

Waterford Echoes

VOLUME XVI Number 2 (Issue 30)

Fall/Winter 1999

Waterford Historical Society



Waterford, Maine, ca. 1910, from Mt. Tire'm. In the left foreground is the Masonic Hall and across from it is the first Congregational Church (1837-1928).

Photograph by Fred H. Johnson

Waterford at the turn of the last century

by Nancy Marcotte

At the July meeting of the Waterford Historical Society, a program on the history of photography included presentations by Vivian Fanton, David

Sanderson and Sid Gordon. Mr. Gordon of Norway also presented to the society an album of Fred Johnson's photographs made from glass plate negatives bought at auction last year.

Fred Johnson was the son of Jerome A. Johnson (1843-1908) and Fanny Bancroft Johnson (1848-1908) of Waterford. He was born March 16, 1876 and died May 18, 1948.

The Johnson family has been present in Waterford history since Asa Johnson, a Revolutionary War soldier, came here in 1785.

Jerome Johnson was a selectman in the 1880s and Fred Johnson was selectman in 1916. Ira Johnson and his brother-in-law, Justin McIntire, had a cattle and lumber business from about 1877 on.

Agnes Bancroft Lahti, who was related to him, remembers Fred Johnson as "tall, very thin and gentle." Bea Fitts recalled that he also owned the first automobile in town.

Eliza "Lide" Green of North Waterford became Fred's bride and the Johnson photos include some Green

200th Anniversary of the Congregational Church

The Waterford Congregational Church celebrated its 200th anniversary Aug. 22 with a celebration worship, "Remembering the past, looking to the future."

The Rev. Kenneth Carstens was joined by Conference Minister Rev. Jean Alexander and Rev. Norman Rust of the South Bridgton Congregational Church. Approximately 150 people attended the 10 a.m. event.

It was July 10, 1798 when five men were officially appointed to start a church in Waterford. After months of planning, the first Lord's supper (communion) served by the first pastor, the Rev. Lincoln Ripley, was held

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Church 200th anniversary

Continued from first page

Oct. 20, 1799 on Plummer Hill by Ordination Rock and the Town Pound. It has continued on the first Sunday of every other month ever since.

The church was formed as a Congregational Church and later became the First Congregational Church. In the early days it was also called the Church of Christ.

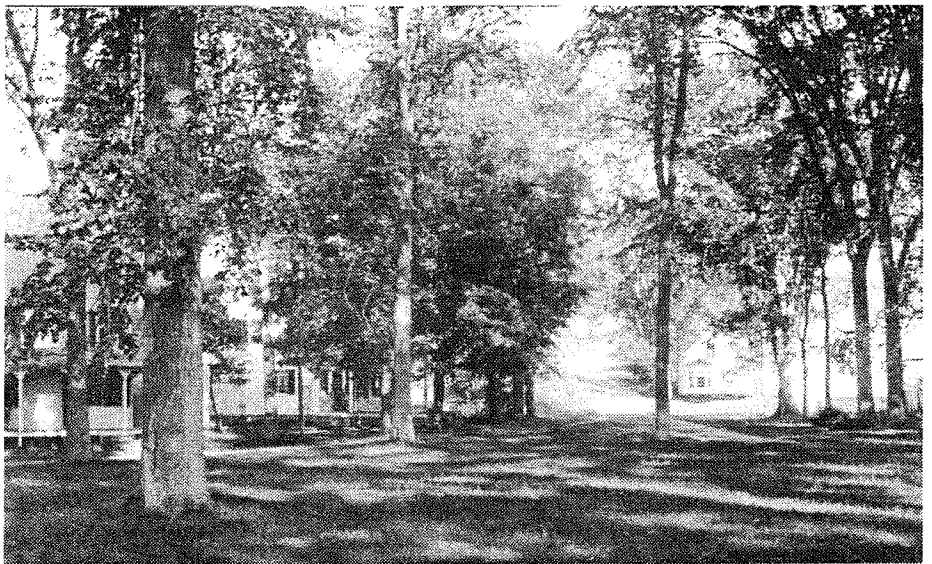
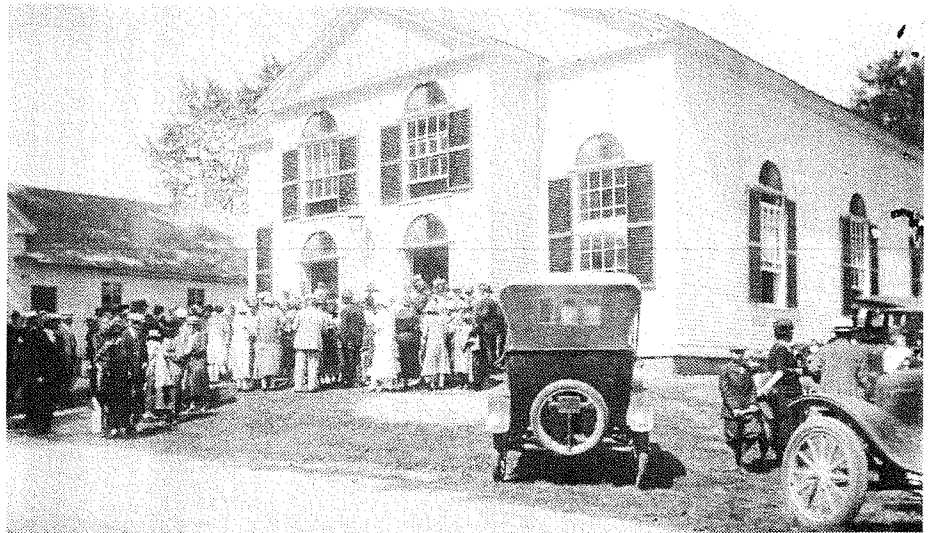
From what can be learned from historical documents and local lore, the original meeting house was torn down and some of the lumber was used in the construction of the Old Town House.

