



Waterford Echoes

VOLUME LXIV Number 1 (Issue 64)

Spring/Summer 2017

Waterford Historical Society



*Photo above one of our earliest images of the Old Rowley Inn in North Waterford.
Formerly called the Forest House and Rice Hotel, it burned in the 1970s.*

RECORDING HISTORY

The Development of Photography

Occasionally someone will ask about a person or a building which existed in the early 1800s—do we have a picture? Unless someone drew a picture, we could have nothing before 1839 when Louis Daguerre introduced the first commercially successful photographic process in France.

For centuries artists had used a device called a *camera obscura* (literally, “dark room”) which could focus an image through a lens onto a flat surface—rather like an opaque projector—where the image could be traced on paper or canvas. There is a *camera obscura* at the Children's Museum of Maine in Portland.

There was, however, no way to fix the image permanently until Daguerre and others experimented with chemicals and copper or silver plates. By the 1850s “daguerreotypists” were everywhere in Europe and America, using a photographic machine which they named “camera” from the Renaissance device. It was a tricky and dangerous process that looked like magic and alchemy.

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An Academy Education

by Nancy Chute Marcotte

Formal education for the scholars of Waterford began in 1800 when the first one-room schoolhouses were built at various places around the town, though there is some evidence that schooling happened in individual houses prior to that time. The settlers from around the Rowley, Bolton and Harvard area of Massachusetts tended to be of puritan stock who put a great value in education.

Though officially ending at grade eight, apparently some scholars returned to their one-room school for post-graduate review or to independently pursue secondary school topics. In 1806 the settlers in neighboring Bridgton sent a delegation to Massachusetts to get a charter for a secondary academy. Bridgton Academy was operational by 1808. It was created for a classical education. In the 1820s Cyrus Hamlin was at Bridgton Academy studying Latin and Greek so that he might go to seminary (eventually he went to Bowdoin, to Turkey as a missionary, founded Robert College and later was president of Middlebury College.)

In 1885 the town of Waterford decided to implement a Free High School, which met one term in North Waterford and one term in South Waterford until 1907, when it was determined that it was not economically feasible to continue. Secondary students were sent by tuition to other area schools, including Norway, Paris and Bridgton High Schools; Fryeburg, Gould and Bridgton Academies. In the early twentieth century, tuition to B.A. was \$8.33 per term per student and it was \$6.00 at Bridgton High School. During World War I, the town was allocating \$580 for tuition to all schools of the scholars' choice.

Bridgton Academy was the closest, being only one town over in North Bridgton. The settlement of that town, originally called "Pondicherry," was in 1768 when Moody Bridges and other proprietors came from the same area in Massachusetts as the settlers of Waterford. It became "Bridgetown Plantation" in 1779, in honor of Moody Bridges, and was incorporated as a town in 1794—with a new spelling.

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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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We have the following publications for sale: "History of Waterford 1775-1875" and "History of Waterford 1875-1976" for \$10 each. "This is Waterford 1803-2003" for \$10 inventory reduction. Add \$8 to ship one book or \$12 to ship two or three books.

The location of the academy, in the area between Highland and Long Lakes, was a contentious affair, finally decided because "...the natural beauty of the scenery was so great that it seemed that nature itself had designed that there should be a school in North Bridgton." (historian Ernest N. Stevens.) Today it sits on 55 acres. Students at first boarded with local families; Massachusetts Hall dormitory for men was built in 1850.

In the early days of the 20th century, my grandmother and her sisters went to Bridgton Academy. Though Alice, Jennie, Flora and Carrie Hamlin lived only a short distance away, a daily buggy or sleigh ride was not considered plausible, so they stayed with local families. Fewer women valued a secondary education in those days but the Hamlins were an exception. Flora left to get married but the others continued on: Alice became a teacher with graduate degrees; Jennie studied music at Boston Conservatory; Carrie became a bookkeeper. Even Flora eventually became postmaster and wrote a newspaper column. Their younger brother Albert attended B.A. as did a few other local women such as Charlotte Morse Fillebrown and Josephine Sanderson.

