of Brunswick.
The paper was recently presented to the Curtis Memorial Library by Samuel A.
Melcher, Esq.

Fellow Citizens of Brunswick:

Let me express my high appreciation of the honor of being selected to address you on this occasion. In yielding to the invitation to do so I hoped to find the time to get here early in the summer and make such a study in the historic records of the town as would enable one to review some of the important epochs and events which should be commemorated at such a festival as this. Other and imperative engagements made such a visit impracticable, and I can only give you some fragments out of a rag bag of boyish recollections. I must beg of you some of the indulgence which the noble due Theseus extended to the Athenian rustics. You remember Hippolita chided her husband with having furnished such rude entertainment as that given by Snub the Joiner, and Bottom the Weaver. Theseus said that he himself liked better the stammering accents of fearful duty than the rattling tongue of saucy and audacious eloquence. It is indeed a duty pleasurable, however, rather than fearful, to come back and renew allegiance to our native town, to take pride in its pasts; to rejoice in its present; and to predict prosperity for its future.

No doubt it is one of the melancholy incidents of a celebration like this in New England that so many of the old homesteads are going and gone. It is a rare thing with us is a homestead stays in a family more than three generations. And yet few of us would leave American equality for Old World privileges. Great and potent as is family pride as a moving force in civilization that must yield for the greater good of the greatest number. While the old homestead must go, this very necessity impels a widening of the "home" idea, and engenders enthusiasm for the town and the whole community of one's birth.

It is, however, a most gratifying thing as we ride or walk about the roads of Brunswick to find so many of the old homesteads renewed or revived by the affection of home-coming sons and daughters. In commending this zeal we may even forgive the misdirection of it, which substitutes chain pumps for old oaken buckets, hair mattresses for feather beds, and coal stoves for open hearths.

There is a curious persistence on the ideas of one's childhood. It is a familiar psychological fact that these early ideas come back with increased force in old age. It is also a psychological puzzle that we remember persistent very trivial things and forget important ones. No doubt it is one of the many evidences of incipient senility that today to me the real Brunswick is the Brunswick of boyhood, the town as it was in the fifties. Your brick sidewalks and iron bridges and above all you electric cars seem unreal

hallucinations. I find myself trudging over the plains in search of blueberries, following Mare Brook or Jordan's Brook or Simpson's Brook, with a pocket full of angling worms, and an alder rod, fishing for trout, but catching usually chubs, leaping with the lumber men over the loose logs in the Androscoggin, diving off the top of the old boom piers, stealing a ride to Durham on an ox-cart and licking molasses as it churned out of a crack in the barrel as the cart jogs along, pitching garnets and beryl and quartz crystals out of the quarries, digging clams at low tide and catching flounders and sculpins at high tide down at the shore, suggesting the habits of remote Darwinian ancestors by swinging from tree-top to tree-top in the thick woods, learning the multiplication table at Aunt Sukey Owen's school, at recess slipping into Miss Dolly Gidding's shop where village gossip was retailed with jam and worsted and ribbons.

There were many queer and original characters in the town in those days—and there had been many others already then traditional. There was "Uncle Billy" who went around in the night pulling up stakes which the railway surveyors had driven in in the daytime, "because he didn't want a teakettle on wheels to come steaming into Brunswick." There was little Emerson (no relation to Ralph Waldo Emerson, though a transcendental beggar). He used to go about begging a cent, just one cent, and always wanted to "buy snuff for Sister Becky." "Quantum Snuff" some said was the family motto. Then there was a limping Irishman, always eloquent but superlatively so under the inspiration of a glass of rum. One day he sat in a corner of O'Brien's store watching the traffic and at last cried out, "Mister O'Brien, can you tell me why merchants originate over all mankind and give short pay for all stability?" On a certain occasion Professor Wilborn lectured on astronomy and at the end said he would be glad to answer any questions, whereupon the limping Irishman called out, "Mister Wilborn, Sir, I wish to know what is the theological principle of man, tell me that you damned devil, you."

The old Brunswick was prolific of rhymesters, a sort of curbstome poets they might have been called had there been any curbstones. There was Jack Pease, whose price was one cent for composing a couplet and he did quite a thriving business with the boys. Bad as were his verses they were quite equal to the doggerel which was printed in the Old New England Primer and in some of the hymn books edited by distinguished divines.

May I venture to enumerate some of the families of those days. The Abbotts. Adames, Alexanders, Boutelles, Boardmans, Bakers, Badgers, Browns, Barrows, Bowkers, Crams, Clevelands, Curtises, Crawfords, Coburns, Dunlaps, Dennisons, Dunning, Dennetts, Everetts, Elises, Earles, Estabrooks, Fields, Forsaiths, Furbishes, Growes, Griffins, Gilmans, Humphreys, Johnsons, Jones, Jordans, Lincolns, Larrabees, Lufkins, Lemonts, Lunts, Merrimans, Merrills, Mustards, Mitchells, Martins, Melchers, McLellans, McManuses, Noyes, Otises, O'Briens, Palmers, Packards, Parshleys, Pennells, Robbinses, Skolfields, Stones, Stanwoods, Sanfords, Stetsons, Springers, Simpsons, Smyths, Thompsons, Toothakers, Tenneys, Winchells, Welds, Wings, Uphams, Whitmores. I may truthfully say that the boys of the fifties knew the taste of apples and the character of the dogs of all these families. To some of you who are happily here, let me say that we hold in especially grateful remembrance those of you who did not keep dogs and who allowed not only the boys to range freely through your orchards, but to slide down your cellar doors and play in your barns and woodsheds.

Of some of these honored families only their names are left. Now let me urge you to cherish their names. It gave me quite a shock to be told a few years ago that there was a thought of changing the name of O'Brien street. Certainly those who advocated the change did not remember how on great occasions crowds of people would gather at the old yellow house on the corner to listen to the eloquence of Uncle Jack O'Brien then, too, there was the charming and simple hearted Uncle Jerry O'Brien. Right here we where we meet this evening, I think it was in the old Washington Tavern the men of the village assembled one day in great excitement over the disappearance of a man at Sandy Gully. Circumstances pointed to foul play and there was a strong inclination to deal out summary vengeance upon the alleged culprit. Some of the cooler heads suggested that a committee be first appointed to go to Sandy Gully and bring word whether or not the body of the victim, the corpus delecti, had been found. Uncle Jerry was on the committee. The meeting impatiently waited for news. Presently Uncle Jerry came running down over Powder House Hill in advance of the others. He arrived here at the tavern breathless. "Well Jerry" said the chairman, "have you found the body?" "No, no," said Jerry, "but we have found sand enough to bury a thousand bodies."

Brunswick can claim that here have originated some of the sayings that have become classic in American humor. Mr. George F. Dunning assures me that here in Brunswick was made the discovery which has been the cause of comfort to so many hypochondriacs. That it was an apothecary here, Dr. Swetkin, who first of all men found that if he lived "through the month of March, he always lived the rest of the year."

And we know it was Captain John Dunlap, when urged by Parson Titcomb to acknowledge that the hand of Divine Providence had saved him, the time the horse backed the chaise over the causeway, insisted it was the breechin' that saved him.

But we must not forget the solid foundation upon rests Brunswick's claim to literary distinction. Here Longfellow wrote many of his sweetest lyrics. Here at the top of the hill on Federal Street, Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom". In front of that house we ought to set up a tablet of enduring bronze recording that there was wrought a book, which by its literary merit enchained millions of readers in all languages of Christendom and by its political power unchained millions of bondsmen. In years to come pilgrims will come to see where "Uncle Tom" was written, as pilgrims go in increasing numbers to Stratford-on-Avon to show their appreciation of England's greatest literary genius. Mrs. Stowe's iconoclasm was not limited to political idols. She overthrew many of those social restraints that enslaved her own sex. We boys remember well how she and her daughters used to come out on winter afternoons and evenings and slide downhill with us. She had a fondness for practical jokes. On one occasion Prof. Stowe had referred to women as cackling hens. When he came home to supper his wife and daughters had disappeared. He heard some disturbance in the woodshed, and discovered them out there roosting on one of the beams, and he was compelled to go supperless to bed.

Delightful recollections rush upon many of us today when we recall the social delights of Brunswick in the middle of the century; the tea parties enlivened by the vigorous mentality of Miss Narcissa Stone and Miss Jane Owen, whom we so sadly miss today, the grace and charm of Mrs. Robbins, Mrs. Barrows, Mrs. Larrabee, Mrs. Smyth and Mrs. Packard and a host of others. The Brunswick of the fifties was essentially a maritime town. The few mills then at the falls were gone and going to decay. The cotton factory, a small affair, was run only at long intervals. But the shipyards were then

vigorous. Our honored friend, Rev. Elijah Kellogg, once eloquently told how, when a boy here at college, he used to lie on the grass and listen with one ear to the falls of the Androscoggin, and with the other to the roll of the sea on the outer reefs of Casco Bay.