The first Congregational Church was built on the current site in 1837 and burned May 3, 1928 along with the community house. The fire started in a chimney and burned in the upper part of the structure allowing many valuables, plaques and even the pulpit to be saved. There was no fire department then and outside departments were called in to assist. They had to be hauled to the scene through the spring mud. The new church was dedicated on Dec. 22, 1929.

The Wilkins Community House was built alongside as a memorial to Susan Hamlin Wilkins, a school teacher here and in New York, who retired to Waterford.

Miss Wilkins formulated many plans for a place where young people could gather and suppers could be held but died before her dreams could be realized. She left her estate to her devoted friend, Katherine Baird, who saw to it that the Wilkins House was built. It was dedicated on Nov. 23, 1929, Miss Wilkins' birthday.

Trustees of the church for the 200th anniversary were Virginia Cutler, Bill Fillebrown and Rick Starbird. Members of the Diaconate were Phyllis Jordan, Jane Morse, June Starbird and Peter Lawton. Frank Morse was an honorary Deacon. →



Shown above are two views of the first Congregational Church before fire claimed it in May, 1928. The top photo shows a crowd gathered for the re-dedication ceremony held in 1926. Below that is a view across the Common taken in the early twenties. At left, the church is seen as it appeared this summer during the 200th anniversary celebration. Note the banner displayed across the entrance.

In Memoriam

Gerry A. Allen, 77, of North Waterford died July 18 at Bridgton Health Care Center. She was born in Gardiner, a daughter of Andrew and Inez Strickland Gallaway and attended schools in Gardiner and Brunswick. She worked at Sno-Craft Snow Shoe Co., Norway. Mrs. Allen was a member of the Lovell Congregational Church and had been the organist there. In 1941 she married Rex A. Allen. Surviving are her husband of North Waterford; two sons, Neil A. of Lovell and Jeffrey of Waterford; four daughters, Jane Perry of South Paris, Nancy Barker of Stoneham, Jeannie Nelson of Winslow and Joanne Allen of Gardiner; two brothers, Everett Gallaway of Brunswick and George Gallaway of Anaheim, CA; one sister, Irma Andrews of Zephyrhills, FL; eight grandchildren and one great-grandson.

Ned H. Strauss, 79, longtime summer resident of South Waterford and former owner and director of Camp Wigwam, died Sept. 21 near his home in Baltimore, Md. He served during WW II in the Panama Canal building roads and supporting the canal effort. He was a successful businessman in retail department store sales for CEO Isaac Benesch & Sons 1949 - 1962. In the fall of 1964, Ned and his wife, Helen, purchased Camp Wigwam from its founder, Abraham "Mandy" Mandlestam, who had operated the boys' camp with partner Arnold "Pop" Lehman since its inception in 1910. Ned, a shrewd businessman and polished salesman, brought Wigwam into the modern age of camping while preserving its traditional values. He is survived by his wife of 53 years; two sons, Jerome of Annandale, VA and Robert of South Waterford; one daughter, Margery Stalch of Colorado Springs, CO; seven grandchildren and two great grandchildren.



