

Waterford Echoes

VOLUME XII Number 2 (Issue 22)

Fall 1994

Waterford Historical Society

Bear Mountain Library Unites With Waterford Library

After several months of discussions between the two Boards of Trustees, the Bear Mountain Library in South Waterford merged with the Waterford Library in the Flat. The merger became effective on Sept. 30, 1994. The consolidation effort leaves the town with one library designed to serve all residents of Waterford. Scores of books were moved from the Bear Mountain Library to the second floor of the Waterford Library along with several book cases. All historical items were donated to the Historical Society.

The Bear Mountain Library was started by Flora G. Abbott and given to the association along with the building when she died in 1975. The second floor at the Flat has been named the Flora G. Abbott Memorial Reading Room in her honor. A scholarship fund has been endowed in her name as well using part of the proceeds of the sale of the Bear Mountain Library building. The annual scholarship will be awarded to any Waterford student seeking higher education. A three-person committee appointed by the library association will decide who receives the scholarship each spring.

The Bear Mountain building was purchased by Dr. David Gill, a Massachusetts doctor who summers on Little Moose Pond. He plans to use the building as a seasonal residence and is making plans to restore the structure.

The merger allows the Waterford Library to take advantage of Bear Mountain's tax exempt status. All donations made to the library may be deducted from the contributor's income taxes. Contributions have already started to flow in for the Sheena Fraser Memorial Gardening Section, which is being handled by Andrea Burns and Meg Wheeler.

At a long range planning meeting held Nov. 9, trustees and members discussed increased hours, expanded services and stronger offerings for library users. A well will be drilled this fall and estimates are currently being sought for a bathroom in the library. Story hours and other children's activities will be scheduled.

"Having all the collections together in one place I hope will make the library a focal point for people hoping to do research, find a new book to read or just meet friends," said association President Nancy Marcotte, a grand niece of Flora Abbott. "Along with other organizations in the community that have been working to draw the towns together, we hope the library will be a meeting place for everybody."

Officers of the Waterford Library Association elected at the 1994 annual meeting include Nancy Marcotte, president; Bill Haynes, vice president; Joan Fillebrown, secretary; Harry Tyrol, treasurer; and trustees Mac Bean, James Tyler and Patty Rood.

The current librarian is Sally DeFoe, who lives in the back apartment with her husband Darren and new daughter Brianna. The library is open Wednesdays from 3-8 p.m. and Saturdays 10 a.m.-noon.

Stuck for Christmas?

Why not send your friends or loved ones a Waterford History. Copies of either the 1775-1875 reprint (\$12) or the 1875-1976 history (\$10) are available at the town office, the Waterford Library or by mail from the Historical Society. Buy both at once for \$20. The book rate is \$1.75 for one and \$2.70 for two. Priority rate is \$3.15 for one and \$5 for two. Mail requests to the Society at P.O. Box 201, Watreford ME 04088.



A view of the Bear Mountain Library building approximately 75 years ago.

President's column

Dear Friends,

Where have all the flowers gone? — and the birds — and the leaves? Well, we are beginning to think about winter and the holidays.

This year we had the most gorgeous month of October in memory. Maybe the fall colors were not as bright as they often are, but the sunshine and the temperatures were fabulous. We loved it. Then came November and within a day a weather system stormed through the area knocking down and twisting trees, downing power lines and plunging the town into darkness. Some of us were without electricity for more than 13 hours. As fast as the storm came, it was gone. The stars came out shining so bright and seeming so near you wanted to reach up and pluck a few from the sky.

The society's activities were manifold

during the summer. Our 4th of July float in cooperation with the Waterford School depicted the changes in the learning environment — from the one-room school house to computer literate students. Our thanks to John and Jane Traill from the PTO for their imaginative work.

Our open house at both museums were very successful again. This time, the Rice Museum had the bumper crop of visitors. Mary and Bob Ross were busy all afternoon. Our thanks to them. They also kept the museum open during the summer breakfasts, a nice service, much appreciated. The North Waterford museum attracted the more studious type this year. People delved into archival material. And I am pleased to say that we are getting better organized, and therefore can be more helpful to inquirers, mostly thanks to

Nancy Eaton, our curator. Phyllis Hammett was in charge of refreshments and Agnes Lahti and Margaret Sawyer were there to answer questions and show off our artifacts. Meg Wheeler provided the beautiful flower arrangements and Martha Eaton organized the whole event.

The North Waterford church is getting some much needed repairs and improvements (See story on following page).

In the coming months, activities will slow down some but our work on preserving and interpreting the history of Waterford is an ongoing effort. Your participation is always most welcome.

We wish you happy holidays, a good New Year and a great winter! You will hear from us again in the spring, but we like to hear from you anytime.