Bridgton Academy eventually became a boarding school for men and women ages 14-18, as well as a day school for students from Naples, Harrison, Waterford and Bridgton. At least part of the time it also held 6th, 7th and 8th grade classes for boys ages 11-13. In the 1940s there were students from Methuen, Boston, Newton, Roxbury and Revere, MA; Norwalk, CT; New York City; Washington D.C.; Cleveland, Ohio and San Antonio, Texas, as well as Maine towns such as Cundy's Harbor, Saco, Biddeford, Clinton and Westbrook.

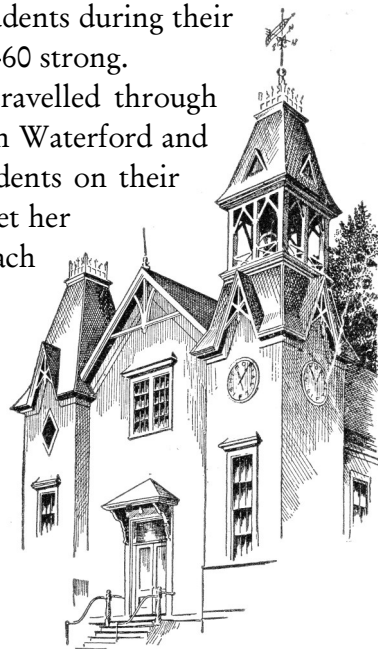
Our last co-ed student was one of the Goodwin girls from South Waterford when it became a male-only school in the 1960s. Today B.A. is a one-year post-graduate school preparing around 165 young men a year for college. There are seven dorms, a chapel, an ice rink, new athletic facilities, humanities building and a Wolverine student center created out of the local Congregational church. It still boasts the worst school colors I have ever heard of -- "black and grey forever," as my parents used to sing!

In the 1940s

"The Stranger," a part literary journal and part yearbook, for the 1940s when my parents attended is full of fascinating tidbits of information. Challenged by the war, the classes were diminished as young men went off to join the service or to do war work. In 1943 (my mother Ruth's class) there were 28 graduating; in 1944 (my dad Glenn's class) there were 23 and some of the boys were already accepted into the military—my dad left for the Army Air Corps. The class of 1945 had 14 students during their junior year and only six were boys. Previous to the war, classes had been 50-60 strong.

Glenn Chute rode the bus which started at the Naples border and travelled through Harrison to bring students to the Academy; the other bus travelled through Waterford and Lovell to get to the same destination. They then gathered elementary students on their return trips to the towns. Ruth Haynes came from South Waterford and met her future husband as they read the daily newspaper in the main hall each morning.

Among the teachers at the Academy was Waterford's Ruth Rounds, "excellent teacher, beloved coach, understanding friend" as reads the dedication in the 1943 "Stranger." The war years saw some changes. Without the ability to transport the teams due to gas rationing, football, baseball, basketball, cross country and girls' field hockey were limited to one or two competitions only. Boys' teams were depleted by the loss of young men to the military. But the creation of "Boys' Commando" and



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"Girls' Commando" obstacle courses was said to "have done more to improve the general health of the girls than any other health program, heretofore." They also had hiking/outing clubs and Winter Carnival snow sports.

Students at Bridgton Academy held war bond and paper drives, worked for the Red Cross, and founded a "Letter Club" to write to boys in the service. Boys wrote back and their letters were published in the journal. Army officers examined and recruited at the school and "The Stranger" for 1944 was dedicated "to the students, graduates and faculty who have quietly left their homes and work to serve in the various branches of our Armed Forces."

And yet it was still a school, where farm kids and city kids got to know each other; where Algebra, Latin, French and English composition were taught; where there was Student Council, National Honor Society, dances, movies and skits. To see what it was like to be a boarding student or a bus student, please see the two essays which follow. It was an admirable world education for the scholars of a small town and it served them well in the decades which followed.

ON THE WATERFORD BUS

by Melvin Bartlett in 1942

Rrrr, "Oh, here's the bus!"

Every morning at 7:30, the bus roars up to my house. As I get on, Harvey [Lord] greets me with a cheerful, "Hi, Red," and R. Bradford is all ready to throw a spitball. Everything is quiet and serene until we reach Marston's, unless Pete Grover or Junior Curtis is ahead of us, in which case we race as far as Marston's, and find we have to wait three or four minutes. Marston finally arrives, singing his theme song, usually "Chattanooga Choo-Choo." We then proceed to Pike's hill at East Waterford to pick up a little bundle in a gray coat, which turns out to be Marion Morse. We wend our bumpy way to Waterford store and post office, where we always have to stop to let Robert Bradford dash (?) in with an armful of letters to mail. Next stop—Doctor Hubbard's, where the prettiest girl in the school runs out and in [Mary], with a doughnut in one hand and lipstick in the other, and with her books under her arms.

Mutiny Corner is the next stop after Gardner's, where Agnes Gardner and the Hamlins join our group. At Mutiny Corner, mentioned above, the group swells to a crowd, as six girls and three boys are ready and waiting. It is noticed that Albert Bradford always slides over just as Norma Relihan gets on. I wonder--? We then turn around to stop for Ruth Haynes. She shakes the bus by planking down beside Harvey Lord, who, by the time we reach Gloria Learned's, has started whispering sweet nothings to her. About the time the quiet Miss Learned gets on, Marston usually starts thinking of his grandmother who lives "Deep in the Heart of Texas," and Arlene Sanderson is studying her not-yet-finished Latin with Irene Bell. By the time they finish, we arrive at school and I find (what luck!) that the chapel clock is five minutes slow, leaving me just enough time to cram for a biology quiz.



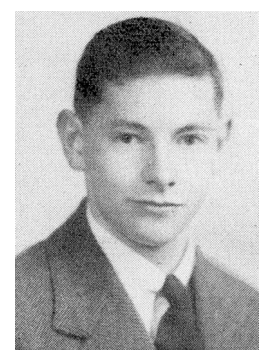
Vilona Ash



Harry Bell



Irene Bell

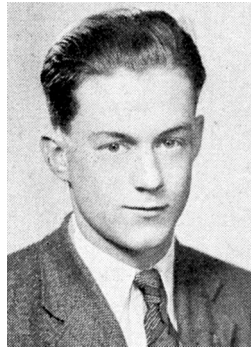


George Calvin Hamlin

Waterford Class of 1943



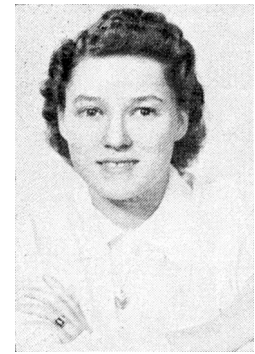
Ruth Haynes



Reginald Kimball



Harvey Lord



Arlene Sanderson

WHAT MAKES THEM THAT WAY?

by Elinor Mills in 1944

Who? Why the boys in Mass. Hall! It begins with the rising bell and continues to the 10 o'clock bell (or later). Let's see what goes on.

Br-r-ring! There goes that rising bell. Incidentally, they're supposed to get up then but nobody knows whether they do or not except themselves. Another bell. Breakfast this time. Here they come straggling into the dining room. Poor things half asleep. Hard night, last night. Couldn't be they were studying, could it? Well, they finally get what they want to eat and settle down to their never-ending task of trying to eat more cereal or hot cakes than their nearest rival.

After breakfast there is a general scattering of dust in their rooms. When this little task is accomplished, they all make a mad rush down the stairs at the 8:30 bell to shine at their morning classes.

There is a slight break in the morning procedure while they all go joyfully around the campus with their mail (fan mail to you), very pleased with themselves if they get any.

Another bell. Dinner this time. Their life is just ruined by bells. After dinner maybe a little smoking in the Rec. Hall. Some of them are also giving their respective girl friends an example of their baseball ability, watching all the time to see how it goes over with the crowd.

Two more classes and an activity period. School's over. Now baseball practice, The nicest part of the day and what they enjoy most. Showers before supper where they exercise their vocal chords. (This is a daily treat.)

It's now half an hour before supper. The waiters are preparing to go through that revolting procedure of waiting on tables. Cheer up, boys, you'll be relieved some time.

After supper there's an hour to relax. They might drop in and out of Cleaves [Hall, for girls] and if we aren't very cordial they go back to their own dorm, thinking how nice it is there.

Finally, the study bell is rung and they settle down to a long study of comic books, story books, and maybe they'll peek into a text book. Honestly, they do study hard at times.

There is usually a card game going on downstairs and one of the participants is an Apollo-like gentleman who drops his cards and makes a mad dash for the upper stories when it becomes noisy up there.

They're ready for bed at 10 after a heckled evening. Lights out. They probably don't go to sleep right off and maybe there's a midnight feed. It wouldn't be school if they didn't.

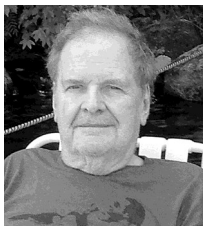
These are some of the things that make them the way they are. Of course there are plenty of others such as a few trips to Goldie's office [Richard Goldsmith, Headmaster] and some phone calls they hope to get each Saturday night. Anyway, they're pretty nice and we wouldn't know what struck them if they acted any different.

This seems like a pretty accurate look at what it was like to be either a boarding student or a bus student in the 1940s—although my mother was not fond of the way she was described on the bus!

N.M.

In Memoriam

John A. Thompson died in Hollis, NH on Aug. 21, 2016 with his family by his side. He was born in Evanston, IL on Dec. 17, 1931 to John B. and Evelyn K. Thompson. He grew up in Silver Spring, MD with brothers William and James. At the age of nine, he met and became fast friends with his future wife and next-door neighbor Judith Anderson. He graduated from Bullis Academy in Silver Spring, MD and went on to study geology and physics at Northwestern University. John and Judy were married on June 12, 1954 and moved to Denver, CO where John was stationed at Lowry Air Force base. They were happily married for 62 years and raised two daughters. The biggest heartbreak in his life was losing his eldest daughter Sharon, who died at the age of 25. John attended Boston University where he received a degree in Engineering, the MIT Sloan School of Management and Andover Newton Theological School. He worked in the field of manufacturing engineering and later in his career specialized in management training and team building. John was a talented musician with a beautiful voice. He played the piano and wrote many beautiful songs. He enjoyed singing and playing the piano for his family and volunteered at several nursing homes where he'd play old time favorites on the piano for the residents. John was well known in New England for his square dance calling. He started several successful square dance clubs in the 1960s and 70s and when he retired to his home in Maine, spent several years calling for the Swinging Bears in Norway. John served as a member of the Waterford Finance Committee and volunteered as the Lake McWain water quality monitor. He is survived by his wife Judy, his daughter Janice Thompson Woodbury, his brother William Thompson, three grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren. He is buried in Woodlawn Cemetery in Acton, MA.



Marian L. Morse, 91, of South Paris died Feb 3, 2017. Born in Waterford on Nov. 20, 1925 the daughter of Wilson and Helen Morse, Marian graduated from a one-room primary school just east of Waterford Flat in 1940, from Bridgton Academy in 1944 and from Gorham State Teachers College in 1948. Marian taught second grade in Bangor, South Portland, Norway and Falmouth from 1949 to 1972. From 1973 to 1983, Marian took care of her aging parents. She moved to Oxford in 1983 to live with Helene Decker, a teaching colleague. From 1967 until 2010, she spent summers at her cabin "Largo" on Keoka Lake pursuing her lifelong passion for wildflowers, birds and the stars and guiding others on frequent nature walks. Marian joined Waterford Congregational Church at 12 and later taught Sunday school in Waterford and Oxford. She was an active supporter of various peace, justice, civic and environmental organizations. She is survived by her niece, Dianne Morse-Leonard of Waterford; nephews George Morse, Kenneth Morse Peter Morse, Royal Graves and Allan Graves; several great-nieces and nephews. She was predeceased by her sister, Alice Graves ; her brother Frank Morse; nephew, Frank (Chipper) Morse Jr.; and her lifelong friend Helene Decker.



Connie L. Lebroke, 60, died on Feb. 15, 2017 after a short battle with cancer. She was born in Waco, TX on March 25, 1956 to Curtis A. and Irene J. Millett. Connie worked for many years at A.C Lawrence Leather Tannery, then Norway Footwear and Sebago Shoe. In 1999, Connie was diagnosed with Type 2 Diabetes and at that point she became a housewife. She volunteered for Responsible Pet Care and the Norway Fire Department Auxiliary. She is survived by her husband, Robert "Bob" Lebroke; four sisters: Julie, Vickie, Laurie and Jennifer; three step-children, Robert Jr, Donna and Maria, and their families; and several nieces and nephews.



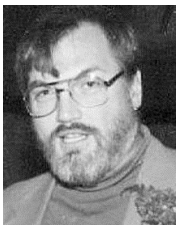
Helen M. B. Strauss died March 28, 2017 at Maine Medical Center in Portland. Helen was the daughter of Blanche Koshland and Jerome Benesch and devoted wife of 54 years to Ned H. Strauss. She is survived by children Margery Strauss Stalch, Jerome B. Strauss, and Robert W. Strauss; seven grandchildren and eight great grandchildren. Born in Baltimore Maryland on Oct. 16, 1926, Helen served the Sisterhood at Temple Oheb Shalom in Baltimore and drove and delivered for Meals on Wheels in Baltimore for 30 years. Helen and Ned Strauss purchased Camp Wigwam in South Waterford in the fall of 1964 and operated the boys' camp for 10 years until handing the business operation to their youngest son Bob, who directs the camp to this day. Helen Strauss will be remembered as a vibrant and energetic "Camp Mother" to generations of young men as they summered on Bear Pond. She leaves many close friendships in southwestern Maine, in Baltimore and throughout the Camp Wigwam world. She was interred in Elm Vale Cemetery on May 7.



Cedric O. Tingley died at home in Orchard Park, NY on March 13, 2017, six days shy of his 100th birthday. He was preceded in death by his wife of 60 years, Carolyn Schuster Tingley of Cranston, RI, and is survived by their six adult children, Denise Massey, Greg Tingley, Jeff Tingley, Marcy Raborn, Daryl Luthy and Brad Tingley. He is also survived by 13 grandchildren; 11 great grandchildren; and two great-great grandchildren. Cedric is also survived by his wife of 10 years, Mary Bouchert Tingley of Orchard Park, NY and her four adult children along with her six grandchildren and five great grandchildren. Ced was born on March 19, 1917 in Littleton, ME the third of Roscoe and Mary Tingley's five sons. He was a first lieutenant in the U.S. Army Air Corps during WWII, training pilots on the B-25 Mitchell Bomber. A machinist by trade, he moved his family to Albuquerque, NM in 1950 where he worked for ACF until its closure. He then worked for General Electric where he retired as a foreman in 1982. For the next 15 years, Ced worked part-time at Massey Auto, continuing to spend his summers at the "Annex," his summer home in Waterford Flat. In 2006, he married Mary Nicklas Bouchert and relocated to her home in Orchard Park. He was a longtime member of First Congregational Church in Albuquerque and attended Orchard Park Presbyterian Church. He always believed in giving back and regularly contributed to several charitable organizations. He was interred with military honors at the Santa Fe National Cemetery.



John W. Applin Sr., 76, of Wakefield, MA died at the Meadow View Center in North Reading, MA on Dec. 19, 2016, after eight years of dementia. Born in Boston, MA on January 4, 1940, he was the son of the late H. Herbert Applin, Sr. and Hilda (Forster) Applin of Watertown, MA. John was a graduate of Watertown High School and attended the University of Michigan and Boston University where he earned a Bachelor's Degree in Business Administration. He enrolled in the United States Naval Officers Candidate School in Newport, RI, where he graduated as an Ensign, and becoming a Lieutenant serving on the U.S.S. Rigel out of Newport News, VA. His ship was one of many ready to serve during the 1963 Cuban Missile Crisis. John was the devoted husband of 53 years to Brenda C. (Johnson) Applin, father to his children, John, Jr. of Malden, MA, Christopher of Hinesburg, VT and Amanda Applin of Wakefield, MA. Surviving John are his brother H. Herbert Applin, Jr. of Pepperell, MA and his sister Carol Waldeier of Waterford, nephew Gardner Waldeier and nieces Jessie, Susan, Margaret and Sarah. John was employed at Itek Corporation of Lexington, MA for 36 years and the Internal Revenue Service of Andover, MA for 13 years before retiring. John's great happiness and joy was spending time at the Applin's summer home of 71 years in Waterford. John was a choir member and soloist at The First Parish Congregational Church and a member of the Wakefield Community Chorale and Polymnia Society. He is buried in Elm Vale Cemetery.



**The summer home of Dr. Ellison Hillyer, owned by the Applin's since July 1946.
Post card given to WHS by John Applin.**

FROM OUR FILES

Photography ...

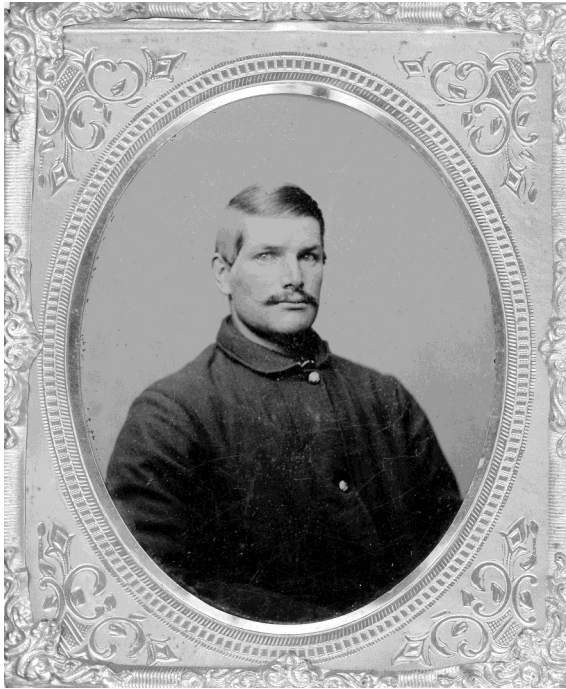
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First a sitter had to hold a pose for several minutes without moving or the image would blur. Many early photographs are actually memorializing people who have died—especially infants. Posers often sat in rigid frameworks to hold themselves still.

Next, the photographer had to develop the image quickly. A highly buffed silver coated copper plate was fumed by a vapor of iodine to make it light sensitive. Once exposed (from five minutes to over an hour) it was developed over a heated mercury bath and fixed in salt water. It could be dangerous.

Among our collection are a few daguerreotypes, tintypes and many glass plate negatives. The scenic beauty of Waterford lured photographers—as it still does.

Our oldest photos: (left) Probably Daniel Chaplin, a farmer, blacksmith and map-maker, who came from Rowley, MA [photo given by Arthur Kimball]; (right) Thaddeus Brown. Thaddeus was a timber dealer who moved here from Harvard, MA about 1786; he was the grandfather of Charles Farrar Brown and Florence Brown Rounds. Photo given by Ruth Rounds.



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