Kenneth I. Morse, 59, of North Waterford died Nov. 22 at Stephens Memorial Hospital. He was born here, a son of Irving and H. Louise Wales Morse, and graduated from Fryeburg Academy. Mr. Morse served in the Army. On April 13, 1965, he married Dee Dee Morse, who died in 1993. A truck driver most of his life, he had worked for Ed Thayer Trucking and most recently for Alvin J. Coleman and Son Trucking. He had also been working as a supervisor in his two sons' businesses, Wilson Excavating and Morse Concrete Floors, for the past eight months. He was a member of the North Waterford Congregational Church and the World's Fair Association. Mr. Morse was a race car driver and fan who started racing cars in 1957 and has been in racing for the past five decades at Oxford Plains Speedway, where the Morse family won three championships. Surviving are three sons, Richard and Michael, both of Waterford, and Troy of Bridgton; two sisters, Martha and Ellen Morse, both of Waterford; and four grandchildren. He is buried in Bisbeetown Cemetery.

Audrey H. Krinsky, 63, of Waterford, died Nov. 25, 1999, at the Stephens Memorial Hospital. She was born in New York City on November 20, 1936, the daughter of Harry and Esther Altman Zucker. She attended schools in Jackson Heights and Great Neck, Long Island, and graduated with a teaching degree from Mills College of Education in New York City. She married Paul Krinsky on November 22, 1959. She taught elementary school in Plainview, NY for 25 years, mainly at the Old Bethpage School as a kindergarten teacher. She was admired and respected for her teaching skills and her warm way with children and colleagues. She and her family lived for 25 years in Bethpage, NY, before moving to Kings Point, NY, when her husband became the superintendent of the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy. Although she was still pursuing her career as a teacher, she took on added responsibilities as a tireless hostess on behalf of the academy. She opened her home to midshipmen and their parents, faculty, staff, alumni and various visiting dignitaries, making all feel welcome with her warm and gracious hospitality. In 1993, she and her husband retired to Waterford, where they had vacationed for over 20 years. She volunteered at the Waterford Elementary School, worked at the Wilkins House Community breakfasts during the summer, was a member of the Stephens Memorial Hospital Auxiliary and was a charter member of the Western Maine Knitting Guild. She is survived by her husband of 40 years, Paul of Waterford; two sons, David of Acton, MA and Ross of Southborough, MA; three grandchildren, Peter, Daniel and Nathen; her mother, Esther Altman Zucker of New York City; and her brother, Joseph Zucker of Woodcliff Lake, NJ.

Waterford Echoes

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The Waterford Historical Society newsletter is published 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, events, customs and traditions of local history, past, present and future, and to make possible the diffusion of such knowledge.

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Life member	\$150.00
Annual	\$10.00
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HARVESTING ICE ON KEOKA LAKE

by L. Elizabeth S. Lord

"Harvesting ice is always a man-size job but it has become a comparatively easy task for a resident of Waterford, Maine since he designed and built an ice-sawing outfit with a motor-driven saw." This statement in the April, 1917 issue of **Popular Mechanics Magazine** made known to the public a revolutionary idea for harvesting ice. The resident of Waterford, Maine was my father, Edgar L. Stone better, known as "Ned" to many people.

Prior to the development of this device, only those with the stamina to man a huge hand-saw and laboriously saw through 12 inches or more of ice undertook the task. Very few attempted to fill more than his own icehouse.

When the word got around that "Ned" was cutting ice at Waterford Flat on Keoka Lake (Tom Pond) with a new machine, people came from not only the Flat but also from neighboring towns to witness the operation. Pictures were taken, mostly by Fred Johnson, who sent them with an article to **Popular Mechanics**.

Patents were applied for as soon as the apparatus proved to be a success. The machine was patented in the United States on March 4, 1919 and in Canada on June 10, 1919. The patents state that this invention relates to new and useful improvements in apparatus for cutting ice. The device is fully described and illustrations accompany the description.

In brief: The apparatus was a gasoline engine and a circular saw mounted on a substantial sled, capable of being pushed by hand. The circular saw was carried in front of the sled on a movable arm which could be raised or lowered without disturbing the tension of a driving belt running from the engine pulley to the shaft of the saw. At the end of the arm opposite the saw a push-bar permitted the apparatus to be moved on the ice-field. An adjustable gauge made it possible to regulate the depth of the cut.

The machine at work raised a cloud of ice dust while my father and one helper easily cut from 10 to 15 tons of ice an hour. Records show as many as 1700 cakes were cut in a day, the number cut determined by the number which could be taken care of. Leaving cakes on the ice field overnight usually resulted in a loss due to breaks when the men tried to free them from the field the next morning.

