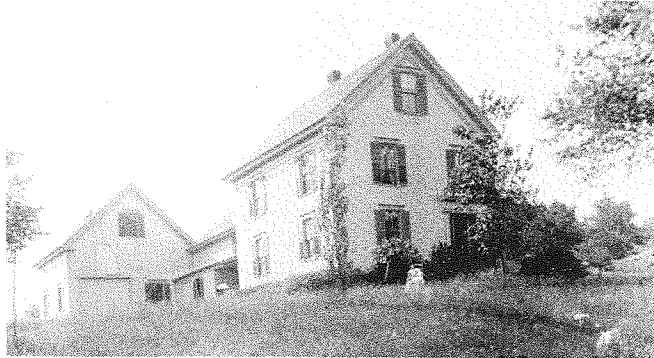


The Waterford Echoes

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Waterford Historical Society



The Parsonage Circa 1910

LIFE AT THE PARSONAGE

Our family, mother, father, Margaret age 9, Orpha age 6, and Amy age 3 arrived at the Lake House in 1909. We could not move into the parsonage till our furniture arrived. The accommodations at the Lake House were quite luxurious. Our beds were made, hot water was brought to the room every morning, and on cold days a fire was built in the stove so one could dress in a warm room.

My sisters and I had great fun running from the front porch to the covered walk way through the summer house to the annex and back. Mother had a vacation from cooking and enjoyed leisure in the parlor. Dad enjoyed the sociability of the men in the office while we were there.

The parsonage was mostly a fun place for kids. We kids loved the barn with a rope swing in the doorway, a carriage and black wagon on the main floor and a cow and a horse in the stalls. There was hay in the loft to play in and, in the spring, hens hatching chickens. The barn floor was also a theater for the plays my sister, Margaret, wrote and directed.

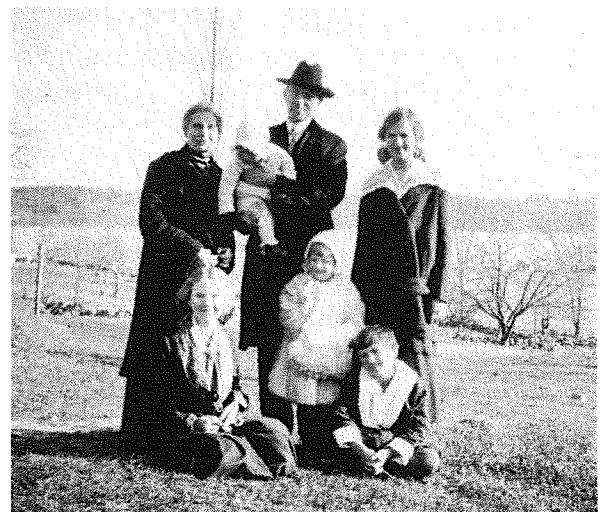
My mother designed most of our clothes from what are referred to as missionary barrel stuff. This was kept in the attic and used as dress ups when we played house or theater. We made rooms in the attic by sticking lathes in the big cracks in the floor and tying strings for partitions. Nothing in the house or barn was off limits except Dad's study. The attic upstairs from the kitchen was also storage and dressing room for swimmers (our family and friends). Some of the family slept there in the summer when we let the two big front rooms upstairs.

The Pollards were there several summers. The boys were very well behaved but used to annoy my mother by bringing the slop jar through our dining room at breakfast time on their way to emptying it in our old fashioned toilet. This, by the way, was really luxurious. It was finished with paper and paint. Two holes for adults and two for children so no one had to wait long!

Mr. and Mrs. Pollard used the front door. Otherwise no one but strangers used it. The bell intrigued us. One pulled a big old knob and jiggled the bell inside the door. Also a couple of other summers a Miss Lumb and Miss Pearl had the front room. They ate either at Jane Stone's or Stimpson's, I think.

The front room downstairs was Dad's study most of the time. Though he moved upstairs at one time as I remember my brother was born in that room on a Christmas Eve or Christmas Day.

Dad's study was always neat and warm. Therefore, when weddings were performed this was where they took place. One that I remember were George and Bessie Hill. Bessie brought her dress and veil to the parsonage and mother helped her dress. I do not remember any others with a veil. Ray Lamb and Irene were accompanied by Chester and Edna Tarbox. When Arthur and Marjorie Kingman were married Amy hid in the knee hole of Dad's desk. After the ceremony she stuck her head out and said "Is the funeral over?"



Left to Right; Back Row: Christina Sias, Baby George, Rev. George Sias, Margaret; Front Row: Orpha, Florence, Amy

I mentioned it was always warm in the study. The big new Glenwood stove kept it that way day and night in cold weather. We had a Franklin fireplace in the livingroom. I remember one cold July 4th Miss Agnes Plummer and Miss Carrie were there and we popped corn. Miss Agnes said, "We shall remember a 4th so cold we had to have a fire". The organ was in this room till we got a piano. Also a couch under which we tucked toys and other articles if we saw guests approaching. A Mrs. Hoyt put up steel ceilings in these two rooms when the plaster started to fall. I think oatmeal paper was on the wall in the style of the day. Dad built inside window boxes for mother's red geraniums. This added a bit of color.