In the fifties our organs of both vision and of audition were trained oceanward. It was the ambition of every Brunswick boy to go to sea, to work his way up to be a master of a vessel, to marry the girl he loved and carry her with him about the world, an ambition which many happily realized. In spite of the tragedies the sea had a firm hold upon our people. There were here some of the disposition which Rudyard Kipling has shown to challenge the lines in the Apocalypse which describes heaven as a place "where there is no sea." I have myself thought that St. John must have been inspired to write those lines by sea sickness, on his voyage to Patmos.

And who that lived in Brunswick in the fifties does not recall with a thrill of delight the ship launches! A crisp and frosty October morning word is passed about that there is to be a launching at noon, on the top of the highest tide of the month. No school today, teachers and pupils all in a race to the shore, with the rest of the village population, women and girls filling all the wagons and carryalls and hayracks and ox-carts; boys and men running about in jovial escort. The delicious ozone of the pine woods; the first sight of the bay and a shout like the thalassa of Xenophon's soldiers; the great ship gaily attired, looming above the trees, the delicious fragrance of the fresh chips mingled with the spume of the sea; the sharp click of the hammers knocking out the blocks; the critical moment; the breathless silence as she begins to move down the ways; the final rush a bride leaping into the arms of expectant Neptune, and then rising buoyant, a veritable Venus Anadymomene.

In my opinion there never has been a more satisfactory cooperation of labor and capital than in those old country shipyards. Strikes were rare because almost every man working on the vessel owned an interest in her, or had a neighbor or friend who owned an interest in her. The mechanics were men of the vicinity. They were men who could hew true to a line. At haying time they would knock off and go home and help put in each other's hay, and then they would come back to the yard and work twelve or fourteen hours a day to make up for the lost time.

I was talking not long ago with Admiral Erben of our navy, who in his long and brilliant career has been at one time or another stationed at every one of the United States Navy Yards. He told me that there is none of them equal to Kittery for their fine finishing work, because there still survive the old traditions of old time Maine shipbuilding, and those men who put their conscience into their work.

We recall with affectionate pride the industrial deeds of men such as Master George Skolfield, Master Sam Dunning, Master John Given, the Pennells, Mr. Sam Melcher, Mr. Israel Simpson and Mr. Elbridge Simpson, who happily still lives in old age that Cicero would have envied.

That particular phase of Puritanism that was dominant in the founding of New England was religious independence. Each local church separately managed its own affairs and was even allowed separately to evolve its own creed. And this point fortunately was extended in great measure to civic affairs, and there was the independent control of their own affairs. There is no column of the "Telegraph" that I read with so much interest as that in which appears the warrant for the town meeting, the long list of articles whether the town will vote to do this or whether the town will vote to do that.

Every student of free institutions finds in this kind of town government the best safeguard of liberty. It was probably his Massachusetts experience which made John Adams urge the Continental Congress after the declaration of independence, that the first thing to be done was to have the local government perfected. It is government by discussion, that the late Professor Bagehot considered to be one of the chiefly progressive factors in civilization, and this government by discussion finds its most effective place in the town meeting. Of course I do not undervalue the extreme importance of State and Federal legislation. But after all, the things that touch our daily comfort are local things.

I learned of a thrifty housewife in one of the boroughs of the Greater New York who lately declared she should urge her men folks to vote for Bryan because she did like the way McKinley had managed the garbage or the ash barrels. If a town manages intelligently its own affairs it is surprising how well it can withstand adverse influences from monumental blunders in the nation. The modern ship of state should be constructed with water-tight compartments so that some of us may float along if she goes to pieces on the Scylla of imperialism or the whirling Charybdis of anarchy.

A friend of mine asked Tennyson in his later years what were the greatest words he had ever written. The poet thought a minute and then said these: "Freedom, free to slay herself and dying while they shout her name". Not many of us would agree with the poet in his judgment but we must concede that these lines express with tremendous effect the truth that liberty untempered with law runs violently into anarchy and despotism, and it is in the town governments that we have the best of schools for that citizenship which is the best of check against such fatal tendencies. I referred, however, to the independent control of our towns rather for the purpose of emphasizing the power which each town has to work out its own destiny. There are towns in Massachusetts and Connecticut which have been hardly affected at all by periods of national financial depression because they have built up many and diverse industries. In some of these towns mechanics have attained a skill which enables them to command the market both at home and abroad whether we have a high tariff or a low tariff.

The distinguished English economist and statistician, Mr. Mulhall, states that in the production and preparation for market of food products in the United States the labor of one man counts for more than four men in France or Germany, and for more than seven men in Russia. It is muscle plus intelligence that wins in the industrial race. I believe there is in a Maine town like Brunswick a field of industrial success hardly touched in the cultivation of artistic skill. We can learn in this respect from the people of France. The burden of public debt upon France is enormous and yet under the stimulus of necessity industrial France has brought itself to a plane of excellence in exquisite workmanship never before attained. A few weeks ago a friend of mine walked through the exhibits in Paris of jewelry with a leading member of Tiffany and Company, who conferred that this great firm had no work comparable to these French exhibits. Millions of American dollars will be left in Paris this summer in exchange for these beautiful things.

Great as is the cause for pride in the Brunswick school system we will look forward with interest to an article one of these days in a warrant for a town meeting whether the town will vote to add a department of industrial art and do for the children what the Pratt Institute and Cooper Union are doing. In behalf of all of us old home comers I wish to appreciate appreciation for what the Pejepscot Historical Society is

doing for our beloved town. Some years ago the Society published a paper which had the society done nothing else would win for it our lasting gratitude. I refer to the reminiscences of his boyhood by an honored New Meadows sea captain, a paper which might wisely be made a text book in the schools, telling how his parents wrought and toiled in clearing wild lands for a farm, and rearing there a homestead, how the father though an invalid worked courageously on sustained by the mother's cheering assistance, how often for weeks at a time in the winter the family would have no food but Indian meal, with some clams and salt pork, how the one great luxury of life was molasses, which they could get by joining with the neighbors in having it brought from the West Indies in exchange of a cargo of deal, how the boys and girls got old enough to help with the chores and grew into self-respecting manhood and womanhood, honoring their parents with filial devotion. This is the chronicle of poverty. Because those men and women are rich no matter how small their worldly possessions, who can be happy without luxuries, and those men and women are poor though they possess millions who cannot be happy without them.

Let it be one satisfaction at such a festival as this to thank the old Mortalities of Brunswick who are rubbing the moss off the old gravestones and are enabling us to know and honor the men and women who have made this town for us. But ladies and gentlemen of Brunswick of today, you who now make up its active citizenship, do not imagine that we are unobservant of the evidence of your intelligent zeal in promoting the welfare of the town. If I have yielded too far in the temptation to recall some-what the old Brunswick, let me promise that for the remainder of the week I am going to live in the present. Some one lately defined a pessimist as a man who having a choice of evils chooses both. And perhaps an optimist is a man who having several good things offered to him, takes them all in. Some of us are intending to be optimists in this sense, we are going to take in Brunswick from Ham's Hill to Bunganuc and from Bull Rock bridge to the Quaker meeting house. We are going to add in our delight in your present Merrymeeting Park our fond recollections of Humphreys' Mill both in their vital energy and their more picturesque ruin and decay. To the delight of meeting old friends we will add the satisfaction of making new ones: We will sing "Auld Lang Syne" but we will also whiz along in the electric cars, and we will say with the poet: "Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change." And let our dear old town spin with it.



Brunswick Ferrule Shop
A Thriving Hive of Industry
Fifteen Employees, Long With Concern,
Turn Out Millions on Millions of Ferrules
Each Year on Humming Machines
Brunswick Record
January 9, 1941

Have you an ice pick? If you have take a look at it. Notice the little band of metal that fits around the wood, where the metal pick enters the handle. Did you know that that little ring of metal was made right here in Brunswick?

That metal ring, known as a ferrule, was made in a long brick building on Stanwood Street, the home of the Brunswick Manufacturing Co. Not many people know the place by its real name. To most of them it is, and has always been, "The ferrule shop." Slowly, inconspicuously, the "ferrule shop" has grown, over the course of 50 years, until it has become a thriving little industry; and today, although it employs at the most only 15 men, it serves customers all over the country.