Lilo Willoughby

Anniversary information sought

Dr. Cumming's House, The Manse, the Douglass Seminary, the Fillebrown House — and, may I dare say, the Willoughby House. Of course, it is the same old house on Plummer Hill. And old it is. Next year it will be 200 years old. We, the present owners, know quite a bit about its history and the role it played over the last two centuries. We

would like to pull it all together for its bicentennial, possibly in the form of a booklet. For that we need help. Anyone who has information, photographs, floor plans, brochures, graduation certificates, but, most of all, stories and recollections of the house and its people, is cordially invited to share them with us — and eventually the

Historical Society. If you do not wish to part with an original, we will gladly accept or make copies. We are excited about writing the history of this old house and would appreciate any contribution.

The Willoughbys
Sycamore Terrace
P.O. Box 91

Waterford Echoes

Vol. XII Number 2 Issue 22 Fall 1994

The Waterford Historical Society newsletter is published regularly to benefit its membership. The Society, founded in 1965, is a non-profit Corporation created for the purpose of preserving and making available to persons interested, any and all historical and other material that shall be deemed valuable and worthy of preservation, in an effort to perpetuate for this and future generations the events, customs and traditions of local history, past, present and future, and to make possible the diffusion of such knowledge.

1993-94 OFFICERS

| | |
|--------------------|---|
| President: | Liseselotte H. Willoughby |
| Vice President: | Oscar Andrews |
| Secretary: | Nancy Marcotte |
| Treasurer: | Malcolm Bean |
| Curator: | Nancy Eaton |
| Newsletter Editor: | Bill Haynes |
| Program Co-chairs: | Marjorie Kimball & Mary (Mrs. Richard) Andrews |

MEMBERSHIP CLASSIFICATION

| | |
|------------------------------|---------|
| Life member - couple | \$75.00 |
| Life member - individual | \$50.00 |
| Annual - couple | \$5.00 |
| Annual - single | \$3.00 |
| Annual - Seniors (60 & over) | \$2.00 |

Send checks to: Waterford Historical Society
P.O. Box 201
Waterford ME 04088

Recent gifts to the Society

Our heartfelt thanks to all of the wonderful individuals who have thoughtfully donated to the Historical Society this year. It has been our intention to assemble and identify written works by and about Waterford residents of all styles, periods and topics. We are most delighted by this year's response. Thank you again, and please let me know of any additions or omissions.

Nancy Eaton, curator

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|-----------------------------------|---|
| Hervey Kimball | Stilthyard scales from the Whitcomb Farm, Plummer Hill. |
| George Elliott | <i>McWain News</i> , spring 1994, Lake McWain Association. |
| Mary U. Andrews | Collections of poems and newspaper clippings gathered by her mother, Alice Marr, and <i>Grandma's Knitting Needles</i> , an illustrated booklet of poems by Hortense Gregg of Norway, Me. c. 1910. |
| Margaret M. Sawyer | Copies of her books: <i>Reaching to the Summit — an autobiography</i> and <i>Sage, Rosemary and Rhyme — a poetry book</i> plus assorted newspaper clippings. |
| Harrison Historical Society | Spring 1994 newsletter. |
| Mac Bean | Postcard of Roadside Picnic, near Kedar Brook from the north side, and 1993 annual town report |
| Tom Fillebrown | Original 1847 edition of the <i>Norway Advertiser</i> with both article and advertisement for the Maine Hydropathic Institute (Waterford Water Cure). |
| Mrs. Donald K. Saunders | 1850 Daniel Chaplin map of Waterford, framed survey map of Waterford, assorted newspaper clippings related to both the town and Constance Warren, and copies of both town history books. |
| Charles & Marguerite Johnson | Three of their illustrated booklets on Maine native American history: <i>The Legend of Mollyockett</i> (1991), <i>The Life of Metalluk</i> (1985) and <i>Anthology of Remembrances</i> (undated). |
| Agnes Lahti | Twenty assorted annual reports from 1891-1985. |
| Bob & Mary Ross | Photographs from 1994 Fourth of July parade. |
| Virginia Tyler Cutler | Two of her poetry books: <i>From the Heart and Other Places</i> , <i>The Compromise</i> (1992), <i>From the Heart and Other Places</i> , <i>God and Country</i> (1993). |
| Berkley Henley | Documents of the Crooked River Outing Club including three volumes of minutes c. 1926-1958. |
| Father Don McAllister | Four photographs including Bartlett Spool Mill and World's Fair. |
| Waterford Library | A sign reading: No Smoking in this Stable, Artemus Ward, artist. Found in library storage. |
| Dear Deer Players | Deertrees Theatre Resident Company, poster and video of 1994 performance Strindberg's <i>Miss Julie</i> . |
| Virginia M. Phillips | Pierced tin lantern from Casa La Tera, her family home in South Waterford. |
| Waterford Mt. Library Association | A vast assortment of town related papers and objects including books, postcards, photographs, library records, several annual reports from the 1800s, a framed crazy quilt, treasurer's journals 1928-77 and pass books 1954-78. Several book cases were transported to the North Waterford museum. |
| Nancy S. Eaton | A copy of her 1994 booklet, <i>The History of Deertrees Theatre</i> |
| Celia Tarbox Ballard | <i>Bear Mountain Grange Cookbook</i> c. 1900, complete with recipes, advertisements and anecdotes. |
| Meryl and Betty Grover | Group of antique eyeglasses and cases. |
| Chloe Colby | A series of Civil War levels pertaining to the Sawin family and a photo of the Sawin house. |
| Bill Fillebrown | A remounted photograph of the Flat from Kedarbrook. |