In the early days, ice could be cut much faster than it could be hauled away, for those were the days of horses and oxen. However, a substantial business was developing for the winter months, the bulk

the ice, a marker attached to the saw made a groove indicating where the next sawing should be done. After all lengthwise cuts had been made, the same procedure was used across the field. The markers assured that the cakes would be of uniform size, 12" x 24" x 12" at the beginning of the season. As the ice froze to a greater depth, the cakes became thicker.

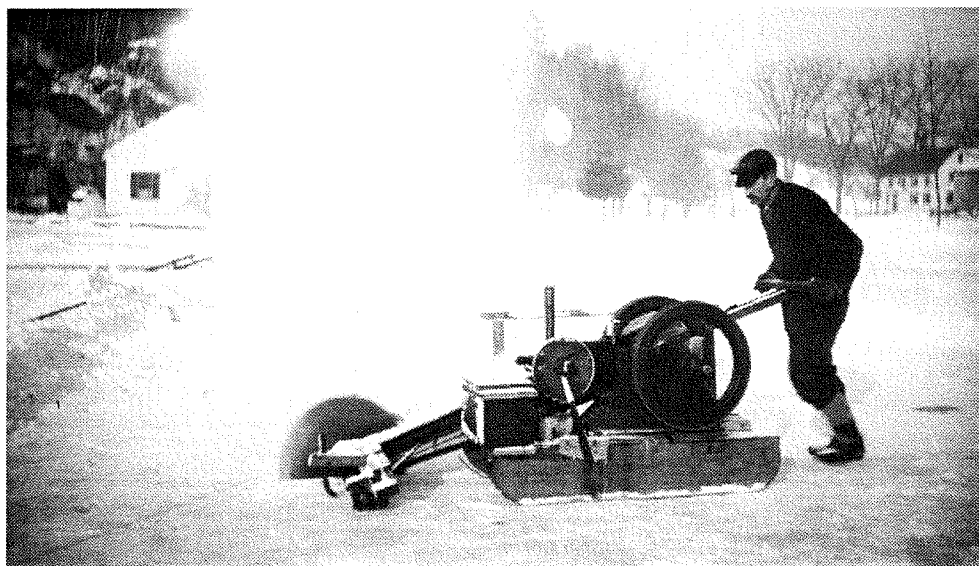
When the desired number of cakes had been sawed, the header had to be sawed out by hand (The header was the first row of cakes). This task was not too arduous because the machine had sawed practically all the way through. After the

cakes in the header had been removed from the hole, the rest of the cakes could be broken apart with a chisel. Thus, a minimum of hand sawing was required. At times when the water came over the ice it was necessary to float the entire field by sawing completely around it. Floating a field was only an occasional requirement.

At the beginning of the season when the cakes

measured 12" x 24" x 12" they weighed approximately 125 lbs, but when the ice had frozen to a depth of 24" the cakes measuring 12" x 24" x 24" weighed approximately 250 lbs. Dragging the cakes from the hole required two men using ice tongs. After they were dragged onto the field, they were loaded onto a sled. The number of cakes per load depended on the motive power which might have been one horse, two horses or perhaps George Rice's oxen. Also, getting a load of ice to the top of Farrar Hill for Dr. Hillyer or up the long pull to Arthur Millett's was a factor to be considered.

Having reached the icehouse, it took two men to move the ice from the sled into the building. Packing ice thoroughly with sawdust so that there would be a minimum of loss from heat during the summer months was a science in itself. The first few layers were not hard to arrange and pack, but as the number of layers increased so did the effort required. A



Ice Harvesting on Tom Pond (Keoka) in 1921 on machine built by Edgar Stone.

of the harvesting being done in January and February. Weather determined the date for starting.

In the latter part of December or early in January, the ice would have frozen thick enough so that an ice field could be cleared. This was done with a horse-drawn scraper and the familiar hand shovel. Without a covering of snow, the ice froze much faster and cutting could begin earlier than would have been possible otherwise.

My father was fortunate in having such faithful helpers as Guy Bancroft, better known as Moxie, and Carl Hamlin. These men have a record of having worked over 23 years each. Percy Kimball had a lengthy record also. Moxie and Carl were always on hand to help in the preparations for harvesting and continued to work throughout the season. When the ice reached 12 inches in thickness it was time to start out.

Sawing lengthwise of the field was the first step. As the saw cut its way through

slide was placed with one end on the sled and the other end in the doorway of the icehouse at whatever level the layers had been built up to. The man working in the house had to reach down and grasp the ice with his tongs as the man working on the sled pushed the cakes up the slide to him.