Ferrules for pick handles are by no means the only product of the Brunswick Manufacturing Co., although this year it has turned out 2,000,000 of them. Altogether, this company has on its order list between 600 and 700 different ferrules, of all shapes and sizes, and each year it ships out about 30,000,000 of them. Many of them, used on tool handles and all implements are sold in every town and city in the country. Many of these articles have found their way into Brunswick homes and shops, without the owners ever realizing that part of the articles was manufactured right under their very noses.

The origins of the Brunswick Manufacturing Co. go back about 50 years. The original ferrule business in Brunswick was founded by a Dr. Chase a few years before 1892, with its plant down at the cove on the Androscoggin River, where the generating plant of the Central Maine Power Co. is now located. In 1892 the National Ferrule Co. was incorporated with its office in Portland and its factory in Brunswick, proclaiming itself, according to an old letterhead, manufacturers of brass ferrules of every description by a new and improved process. Between 1892 and 1907 the business went under several different names. On October 26 of the latter year it became the Brunswick Manufacturing Co., with Walter D. Hatch as president, Larkin D. Snow as treasurer, and John D. Buckley as clerk.

Heading the business today is Seth Bamforth, who has been with the company for 16 years, since 1935 as president and treasurer.

The factory has been located in the present brick building on Stanwood Street for 43 or 44 years. Originally erected by a gas company, the structure was apparently

intended for the manufacture of some kind of gas tanks. It could not have been built very long, however, before it was turned to its present use, and it has been known ever since as the “ferrule shop.”

Why such a business should have been founded in this town, so far away from the customers it was to supply, remains a mystery. Today the business has only one customer in the whole state of Maine. In fact, it is the only shop of its kind in the whole of northern New England.

In case anyone might question the scarcity of ferrule factories in this section of the country, it should be pointed out that the ferrule business is not to be confused with the somewhat similar metal stamping business. A ferrule is a cup formed from a flat piece of metal. If you look in the dictionary, you will find it described as “a ring or cap, usually of metal, put round a cane, tool handle or similar object, to strengthen it, or prevent splitting or wearing. The significant thing about the seamless ferrules made by the Brunswick Manufacturing Co. is that they are “drawn” on large drawing presses in such a way that the grain of the metal is changed. In objects made on metal stamping presses, the grain of the metal remains the same. Although the local concern prefers to turn out only drawn metal objects, it can perform the stamping process. In fact, only last week, it stamped out an order of steel shoe shanks for the L.L. Bean Co. of Freeport, its only customer in this state.

Steel shoe shanks are aside from the company’s regular line of work, however. Most of its products are full-fledged ferrules.

There are ferrules for all kinds of handles, handles of paring knives, feather dusters, screwdrivers, hedge shears, and garden trowels, to mention a few. They are used on all kinds of brushes; the Fuller Brush Co. is a steady customer of the local concern, just as are the two firms that produce most of the ice picks for the country. Other staple articles are cane tips.

One kind of ferrule is used on hand-operated tire pumps; the company makes two or three hundred thousand of these a year. Another kind, known as contraction rings, is used on garden hoses, to connect the hose with the threaded couplings. Some of the largest ones become the caps of the cylindrical type of electric fuse, known as the cartridge fuse. Last year the “ferrule shop” even made a brass inkwell cover. The chances are, though, that orders for such an item won’t be very frequent. Some of the factory’s six or seven hundred different items are made two or three times a year, but others are ordered as seldom as once every five years.

Anyone entering the main floor on the one-story brick building, where the ferrules are manufactured, is met by a roar of machinery. As he examines the long room more carefully, the visitor is able to distinguish a number of individual sounds. He soon discovers that the only really disturbing noise is the regular stamp of the large presses. Coming down with a thump that makes the floor tremble, these ponderous machines turn out the larger, heavier work of the factory.

Smaller double-action presses turn out a flood of little ferrules, and each of them produces a music, or at least a rhythm, all its own, as it sends the newly-shaped ferrule cascading down a metal chute into a large trough below.

In addition to the presses, lathes and other machines, the Brunswick Manufacturing Co. has its own machine tool shop, located at the farther end of the building. Operated by Hilaire St. Pierre Sr., veteran of 40 years’ service at the plant, this

shop makes all the tools and dies that are used in the factory. It has been years since the company has had to go outside to purchase such articles.

Others besides Mr. St. Pierre and President Bamforth who have been with the company for more than 16 years are William Morgan, foreman of the shop, who has been there for 30 years, Joseph Menard, who has seen 20 years of service; and Omer St. Pierre, who has been there just about as long as the president. Others now employed by the company are James Morgan, Miss Doris Barker, secretary, Charles Cloutier, John Cloutier, Hilaire St. Pierre Jr., Frank Wallace, Chester Wallace and Robert Smith.



Brunswick's Business Not What It Was

Brunswick Telegraph

December 4, 1901

By T. S. McLellan

The business of Brunswick and Topsham has undergone nearly an entire change within the past half century. Sixty years ago there were twenty-six up-an-down saws for sawing long lumber and fourteen circular saws for the manufactures of clapboards, shingles, sugar and orange box shooks, fence pickets, laths, banisters, hoghead beading, etc. On the upper dam were three double saw mills, a grist mill, and a mill for hulling barley. On the middle or factory dam were two cotton factories, a woolen factory, a carpet factory, a carding mill and dressing cloth mill, one double saw and one single saw mill. On the lower dam were four double saw mills, a grist mill on the Topsham side and in the cove one gang aw mill running six saws, two double saw mills and one single saw mill, three circular saws, a grist mill, a carding wool mill and a pail and mustard mill. On Shad Island was a large mill for sawing long lumber, box shook and orange boxes and match blocks. At the present time there is only one saw mill on our falls, and that will be taken down another season to be replaced by a large pulp mill.

During the first half of the last century all the lumber mills on our falls were in operation day and night, except from sunset Saturday night to sunset Sunday night. All the lumber sawed at the mills on the upper and middle dams was hauled to the Landing and rafted or gundalowed to Bath and thence shipped to the West Indies. In the winter season, when the river was closed by ice I have seen the whole of the town landing extending from Mason rock to the foot of the hill covered with piles of boards which were sluiced over the steep bank of the river and rafted to Bath in the spring.

The upper falls were considered the most valuable as the dam held in reserve several thousand acres of water to furnish power for the mills in case of a drought.

In 1833 there was not a mill privilege on the falls unoccupied and Col. Elijah P. Pike built a sluice way from the upper dam to Goat Island where he erected a large lumber mill. At that time a company was formed to dig a canal from the river above the upper falls to the river opposite Cow Island. It was to follow the brook which enters the river a few rods below the Lewiston railroad, across Pleasant street and connect with the brook running through the Mall and thence to the river, which would afford many mill privileges. The company wanted to purchase twenty-five acres of the swamp land where the Maine Central depot now stands. The owner asked five hundred dollars for that amount of land and the company thought the price exorbitant and the canal project was abandoned.

At the present time a house lot on the same land would sell for five hundred dollars.

It was the custom in the first half of the last century to give laboring men due bills on the stores in payment of their wages. In looking over an old account book kept by Baldwin and Lee, grocers, in a store located where Scribner's mill now stands, find the following charge, "to paid your order to David McIntire for a glass of N.E. rum 3 cents."

Any one coming up the river in the night would conclude Brunswick and Topsham to be lively business villages, as all the saw mills were well lighted up and the mills in full operation.

In the winter season every saw mill would have a pile of boards on the water side of the mill as large as some of our churches ready to be rafted to Bath when the ice left the river in the spring.

In place of all these mills we now have the big cotton factory and pulp mill on the Brunswick side and the large paper mill on the Topsham side which give employment to a larger number of hands than all the lumber mills of former days.

Brunswick Boasts Two
Bottling Plants On Par With
The Best
Glengarry and Paradise Springs Continue
Uninterrupted Flow of Purest Water Throughout Years
Brunswick Record
October 28, 1941



Among the smaller industries of Brunswick, two of the most interesting are the bottling plants located about a mile out of Brunswick on the Bath-Brunswick highway.

Well known for their pure water and soft drinks made from it, Glengarry and Paradise Springs recently exhibited their value in a slightly different way. During the long drought of the past spring and summer, relief from which is promised by rainfalls of the last few weeks, many of the driven wells in this section of the country dried up. Natural springs, however, continued to flow uninterruptedly and at no time was there a threat to the supply at Glengarry and Paradise.

Both these springs have a long and interesting history, not the least important part of which is the role they played in supplying water to Brunswick residents for drinking and other purposes during the flood of 1936, when for a time, the town supply was cut off.