In Memoriam

Ava L. Hunt, Oct. 6, 1994 at age 69 in North Waterford. A member of the Society, she was born in North Waterford on April 22, 1925., daughter of Willis and Evelyn Hutchinson McKeen. She was a longtime member of the North Waterford Grange No. 479 and lived in here most of her life. She worked at Norway shoe shops and summers in housekeeping at Papoose Pond. She is survived by a son, Merle Grover of North Waterford and two step-grandsons. She was buried at Woodlawn Cemetery in North Waterford.

Erwin E. "Pete" Jones Sr., Sept. 4, 1994 in North Waterford. He was born in Fryeburg on Dec. 31, 1919, the son of Leroy and Della M. Jones. He attended schools in Fryeburg and Portland. He was a woodsman all his life. He served with the U.S. Army during World War II. He married to Abbie-Belle Kimball on June 2, 1940. She died on May 30, 1956. He is survived by three sons, Robert of Norway, Dean of Portland and Erwin Jr. of East Stoneham; two daughters, Margaret Stevens of North Waterford and Sylvia of Standish; one brother, Harlan of Gray; five grandsons and seven great grandchildren.

Edgar Mills, Sept. 16, 1994 at age 68 in North Waterford. He was born April 30, 1926, the son of Frank and Dora Tarr Mills. He worked as a woodsman and a carpenter. He served in the U.S. Army during World War II and was a member of the Ronald G. St. John VFW Post in Harrison. He is survived by his wife, Helen; two daughters, Cathy Dixon of Minot and Dora Mills of Florida; and a son, Gregory of North Waterford; two sisters, Arlene Pratt of Lewiston and Betty Damon of Auburn; three half-brothers, Bernie of Massachusetts and Daniel and Frank Jr., both of Waterville; one grandson and one great granddaughter.

THE WAY WATERFORD WAS: THE FLAT

by W. William Fillebrown

Editor's note: In part one, Bill recalled changes along the southerly side of the village from the town office to the Gage House on the knoll. We pick up the story from the original location of the Rice Museum. Numerical references are made to the map in Issue 21.

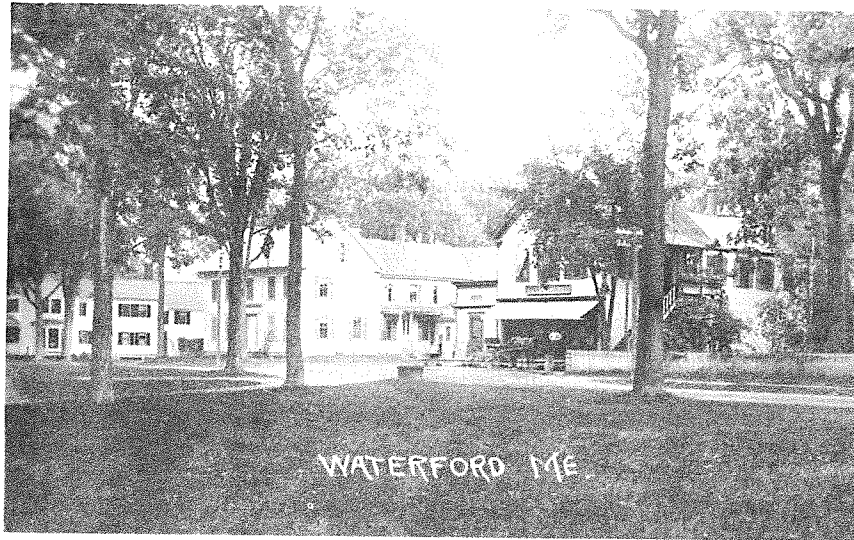
At the rear of the Mabel Gage House was what we now call the Mary Gage Rice museum. I'm not sure when the open shed was moved there and when it was closed in. I do remember going with Mr. Gage and his driver, Dennis Gardner, to find things to put into that museum. I never went into that building until a short time before Mrs. Rice died.