All the icehouses at the Flat and nearby were filled in this manner. I remember with nostalgia the miles my friend and I were allowed to ride on our sleds hitched behind George Rice's ox sled loaded with ice. What patience he had! We were allowed to ride behind some of the horse drawn sleds but somehow it wasn't the same.

After the work at the Flat was completed, my father moved his equipment and crew to South Waterford, then to the upper end of Keoka and finally to McWain and filled the icehouses for the people who lived in those areas.

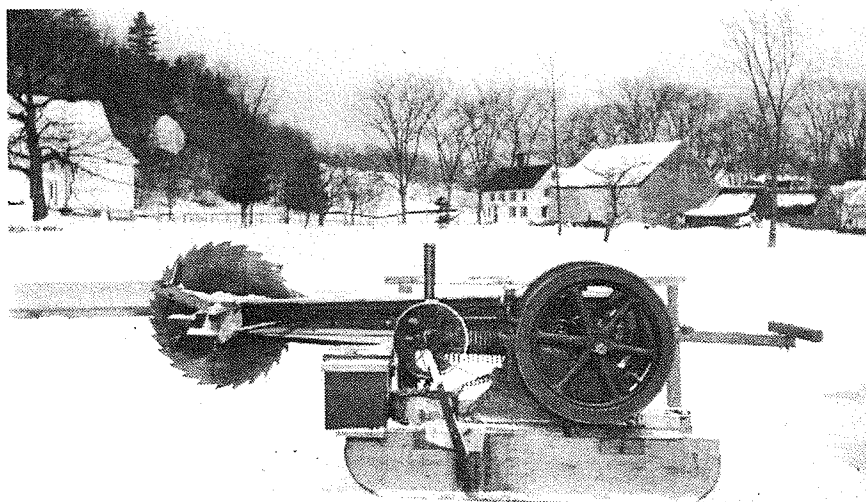
Time marched on as it always does. Horse power no longer meant animal power. Trucks replaced the horses and oxen thus speeding up the work and making it no longer necessary to move from place to place. Hugh Foster, Harry Haynes, Freeman Chaplin, Arne Lahti and Bill Bancroft with Stanley Lord's truck were among those who trucked ice to not only the houses at the Flat but also to East Waterford, North Waterford, South Waterford or to any destination where ice was wanted. Miles and hills no longer presented the problems of previous years. Keeping the trucks on the move was no problem either. It was still possible to saw ice faster than it could be taken care of.

Stanley Lord joined the ice harvesting crew in 1933. His work was varied depending upon wherever there was a need. Perhaps he helped with the sawing, perhaps with loading and frequently with the packing in some of the icehouses.

Progress always demands changes. With the advent of the truck, it was soon learned that the truck bodies were too high for hand loading. My father rose to the occasion and built a loader. This loader was the elevator type which carried a cake up to the truck body on a platform, which was tripped at the proper level. The elevator lessened the work but proved to be too slow. The next loader that my father built was the endless belt type which reached from the hole to the truck

platform. With this device there was always a cake on the belt and when the cake had reached the proper level, it was automatically dumped onto the truck body. The responsibility of the man on the truck was to place the cake and make room for the next one, which was right there behind the first. This loader was in use as long as ice was harvested on Keoka Lake.

It might be interesting to note some of the icehouses which were filled from the Flat: The Lake House, Waterford Creamery, Morse Orchards, Pike's Guest House, Fillebrown's Store, Fred Johnson, Nellie Stone, L.R. Rounds, C.D. Morse, Miss Wilkins, George Rice, Arthur Millett, C.H. Pride, Carl Hamlin, Dr. Ellison Hillyer, George Kimball, W.K. Hamlin, Harry Haynes and the following camps: Wig-



A closer view of the ice cutting machine built by Edgar Stone.

wam, Kokosing, Konewago, Waziyatah, Birch Rock, McWain and Passaconaway. I'm sure there are omissions, but this list gives an indication of the territory served. I find an interesting notation regarding Morse's Orchards. When the Morses decided to raise apples instead of cattle, the two large silos which had been used for storing feed for the cattle were filled to capacity with ice for use in refrigeration for the apples.

This might be an appropriate place to note that in spite of the convenience of modern refrigeration, which none of us would want to give up, there is no place, I repeat **No Place** like the old-fashioned icehouse for chilling a watermelon. A melon packed in a generous blanket of sawdust in an icehouse for several days has a quality and freshness that cannot be duplicated. A watermelon chilled in this way was a must for the 4th of July.