Although they are both probably older than the town itself, Paradise Spring appears to have the longer history, stretching from its first development over 100 years ago up to its present use by the Pine Spring Water Co.

How far back the history of Paradise Spring does go is shown by the close association its name has always had in local legend with the names of Hawthorne and Longfellow. The noted poet and novelist, during their student days at Bowdoin as members of the class of 1825, often frequented the spring and drank of its waters. It was one of their favorite haunts. Indeed the stream flowing from the spring became known as Hawthorne Brook. When the present spring house was built, it was necessary to remove a log placed there as a spring curb by the famous Bowdoin Class of 1825. The log, incidentally, is still preserved, up at Good Will Farm in New Gloucester.

An indication of the regard in which was "pronounced" before the Phi Beta Kappa society of Bowdoin, September 3, 1835 by Isaac McLellan Jr. One stanza of the long poem reads:

“The students call thee Paradise of old,
And still that blissful title marks the spot;
Sweet was thy fount transparent, clear and cold,
And deep the shades of they sequestered grot.
Oft have I sought they fountain’s mossy brim,
And thy dense screen, when blazed the noonday fire,
Nor left the spot till sunset lights grew dim
What time the glow worm lit its little pyre,
And silence spread her hush o’er all the woodland choir.”

While the water of Paradise and Glengarry springs has never been claimed to be medicinal in the ordinary sense, it was early recognized for its purity and freedom from mineral and organic content.

Water from Paradise spring has been sold for at least 75 years. First apparently to distribute the water commercially was the Gilman family, which for many years owned the property. Later the spring passed into the hands of a Professor Carmichael, probably Henry Carmichael, who for 12 years taught in the Bowdoin College Chemistry department.

Around 1918 the spring was bought by John J. Burchenal, secretary of Proctor and Gamble Co. Interested in spring water, Burchenal built the first sizeable plant there in 1919. Planning to bottle the water and sell out through the Middle West, he hoped that it might rival Poland water in popularity. It was he who built the present spring house and the expensive porcelain lined pipe which is still used to carry water from the spring to the bottling plant.

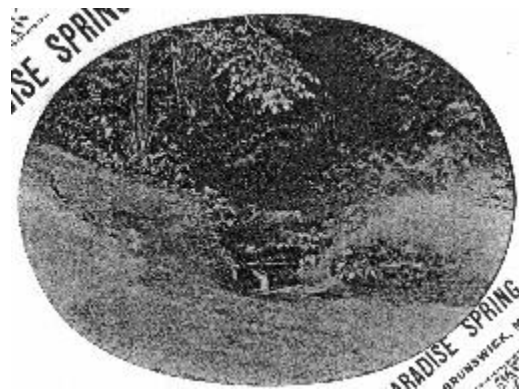
Burchenal sank a lot of money into the venture. He hired the sales manager of Pillsbury Best Flour to handle distribution, and advertised the water nationally. But for a number of reasons, it appears, the water failed to gain the nation-wide reputation its promoter envisioned. And with Burchenal’s death in 1925, the enterprise came to an end. The plant shut down, and \$21,000 worth of machinery there was sold for \$160.

In 1938, the Pine Spring Co., operated by Samuel Holbrook, took over the place. This company, started in 1895 by Fred Wilson and Ray Eaton of Brunswick and A.H. Shaw of Bath, originally drew its water from Pine Spring in Topsham and had its plant in the building where the Brunswick American Legion Hall is now located. Later the plant occupied a part of the Dunlap Block in Brunswick. Now the company has the advantage of being near its source of water, and has the benefits of the historic old spring, which still gushes forth at a rate of 1,200 gallons an hour.

Glengarry Springs although it has undoubtedly existed as long as Paradise, does not appear to have so long or full a history. As a matter of fact, there are five springs on the place, but only one, the largest and purest, with a flow of 12 to 14 gallons a minute has been developed. The bottling plant at Glengarry Spring has been a going concern for 17 years. William F. Tanner, owner and operator, built the place himself.

While neither of the companies attempt to compete with the nationally known Poland Spring water, except locally, at least once Glengarry carried the day against Poland. Stephen E. Merrill, Brunswick photographer, was attending a convention at Poland Spring. As would be expected, the water at the table came from the local spring. But Merrill was not one to be awed by big names. Beckoning to a waitress, he said, “I’d like some Glengarry water.”

The waitress stared with mouth open at such heresy, but went dutifully to do his bidding. She returned, however, to inform Merrill that the hotel only served Poland water. Merrill insisted that he drank nothing but Glengarry. The waitress, throwing up her hands, summoned the manager. That gentleman had no sympathy for Merrill's alleged idiosyncrasy. "Drink Poland water or nothing," he curtly decreed. So Merrill drank nothing—until the manger had disappeared, said Mrs. Robert P.T. Coffin, of Brunswick, who was sitting near Merrill. "I thought they were going to murder him!"





Hon. Thomas B. Reed



Weston Thompson, Esq.

Brunswick A Hot-Bed of Political Strife In 1880, Tom Reed Defied

Brunswick Record

August 9, 1951

By William A. Wheeler

Mr. Ernest Beach of New Meadows has sent me the manuscript of a political speech before the Brunswick Democratic Club in 1888 by the late Weston Thompson. It brings to mind a story of Brunswick politics which will be recalled only by my contemporaries but which may be of interest to the younger generation as well.

Distinguished Lawyer

Weston Thompson was one of Brunswick's outstanding lawyers—a quiet unassuming man, with legal acumen and ability which gave him a high standing in his profession, not confined to the limits of a little town. He was a native of Bowdoin and was admitted to the Maine bar in 1821, shortly after his 21st birthday. For many years he was President of the Brunswick Savings Institution, and was active in public affairs. In 1881, and again in 1883, he was the successful Republican candidate for representative to the Maine legislature from Brunswick.

Right there the reader may say, "Wait a minute! You say he was a Republican, but you have him delivering an address before the Democratic Club. How Come?" Well that's the story!

Yes, he was a Republican and an active one, until the campaign year of 1888, and the cause, or at least one of the causes, of his desertion of the elephant for the donkey was the Honorable Thomas B. Reed, member of Congress from the First Maine District.

"Czar" Tom Reed

It was Reed, as you know, who gained the title of "Czar"—and a far less complimentary appellation—because of his firm and unyielding control of the House of Representatives as its speaker. For many years minority groups were able to delay or defeat legislation by means of the filibuster. By being silent during roll call they were counted as absent and when enough followed this procedure the records showed that a quorum was lacking. Speaker Reed ruled that the physical presence of a member whether or not he answered roll call counted towards a quorum. His stand was bitterly opposed, but it prevailed, and is the rule of the House today.

A Stormy Career

Reed's political career was a somewhat stormy one. He was first elected to Congress in 1876. At that time, James G. Blaine was dominant in Maine political circles, but Reed was not a man to yield readily to dictation. His insurgence and rebellion against the "machine" made it difficult for him to garner the necessary votes to elect him—but he did it, and served seven terms as representative, although frequently his majority was a close one. Throughout his political career he had to fight animosity and jealousy, even in his earlier days when he served in the Maine Legislature and as attorney general of the state.

So much for background—let's get on with the story.

In the latter 80s, with a Republican President and Congress, James W. Crawford was a candidate for the office of postmaster in Brunswick. He was a popular and highly respected citizen, and had an honorable record as a soldier in the Civil War, which, in those days so close to the closing of hostilities, meant a great deal. A veteran of the War Between the States was considered entitled to special consideration and honor. So, when Mr. Crawford expressed a desire to be made postmaster, pretty nearly the whole town gave support to his petition.

Crawford Controversy

But Tom Reed, whose recommendation meant appointment, had other ideas. Candidate Crawford was not a politician; he controlled no votes other than his own, he was not a party leader, although a staunch Republican. So Reed who definitely was a politician, handed the coveted plum, not to the man whose application was almost unanimously supported by his fellow citizens, but to a local party leader.

It is but a memory of my childhood but a vivid one and, I believe, a correct one, that when this became known, a delegation from Brunswick was sent to see Reed to protest his action. "Your constituents, to a man, want Crawford," he was told. And his reply was definite and in few words. "To hell with my constituents." Whether or not this is true, and I am sure it is, the reply was not inconsistent with Reed's nature. One of his biographers said of him that he was ungracious and had little tact. He was gruff and undiplomatic, riding rough shod over all opposition. He had made up this mind, and the opinion of his constituents meant little to him.

Whether or not his action in appointing a postmaster contrary to the wishes of his party members could have resulted in organized opposition to him, I don't know; but the quoted reply to the Brunswick citizens who called upon him proved to be the spark which set fire to the cannon-cracker.