I guess the small bedroom downstairs might be called the birthing room as my sister Florence was born there. I remember mother was still in bed when she tied our ribbons before we went to Charlotte Fillebrown's wedding.

We lived in the dining room. The most used outside door opened into an entry always bulging with outdoor wear in winter. In summer some of this moved into the closet under the front stairs. In this cavernous closet things sometimes got lost for weeks.

The entry way other door entered the dining room where the table took up most of the room. Two bracket lamps furnished light and an all purpose stove the heat, an oven and top stove cooking. Fire was kept all night here in cold weather. A pass-through dish cupboard between the entry and chimney held our dishes. No fire was kept in the kitchen except on wash days and for Saturday baths. This was to save on buying so much wood. As I remember it, Dad planned on 30 cords. The kitchen kept above freezing days and nights we let the pump down to be primed in the morning.

The kitchen was a busy place on wash day. The boiler was put on the cook stove to heat as soon as Dad had the fire built. Then an old push-pull washing machine was pulled in the rinse tub and wringer. That was Dad's day off from his ministerial and farming duties so he got dinner. Fried salt pork, boiled potatoes and onions. Our desserts were apt to be apple sauce or home canned fruit.

As I mentioned before, the door to the back stairs was in the kitchen also a door to outside on the East side and a dry sink between that and the pantry door. From the pantry, a door to the cellar stairs. The hand pump and an iron sink were at the other end of the kitchen, a window and a door to the shed and, from the shed, a door to the porch. It was a bright airy place in the summer. Our refrigeration or ice box was in the shed as well as lots of wood.

Sunday morning Dad would be in his study and mother rushing around planning a quick dinner for us and who knows how many more. Mrs. Coy once told mother she enjoyed seeing her "tripping along to church". At 12 years of age Margaret began playing the organ for church. Mother would say, "Keep playing till I get there," as Margaret and Dad started off. Then when Margaret played hymns mother would be on hand to tell her when the last verse was sung. Amy at 3 was not

quite ready for church services. She got away from us one morning and went up and hung over the rail by the wing pews. Everyone gasped except Dad. He was used to acrobatics.

Miss Littig, who boarded at Stimpson's, had a party Mrs. Dotin's lawn. She felt that country children lacked sociability. We did learn some new games but as Phil Chadbourne said "Not much of a party, had to go to the parsonage for even a drink of water!".

Drinking water at the parsonage had to be carried at times when the well was low. The well was on the East side of the house and the pipe ran under ground across the cellar up to the pump. Dad used to take a pail of live coals down cold nights. Nevertheless it froze. Percy Kimball came to help thaw it. He said, "I know right where that pipe is". He took the hatchet to chop the frozen ground and chopped the lead pipe right in two. He really was a big help to Dad and mother and us kids. He taught us how to tell evergreens apart and other trees. Also where lady's slippers grew and how May flowers are under the leaves.

We seemed to be always entertaining. Dad had a group of teenaged boys. Then he had an older group - Percy, Harold Pike, Carl Hamlin and others. Mother always went to all day Circle and once I remember the Circle came to the parsonage to sew for us. Mother had bought yards of pink flannel for nighties for the whole family. Some of the ladies had a hard time picturing my Dad in pink flannel. We also entertained an area ministers meeting occasionally. All in all it was a love'ly place to grow up.

Amy felt displaced when Florence and George came along. She had been the baby for 6 years! So mother went to extra pains to paint, paper and curtain her room as a special surprise for her 10th or 11th birthday. One day while mother was up there working, Amy came home from school and started looking for mother and panicked when she didn't find her downstairs. She rushed upstairs and burst into the little room and spoiled her birthday surprise. Mother was mad because Amy had been told to keep out. They both ended up crying. Birthdays were happy times, though. Dad loved working with wood and made a big cake board to hold a large cake with holes to stick up to 30 candles around the edge. Not little match-size candles but the 3 inch size. Our presents were usually practical such as stockings, brush, combs, hair ribbons or a tooth brush.

We never had a dog and never felt the need of one. We had innumerable cats but only one that I really cared about. He was named Tommy Twaddles. The cats lived on milk and table scraps.

I really liked the horses. Off and on we had quite a variety. Different people lent them to the minister when they weren't going to use them. I think we had Miss Payson's Bess one winter. I know we had Monroe's Kit. We could ride her with a saddle. She was a small black horse. One time Chadbourne let us have Ben. He was a smart little horse. Mr. C. used to drive him to Norway then when it was time to get on the train he

would head Ben for home with a note on the harness saying, "I am Ben on my way home. If I get stopped please start me".