As always, there are little incidents quite aside from the main intent of the story of any business which might be in-

cluded. Never does work of any kind move along day after day in the same routine. Some of the "unexpecteds" are humorous, some otherwise. I would not have you think that there were never any setbacks. Sometimes the engine was not cooperative, but a minimum of time was lost. An occasional chisel, a pair of tongs or perhaps a pick pole slipped from a workman's hands on a chilly winter day and slipped to the depths of Keoka. Sometimes these articles could be reclaimed, sometimes not.

And there was the never-to-be-forgotten day when Percy Kimball was counting cakes remaining in the hole, ".... 27, 28, 29.." SPLASH! Percy had stepped too near the edge and then disappeared beneath the surface. Fortunately he came

up where he went down and was hastily pulled to safety. Immediately he was escorted to his home for dry clothing and was apparently none the worse for his icy bath.

Moxie Bancroft had his own unique characteristics. He made it a point to always be the first one on the job in the morning and never did anyone ever figure out how he could walk about a quarter of a mile to his home, eat his dinner and be back on the job before those who ate dinner at the Flat were even through their dessert. Only Moxie knew the answer.

Fred H. Johnson

Perhaps the financial side of the enterprise should be touched upon. At first, the price of ice, cut and loaded, was 1 cent per cake. Over the years, the price rose to the fantastic amount of 2½ cents per cake. A man with his horses and sled earned \$6 per day. It was a good year when 22,000 cakes of ice were cut, loaded, hauled and housed.

My father sold several machines: one to Willis Littlehale of Harrison, one to Leon Millett of Bethel for use on Songo Pond and one to George Hill of Norway. He was hopeful of selling more but the idea had caught on and people started building their own.

Edgar L. Stone, with his ice sawing machine, his helpers and the ever present spectators, was a familiar sight on Keoka Lake during January and February until his death in 1939 when his son-in-law, Stanley B. Lord, continued the business until electricity replaced ice for refrigeration. →

President's Column

William A. Wheeler III

Fellow members,

At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors, we established goals and/or guidelines for the direction of the Society for the next few years. I want to share those with you because we would appreciate your comments and/or suggestions.

The guidelines are just that: guidelines. Some of the goals are not easily attainable. A member may think that we are overly ambitious and that the following represents more than a small group such as ours should undertake. Maybe so, but even a turtle doesn't get going until he sticks his neck out.

1) Have fun!

The preservation, presentation and promotion of Waterford's past should not be a somber undertaking. History should be entertaining and enlightening. Thankfully, Vivian Fanton and Mary Andrews have approached the program selection and presentation with a refreshing zest that is anything but somber.

2) Spend down our financial assets.

On the surface that may seem foolhardy. The Society has been blessed by some generous bequests, including a significant one from Ruth Rounds. If we sit on those monies and let them accrue we could become the wealthiest dustbin in Western Maine. If the Society is to be successful in

our charter, we must spend money in order to attract more participation in the Society and to successfully outreach to those parties who will gain from our efforts. The challenge for our Treasurers, Bill & Nancy Hanger, will be to continue to prudently invest our financial assets, yet to keep our cash liquid so that we may improve ourselves in a variety of areas.

3) **Upgrade our facilities.** We have contracted to paint the exterior of the North Waterford museum this coming



spring. Also, the museum will be re-wired and museum-quality lighting will be installed. New stairs will be built in the Old Town House so that we can more easily access the fireproof storage area in the attic. Mac Bean has painted the Mary Gage Rice Museum, and the painting of the Town House shutters represents a good winter project. What used to be the clerk's office is now an office and work area for our curator, Mary Ann Holme.

4) **Position the Society as a valuable town asset.** We should position ourselves as a place where the majority of the townspeople:

- * Have pride in their town via our accomplishments;
- * Want to be part of our efforts;
- * Have enough confidence in our intent such that we can act as a repository for

historically important artifacts that are currently unavailable to the Society;

* Use our facilities as an adjunct to school curricula, fund raising and eventually genealogical and town research.

5) **Organize and present our collection.** A significant amount of effort will be required to identify, sort and present our extensive collection. Mary Ann Holme with support from Nancy Marcotte and other volunteers, is making inroads into this effort, but we need professional help. We are entering into preliminary discussions with local colleges in the hopes of getting a part-time intern who can guide, accelerate and support the organizational effort. If you are interested in helping Mary Ann, please contact her at 583-2894

6) **Gain successful experience in grant applications.** We cannot rely forever on our current endowment. We must position our programs to become self-sustaining; i.e., our offerings and activities must be such that they "pay as they go." Donations pay for a portion of the bill, but we must identify other sources of revenue if we are to fulfill our mission. Currently we have no experience in grant writing, but we will need some soon. Tentative plans are to test our mettle by applying for a matching grant that will pay for some of the expensive preservation materials we should have had a long time ago.