Anti-Reed Club

The "Anti-Reed Club," composed of pretty nearly every Republican in Brunswick, was organized for the sole purpose of defeating Reed when he came up for re-election in 1888. The club met in the small room then used by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, over what is now Merserve's drugstore, and once the barber shop of Charles York. As a small boy I attended one of the Club meetings with my father, and I recall clearly the bitter resentment represented by the speakers of whom Weston Thompson was one.

That was before the days of primary elections, and candidates for office were nominated at district conventions. To the convention, then, the Anti-Reed Club sent a delegation headed by Weston Thompson, to oppose the nomination of Reed. In a vigorous speech, beginning with the words, "I come from the ancient town of Brunswick

with an indictment against Thomas B. Reed.” Thompson set forth the story of Reed’s defiance of his constituents, and called for his defeat. When the votes were counted, however, those of the Brunswick delegation were the only ones against Reed’s nomination and he went on to election for a seventh time.

Changes Party

Maybe there were other causes for Mr. Thompson’s desertion of his party; but it is significant that it was immediately after the Reed episode that the change of base occurred. And so, on this evening of Aug. 6, 1888, we find him the principal speaker of the Democratic Club of Brunswick; and in his speech he may have conveyed a hint of his resentment when he said, “Republicans are servants; Democrats are free men.”

Just where this meeting was held does not appear. It may be that the club had its own rooms. However, the report indicates that there was a large attendance at the meeting—so large that midway of the Thompson oration the chairman called for an adjournment to Lamont Hall in order to accommodate the crowd. Lamont Hall, then the largest auditorium in town, was at the corner of Maine and Pleasant Streets, now, I believe, the home of the Knights of Pythias.

Pennell Presidency

Presiding was William M. Pennell, a lifelong Democrat, later sheriff of Cumberland County. He introduced Mr. Thompson as “a man who for the sake of the right of opinion, holds to his own view regardless of any ties that formerly bound him.”

While the address was devoted to a discussion of protection vs. free trade, a topic which was then the issue of the day, there is found in the manuscript a few sentences which have a similar ring today. The speaker referred, for example, to “the high cost of living”; and told of having to pay \$1.75 a day for a man to drill a rock ledge. The exorbitant costs he declared were caused by the Republican tariff.

And does not this sound as though it might be said by a political orator of today? “I desire to have you understand the enormous weight and burden of taxation which the people of the United States are paying. You do not appreciate it, because the tax which you are paying constitutes a portion of the prices of things that you buy. You do not see it be itself.” What would the gentleman think if he were here today? And if he were here paying the new sales tax, he might repeat what he said then, “The objection to it is that it is a tax upon consumption and not on wealth and that, I say, is iniquitous to the last degree... It is a question of human rights. For instance a millionaire might be without family and he might be a miser. He pays a tax, not to the proportion to what he owns but in proportion to what he consumes. The laboring man, having nothing but his wages to subsist upon, and having a family of six or seven children, consumes a great deal more than the millionaire consumes and therefore pays a great deal more taxes.” Does that sound familiar? It’s being said today about the Maine sales tax!

The Public Debt

The public debt, too, disturbed the speaker. “We are a mighty nation of 80 million people,” he said, “and the maintenance of a government like ours is somewhat expensive. In addition we have to pay the interest and principal so far as they accrue, of the public debt—a very heavy burden.” Well, in 1888 that public debt which gave him such concern was approximately one quarter billion dollars. At the end of 1950, it was well over 257 billion dollars! We might well apply the term he used, “a heavy burden”, to the present situation.

Weston Thompson had a keen sense of humor and a fund of stories which he told quietly, but with a twinkle in his eye. When, on that night in August, 1888, the meeting adjourned to Lamont Hall, and he again faced his audience to resume his talk, he referred to the large attendance, and said, "It is unfortunate, gentlemen, that the Democrats are so numerous—but perhaps I need not tell you whose misfortune it is!"

**Brehaut's Store, Brunswick Landmark,
Ends Its Service
Owner, With Years of Happy & Successful
Life Behind Him, Looks Forward To
Well-Deserved Rest
Brunswick Record
January 30, 1947
By Herb Babcock, Jr.**

An institution familiar to residents of the community for 27 years went out of existence on Saturday evening when Alexander F. Brehaut closed the doors of the A.F. Brehaut Company department store on Maine Street, Brunswick.

For several months Mr. Brehaut has been disposing of his merchandise in a markdown sale, and now he plans to retire for a year to rest and "enjoy life."

An enthusiastic sportsman, he has fished and hunted for 24 consecutive years at Lake Mooseslookmeguntic and this summer he plans to do considerable fishing in the Moosehead area.

Although Mr. Brehaut has operated his store in Brunswick for 27 years, he has actually been a member of the community for 42 years. During his early residence in Brunswick he traveled over Maine and eastern Canada as a representative and salesman for Blodgett, Ordway and Webber—a well-known Boston wholesale dry goods house. He has fond memories of his business trips through Canada when he covered the territory between Fredericton, N.B., and Sydney, N.S., twice each year every spring and fall. In those days he traveled by train and sometimes by boat with cases and trunks of sample materials. Although, at the time, Canadians had to pay from 28 to 35 per cent duty on items which he sold, the American design, quality and styling were so greatly appreciated that he always did a large volume of business.

After several years "on the road," Mr. Brehaut bought controlling interest in the D.T. Percy and Son department store at Bath and operated that business through World War I until he sold out in July, 1919.

Later in 1919, Mr. Brehaut bought the James F. Will Co. dry goods store on Maine Street, Brunswick, and has operated the A.F. Brehaut Company there ever since. He still has an old scrapbook of the J.F. Will Company advertisements, and a reader pouring over it is immediately struck by the significance and amusing comparison between prices of the 1890's and the inflationary prices of today.

In those days a shopper could purchase a turkish towel for 3 ½ cents, a pillow slip for 10 cents or linen crash for 4 cents or 5 cents a yard. According to Mr. Brehaut, a shopper is lucky to find some of those items at ten times the price today.

Mr. Brehaut is proud of a number of faithful co-workers who have served many years in his store. Frank E. DeWick has been with him for 30 years—ever since the early days of the Bath store, and up to the time of the closing has been his chief assistant. Miss Lillian Marshall has served customers for 27 consecutive years, Rose Fournier for 16 years, and there are a number of other, faithful associates who have served shorter periods.

An astute businessman, Mr. Brehaut has long recognized the value of advertising. Checking his account book last week he found that he has invested more than \$20,000 in display advertising in the Brunswick Record along during the past 27 years.

In addition to his business and sporting interests, Mr. Brehaut has been for 26 years president and treasurer of the Indian Rest Village Improvement Society at Gurnet. It was largely a non-profit organization, developed the section and secured improvements in water and road facilities.

Residents of the community are sorry to learn that one of their favorite places has closed, but wish Mr. Brehaut good luck—good fishing—and happy hunting during his well deserved rest.



Bob Ott Recalls Early Days at Merrymeeting Park

Brunswick Record
October 3, 1929

Bob Ott, well known comedian, who this week is delighting capacity audiences at the Cumberland Theatre, is finding time for a lot of sport during his stay in Brunswick.

Way back in the year 1898 and those which followed while the famous open air theatre at Merrymeeting Park flourished Bob Ott and his brother Matt annually came to Brunswick and during those years made many friends, with whom the comedian is now renewing acquaintances.

One of the first to greet Mr. Ott on his arrival in Brunswick was John H. Perkins, the game warden. These two immediately began talking over old times and it was not long before a date had been made to visit the duck shooting grounds at Merrymeeting Bay, Bob being very fond of out-door sports.

While at Pleasant Point, Mr. Ott could not refrain from springing a harmless practical joke, which gave the witnesses a hearty laugh. Using a powerful pair of binoculars Mr. Ott looking across the bay saw a line of wooden decoys floating on the surface of the water. A nearby gunner attracted by Mr. Ott's exclamation over the discovery of the flock of birds, after one look through a pair of field glasses rushed for his gunning float and started sculling across the bay. An amateur at the game the man was making poor progress, but was being encouraged by words and advice from his wife who stood on the shore. After the gunner was out of hearing Mr. Ott called the woman over and loaned her his glasses. She took one look and exclaimed "Why they're wood!" Needless to say Bob had a good laugh over his experiment.

Rambling through the woods with Gil Wheeler on the lookout for partridge, woodcock and snipe, and another trip after ducks with Jack Magee have also been on Mr. Ott's program this week.