Nig was a tough little horse from Bill Heath's. We used to drive him behind the cows when they were driven to pasture. If a cow stopped to nibble grass Nig would nip her flank and get her going. He also had a yen to pass any other rig on the road. When we came within sight of our barn he would take off as if shot from a gun. I met the Rev. Mr. Bull at the train in Norway once. He offered to drive so I let him. When we got to the old school house I told Mr. Bull that the horse always ran for the barn. He didn't pay much attention so when we rounded the point of Gage's stone wall and Nig really took off the Rev. lost his derby hat off and nearly tipped us out.

The horse we all loved was a big beautiful black one my father bought, named Pat. He was gentle as could be, my mother enjoyed driving him. He was nervous and evidently had been hit about his head, for a quick motion would scare him into jerking his head up. My father took Margaret and Amy with him one day in winter to Harrison. He got his hair cut, loaded Margaret and Amy in the sleigh. When he went to unhitch the horse he slipped on the ice, threw up his arms to grab the bridle, scared Pat. Pat threw up his head. This jerked the bit and bridle off his head and scared him so he ran away up the Waterford road. Margaret pushed Amy out, then she jumped. The horse ran into the barn at the place by Hawk Mt.

One night mother and dad were waked up by noises in the barn. Pat had somehow got his hind foot over the chain he was hitched with. What to do!! Dad was ready with a rope around his waist for mother to let him down the hay chute when the chain broke. The poor horse had a bad gash in his leg. After another run away my father had to sell the horse.

I worked in Walter Fillebrown's store the summer I was 14 then two summers after that. I was a dumb clerk but I liked the people. He had an old time store with easy chairs for loafers and a big Morris chair behind the counter where I sat and read when business lagged. We sold grain as well as groceries, cloth, hardware, ice cream and tonic, plug tobacco, cigars and cigarettes. Chocolates came in 5 lb. boxes and were displayed on glass plates. Sugar came in a barrel, flour too, and was measured into bags on the scales. Molasses and kerosene were pumped from barrels into a jug or can. Vinegar the same. Lard came in wood containers to be weighed out. Also we pumped gas into cars at .28 per gallon.

We were only in Waterford 10 years but it was a real home and there was no place that my mother loved more. The view of the lake, the sunsets over Mt. Tirem, the extra hour of sun we had over those in the village, and the big roomy old house. Outside was the small pine and a big black cherry tree, the flowering catalpa, a Lombardy poplar, and white roses by the front door.

I've only touched the surface of those wonderful years and unforgettable adventures. It was great fun and I hope you enjoyed sharing them as much as I enjoyed recalling them.

Orpha Sias Davis

Editors note: Orpha told this charming story at our August 1989 meeting to a rapt audience. We felt that it just had to be shared as widely as possible so we've made this presentation from her notes.

REUNION

On August 19th the fairgrounds in North Waterford was the scene of a Once-In-a-Lifetime Reunion organized by Bertha Kimball and Norma Relihan Doody. Well over 250 former students and teachers of Waterford schools from 1900 into 1960 gathered to reminisce as well as catch up on one another's lives.

NEW MEMBERS

John & Martha Eaton
George & Barbara Goodwin
Alfred & Ellen Haase
Michael & Marcy Kasten
Harold & Betty Larson

Join the Waterford Historical Society. Check appropriate category and mail to R2 Box 508, Harrison, ME 04040

Name _____

Address _____

MEMBER CLASSIFICATION

_____ Life-Couple	\$75.00	_____ Senior Citizen	\$ 1.00
_____ Life	\$50.00	_____ Student	\$ 1.00
_____ Patron	\$25.00	_____ Sustaining	\$ 2.50
_____ Honorary	\$35.00	_____ Contributing	\$10.00



Agnes Lahti receiving presentation plaque from President Norman Rust. Margaret Sawyer was not available on that day.

OPEN HOUSE

In celebration of twenty-five years since its incorporation the society held an open house at the North Waterford museum on August 18 and 19. Although there were countless artifacts and endless pieces of historical data on display, it was our collection of scrapbooks that held the interest of most of the more than 100 visitors.

Agnes Lahti and Margaret Sawyer were recognized at that time for many years of service to the society. They were recognized, not merely as secretary and treasurer, but for countless hours of concern and effort through the years.

Waterford Historical Society
Waterford,
Maine 04088

CONGRATULATIONS

The society extends its warmest congratulations to Georgia and Raynor Brown, Mary and Oscar Andrews and Mary and Bob Ross who have all celebrated golden anniversaries this year.

IN MEMORIAM

Ruth E. Rounds died August 25, 1990. She was a life member and most generous in her support of the society.

SOCIETY SCENE

We are pleased to announce that Nancy Eaton has agreed to be our curator. She, in co-operation with our secretary, Nancy Marcotte, worked a minor miracle in preparing our sadly neglected museum for the open house.

With equal pleasure we announced that Alice Howe has agreed to be our historian. Alice would be happy to receive clippings of interest to the society from publications other than the Lewiston Sun or Advertiser-Democrat. Her address is HCR 65, Box 121, Norway, Maine 04268. Please remember to include the date and source of the clippings.