#12 - The Parsonage (St. Hilaire) — This was built by my great grandfather, Leander Gage Stone. I spent many happy hours there until a board of my friends said Uncle Sam wanted me. In the mid-50s, remodeling started on the first floor: kitchen, dining room and a bathroom in the front hall. In the 80s, the third floor was finished off and sky lights added. On the outside, the little side porch was enlarged and closed in, a room added on at the rear of the barn and the barn painted red (not white as I remembered).

#13 - Plummer Place (W. Fillebrown) — The original building was erected in the late 1870s by my grandfather for his bride. My mother was born here. In the late 1890s, the Plummers took possession of the house. On March 24, 1931 it burned to the ground. In the spring of 1965, my mother had the front part of my house moved here. This part has quite a history for it was once between the store and the Artemus Ward House, then moved between Doores' and Tempestas', then here. In 1973 I acquired the house and in the late 70s built the garage. In the mid-80s, we took the newest part of the house off and practically built a house in between. Yes, the house has had vinyl siding for 10 years. The shop in back was built about 1980.

#14 - Stone House (Lord, Tyler) — About the time I was born (I don't remember it),

the roof of the ell was raised — actually a double dormer roof. This allowed for a covered porch over the downstairs porch. The second floor front hall (by the stairs) was made into a bathroom. During the 1950s, the barn was changed and the silo and grain storage area made into a tie-up for more cows; then the manure storage beneath the barn was done away with.



Early postcard looking across the Common towards Rounds Store.

Also in this era, the ice house and storage shed behind the barn were torn down.

#15 - Ned's Shop (Present fire house) — This, no doubt, is another place that could tell quite a story. It supposedly sat on Tylers' front lawn and was the school house that Artemus Ward attended. In my early years, it was Uncle Ned's Shop. There was a shed attached to the downhill side of the shop where most anything could have been stored. The shed came off and the shop had big folding doors put on. This became the warm-weather fire station. In the early 80s, the building was doubled in size to house a second truck.

#16 - Nellie Stone House (Burns) — This is one place I know very little about. As I haven't been up the drive or fished down the brook, the side away from the road is a mystery and the inside also. A number of years ago, the barn got tired and laid down and died, very likely from lack of care and too much snow. It was cleaned up and now after all these years it isn't missed.

#17 - Miss Wilkins House (Atherton, Kedarburn Inn) — As you drive by, there

don't appear to be many changes, but there were. A short time after Miss Wilkins' death in 1927, the sun porch was added. A great deal of work was done to the interior of the barn — bedrooms were added. One bedroom was made large enough to have a balcony and plays were rehearsed in this room. During the early 50s, there was another round of remodeling. During these years, the icehouse beside the brook was torn down. Again in the 70s, remodeling was done and the back deck lifted up to the second floor on the barn (first floor in relation to the main house). Some other remodeling has been done since then and a deck added next to the sun porch. Somewhere along the line, the picket fence disappeared and only recently the brick posts at the end of the drive were knocked over for the last time.

#18 - Jewett House (Fitts)

— This is one place that has had very little change, mostly repairs. A bathroom was added at some time and the back porch enlarged a little. This place is unique: A brick wall was built inside the wall that faces the community house.

The next two places should be treated as one because they were until the death of Alice Rounds a few years back (early 80s).

#19 - The Annex (Tingley) — This was part of the Lake House and connected by an enclosed walkway (breezeway). In the late 40s, the walkway was taken down and the Annex had a different owner. The first change came a long time ago with the removal of the tack room (back end next to the road). Then came the big changes inside. The music room stayed the same on the first floor and the balance was made into two apartments, one down and one up.

In the next issue, Bill will conclude his story with remembrances of the Lake House, the Masonic Hall, Congregational Church and the Wilkins House. The tour finishes along the north side of Route 35.

Congregational Church serves as community centerpiece

by Marjorie Kimball

This classic New England Church in North Waterford is the centerpiece for the community where people have gathered for worship, fellowship, weddings, baptisms and memorial services for 134 years. It is a well known landmark with its steeple visible above the tree line and is popular with photographers and painters. Pictures of it have appeared on many magazines, calendars place mats and postcards.

Early church documents described the early days. "The settlers of North Waterford came from Massachusetts towns where schools were established and where the Congregational church was supported and encouraged by the state and were accustomed to an educated ministry. The attitude of the whole community was reverent, the Sabbath religiously observed, the Bible generally read and church attendance almost universal," reads the Warren history of Waterford, 1775-1875.

For 40 years, the people of North Waterford had supported the church at Waterford and also held weekly prayer meetings at Rowley, the school district bordered by Deacon Asa Hersey's land. Work on a new church began on July 4, 1860 after many meetings had been held to decide the wisdom of building a second Congregational Church. Deciding factors included the long, dreary, 5-mile uphill drive by team and the fact that North Waterford was a prospering business center.

To furnish the project, pews were sold to families who pledged to give \$5 per month for six months. Within the first week, 45 pews had been sold and George Hobson of North Waterford was then contracted to build the church for \$2,475. Thomas Holt of Bethel was the architect.

The land for the building was donated by William Green, who in 1862, built a new home facing the site. The steeple was built in the vestibule and hoisted by long ropes.

"The sanctuary contained a magnificent chandelier which burned kerosene and sidelights were installed on the walls. A beautiful red carpet was laid in the aisles and each family was responsible for carpeting his own pew. John Rand obtained a communion set through friends in Portland which is still displayed in the

sanctuary," reads the Warren history.

In April of 1865, the Rev. J.W. Parsons, an evangelist, came to hold meetings and a revival was experienced which filled the church to overflowing every Sunday. As a result, 32 members of the Waterford Church along with 30 others from North Waterford joined in forming the Second



The church spent the summer on blocks.

Congregational Church of Waterford on June 20, 1865. The first minister to serve was the Rev. Joseph Kyte.

Although the building remains outwardly the same, many changes have occurred over the years. In 1870, a steeple bell was installed and the first organ came in 1871. Later, the gallery choir loft was closed.

In 1895, after the East Stoneham Church was built, the two churches became joined under the leadership of the Rev. Gilpatrick with some financing coming from the Maine Missionary Society.

An important milestone occurred in 1925 when, along with five other churches, North Waterford joined the Oxford County United Parish under the leadership of Dr. Hilda Ives and Dr. Wilbur Bull. This union strengthened the ties of member churches. Money from the William Bingham Foundation was helpful.

In 1929, the church was incorporated under new by-laws changing the name

from the Second Congregational Church of Waterford to the North Waterford Congregational Church.

Much was accomplished under the leadership of the Rev. Herbert Houghton during the years 1953-57. The church was repainted, Saunders Study built in the old gallery, the kitchen remodeled, the furnace converted to oil, horse sheds removed, flood lights installed and the well redug and tiled.

In recent years, numerous memorial gifts have been appreciated. A new electric chandelier, electric organ, loudspeakers, a ramp, pew cushions, a large wooden cross, candelabra, a music rack, hymn books and Bibles were among the many donations.

In 1985, a crisis occurred when it appeared that the belfry steeple would have to be replaced or torn down. The townspeople rallied with overflowing support and saved the steeple and also redecorated the sanctuary. It was during that period that the church was placed on the National Register of Historic Places through the efforts of the Rev. Nancy Taylor and state Rep. Herbert Adams of Portland.

Forty ministers and spouses and as many assistants have served the church (a list appears in the second Waterford History on page 132). The struggle over the years has been much the same: How to raise money to carry on the ministry and keep the buildings in repairs.

This time a new foundation has been laid. The building was raised on Sept. 15, 1994 by Clayton Copp & Son Movers of Cumberland. Others involved in the project included Steve Wilson, excavation; D.C. McAllister, septic system; Tom Murch, concrete; Tony Jordan, plumbing; Brian O'Leary, electrical; Fred Inman, heating. Vance Jordan, chairman of the trustees, was in charge of the "over the hill gang" of volunteers who prepared the way. In September, the Rev. Janice Wilcox led a dedication ceremony for the beginning of this project. The work will be dedicated on the anniversary date, Dec. 24, 1994.

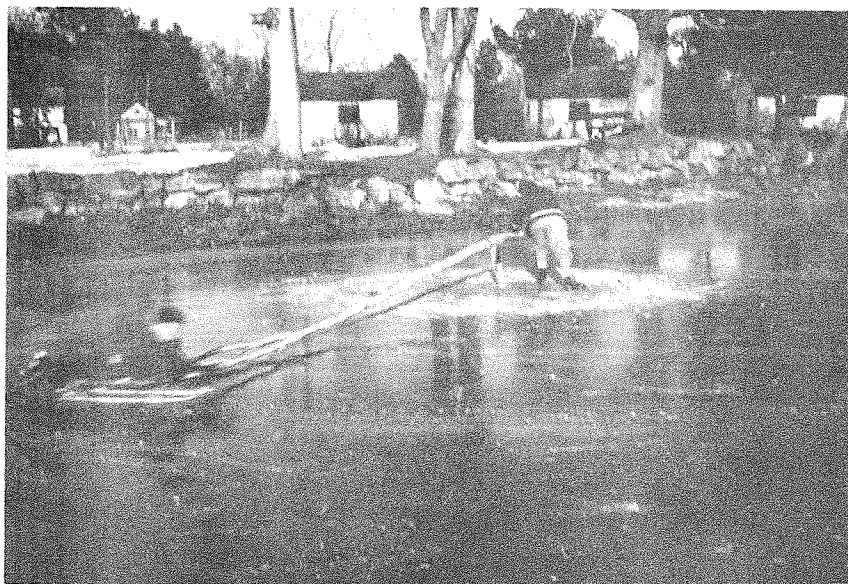
Many thanks are expressed to a community that has so generously supported projects to maintain the church. A special thanks is expressed to the Waterford Historical Society for its generous gift to help restore this landmark church.

One of the most often asked questions we hear is "where and when did the name Keoka originate?" As we try to unravel this mystery, a number of clues emerge. A c. 1984 article attributed to Artemus Ward refers to the lake as both Tom Pond and Keoka Lake. Thomas Chamberlain, one of the settlers, reportedly hid under a rock during the battle of Lovewell's Pond (see page 1 of Waterford history, 1875-1976). During the 1950s, Charlotte Morse Fillebrown recorded that the name meant "bounded by pines" and recently, Eleanor Watson Blackstone recalled that her father said it meant "lake full of pickerel." Another fascinating tidbit emerged during our August meeting when speaker Charles E. Johnson mentioned that an Abanaqui maiden by the name of Keoka was the wife of Matalluk, an important 18th century native American chief known as the lone Indian of the Magalloway. This was the first reference any of us had ever heard to an actual person as a source for the name. Johnson said he knew of an Abanaqui dictionary which might provide an accurate translation, but that its whereabouts are unknown. We have also been asked when and by whom was the "Crossroads of the world" sign erected at the junction of Routes 5 and 35 in the Lynchville section of Albany Township. See story on page 3.

One of the truly marvelous gifts we received this year was the a "Handy Cookbook of Tried Receipts" compiled by the ladies of the Bear Mountain Grange No. 62 of South Waterford in 1900. Committee participants for this 58-page booklet were Mrs. Annie Fogg, Mrs. L.R. Muller, Mrs. Augustus Monroe, Mrs. Ida Riggs and Mrs. Jennie Haynes. Gastronomical categories included Meats (12), Fish and Soups (13), Supper Dishes (3), Breakfast Dishes (8), Salads (8), Breads (19), Puddings (32), Pies (11), Cakes (92), Candies (9), Pickles (8), Canned Goods (8)

and eight miscellaneous hints on "How to make good coffee," "Strawberry foam," "Pickle for hams," "Washing fluids," "A good silver polish," "Keeping pie crusts," "Table etiquette," "How to cook a husband" and "How to make a woman happy."

In my last column, I noted how sugar consumption seemed to be higher 100 years ago. If these receipts are any indication of dietary customs in Waterford between 1900 and 1910, the inclusion of 163 sweet dishes as opposed to only 52 food dishes would seem to verify this observation. Nowadays, we take our abundance of fresh fruit and vegetables for granted. One hundred years ago, the daily meal would consist primarily of meat and



Dr. R.E. Hubbard's Whirligig: Each winter, beginning in the early 1920s, Dr. Hubbard made a whirligig on Keoka Lake for the children of Waterford. A long birch tree was bolted to the top of a post frozen into the ice. The top branches of the tree were tethered to a sled. Virginia Tyler Cutler is shown propelling Billy Cutler on the sled.

bread accompanied by pickles or preserves. These types of relishes were the only "vegetable" served during most of the year. In 1900, pickle dishes were made almost exclusively from tomatoes or cucumbers while local fruits were preserved by canning.

Another fascinating aspect of this cook book are all the advertisements from Norway, Harrison, Bridgton and Portland firms. Waterford advertisers included J.R. Hall, agent for the South Waterford Grange store; the Lake House, E.M. Dudley proprietor; Mrs. C.A. Young,

post office South Waterford; S.C. Davis stage manager; G.H. Ward, house, sign and carriage painter; Waterford Creamery, W.K. Hamlin proprietor. Hamlin was also the agent for Victor Fire Proof Safe Co., Wool Carding, Grain and Flour, New Adriance Buckeye Mower and The Standard Fire Extinguisher.

Also, Andrews & Russell, manufacturers and repairers of wagons, sleds, sleighs and carriages; W.H. Chadbourne, dealer in beef, pork, lard, etc.; Packard's Orchestra, South Waterford; Mrs. L.R. Muller, dress maker; Miss S.W. Knight's general store; G.D. Morse, general merchandise; Ara Brooks Libbey A.B.M.D., physician and surgeon; James Brown & Son lumber, North Waterford; and Augustus G. Morse, carriages, sleighs and Yankee Notions.

Finally, there was Melville Monroe of South Waterford who states: FIRST - I am a carpenter and want to do your work. SECOND - I sell and hang paper. When in want work of this kind give me a trial. I sometimes paint and cut hair and shave people when I can't help it. Please don't call unless you bring ether with you. LAST and not least, I am a breeder of imperial Pekin ducks, white Wyandottes and white Plymouth rocks. If in want of any of the above named goods, give us a call.

Documents like this cook book offer wonderful insights into our past — who we were, what we ate, what amused us — all

captured in a well-thumbed and lovingly preserved time capsule. It is our hope that we can reprints excerpts over time. Here is one for fun:

WATERFORD KISSES

Two cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of water. After it begins to boil, add one-quarter teaspoon of cream tartar. Cook in the usual way, but do not stir. Before taking from the fire, add butter half the size of an egg. Pour into buttered tins and when cool enough, pull it. Do not butter your hands when pulling.

Ethel Monroe

URBAN

by Virginia Tyler

"Often I think of that beautiful town, ... and I find my lost youth again." When any of us think of Waterford, we think of a little man — little in stature but not in character — going about his business, often in the public eye, and we find our 'lost youth.' Someone said recently, "I came back to Waterford, and the one thing really missing is your father delivering milk(2) — carrying those bottles in his carrier." Urban Tyler(3) was born in Harrison, December 10, 1888(4) to Addie Putnam Tyler and Alonzo Tyler. At the time of his birth he was not given a middle name but later in life, he chose Valmore. Once I asked him, "Why Valmore?" and he said he liked the name.

I don't know much about his childhood. I think it was happy. Many times he spoke with much affection about Earland, his younger brother. His father was never satisfied to live in the same home for long. He moved his family every few months, and sometimes within weeks, just across the street or around the corner. My father said the grass just looked greener some place else.

Dad's school attendance was irregular because his family moved so often. He liked school, but his education was not much above third grade. Sometimes he recited poems that he had learned in school — always with delight. Sometimes he would speak, with great fondness, of a teacher. Unfortunately, I do not remember the poems nor the names of the teachers. He liked to read(5) and did read throughout his life. Writing was difficult, and he didn't write many personal letters. Mother attended to his business correspondence(6). He was proud of his life of hard work. He started working like a man before he was a teenager,(7) "doing a man's work while he was still a kid."

During his early manhood he worked at the Sled Factory(8) in South Paris. He married Hattie Blanche Millett on November, 23 1910(9) in Norway, Maine. They lived in Norway until some time in 1912 when, because he was ill, they moved to Waterford.

In Waterford, the Knight Memorial Library had just been completed, and he became the first librarian in that building. The Tylers lived in the apartment, which is part of the library building, until 1919. I was born "in the library." The Trustees of the Library Association were quite concerned that

children living in the apartment would damage the new building. Mother and Dad trained me not to touch the books, but with a second child to train, it was time to move. So my brother, James, was born in the apartment over Rounds' Store.

Because my father had moved so frequently while he was young, he said that he would never move again, and he didn't — for 27 years. In 1946, he bought the Ned Stone house, in the fork between the North Waterford and East Waterford roads. He lived there until his death, January, 1980. So my father was born, he lived, and he died. But there is much more



Urban at the 1976 Bicentennial parade.

to his life than mere existence. Otherwise, people would not say, "I miss him." Why do they miss him? That is a more difficult question to answer.

He lived a quiet, unobtrusive life: doing what needed to be done; taking care of his family; helping his friends; caring for the church and the community. I think he would have liked to have had a larger family, but James and I were his only offspring. He gave us the very best he could in material possessions and education. By example and teaching, he gave us a strong moral and ethical foundation. Above all else, we knew he loved us. He didn't spend time telling us how much he loved us or fondling us — he just cared. He loved children, not only his own; my father became a friend to any child who lived in, or visited, the village.

His barn was a haven to the little ones in the community. Through the years, dozens, perhaps hundreds, of children came to "get the cows" and "help" with the milking. He always listened with interest and amusement to their stories

and with understanding and sensitivity to their problems and troubles. He always expected them to obey him without question, but he never fussed at them. He was their friend and they knew it. It is they, now grown, who say, "I miss him."

His was a childlike nature. He was humble, almost to a fault; he never intended to get in anyone's way; he was always ready to help, no task was too menial. He thought he was not good enough to join the church, but he wanted to do everything he could to support it and to help it grow. During the last years of his life he did become a member. Rev. Lewis Jones, the minister who accepted him into membership, never divulged how or why he joined. But Dad said he felt like an interloper — not good enough. Mr. Jones said that Dad went to the parsonage and, with only himself and Mrs. Jones present, participated in whatever ceremony was necessary to become a member of the Congregational Church. I heard Mother say that she thought he might join the Methodist Church at some time. She thought it was closer to his beliefs.

Many times he sat up at night, sometimes all night, with the sick and dying — friends and relatives alike. Sometimes, he held the dying in his arms. He was always ready "to give a cup of cold water."

His life was not easy. He was seldom without pain, but he never complained. He had severe illnesses when he was a young man. Of those, he seldom talked. There was never much money. Only twice, that I can remember, did I see him cry. He cried when he received a telegram announcing his father's death, and he cried when I was very ill. Probably the time hardest to bear was the death of his grandson, Billy. He said, "Why couldn't it have been me?" Mother died 10 years before Dad, and that was also very difficult for him.

He worked: too hard, too many hours (Though he was adamant: no work on Sunday, with very few exceptions), he frequently worked far into the evening. Each day, after finishing his work for Miss Baird and Miss Wilkins(10), he milked his cows; delivered, on foot, milk to his customers; collected garbage from the neighbors for his pigs; and, often, "took a cow for a walk."(11)

He was a joyous man. He could spin a yarn that would fill one with horror, laughter, and yes, sometimes tears. He

(continued on back page)

Urban continued

told first-person ghost stories, as well as stories of escapades in his youthful days. His stories, which were many, were usually filled with fun.

He liked to go to Masonic Meetings and was proud of his long membership(12) in Mt. Mica Oddfellows Lodge, South Paris. He loved to dance but was not graceful. He enjoyed singing in the church choir. Even now, when we sing the hymns that he loved, I can hear his voice, in my mind's ear, affirming his faith through song. He liked church suppers and liked to play cards, especially a game called "63."

He enjoyed his children, grandchildren and home far above anything else. His love for my mother was deep and abiding. Quite often he talked to me, especially as I grew to adulthood, about his feelings for her. Her needs and desires always came first with him. His was a life so full that no matter how much I say, or anyone says, words cannot encompass it.

He lived for 92 years, but he still lives on, through his many deeds of kindness, in the hearts of his relatives and friends. I miss him.

FOOTNOTES:

- (1) "My Lost Youth," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
- (2) For years, my father delivered milk to his customers, morning and evening. He carried the bottled milk in a metal carrier designed for the purpose (eight quarts at a time). He became part of the landscape in Waterford.
- (3) I think Dad's name is unique to him. I know none other by that name except Urban Tyler Raymond, his great grandson.
- (4) His birth was not recorded until late in his life. I think it was during my Grandmother Tyler's last visit to Waterford that she and my father went to the town office in Harrison and recorded his birth.
- (5) He frequently read to James and me, but he especially liked to read to his grand-daughter, Ginny Lou (Virginia Louise Cutler Raymond).
- (6) Mother always took care of any letter writing that needed to be done. Once he

- wrote a letter to me thanking me for a gift. Unfortunately, this letter has been lost. After Mother died, he told me that he wrote letters to Elizabeth Wilson (niece of Miss Katha Baird for whom he had worked) and to Marjorie Kingman (The Kingmans were married the same day as Mother and Dad). After Mother and Arthur died, Dad and Marjorie became quite close friends.
- (7) He often spoke of driving a team of horses (I think he said four horses, maybe six) long before he reached manhood. He was proud of this achievement.
 - (8) Later, Paris Manufacturing Company.
 - (9) Urban V. Tyler and Hattie Blanche Millett were married by Rev. Robert Bruce. My mother did not like the name Hattie and after early childhood used her middle name, Blanche.
 - (10) Miss Katherine Baird and Miss Susan Wilkins for whom he worked from about 1912 until their deaths in the early 1930's.
 - (11) It wasn't considered proper for James and me to know about the insemination of a cow by a farmer's bull, so he always said he was "taking the cow for a walk."
 - (12) He was a 50-year member.

Small Points on Table Etiquette

Taken from *Bear Mountain Grange Cookbook* 1900

Delicacy of manner at table stamps both man and woman, for one can at a glance discern whether a person has been trained to eat well, *i.e.*, to hold the knife and fork properly, to eat without the slightest sound of the lips, to drink quietly, to use the napkin rightly, to make no noise with any of the implements of the table, and last but not least, to eat slowly and

masticate the food thoroughly. All these points should be most carefully taught to children, and then they will always feel at ease at the grandest tables in the land. Celery cresses, olives, radishes and relishes of that kind, are, of course, to be eaten with the fingers. The salt should be laid on one's plate, and not upon the cloth. Drink sparingly after eating. It is far better for

the digestion not to drink tea or coffee until the meal is finished. Drink gently, and do not pour it down your throat like water turned out of a pitcher. Whenever there is any doubt as to the best way to do a thing, it is wise to follow that which is the most rational, and that will almost invariably be found to be proper etiquette.

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