7) Have fun!

Fellow members, please have fun with us as we reach for the next level of our Society's mission fulfillment. →



Sometime before 1915, this shot of what appears to be an auction at the Sumner Stone Tavern was taken by Fred H. Johnson. The Bradleys live in this house today at the corner of Mill Hill and the Passaconaway Road. This was also the main house for Camp Joseph for boys.



Douglass Seminary remodeled

(1953) The old Douglass Seminary, bought last year by the Charles Fillebrowns, has gone through extensive remodeling. The 33-room, three-story building is now a charming and dignified dwelling known as Sycamore Terrace.

The old Sycamore tree was brought to town some 150 years ago by Rev. Douglass who brought it on horseback from Massachusetts. It still stands in the corner of the yard and, as far as known, is the only one in the state. Tall, beautiful elms surround the place. A far reaching view of the village below, and Keoka and the hills beyond, delights the eye. A couple of gentle eyed cows wander amiably in the pasture by the side of the house while the collie dog suns herself on the terrace, carefully guarding the homestead.

The old building was built for the first doctor in town and was the home of Rev. Douglass for over 50 years. It was enlarged for his daughter and made into a girls' boarding school. Now, remodeled into a home for a young orchardist and his family, it is an asset to the town and to the surrounding community.

Morse named top Farmer

(1949) Wilson Morse, one of Maine's leading orchardists, was named Outstanding Farmer at the annual session of Farm and Home Week at Orono. Morse operates a progressive and up-to-date fruit farm with his son. He is past president of the Maine Pomological Society and is now president of the New York and New England Apple Institute.

Morse has been quick to test out and adopt modern orcharding practices. The most recent was the establishment of an irrigation system last fall when drought threatened his crop, and although the project was quite expensive, Morse felt well repaid in the increased size of his fruit and the better condition of his trees.

Other equipment which Morse and his son have either purchased or built at home include graders, buck rakes, spray outfits and elevators. His farm is tractor equipped, uses a mechanical post hole digger for setting trees and fence posts, has a refrigerated storage and was one of the first to try out consumer type packages for apples.

His orchard has about 2,000 growing trees, about 1,300 of bearing age, and the annual output averages about 18,000 to 20,000 bushels.

Rush begins for Maine fur dealer

(1961) The first week of 1961 — or any year — is apt to be the biggest for Waterford's Merritt M. Kimball, who has progressed in a quarter of a century from Maine's youngest fur buyer to New England's leading fur dealer.

This is the height of the shipping season for Kimball's establishment, with thousands of skins being moved by truck and air express from Waterford to New York City. There they will get their first tanning before being made into coats and jackets.

Until this week, the big barn and storage facilities at Kimball's farm outside South Waterford have been bulging with nearly 25,000 skins, including the largest collection of otter and fisher hides this side of Hudson Bay.

All this is old hat to Kimball, who began as a 15-year-old buyer in 1936. In 25 years, he has shipped close to a quarter million skins to furrier throughout the nation.

The 200 otter hides, and as many fisher skins, total more than any other northeastern U.S. dealer has been able to collect this year. They've been sharing space with about 10,000 deer skins, 10,000 prime muskrat skins, 2,500 mink skins, 1,500 raccoon skins, 150 fox skins and a like number of bobcat skins — to say nothing of the hides of two young lions.

Kimball won't ship the lion hides, all that remain of the beasts that were top attractions at a Rumford wild animal park until this past fall, when they became so ferocious that they had to be destroyed. Kimball bought the skins with the idea of having them tanned for sale as well as adornments.

Lumbering a family affair

(1961) Three local brothers and their 18-year-old nephew are past the halfway mark in a woods operation expected to yield more than four million feet of lumber.

Verne, Elmer and Ralph Millett, with nephew James Murch, have cut and hauled more than two million feet of logs to a Lovell sawmill. They have been block-cutting 500 acres of timber owned by Merton D. and Merritt M. Kimball in the Blackguard section of South Waterford.

Each brother has a specific task in the job begun 18 months ago. But they've assigned the prime operation, that of bringing down countless pine trees, to nephew Jimmy. A veteran chainsaw operator despite his age, Jimmy has been on the family team several years.

Jimmy puts on quite a show when he steps up to a pine 100 feet tall, checks the direction in which it will fall and saws through the base in less than a minute. As the tree starts to topple, he yells, "Timber," and jumps back to watch it crash at the exact spot he has estimated.