It has been eight years since Mr. Ott brought his company to Brunswick. In his early days on the boards he used to visit this town annually, while the theatre at Merrymeeting Park was operating, and alter occasionally at the Town Hall and more recently at the Cumberland Theatre.

Matt Ott, the older brother, is now located in Boston, where he is kept busy by writing shows for the comedian. Another brother, Phil Ott, who is not as well known to Brunswick people as Matt and Bob, has his own company and plays vaudeville engagements.

Recalling the early days at Merrymetting Park, Mr. Ott in talking with a Record reporter, spoke of Elsie James, Marion Miller, Jack Donahue and Andrew Tombs, all stage stars of the present generation, who years ago played at the Park with Bob. Mr. Tombs is now playing in "The Street Singer" with Will Rogers.

Maud Scott, who recently brought her "Kiddie Revue" to Brunswick, is another star who formerly was connected with Mr. Ott's Company, as were Carroll and Irene, who also recently appeared at the Cumberland and who open this Thursday evening in the same act which they presented here, at The Central in Jersey City.

Mr. Ott spoke very pleasantly of Ray Mars, a former Portland boy who is now running his own company under Mr. Ott's direction.

The Otts conduct their own school of dancing in Boston, and practically every girl in the cast received her training there. Several of the girls in the company have won high praise for their work and also for their figures; Ruth McCurdy and Dorothy Joyce only recently have tied for the honor of having the most beautiful legs in greater Boston.

For the past eight years Mr. Ott has been touring through the Middle West, playing principally in New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois. On this trip to Maine the company is appearing in all the larger cities and towns and has already been booked for several return dates, including Auburn and Bangor, in both cities having played to record crowds. Incidentally here in Brunswick the attendance at the shows Monday and Tuesday broke all records since the theatre has been under the present management.

The Thursday evening in addition to the regular entertainment there will be a fashion show, featuring the latest models to be found at Senter's and Leclair and Gervais. Among the girls in the accompanying picture who will appear as models in the fashion show, are Ruth McCurdy, Madeline Joyce, Dorothy Joyce, Mary Ricks, Better Perz, Mildred DeMuth, Ina Blair, Lillian Curtis and Florence Kine.

Friday evening a cabaret scene will be staged in which several novelties never seen in Brunswick, will be introduced.

On Friday and Saturday evenings two shows will be given.



Work On New Library For Topsham Will Be
Undertaken Soon
Many Interesting Articles Are Found In Home Donated
For the Purpose By The Late Sarah Whitten
Brunswick Record
November 20, 1941

Work on the new Topsham Library to be known as the Whitten Library and Memorial Building, in honor of the late Miss Sarah Whitten who bequeathed her home for public use, will begin at once, according to a recent vote of the Topsham Library Association.

Funds for repairing the century old house and remodeling it for library purposes will be taken from the Village Improvement Building Fund, raised by the Topsham Village Improvement Association soon after it started the library ten years ago.

Numerous gifts have already been made, in addition, for the necessary repairs, and more are expected by the association. The committee in charge of the building, as named in Miss Whitten's will, consists of the chairman of the board of selectmen, the president of the library association and the treasurer of the association.

The old Whitten home has become well known in this community through Miss Sarah Whitten, who was one of the oldest persons in Topsham but was continually belying her age by her activity. Recently, many interesting facts have come to light about the old house, which is 108 years old.

When Miss Whitten reached the age of 92 last fall, someone got acquainted with the treasures in her home. In the shed lay a carpet bought in 1832. In the front hall was wallpaper put on in 1852. The living room contained chairs that had been in the family for nearly 125 years. There was also a gold-banded china set, over 100 years old, silver that originally belonged to Miss Whitten's grandfather, and to other pieces that had been obtained in 1840.

In the attic was found the oldest baby carriage in Topsham, the first of its kind ever brought to the town; it still has its large wooden wheels and iron rims and the long wooden tongue by which it was drawn. There, too, were a trundle-bed and an old-

fashioned red cradle, rag dolls curiously dressed, and many linen and lace items, besides the braided silk rugs and mats Miss Whitten had made in recent years.

A number of old portraits in the house will be preserved and hung in the new library. One of these, an oil painting, is a portrait of Mary Ellen, as sister of Miss Whitten, who died in 1852 at the age of 18. A striking piece of work, the portrait will form a valuable addition to the library collection.

A sign for the front of the building will be donated by Charles Knight, for many years a friend of Miss Whitten and executor of her will. This sign will properly mark the house Pleasant Street, which will at once be an attractive home for the Topsham Library and a treasure house for historical material.

Wireless In Topsham

Brunswick Record

May 15, 1908

Topsham has two wireless telegraph stations in successful operation, and so far as reported they are the first to be established in this part of the State.

It is not, of course, a commercial proposition, being the work of amateurs, but it works all right and it is possible to send messages between the stations exactly as it is done by the larger plants.

Roy Hennessey, a senior in the Topsham High School, son of William Hennessey, produced the first wireless outfit in Topsham, and having interested his chum, W. Elton Noyes, in the plan they worked together to perfect two sets of apparatus in order that they might communicate with each other. Their homes are only a few hundred feet apart.

The aerial wire which receive and transmit through the air the wireless messages are rigged above the roofs of each house, and consist of two pieces of heavy stay wire parallel to each other and guyed to the chimney a few feet above the top of the house. From these aerial wires others are led to the ground and into the rooms where the apparatus is installed.

An induction coil, a half dozen dry batteries, a comparatively simple contrivance made from two files to produce the arc, a telegraph key and a telephone receiver are the main features of the outfit. But all of these things would be ineffectual without the little tube of iron filings. That is one of the essentials of wireless communication. Wires enter at each end of a small glass tube filled with iron filings, and the electric current passes through the little particles of iron. Somehow this does the business. To secure the desired results it is necessary also to have a correct system of wiring and a somewhat delicate adjustment of the various parts. Naturally this requires considerable experimentation.

Mr. Hennessey learned from a magazine article something about the wireless system and in a trip to New York on the Fall River line had an opportunity to see the system in actual operation. Having some knowledge of electricity and a natural genius for mechanics he set out to work to make an outfit on a small scale.

Last Saturday he and Mr. Noyes had both systems complete and for the first time in working order.

When the key is pressed at one station a buzzing sound is heard through the telephone received at the other station. This sound can readily be made long or short, thus giving the dots and dashes of the Morse code. These two men, however, are not satisfied with their present achievement. They are anxious to develop wireless telephony, and they are now experimenting with that in view.



Will Hennessey Recalls Many Businessmen Who Operated In Brunswick 75 Years Ago

Brunswick Record

February 12, 1953

By Margaret B. Todd

A grocery and grain store kept by John Patterson and his son Will was located in Brunswick on the south side of the railroad, just beyond the crossing, Will Hennessey recalls for Margaret Todd, Brunswick Record Staff writer. Our gang was in the habit, on suitable winter days, he says, of taking sleds and sliding down the hill past the store. When we got cold, Mr. Patterson always welcomed us at the store and treated us to raisins and candy.

One day, a woman who lived on the hill, asked Mr. Patterson why he didn't put ashes on the sidewalk so that the boys could not slide down across the railroad tracks, he thought they were taking a greater chance than she and, if the boys got any pleasure out of it, they should continue to slide there, as far as he was concerned.

Marble and Granite Works

Another place of interest to boys in our gang, Hennessey continues, was the Damfourth and Morse Marble Works, located just back of the depot in what is now a vacant lot. Isaac Damfourth and his son George were in charge of the combined works. Louis Joy, who ran a cobbler's shop in town resided for many years in the second story of the Morse Works.

The Village Smith

Also of interest was a blacksmith shop that stood just south of the tracks on Union Street. This shop boasted six-forges and turned out cross-over frogs, guard rails, spikes, straps, and other sundry items used in bridge and track construction. Foreman here was a Mr. Sally, who lived in a tenement surrounded by a picket fence and located back of what is now Morton's newsstand.

The Boiler House

Another fascinating place, to boys at least, was the boiler house, located on the opposite side of Union Street. In the upper part of this building, there was a huge boiler kept filled with water for the steam engines. A large windmill near Spring Street bridge pumped the water to the boiler house. Of course, there was an auxiliary pump at the boiler house too.

The Brick Pump House

There was also a pump house on Mill Street, just west of the railroad bridge (Lewiston Bridge). When this small brick building had ceased to serve its usefulness as a pumping station, it was pressed into service to furnish steam power to operate a saw placed in a large woodshed nearby where wood for the engine was sawed. This shed was approximately 400 feet long and 30 feet wide, with a two-foot track running down the center from end to end. Three push cars, of three-cord capacity each, were used to haul the wood to the saw. All wood was cut in four-foot lengths and tossed into a gigantic pile. When the engine needed wood, all hands turned –“to wood up.” Many boys in our gang often helped too. Louis LeClair, called “Curly” because of his wavy black hair, was in charge of the saw crew.

A Great Change—Wood to Coal

In those days, all locomotives burned wood, cars were heated by wood, too, a stove in each end of each car. There was a woodshed at the end of the train-shed platform, extending from the old station toward Maine Street, where the trainmen picked up necessary wood to feed the stoves in the cars. Of course, when they began to burn coal in the engines, they installed a steam-heating system in the railroad cars, piped from the engine, which meant more even and comfortable temperatures for the travelers.

Hand-Brakes and Couplings

In those days, too, all braking was done by hand with hand-brakes on each end of each car. When a train approached a station, the brakeman would set the brakes on one car and then rush to the next car to set the brakes. Usually there were two brakemen to a train, but the conductor and fireman also assisted with this work.

They used a shackle and pin arrangement for a coupling. The shackle was constructed of links of one inch and a quarter round iron in a chain about 14 inches long; the pin was heavy round iron about the length of the shackle. Coupling cars was a dangerous procedure for the brakeman who ran the risk of not only of pinched fingers, but of getting head or body crushed between the bumpers on the ends of the cars.

Hand Cars

The hand-car equipment for transporting workers, I first remember was a crank car. The crank shaft passed through a large gear encased in a housing protected both men and gears. Then there was a crank on either side of the housing and this large gear was connected with a gear on the wheel shaft by a set of small gears. To start this, it was necessary only to jump aboard and start cranking. To back up, one cranked in the opposite direction. This type of hand-car was capable of traveling about 10 to 12 miles per hour.

The Pump Car

Then came the pump car with motive-power created by a walking beam with a bar across each end, set in brackets. The men had to stand to pump this type car which has now been replaced with the motor-driven car and trailer.

Topsham Mystery Car

Some years ago, members of the family of Hiram Cobb and his son Brad, came across a three-wheeled wooden car in the Sprague Woods in Topsham. It was a fine piece of work, built standard gauge, so that it could run on regular railroad tracks. It was hand operated. The mystery remains as to who built the car and why. The railroad took the car for the model to build metal cars for the use of men patrolling the tracks to take care of switch lights and other such duties.

Brunswick Lamp-Lighter

Years ago, our town was lighted at night only by kerosene lamps perched on posts. George Cripps was most faithful to his task and year in, year out, might be seen with his short ladder and kerosene can, making the rounds to trim and light the street lamps.

Houses then were lighted only by candles, kerosene lamps, or sperm oil lamps. Many housewives prided themselves on making their own candles of hard fats in candle molds.

Sidewalks were improved when they laid two strips of granite slabs side by side from the railroad on the west side of Maine Street to the foot of Mill Hill by the old bridge. Each slab was approximately two feet wide and six inches thick; the lengths of the slabs varied. Later these slabs were replaced by bricks—a forerunner of the present concrete walks.



WHY SPEND MONEY ON THE TOWN COMMON

D. E. Lauderburn, Forester Explains
And He Believes in Care and Protection of It.

Brunswick Record
March 3, 1927

Why should Brunswick spend money to protect and improve the Town Common as a Town Forest?

The principle back of it is that it seems desirable for the government, the public, to own and administer some part of the forest resources of the country. The public can do something which the private owner, individual or corporation, cannot do. If the private owner's holdings and operations do not return a profit, he cannot continue to hold them. Therefore, there is a risk that the country's timber resources will be exploited to exhaustion, if all are in private hands.

This has led to the development of the national forests, amounting to 159 million acres, and has brought the federal government into the timber business to the extent of several millions of dollars a year. Another function of government is to demonstrate scientific forest management through actual administration of the government timber lands and through research in methods of growing, protecting, and utilizing forests. The federal government sells many millions of board feet of timber annually, supplying the raw material for many industries. The government so manages the national forests that they will be continually productive, thus perpetuating the forest industries dependent upon them.

In a lesser way, the various states function in the management of the State forests. There are State forests in nearly half of the states, ranging in size from 2,000,000 acres in New York to Virginia's one small tract of 588 acres.

As the National and State forests serve as large timber reserves and as a demonstration of scientific forest management in a large way, showing how large timber tracts may be profitably handled, so community forests—county, city and town forests—may bring examples of forest management closer to the small land owner and to the town and city dweller whose existence and comfort depend on products of the forests and whose wastefulness is one of the serious drains on our waning wood supplies.

Town forests are not a new development. They have existed for scores of hundreds of years in Europe. Some of the older European town forests show what Brunswick might have today if she had protected and managed her Town Commons from the time of its creation in 1719 instead of permitting any lumberman who wanted to help himself, free of charge, to the timber of the Common. European town forests are managed in such a way as to supply raw materials to industries in their communities, and their management is generally profitable. They commonly show a profit of \$6 or \$7 per acre per year. On that basis, the original 1,000 acres of Brunswick's Town Common would be returning \$6,000 to \$7,000 annually. If that is too much to expect in this country, where we have not the complete utilization that occurs in the more thickly settled European countries, we can at least get some idea of what care and protection of the Town Common would have brought us by comparing the condition of the Town Commons today with the lands of Bowdoin College and other adjacent owners. About one-third of the Common is almost a desert, producing only some scrubby pitch pines

and an indifferent crop of blueberries. Another third is not much better, covered by growth of brush and gray birches which threaten to stifle the more valuable white pine seedlings which have come in naturally and not as a result of any plan of the town authorities. The best third is covered with a fairly good stand of young timber, and this third is claimed in part by adjacent land owners, which is indeed the only reason the timber is there.

Interest in town forests has been growing rapidly in recent years, but Maine has lagged behind her neighboring New England states. Massachusetts had 41 by the end of 1924, two established in 1914, one in 1916, 2 in 1922, 17 in 1923 and 18 in 1924. I have no more recent figures, but no doubt more were created during the past two years. There are town forests in 25 other states. New Hampshire has 38, of which 11 are for water-shed protection, or some other primary purpose other than timber production, but 22 are primarily for the production of timber. Vermont has 24, of which 13 are solely for timber production and demonstration of forest management. Forty of New York's 60 cities have forests and 96 New York villages have some kind of forest projects underway and have planted nearly 3,000,000 trees. Ohio has five town forests; Connecticut has two, not counting those functioning for water-shed and reservoir protection there is one other town forest in Maine, that of Old Town and I have heard it claimed as the first and only, a claim which Brunswick has the right to dispute.

The problem before the Town Common Committee is how to make the most of the Common as a demonstration of careful forest management and also how to make it profitable. We have 30 acres of planted trees growing rapidly and now over 20 years old. But it will take another 20 years before this timber will be ready to cut, when we may expect a revenue from it of several thousand dollars. In the southern part of the Commons are about 100 acres covered with a fairly good stand of timber. Something in the way of revenue may be expected from this in the not distant future. There are 200 acres which have white pine reproduction scattered over it, in some places not sufficient to make a well stocked forest. Some parts of this, where reproduction is scanty, might be filled in by planting. Some returns from this area may be expected in about 40 years.

There are two opportunities for immediate revenue from the Common. One is from the sale of hardwood stumpage for firewood. The removal of the hard woods would be beneficial as they are less valuable than the soft woods and they are reducing the rate of growth of the soft woods and completely suppressing some by overshadowing, by root competition, and by whipping off the tender buds as they sway in the wind. The other source of revenue would be leasing of blueberry rights. In town meeting the opinion has been expressed favoring the cultivation of blueberries on part of the Common at public expense for the use of anyone who cares to pick them. There are 250 acres not covered with valuable tree reproduction and suitable for blueberry culture. Surely half of this would be sufficient for the production of blueberries for the personal use of any chance pickers. The remainder might be leased for the production of blueberries for commercial purposes.

In addition to planting in the blank spaces in that part of the Common to be devoted to tree growth, much could be done to hasten the growth of the seedlings already done to hasten the growth of the seedlings already established there. This could be accomplished by weeding, i.e., by cutting out the worthless brush and alders which would not be cut in getting our fuel wood.

In addition to tree and blueberry culture, there are other features which might be developed, education and recreational. Frequently, when tree planting or other work is necessary on town forests, the Rotary Club, Boy Scouts, school children and other groups offer their services. As most of the citizens of Brunswick do not know where the Common is and what is on it, such cooperation as assistance in tree planting or weeding would increase their interest in it. The future of the Common lies in the hands of the young people who are to become the citizens of this town. Actual work on the Common will teach them something about the growth care of trees and will create more interest in the Common and its future.

In addition to the educational value to those who may offer their services for planting or other work to be done, other recreational features might be developed. There is a network of roads through some parts of the Common, especially the flat, sandy, least attractive parts. These roads are used frequently by horseback riders. The best wooden part of the Common at the south end is not opened up by these roads. If a trail, bridle path or road were extended into the southern end, it would offer an attractive walk or ride and make the most attractive part available for recreational use.

If the program for the Common involves only some improvement work, such as tree-planting, weeding or trail-building, that work could be handled by the Committee. If fuel wood stumpage sales are made, it might be essential to have a permanently employed caretaker to supervise cutting and scale wood and make collections. A possible arrangement might be to allow someone living nearby to have his firewood free in return for watching the property in order to prevent trespass and for supervising sales or any work that is being done. At present there is no effective method of preventing trespass. It is impossible for the members of the Committee to visit the Common every day.

No large expenditures are needed to improve the Common. If it is protected from fire and trespass, it will continue to improve. It would be advisable, however, to make available for the Committee's use a small sum, at least \$100., for any work they may deem best for the coming year, such as placing of signs to call attention to the Common, and to the plantation, possibly the purchase of some trees to fill up some of the blanks, or the cutting of brush where it interferes with the most valuable reproduction, or to cover the expense of burning some part of the Common for blueberry production. This certainly would be a wise expenditure of public money—an expenditure that is sure to bring in time ten-fold returns.

D.E. Lauderburn

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WHERE THOMAS B. REED TAUGHT
Flag Raised on School in Growstown District,
At Brunswick, Me.

Brunswick Record
July 5, 1903

Brunswick, Me. July 4—One of the most notable events in this section today was the raising of a handsome national flag over the schoolhouse in district no. 6, commonly called the Growstown district.

It was at this school that Rev. Elijah Kellogg and Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed taught while students at Bowdoin College.

Mr. Kellogg taught several terms in 1836, and Mr. Reed had his first experience at school teaching there in 1858 and 1859.

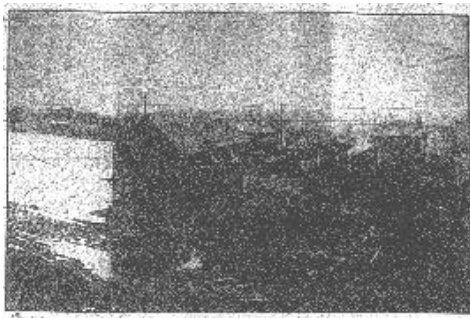
The flag is of the finest bunting, and measures 4 by 6 feet. Ten historical pictures were presented with it, also a large number of pamphlets dealing with historical subjects.

At the time for presenting the flag, the teacher, Miss Annie Harrington, and all but one of her scholars were present, besides a large number of people residing in the neighborhood. All of the scholars are of French-Canadian parentage, and they lustily cheered the nation's emblem.

The presentation speech was made by Holman D. Waldron of Portland, Edward W. Wheeler, a member of the school committee, accepted the gift in behalf of the town.

The flag was then unfurled amid loud cheers. The pictures will be hung on the walls of the schoolhouse and the pamphlets were distributed among the scholars.





When the Mills in the “Cove” Were Busy Brunswick Record December 11, 1930

Here is a glimpse of Brunswick’s past which will be recalled by many of the older folks, of a time when the river was much more vitally connected with the welfare of the town than it is perhaps now.

In these days the Brown and the Colby lumber mills, here shown in the foreground, operated in the “cove” that makes up just down-river from the bridge. The water hold some long-logs ready for the saws, a kind of lumber that today is rarely seen in the drives, and which doesn’t come down the river to Brunswick any more. The T.W. Given carpenter shop is the foreground mill, and the little white house, old-timers tell, is the office of the mill. In back, where the chimney makes up, was a pulp mill of considerable importance, and directly behind that the bridge to Topsham.

This whole collection of buildings was burned one morning in the 90’s and immediately afterward the present power-house was built by Central Maine, on almost the same site. Some of the framed dwellings at the extreme left of the photo are still standing and being used, fronting on Maine Street.

The work of these mills is described by the older folks as extensive, and they are said to have been working at full blast when the fire came. The situation is one of the best of Brunswick’s power sites.

This photo was made by Webber shortly before the fire, and the photographer made another during the blaze, which he developed and printed at top speed to send to various daily papers, astounding local people, for it was quite a stunt in those days to do photographic work in a hurry.

When The Boat Comes In

The Boat is In!

The coming of the Aucocisco at South Harpswell in the evening is an event attended with excitement and interest. The mail, visitors, goods from Portland, and a good deal of fun comes with this evening visit.

Brunswick Record

August 28, 1930

Today, in those sadly antedated movies of the western frontier where men are men and women make them, where a six-gun is law and a badge makes a public nuisance, the arrival of the stage-coach is a moment of enormous importance. The mail, the gold for the bank, the new school ma'am, the new district attorney—almost anything is likely to arrive on those stage-coaches in the movies, and somehow we of a more enlightened day get quite a kick from it all. Those things are no more, we think, and smile at the crudeness of former days.

But just pay a visit to one of those summer colonies on Casco Bay these lovely evenings when the sun is setting, and when in a gob of smoke, with the tooting of a whistle, the Portland boats come in. If you think people never get a kick any more out of the arrival of the mail, the coming of people, the advent of express bundles, just go down to South Harpswell, Bailey and Orr's Islands, to Bustin's Island, Birch Island, or any of the many places in Casco Bay where the Portland steamer ties up for a few minutes to a wiggly old pier and accommodates whatever commerce is available.

Except that it's a boat, a wharf and vacationing people, one would suppose it was the same thing as one had years ago in the West—a dusty road, panting horses, and all the rest.

Go down to South Harpswell, although it's just the same in other places, Baileys Island for instance. The people, late in the afternoon, cluster about the store which is also the post office, and wait. There may be a cribbage board on the counter where a couple of men stand up and "fifteen two, fifteen four, a pair is six and a jack is seven." It takes six people anyway to watch them effectively. A nice-appearing matron, perhaps from a New York or New Jersey estate is standing at the writing shelf sending picture cards to friends with a "wish you were here." A young blade, nattily dressed in a white duck outfit is chatting with three or four girls. A seedy looking man, with those side-burns and rimmed glasses, those knickers and squeaky shoes that typify a cranky millionaire, is carping with the clerk over the price of 39 cent chocolate. And so it goes, all drawn exactly from a real scene.

A booted fisherman with a horribly indecent pipe clenched in a mouth camouflaged with a fuzzy brush of beard peers from the window, and finally announces in an important voice that "here she comes."

It's the Portland boat! Play and work at South Harpswell cease. The card game pauses in the midst of double run of face cards with five spot turned up. The lady stuffs cards into her bag. The girls desert the captivating swain. The old man hastily grabs the half-pound chocolate the clerk proffers. The entire group leaves the store, and saunters

down to the wharf, to wait while the steamer comes around Thumb Cap, and pulls up to the pier.

At the last moment a boy in a Ford truck arrives, carting his rattling conveyance at top speed out on the pier, where he wheels it back and forth to turn around, coming perilously near the edge with each maneuver, for, being a boy, he likes to show off. The ladies gasp, little girls admire, habitués pay no attention as he senselessly risks his neck, his Ford, and his load for absolutely nothing at all.

The boat, names the Aucocisco for some reason, or maybe the Gurnet, finally toots twice, and with a majestic sweep swoops down on the little dock, stopping bravely as a little shiver of excitement runs across the assembly. The boat is in!

No transatlantic liner battling mountain-waves for a week ever docked with more éclat. No conquering hero ever came home with more pride. It's an occasion.

Then there is the kissing of new arrivals. The goodbyes to those departing. Trunks come off, groceries and hardware are set on the pier. And welcome sight, the crowd sees the mail come off, one or two pouches, a couple of sacks, and the little boy in the truck races his engine as he roars down the pier, into the road, filled with the importance of carrying the post. "We exiles are waiting for letters from home."

The reception committee now wanders back to the store, to await the sorting of the mail, and the Aucocisco moves down the sound to the next pier, where the whole performance is repeated.

The wild rides of stage-coaches, the exciting arrival of the pony-express, and all those similar things connected with pioneer days may always be a joke to us. But the Portland boat goes through much the same experience every day, and people attend its arrival just as eagerly as our grandfathers, when Lincoln was president, awaited the coach with the overland mail.