Jimmy saves one of his best tricks for windy days. He finds a row of lofty trees, cuts partly into the bases of two or three, then saws through another which sends all of them toppling, with the aid of the wind, by having each strike against another to knock it down.

Elmer loads the 10- to 16-foot logs onto the truck that makes several daily trips to Lovell. Ralph, who drives, also directs the loading operation to assure proper balance of loads averaging as much as 3,000 feet of logs.

The Milletts, who have been conducting the Kimballs' woods operation for some 10 years, agree that the current site has produced some of their best cutting. At one spot on the slope of Peaked Hill, Jimmy was able to fell more than 30,000 feet in one day.

They expect to finish the Blackguard job by the summer

of 1963.

Oil pipeline breaks

(1960) A break in the Portland Pipe Line a short distance from the pumping station at North Waterford made that area of Waterford a potential powder keg early Sunday morning.

The pipe carrying crude oil broke on the hill above the station and a brook of oil came rushing down the hillside, across the road and into a small brook where it put an eight-inch coating of oil all over the water.

All available bulldozers were rushed to the scene to build earth dams in the brook to keep the estimated 1,000 gallons of oil from getting into the Crooked River.

Authorities confronted with the hazard decided to burn the accumulated substance later Sunday. This was done in the brook, which the bulldozers had turned into a series of pools separated by earth dams.

With an abundance of fire equipment standing by, the oil was burned one pool at a time. The smoky fire drew much attention from motorists in the vicinity. →



News from around town

Curator Mary Ann Holme has started the process of sorting and preserving the Society's archives. These include town records that date back to the 1790s and pictures that have been sorted by village. The most important records are stored in a fireproof cabinet that the Society recently acquired. Agnes Lahti and Marjorie Kimball have assisted Mary Ann in the effort. If you would like to volunteer for this fascinating work, please contact Mary Ann at 583-2894.

We recently discovered an elaborately decorated Honor Roll listing the Waterford men serving in the Armed Forces in 1942. It has been framed and will be prominently displayed in the Old Town House.

Martha McNamara, Assistant Professor of History at the University of Maine, and Lee Dassler, a trained architectural historian, have volunteered their time and expertise to document the various stages of construction of the Old Town House. To date, the evidence indicates that there was a chimney removed from the front part of the building and a second floor and stairs were added. Whether the building was originally just one large room or two remains a question that we hope will be resolved by further investigation.

We thought that we had located the original exterior double doors of the Old Town House, but they were not where they were supposed to be. If any reader knows of their whereabouts, please contact Mac Bean at 583-6160.

The Society has contracted with Stan Howe, executive director of the Bethel Historical Society, to perform an assessment of our management and operations. This is an important first step in establishing a roadmap for the Society's direction in the coming years.

The handicapped access roof removal project at the Old Town House is finished. The front half was removed leaving the back half that covers the ramp. Thanks to Mac Bean and Bruce Sanborn for their efforts.



Three chairs that belong to Waterford Library were used in the Nov. 19/20 Oxford Hills High School production of *The Happiest Millionaire*, set in 1917 Philadelphia. The chairs can be seen and sat in at the Waterford Library.

The annual December meeting of the Society was again hosted by Keith and Lilo Willoughby at Sycamore Terrace, the former Douglass Seminary on Plummer Hill. The approximately 40 people that attended heard the history of the house and sang carols. →

Waterford in the last century

Continued from front page

family celebrations as well as their house. Lide and Fred had no children.

The family farm, which still exists on Johnson Road, at one time encompassed most of the north end of Thomas Pond (now Keoka Lake).

Fred himself built two of the cottages which are owned by members of the Stockwell family, as well as the home of John and Martha (Stockwell) Eaton, across the street from the Johnson farm.

After Fred's death, Arthur Carlson of Harrison bought the farm and parceled out parts of the property as well as running a camp there. The farmhouse, long owned by the Webb family, is today the home of Kevin and Patricia

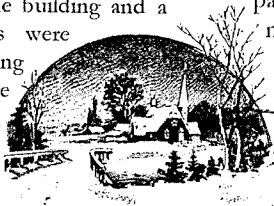
Webb Swan.

In addition to the Johnson photos, Sid Gordon also demonstrated the type of camera and film holders which would have been used at the time. David Sanderson's collection included unexposed plates, ambrotypes, tintypes and Daguerreotypes.

Bill Haynes and Fred Stockwell shared their experiences as photographers.

Thanks to Mr. Gordon, the society's collection will be placed in the archives, which can be seen at the Waterford Memorial Library by arrangement.

In addition, other Johnson photos can be found in the "Images of America" book, "Lake Region," by Diane and Jack Barnes. →



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ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED