2008

A Happy Abundance: Tales, Memoirs and More Past and Present in Wayne, Maine

Wayne Historical Society

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A HAPPY ABUNDANCE

TALES, MEMOIRS AND MORE
PAST AND PRESENT IN WAYNE, MAINE

COLLECTED IN CELEBRATION OF THE 10TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE WAYNE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
2008
A HAPPY ABUNDANCE

Cover Photograph
Leeds Center and Wayne, Me. Overlooking Great Androscoggin Pond
Mary Stanton House, 1851

ELOISE R. AULT & EDWARD L. KALLOP, JR.
EDITORS

CONTRIBUTING AUTHORS

WAYNE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
2008
A happy abundance.
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FOREWARD

AN ANNIVERSARY, as defined in dictionaries, is "a date marking a notable event." For the Wayne Historical Society the notable event occurred one day in late 1998. Wayne was still in the festive spirit of the town's Bicentennial, which along with a generous supply of entertaining activities, helped provide a renewed public awareness of the town's rich history.

The moment seemed ripe, and led by Neala Jennings who later became the society's first president, the idea to form a historical society was proposed to a small number of interested townspeople. They agreed, and thus was born the town's present-day historical society.

A second dictionary definition is "the celebration of an anniversary." Ten years have passed, and now in 2008 we celebrate a full decade of achievements. Most of them were unimagined in the beginning, yet to a large extent they helped determine a course of pursuit considered unusual among historical societies generally. This is a subject which on occasion has been touched upon, however briefly and primarily in one or another communication to society members. Early on, the concept of monthly meetings, usual among historical societies, was discarded in favor of an in-depth concentration on research. The town's historical resources are many and varied, so many and so varied that each time they come to new attention they can be counted on to provide yet another discovery, answer old questions, and present still another subject to be pursued in earnest. Results have been consistently shared with society members, who all receive the society's twice-yearly Report which is customarily accompanied by a specially prepared Research Paper.

In addition, published by the society have been four full-length books on separate aspects of town history. All have been well received, especially in Wayne, and with copies now in various public libraries around the state, are included in all of Maine's major university and college libraries, and occasional demand continues to come from unexpected quarters, both public and private.

To celebrate our 10th Anniversary, this book represents for us a new and different approach. As its title states, it is a collection of individual pieces -- "tales, memoirs and more." Most are written by Wayne residents, some already published authors, others not but who have good stories to tell. When first begun, in the Fall of 2006, tentative overtures were made to each. It quickly became a full-scale project, and the result is a collection of
more than thirty contributions, some short, others longer, and on the broadest imaginable range of subjects. It is a result that exceeds anything we initially believed likely or even possible. It is truly "A Happy Abundance."

To all the book’s authors we owe a debt of sincere gratitude, as much for their individual enthusiasm as for their generous contributions to the final result — this book. Someday it will doubtless have its place alongside the works already published as a valuable part of the town’s historical record.

In the meantime, we hope you, too, will take pleasure in what each of the authors has written, and may share in the happy occasion of the “notable event” we now celebrate.
THE COVER PHOTOGRAPH

N E A RLY 2002 the Town of Leeds unexpectedly received a gift of a largeanel picture, painted in pastel on paper with a remarkable folk art panorama view of Androscoggin Lake. On the right is Wayne village, and across the lake, at upper left, can be seen Leeds Center. The donor was a Leeds resident, Norman Lane, whose family had a longtime association with the town, and the picture had been a family possession for generations.

Not only is the picture a delight to view, but it is also in every sense a valued historical documentation of Wayne as well as the lake, and how the scene appeared to an artist a century and a half ago. Subsequent to its receipt, questions about the picture’s origins were shared with us. The first question to be answered was who was the artist? Unidentified by the donor, the sole clue was a small brown label, pasted on the back of the picture’s frame. Faded and flaking with age, it reads:

**Leeds Center and Wayne Me. Overlooking Great Androscoggin Pond**
**Painted 1851-52 by Mary...anton...ouse**

A search of Wayne’s genealogical records soon revealed that the artist was Mary Stanton House. In 1850 Mary Stanton was 21 years old, living with her family in North Monmouth. In February of 1851 she married Elisha House, whose family is named on a map of Wayne published in 1856 and as resident in a dwelling located on what is today called House Road.

As for most artists whose work is identified as “folk art,” Mary Stanton House painted the scene as she saw it, but also with a true artist’s instinctive imagination. The lake, with its long extending delta and easily recognized islands, is clearly and accurately defined. Painted from a location just above what is today known as the Morrison Heights Road, Wayne appears as a “miniature” country village, with the last structure at the far end clearly identifiable as the onetime Baptist Church.

Closer in, and more exacting in detail, is Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, established only five years earlier. Nearby are a house and barn, both still standing today and in 1851 the house painted a vivid red. Still closer in view is the road, which defines the foreground but, curiously, there is no sign of the Old Winthrop Road, which even then, continued beyond the picture’s view at lower right.
Imagination is most evident in the rendering of the general landscape. Each tree is individually pictured and sparsely represented with those both near and far nearly equal in size, all placed for symbolic effect rather than literal fact. Also symbolic are the western hills and mountains, with their relative distance a simple matter of lighter shading in color, with the only attempt at factual representation seen in the pale brown patches which may well be sand dunes that are still a prominent feature of the local terrain.

Leeds Center is a smaller cluster of houses, each distinct but similar in appearance to those in Wayne village. Entirely factual, however, is the railroad train – difficult to see in a small reproduction – an engine, with its tall funnel-shaped smokestack and attached car for fuel storage, pulling three small yellow passenger carriages as they approach Leeds Center from the right. The railroad, which ran between Lewiston and Farmington, had only recently been constructed and travel by train was still very much a public novelty.

In the summer of 2002 the picture’s story was briefly described in a Wayne Historical Society Report, and on a Sunday afternoon in August the original painting was brought from Leeds to serve as the centerpiece for the society’s Annual Summer Program. With permission from the Town of Leeds the society has reproduced the picture many times over, as postal cards and larger size color prints suitable for framing. Both continue to be items of local interest for public sale.

The Editors
SERENDIPITY
NOTES FROM BEHIND THE CIRCULATION DESK
By Janet Adelberg

SERENDIPITY can be a wonderful thing. Even after 20 years I wonder at how fortunate I was to find that the Cary Memorial Library just happened to need a librarian back in 1987. This is how it came about. Having moved to Maine from Washington, D.C., I found that my new next door neighbor, Mary Jean Cowing, was a librarian. I enjoyed her stories of working in a village library in Wayne. Sometimes we'd go to Wayne to pick Stevenson's Strawberries or see the Stevenson Pumpkins on Halloween or shop at the Christmas Craft Fair. One day in 1987 Mary Jean asked me if I had any interest in working at the library, because she would be moving into a full-time job. I said I'd think about it, and eventually did decide to send in my resume when the library's ad appeared in the Kennebec Journal.

The application process was very interesting. It was conducted largely by letter. The Hiring Committee -- Bob McKee, Lincoln Ladd, Peter Ault and I think the late Bud Davis -- conducted interviews for the Board of Trustees. They were friendly and positive about the library, and I left the interview very eager to be offered the position. However, I had been home for seven years with my young children and had never worked in a public library, but I did have a Master's degree in Library and Information Science and plenty of other library experience. So whew! I was delighted when a letter arrived from library trustee Robert Fuller offering the position. The letter stated a very minimal salary. My husband was appalled and said you aren't going to work "for that," are you? Well, yes, I was, and happily! I really wanted to get back into library work, here was a nice part-time job, and the letter sure didn't sound like it was negotiable, so I took the job. And it was the smartest thing I've ever done.

When I came to work on a gorgeous October Saturday with the maples outside blazing orange and the sky a vivid blue, I thought this must be the most beautiful library in the world. On the circulation desk was a vase full of mums in a brass vase courtesy of Priscilla Stevenson; I can still see them today. And just as they do today, folks strolled in, arriving by bike, car, baby stroller -- it was an especially busy day I recall -- and now I know they were library regulars stopping by not only to be friendly but also to inspect the new librarian. There were lots of requests for new books, which had to be ordered, and I truly enjoyed getting to know the community over books.
Speaking of Priscilla Stevenson, in those days she used to coordinate interesting exhibits of creative artwork, needlework, crafts, or of collections owned by town residents. Library exhibits would change every two weeks all summer. The variety and talent in this community was remarkable and the displays drew lots of visitors. In time we phased out of regular exhibits and began hosting a Silent Auction each summer. Priscilla organized the first auction and it was our most successful ever, since she knew every talented person in town from her years of arranging library exhibits. The Silent Auction each August continues to be not only a terrific library fundraiser but also a fine showcase for local talents.

Back in those days the library was without computers, of course, and I can remember asking for and getting an electric typewriter. There was a very tippy ancient chair at the desk, which had to go, and the walls were a very drab shade of green, faded by age and truly dreary. At this point, Board Chair Jan Folk took on several building improvements, and décoratied extraordinaire Holly Stevenson and Elsie Dragonetti chose the excellent shade of yellow now on the walls -- we call it "Library Lemon" -- and hired the painters. Voila -- those dreary green walls were history. The floors were overdue on maintenance so we had them refinished. This little operation included moving every piece of furniture, shelf unit, every last thing down to the lower level, all helped by 24 adolescents from Maranacook Middle School (then called Junior High). Payment was pizza and brownies!

Otherwise the space was delightful. Library routine began, and the cast of characters was most entertaining (and still is, trust me). There were folks who came in every day the library was open. I think of Bob and Eleanor Allen. They read their way right through the collection. When Bob passed away a few years ago I thought it was really touching that his daughter Barb sat and typed his obituary on the library computer -- practical for her but in a place that meant so much to him. I can remember Nat and Rhyno Stinchfield. One dreary, miserable day in March Rhyno came in with a flowerpot of gorgeous fresh lettuce for me. I'll never forget -- the green was so vivid and the sleet/slush outside so dull -- what a hopeful sign that Spring would come. And Nat used to put her initials discreetly in each book she read so she'd later know she had already read it. "You're writing in the books?" I asked. "Oh, hon, you don't mind, do you?"

Now Grace and Bob Burleigh always intrigued me. They both came in every day, but never together. He would make a great point of "paying her overdue fines," which usually amounted to all of four cents. Grace would come in back then to "see if I was doing my job." She is still checking!
Barbara Taylor informed me that she volunteered every Wednesday. We quickly "clicked" as co-workers and were a team for many years. I was amazed that she had been volunteering at the library since the year of my birth. Talk about institutional memory.

I soon got to know Neala Jennings, whose daughter Beth I'd known in college. I can actually remember, back in our college dorm, Beth Jennings sitting on my roommate's bed and saying she was from Wayne, Maine -- which sounded very exotic to me then. Neala had served as President of the library's Board of Trustees long before I worked here, and she remains a trusted advisor on library matters. Back then I often left Neala phone messages about books she wanted and it puzzled me that she never got the messages. Her mother, Ruby Taylor, was so charming and friendly on the phone. But, I later found out, absolutely no phone messages were ever remembered or passed along! As Neala said, "Mother's memory wasn't what it used to be!"

And of course there was Library Treasurer Lila Lincoln, who visited the library often and in fact used to bring me my paycheck. Tink was Lila's husband and his grandmother, Grace Lincoln, had been librarian when it first became the Cary Memorial Library. Lila kept flawless library accounts in notebooks and folders, things jotted on the back of envelopes. She also enjoyed her books and always had a review of some political and historical title she wanted me to track down for her.

I called George Leyden, Jack Mahoney and the late, great Cap Johnson the Three Musketeers. It was always something when they showed up at the same time. Even just coming in to make a few photocopies could be an event. One of the best library stories is about Cap Johnson. He loved to read but found his memory was "not what it used to be." So he'd stop in for a book and want me to pick out something he'd like. Problem was, he'd read them all. So it went like this. I'd hand him a book I knew he'd like. He'd ask: "Did I read it?" Me: "Yeah." Cap: "Did I like it?" Me: "Yeah, you loved it." Cap: "Great, I'll take it!"

An event I'm happy to have missed: Mary Jean Cowing, my predecessor, tells me that one day the enormous painting now hanging over the fireplace mantle came crashing off the wall. It portrays figures in operas sung by Annie Louise Cary and is a valuable work of art. After that fiasco an expert was called and it was hung on the wall by a professional. Later, in the early 1990s, the painting was cleaned and restored by a well known paintings' conservator in Falmouth. A fortunate improvement since just prior to the 2000 Millennium, a TV crew came and filmed a "Mainers of the
"Millennium" piece about Annie Louise Cary, and the newly restored picture showed beautifully on TV.

The years pass but some things never change. Books go out. Most come back. Some are not returned without requesting. We have a "Conscience Money" container on the circulation desk and try to be diplomatic and realistic but it still takes postcards, phone calls and personal appeals to bring some books back. The most egregious overdues are not always intentional though. We still recall a mortified woman returning a 21-year overdue that her former husband had borrowed -- a lifetime ago!

During the 20 years I've been here, book circulation has been in the 10,000-13,000 item range per year. Book circulation peaked for us in 1994, just before personal computers became the norm in most homes. Beginning in the mid 1990s, circulation started declining, but now holds fairly steady. July is always our busiest month.

When I started working at the library, books on tape had caught on as a new way to "read a book." Those taking trips or driving a distance to work appreciated audiobooks. Now we have ten times as many books on tape and have just started collecting books on CD. Also in the early 1990s the library began to lend videos. The late Bud Davis came to me with an idea. He had a friend who was getting rid of a video store -- did I want the collection? Having no clue where we would keep it I said "Sure!" So began our movie collection. Now we have a varied and much used lending library of videos and also DVDs, and they are a very popular library offering.

Back to books. In the late 1980s, Gloria Ladd asked if we could get a book group started. I wondered if we had enough readers to make the commitment but I needn't have worried. We decided to try a five-part reading series sponsored by the Maine Humanities Council, teaming with the Bailey Library in Winthrop to get enough (15 or 20) readers who committed to participate. The program was called Women's Autobiography and featured five books by women authors from around the globe. Not only was the program successful, but this core group became the Wayne-Winthrop Women's Book Group still going strong today, Gloria has been the prime mover since the beginning, marshalling participants to vote on book choices and ordering multiple copies of the chosen books, always donating a copy to the library as well. Her idea blossomed to become a much appreciated readers' amenity for the community. Wayne really is a very literate community. One year at the town's Great Wayne Fair I organized a display of books written by Wayne authors. It was remarkable. There are all kinds of published books that originated here in town -- fiction and non-fiction, ranging from historical titles to poetry and children's books.
Among others who made a difference was the late Mary Fylstra. She was an accomplished crafter, quilter, cook -- you name it -- and wanted to put people's talents to work for the library. Mary could mobilize quilters, bakers, crafters like nothing I'd ever seen. Back in the late 1980s, with Jan Folk at the helm of the Board of Trustees, Jan and Mary soon launched a Friends of the Library group, working to help raise funds and provide "extra" things the library needed. Mary approached the Ladd Center's New Sandwich Quilters about making and donating a raffle quilt to benefit the library. To this day it remains an excellent fundraiser for the library. Wayne's New Sandwich Quilters have continued this tradition, designing and sewing a special quilt for the library each year. One of the best jobs the librarian has is calling the winner of the quilt every December.

The Friends of the Library, steered by Mary Fylstra and Jan Folk, also launched the first Easter Candy and Bake Sale, galvanizing a team of workers to make gourmet hand-made chocolates. Wayne's best bakers contribute their most scrumptious treats. This tradition also continues and indeed thrives, with proceeds that in a recent March sale exceeded $1,100 -- in little Wayne! in Mud Season! a bake sale! Obviously the Friends of the Library enjoy huge community support and appreciation for their excellent and desirable edibles! And Jan still makes a major share of the library chocolates. Sadly, Mary passed away several years ago. Her family donated a stained glass window to honor her memory, on it a quilt motif to connect with her quilting.

Jan Folk headed the Board of Trustees for many of these past 20 years. She quietly undertook several projects, some that were less than fun. Under her leadership an endless legal dispute regarding our boundary was finally laid to rest, and the by-laws were combed through and updated. Jan was not afraid to tackle the hard questions. Her dry sense of humor certainly added to our Board Meetings. When she decided to leave the board, the Trustees purchased an L.L. Bean "Presidential Rocker" for the children's area to honor her years of dedication to the library.

When I say that this is a very supportive work environment, I'm not kidding. There are all kinds of perks that come with being the librarian. Suffice it to say the librarian, twenty years later, is twenty pounds heavier. Food arrives regularly in this friendly community. Sometimes it's even literary. Charlie Cushman, now living in Hawaii, enjoyed talking to me about the Master and Commander series by Patrick O'Brian, and once brought me some "shipboard" delicacy popular during the Napoleonic Wars. It was TDO Stevenson, a staunch library fan now passed on, who suggested I buy the author's full series of maritime fiction set in those Napoleonic Wars. I
had my doubts. But TDO was right -- the series has its diehard fans, some of whom have read all 17 more than once. Tom Liscord actually came in once and asked if he could take two or three of them to India for six weeks so he could keep reading while on a medical mission. "I promise I'll get them back! I just don't want to get stuck without the next book!" Of course it was fine -- our books were honored to travel!

TDO's grandson, Taylor Stevenson, long before he was old enough to drive a car to the library, used to deliver fresh eggs (from his chickens), and in winter came by snowmobile across the ice on Pocasset Lake. On one Wednesday afternoon in January a friend e-mailed me that dinner would arrive at 5 o'clock -- and along with soup came muffins in a basket. Erin Frawley used to ask me to "test" her biscotti varieties when she was launching her Village Biscotti business -- no problem. Way too many cookies come my way! Some of the best are made by the Pooh Bear kids, who proudly come in to share their baked creations. Some individuals who've really got my number actually bring homemade cookies in with their overdue books to mitigate the librarian's grouchiness about the late books. I am embarrassed to say that sometimes this works. Twenty pounds later....

I have wonderful pictures in my mind of kids and their folks sharing special moments with our extraordinary (no point in being modest, it's the truth) children's books. This always happens each summer as returning summer families land at the library to stock up on good reading for camp. I can see the Lee girls from California just piling their arms with books, one of them saying "This library is so small, but it's got so many good books." I can see visiting O'Malley children and grandchildren sprawled all over the children's area, devouring their favorite books and not a sound to be heard.

Here's a snapshot: Last summer a handsome young couple come in. I was busy but aware he was showing her the library and pointing out lots of favorite books from his childhood. Finally I was able to ask if he needed help finding anything. Gesturing around the library, looking very pleased, he said "THIS is what I've come to find." He paused. "You don't recognize me, do you?" I didn't but then the shock of light blonde hair jogged my brain --"You're one of the Howe kids!" Yes, and he was back east honeymooning with his new bride, showing her Wayne's library. We talked books and it made my day -- his too, I think.

Shifting now to a later generation, I want to nominate Library Trustee Peter Ault as the library's "Elder Statesman." For as long as I've worked at the library, Peter has stopped in just about every day to see if there's anything at the library that needs doing -- the poor man, there usually is. Peter has been Vice-Chair on the Board of the Trustees for oh, forever, and no
one on the Board intends to let him go. The story is best told by him, but he originally came onto the Board at the request of his mother, the late Ruth D. Ault, then also a library Trustee. She wanted someone younger to take over chores involving the water pump, water which still comes from the lake, so that a then aging Horatio Harrington didn't have to. An engineer, Peter's calm good sense (and sense of humor) have carried the library and the librarian through many years -- and his sound, quiet judgment has steered many a Board meeting.

Peter's wife Lois is on the town Archival Board which, except for summer months and the winter holidays, meets at the library one afternoon each week. Also active on the board are Nancy Mulllen and Ed Kallop, with Audrey Goucher who participates when she can. They also represent the Historical Society, which has already published four books about Wayne's history. Our library is happy to be a major source for sale of these, with the most recent being *Golden Summertime*, a book about Wayne's vacation life from 1890 up to 1960. And years after its publication in 1998, we still get requests for Lois's "new" *History of Wayne*. As soon as the excitement of one book or WHS event dies down, I can always tell when they have another one up their sleeve. After a few weeks of this, they take me aside and reveal the next project. That was how I found out they were planning this particular book.

Questions about genealogy arrive at the library by mail, phone, e-mail and in person. Lois and her colleagues are my Wayne Genealogy Hotline. Several years ago the archival board prepared a first-ever Index to the town historical collection in our vault, making these archives much more accessible. Lois does get the prize for asking me the strangest reference question in my library career. She once wanted to know how she could find out if it was legal to move graves in Maine in the 1860s (or some such). This was way over my head. I steered her to the Maine State Law Library and soon she was competently assisted -- and I was off the hook!

Another long-time Board member is Lincoln Ladd. Avid readers, the Ladds have been especially supportive of the library in so many ways, certainly long before I got here. Their family's financial generosity is legendary but also Lincoln's positive, appreciative input into Board matters is always to be counted on. Lincoln has organized our Meet a Maine Author program for many years, bringing to the library an incredible lineup of talented Maine writers. We have hosted Tess Gerritsen, Monica Wood, Colin Woodard, Gerry Boyle, Bill Roorbach, Don Snyder, Hannah Holmes -- to name just a few. Lincoln recommended his friend Tabitha King, who did a very memorable program for us -- sometimes people forget there are
two Kings who write books (now apparently three). We have found that writers talking about writing make for highly interesting programs -- and Wayne's best-kept secret.

Holly and Douglas Stevenson, Taylor's parents, have also been very active in the workings of the library. Holly came onto the Library Board as Treasurer in 1992 after a stint on the Wayne School Committee. I suggested that with a new baby she could "rest" as a library board member, since our board operated in a very non-contentious way! Immediately she and board-spouse Doug computerized the library's finances, taking over from Lila Lincoln, who was ready to give up that job. Newborn Taylor notwithstanding, Holly brought tons of energy to our inner workings. Taylor actually attended his first board meeting when he was one month old, I remember clearly. Now Treasurer, and with a background in finance, Doug made a huge difference in the library's endowment fund when he first suggested in 1993 that we put a chunk of the library's money into the hands of a professional fund manager. What good advice this was, now 15 or so years later, the endowment has nearly tripled and provides one third of the library's operating expenses.

On the topic of money: In some circles it is whispered that the library is loaded with money. Yes and no. Many in town and even more summer visitors think this is a municipally-funded library, the usual public library found all over the U.S. Actually, the Cary Memorial Library is rare in that it is a private non-profit corporation. We act just like a free lending library, except that we send a "Membership Letter" every Spring asking library users for voluntary contribution to help meet operating expenses. Our constant bake sales, book sales, quilt raffles, auctions are all done to help us reach the library's annual operating budget, still less than $40,000. We do receive from the town a small appropriation which helps greatly. Our Treasurer's mantra is: "What's our summer fundraiser going to be this year?" I think the community can be very proud of how the Library Boards have managed money and been careful stewards of the library's precious endowment funds.

The community's generosity is legendary among those who love the library. Our "Voluntary Membership Dues" are $5.00 a year. Invariably we get contributions each year for $55.00, $205.00 -- always careful to pay the dues. Most notably was one time a lone check sitting down in the book drop for $1,005.00, the memo line saying: "$5.00-dues; $1,000.00—your tip." I am mentioning some of the more colorful donations, but truly every donation of whatever size is used and appreciated. The big checks just make for a better story. Once I was called at home asking if I could come
meet some visiting relatives down at the library (This was not a work day for me). This wasn't convenient but I'm so glad I bit my tongue and agreed. The visiting relatives wanted to make a $20,000.00 donation (very quietly, so I will not use their name) to the library. Another time I got a sweet letter from a summer person who'd just returned home. She was writing to thank me for taking such good care of her family at the library all summer. Out fluttered a check for $10,000.00 -- to use for "getting going" on a library addition. And we are!

Then there's technology. In the very early 1990s, people kept asking when would we get a computer. Book person that I am, I dragged my feet about introducing computers into the library. I knew it was inevitable but part of me wanted to keep the lovely ambience... well, lovely. But in 1994 our first computer arrived, donated and set up by then Trustee Mark St.
John. Jan Folk immediately came up with a printer -- and so the Cary Library drove onto the Information Super Highway. Subsequent updated computers have twice come from Gates Foundation Grants, which are geared to upgrading technology in rural libraries. Now we joke about being Wayne's Internet Cafe, and I am the first to admit how much the introduction of this technology has added to our library.

Earlier I mentioned the first Silent Auction. Now we run our auctions for two weeks each August, and usually we can make between $3,000 and $4,000 in two weeks flat. Board member Lynette Stinneford and I have got the routine down to a science. People bid and out-bid each other, albeit with fun and much strategizing. Auctions always bring moments of drama, mostly amusing. Once we were fortunate to have donated a two-week stay at a Hawaiian condo owned by Anna and Charlie Cushman. A gal bid on it and won. After the auction ended, she called me at 7:30 the next morning, absolutely beside herself, having changed her mind... she really couldn't afford it. Her check was already deposited in the bank, and I'm not sure who was more distressed, she or I. After a few hours of angst the situation resolved itself when her grown daughter said SHE'D go to Hawaii, no problem (Phew).

Another moment of drama occurred when two bidders, who shall go unnamed, both desperately wanted a framed acrylic piece of art depicting a scene of Pocasset Lake, painted by the late Dr. Walter Reiter. It was a gorgeous piece of work, no wonder. As the last moments were ticking away, amid the chatter and laughing were two determined ladies who stood there, outbidding each other several times over. I was so glad not to be in charge of ringing the cowbell that time! One left happy, and the other -- not so very happy. But the ever gracious Dr. Reiter offered to paint another one for the losing bidder,

Summers at the Library are so wonderful. With windows on all four sides of the building, there is usually a breeze from the water and shade from the maples out front. One delightful summer tradition has become our Poetry Series, organized by board member Dave Moreau. Dave brings talented Maine poets to Wayne for three evenings each summer. Poetry lovers come from all over to hear them. One recent summer we had over 50 people to hear the Dean of Maine poets Wesley McNair. Dave's own work has been heard on NPR's "The Writer's Almanac" twice. The Cary Library is proud to help showcase the incredibly talented, often under appreciated poets in this state.

Summer 2006 brought two major happenings. First, the library acquired a nice, big, powerful air conditioner. It's not clear how this came to
be Treasurer Doug Stevenson's job, but alas, he and Hunter the dog did make it happen on a very hot day in July, thus permanently placating the overheated librarian. More exciting to the rest of the world, Doug also brought in Wireless Internet Access. This has been a terrific boon to the library. It takes all the pressure off our two computers because many folks can just bring their own laptops in or sit outside in their cars or on the Nelson and Lillian Manter Memorial benches out front. Especially for the folks in town who have dial-up connections, this is an appreciated library service. These two amenities greatly contribute to the Board's desire for the library to be a "pleasant refuge," cozy in winter and cool in summer.

So many people in the community quietly do good deeds for the library. Each summer our grass is cut and planters filled with flowers, with never a bill sent. Circulation Desk volunteers contribute their time week in and week out. Book Sale helpers sort and select and sell books three or four times a year. Volunteers tend the garden beds, make posters, glue the creaking chairs, quilt, bake, and craft all to benefit the library. It often seems Wayne people can't do enough for the library.

The Library Boards I've worked with all have been congenial teams who cheerfully give their time, energy and wisdom to help run the library. The Board's current challenge is to bring about a modest but much needed addition to the building, and to provide for the handicapped access to both floors of the library. The current Board is fortunate to have Hildie Lipson as Chair. Following Jan Folk's tenure, she had large shoes to fill. When Hildie was nominated it was thought "She's so young!" That didn't keep anyone from voting her President of the Board -- it was unanimous. Hildie's mother was a librarian and she has happy childhood memories of her public library in Ann Arbor, so she comes by her love of libraries honestly.

There are so many great library stories -- they would almost fill a book! Everyone seems to have a "small-world story" about Wayne. Here's a library version: When Blanche Fyler took a trip to Tuscany a few years ago she and her family were standing up on a mountain admiring the views. There were some other folks there and not only were they Americans but they were from Maine. Chatting about where they lived, Blanche mentioned that she and her family were from Wayne. "Oh," said the gentleman, "Is Janet Adelberg still at the library there?"
Note: For the town’s Bicentennial in 1998 was published a special Calendar which features artists’ renderings of various town locations. Among them is the Library, accompanied by description which reads in part:

For anyone accustomed to the somber hush of the usual library, Wayne’s Cary Memorial Library must come as a surprise. No somber hush here, as lively conversation ranks high among the pleasures of a visit to the library. For Wayne this is as it should be, and continues a long tradition of the town’s library as a social phenomenon as well as intellectual resource.

With Janet Adelberg “behind the circulation desk” this richly rewarding tradition continues and could not be in better hands.
"AS YOU READ THIS ACCOUNT, keep in mind that all this began about 65 years ago and I am now 90 years old. I was a Maine girl, born and brought up in Union and graduated from Rockland High School. My husband, Carrington Stanford (Stan), was born in Tennessee, but spent most of his life in England. He was the American representative in London for the American Maritime Insurance Company. With the outbreak of World War II his company transferred him to New York City. It was not long before he grew tired of the hectic life that he found there. The U. S. was gearing up for war and the government was urging all kinds of agricultural efforts to increase the domestic food supply in order to send much needed rations to hungry wartorn Europe. Government officials realized that poultry would provide the country with a ready supply of protein from eggs and quickly grown meat.

Stan had always yearned to be a farmer; some would say it was a romantic idea. So in 1941, it seemed to be the right thing to do; go to Maine, buy a farm, and become a farm family with his son Carrington Jr. (age 10) and my boy Don (age 6). We spent some time in Auburn before we found just the right place. There was a house for sale on the Strickland Ferry Road in Wayne that caught our eye. I liked the American Cape house although it needed a lot of fixing up. Stan saw great possibilities in 150 acres of good land that had a large dairy7 barn. We paid only $1,800 for it! Now we had to look for a way to make a living from our farm.

Wayne folk had always kept small flocks of chickens for their own use, plus selling any extra eggs to their neighbors. This practice prevailed throughout the war years. In the late 1940s a new company, Lipmans, was formed in Belfast and eventually it was to become a very large operation. They offered small farmers the chance to earn a living, growing chickens to become hens which would produce eggs for the fast growing market. The flocks were kept in high egg production by rotating hens to be slaughtered as their egg-laying output diminished. The barns were cleaned and disinfected before each new cycle of production.

To take part in this type of farming a number of old cow barns in Wayne and throughout the state were retrofitted into large chicken houses.
I recall Fred Goding, in the early 1950s, converting the large barn that adjoined the gray house on Old Winthrop Road just before it intersects with the Morrison Heights Road. Harold Swift, where the Wayne Village Pottery is now located, used part of that barn for keeping hens. Percy Bryant converted a long, four-story-high building, the former ‘Wayne Wood Products’/Crutch Factory on Route 133, near the junction of Route 219. Harry Chase later remodeled it into his ‘Harpo’s Emporium’ sporting goods store. Orie Merrill, on Route 219, across from the intersection of Lake Shore Drive, turned the barn on that property into a large chicken house. Roland Smith, on Lakeshore Drive, utilized the buildings on that farm and today there is a long aluminum-sided chicken house still standing. What it is used for today, I don’t know. And I must not forget Paul Gould’s buildings over on Route 219 at the Wayne-Leeds town line; someone said they are raising rabbits there now. There may have been others.

These folks were really earning a good living, and as things developed more and more farmers came into the business throughout the 1950s. As time went on the big companies began to rent the farmers’ barns, supplying the chickens and grain. It became increasingly difficult for a small operator to earn a good return, so to survive he had to be constantly expanding. In a way, the farmer was reduced to a ‘tenant farmer.’

The Farm in March, 1947: photograph by Jack Perkins
Town of Wayne Historical Collection
Maine's Poultry Industry gradually lost out because of the extra transportation costs. We could not compete with farmers in the Delmarva area [Delaware, Maryland, Virginia] who were closer to the big markets as well as the grain supply. I am ahead of my story because most of the above took place in the period after World War II.

In 1942 we had to get started in our new venture.

Stan, who had a business degree from MIT, studied the trends of the poultry business and was aware of the developing demand for young four-pound birds for broiling. He decided we should contract with Christies Farms in New Hampshire. Their business was hatching fertilized eggs and these hatchlings were raised by contracted growers to become what would be and still is called a 'broiler.' Christies had developed the New Hampshire Chicken, a breed of hens for laying fertilized eggs specific to the production of the broiler industry.

We started that first winter with about 200 chicks that Christies sent us by mail. They arrived in specially designed cardboard boxes. These cute little yellow balls of down were kept warm under two brooders we set up in the living room. We kept increasing these shipments until we had about 1,000 birds, which in no time grew into laying hens.

Throughout the life of a chicken it required feeding of grain, and watering, night and morning, which Don and Carrington Jr. did before going to school. Stan worked on making our barn into a 'Chicken House,' and eventually the old cow barns accommodated four floors. The chicks while still very young had to have their beaks cropped or clipped so they couldn't peck one another. It was a very labor-intensive process which required the use of a specially designed tool. As our bird population grew, we eventually hired a business which had developed to fill this need, and they would send teams of specially trained people to do the cropping and at the same time, inoculate each bird on the inner side of its wing. In those days chicken flocks were kept in open fields during the warm months of the year. The area between my house and the Wells, where the orchard is now, became what was referred to as the 'range.' For protection during inclement weather and at night we provided the birds with 'range shelters.' These were roof-covered structures, with the sides left open to the air and covered with a wire mesh.

It is a fact that hens will always roost somewhere. They will not just sit down to be comfortable, they will find something to roost [perch] on. So we had built heavy wire roosts designed to allow their droppings to fall down into the pit. While the hens were out on the range they were fed grain from the back of our truck. Water was piped automatically to all the range
shelters. At sundown the birds would go into the shelters to roost for the night. Our last chore at night was to go around making sure all the shelter doors were shut. Foxes and hawks are a chicken's natural enemy. Our flocks were more subject to Cooper's Hawk attacks then they were to foxes. Those Cooper's Hawks would sit on the fence posts and just wait for a chance to grab a chicken.

At first we bought our feed from Maxim's in Winthrop, and during the war years this feed came in 100 pound bags made from good cotton cloth. Many things were scarce during the war including cloth for clothing. These colorfully printed bags were in great demand to be sewed into skirts, shirts, aprons, pillowcases, towels and other things. As time passed, the industry abandoned the range system, instead raising birds year round in large chicken houses. With these changes came automation. I believe our operation by this time had grown to be the largest in Wayne and we were the only farm raising fertilized eggs to send to a hatchery. Even so, it soon became more than we as a family could possibly handle and we had to hire four or five workers.

As we developed with the industry, we found the need to expand our operation to keeping 20,000–25,000 hens in order to realize the same profit that we had in the early days with our little flocks of 1,500 to 2,000. To keep up, we built a large chicken house on the far west side in back of our house. We also purchased another farm with a large barn in Fayette. By this time we were fully automated, with feed being delivered in large trucks which would blow the grain into large bins on the top floor of each building, where it would automatically shoot down to the lower floors where it went out to long, automatic feeding troughs. The watering system was also automated throughout our houses. Don and Roland Wing helped Stan develop an automatic system of back-to-back nest boxes that ran the length of our buildings. It was constructed at a tilted angle so that the eggs as laid by the hens would roll off the nest onto a conveyor belt. Our reward for being involved with research of back-to-back nests enabled us to be the first grower in the area to install this system. All we had to do was switch a lever and the belt would gather all the eggs that were then taken to a basement workroom. The eggs would be 'candled,' held up to a special light to detect a dark spot inside that indicated that it had been fertilized. Any blemishes or dried flakes adhering to the egg's shell would be sanded off. They were then washed in a machine made for this purpose, packed into specially made wooden crates and shipped to Christies in New Hampshire. In the early days we shipped by rail out of North Leeds Depot. Later on all our shipping was by trucks.
With the end of the war, Carrington was engaged by the Department of Agriculture to give returning GIs lectures on how to get started and succeed with 'Chickens.' Among his first students just discharged from the army was T. Douglas O. Stevenson, who went to work for us until he married Pricilla Berry in 1947. Soon after their wedding Doug went into the egg producing business himself. He retrofitted the big dairy barn on Priscilla's childhood home into a large chicken house. They were successful until 1960 when they lost it all when fire leveled their building.

Our business was doing well and we decided to invest in a Cuban company that was successfully meeting the need for fertilized eggs to supply the big Cuban market for broilers. We made money from this venture until the 1959 Cuban Revolution. After Castro came to power, U.S. relations with Cuba rapidly deteriorated when Castro expropriated U.S. properties and nationalized them. With this turn of events and the death of my husband Stan, in 1958, I had to downsize my operation. By 1960 I had rented my emptied chicken barns here in Wayne to Jack DeCoster. I was very fortunate to obtain a contract from the Lipman Company to produce eggs on my Fayette Farm. I managed to keep things going in this manner until 1964 when I quit altogether."

Note: This memoir is prepared from a taped interview given by Avis Stanford on October 6, 2006.
TAking Hiram Maxim's "Light"
FROM UNDER THE BUSHEL
By Eloise R. Ault

THE HISTORY OF WAYNE published in 1898 contains a biographical sketch of Hiram Maxim in which the following statements are made:

It is not generally known that he was the first man who invented an electric light. Some time subsequent when Edison's name began to be identified with that pursuit, Mr. Maxim's light was somewhat hidden under a bushel, so to speak. . . . In 1881 his electrical patents were put into 'interference' with Edison's and in four trials the decisions were against Edison. . . . But the 'Maxim Gun' is the achievement that made his name famous throughout the length and breadth of the earth.

The task to find what was hidden "under the bushel" was greatly enhanced by using modern technology, i.e. access to internet websites, the U.S. Patent Office files, The New York Times' Archive, as well as numerous biographies.

Some have questioned whether the town of Wayne takes too much license in claiming Hiram Maxim, born elsewhere in Maine, as its own. This was effectively answered by Hiram himself in an interview he gave a Lewiston Journal reporter while visiting Wayne's 1898 Centennial Celebration: "But more than any fame I have gained abroad do I appreciate the good repute in which I am held at my old home here in Wayne." Hiram wrote in his autobiography, My Life, that his ancestors came to Wayne in the early 1800s and settled on the eastern shore of Lake Androscoggin with the White Mountains in view. Research of the 1809 Valuation of Wayne supports this statement since his great-grandfather, Samuel, owned "a 69-acre lot, with a house valued at $100, a barn valued at $80., one acre of tillage, six acres mowing land, two acres pasture, twenty-seven acres unimproved land, three cows and two pigs." The 1898 History of Wayne says that his great-grandfather Samuel had six children attending school at the Norris District in 1811, which was situated at the end of the Morrison Heights Road at the intersection of Hardscrabble and Lincoln Point Roads. This would have placed the family somewhere on the southeastern shore of Lake Androscoggin.
The Census records for Wayne, starting in 1810, indicate that there were four Maxim households -- Samuel’s, and his three brothers. A steady increase is reported in family numbers over the years and by 1880 there were thirteen Maxim households in town. This large extended family reinforced Hiram's sense that his “roots” were indeed here in Wayne. His mother, Harriet, states in a biographical sketch in the 1898 History that after her marriage to Hiram's father, Isaac Maxim, the couple settled in Sanger-ville, where Hiram was born in 1840, and “I have [since] changed my residence 33 times.” With so many moves as part of Hiram’s childhood it is no wonder that the family felt that Wayne was home.

According to the History:

As a boy Hiram's education advantages were those of the district school in the town of his birth. His celebrated career is another illustration of what sometimes results from humble beginnings. At the age of fourteen, he started out to seek his fortune, with a brain and a jack-knife as the nucleus around which his splendid career as a scientist and inventor has grown. He first apprenticed to a carriage maker.
Author of *Blood Brothers: Hiram and Hudson Maxim -- Pioneers of Modern Warfare*, Iain McCallum explains how Hiram, after wandering around Canada doing odd jobs -- painting decorations on carriages, working as a bartender and winning some prizefights -- the restless young man returned to the U.S. in the summer of 1863 during the height of the Civil War. His younger brother, Hudson revealed in his autobiography *Reminiscences and Comments*, as dictated to Clifton Johnson, that Hiram had no concern about being drafted because the family had already sacrificed two sons to the War. Brother Henry caught the measles, followed by chronic diarrhea, was discharged and sent home to die. Leander enlisted at age 15 and was killed at the Battle of the Wilderness.

It was Harriet’s brother, Uncle Levi Stevens, who gave the youth his first opportunity to enter the exciting environment of technology. Stevens owned a machine shop in Fitchburg, Massachusetts and here Hiram applied his skills at turning wood products on a lathe, to a fast mastery of turning brass castings into boiler blow-off valves. The eager apprentice had a voracious appetite for knowledge and studied every source of technical information he could obtain. He was studying drafting when Uncle Levi won a contract to build an automatic gas machine for a Boston gas lighting company. At this time the latest development in lighting for large businesses, hotels, and mansions of the rich, was being produced by individual machines, installed on the property, that turned gasoline under pressure into a vaporized gas that was piped to illuminating burners throughout the building. They needed to disassemble the prototype engine in order to make drawings of the parts required to manufacture this particular model of gas machine. Hiram was able to produce the needed plans by using his newly mastered drafting techniques.

A dispute between Levi and his nephew later ended with Maxim finding himself out of a job. With just enough money for the fare, Hiram took the train to Boston where he applied for work at the same gas machine manufacturer with whom his uncle had the contract. Here he met Oliver P. Drake, a philosophical (theoretical) instrument maker, who had designed the very machine that Hiram had proposed to improve. Drake was so impressed with the young man that he hired him, and Hiram was to credit this instrument maker and designer as his mentor: "To this gentleman -- and he is a gentleman of the first water -- I am indebted for a good deal of my success in life." In his autobiography, Hiram describes this period under the aegis of Oliver Drake:
These were glorious days; I left no stone unturned to become expert at everything I had to do. I noticed that the gas used by the machines then in use was very rich at the beginning of the evening and inclined to smoke, whilst at the end of the evening it was thin and blue. I asked Drake if it would not be a good plan to make a machine that would turn out gas of a uniform density. . . . 'Yes', he said 'it would; that is the trouble with our machines. . . and there is absolutely no way to prevent it.' This set me to thinking and experimenting, fully realizing that carbureted air was much heavier than common air, and I made an apparatus to prove this.

Hiram realized some kind of density regulator was needed, and he experimented until he solved the problem with a pump and pressure valves designed to control and regulate the flow of gas to be used in gas lighting of homes and streets. Actually, throughout this period Maxim was developing, without securing patents, the necessary systems required to accomplish gas illumination. Suffice to say, during the remainder of his life he made up for this earlier failure to protect his inventions. Maxim's life was defined by his patents and they will be presented chronologically and included in the text where pertinent in italics, e.g.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date awarded</th>
<th>Patent #</th>
<th>Invention</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1866/8/21</td>
<td>#57,354</td>
<td>Improvement in iron for curling hair</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This first patented invention was inspired by Hiram's visit to the barbershop.

In 1867 he married Louisa Jane Budden, who at age 16 had immigrated to Boston from England. Their first child, a son, Hiram Percy, was born September 2, 1867. Sometime after his marriage the Boston Company transferred him to their New York associate company, Novelty Ironworks & Shipbuilding, to take over a job as foreman and draftsman. In spite of its name this company manufactured very large marine engines for the Pacific Steamship Company. Hiram, however, did not give up on improving gas lighting systems. He took out patents for a new method of heating gasoline by steam to vaporize it at 25 pounds pressure. His improvements allowed his machines to support 200 or 300 laminating burners.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date awarded</th>
<th>Patent #</th>
<th>Invention</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1867/11/26</td>
<td>#71,400</td>
<td>Improvement in steam gas generators</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1868/6/2</td>
<td>#78,465</td>
<td>Improved gas machine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1868/9/8</td>
<td>#81,922</td>
<td>Improvements in carburetors</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The success of these inventions enabled Hiram to acquire enough capital to start his own company, Maxim Gas Machine Company.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Patent Number</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1869/5/4</td>
<td>#89,588</td>
<td>Improved apparatus for making illuminating gas from gasoline</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1869/10/5</td>
<td>#95,498</td>
<td>Improvement in locomotive headlights</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1870/5/3</td>
<td>#3,950</td>
<td>Re-issue of patent #71,400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1871/10/24</td>
<td>#120,302</td>
<td>Improvement in gas-machines</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1871/12/26</td>
<td>#122,272</td>
<td>Improvement in steam-traps</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The busy inventor did not forget his brothers back in Wayne. In his autobiography Hudson recalled how his older brother enabled him to experience "life in the big city":

> When I was seventeen and Hiram got me to go to work for him in New York. What a great, booming, buzzing confusion New York was to me on first acquaintance! I must have been a rustic-looking figure. I arrived there wearing a checkered flannel shirt with a turn down collar, and I had no necktie. My head-covering was a cap made by my mother. I wore thick boots, and my baggage consisted of a black enamel-cloth valise.

Hiram had invented a gasoline vapor machine for lighting buildings, and I worked in his shop polishing the brass parts and painting cast-iron parts, and varnishing some other portions. An old German tinsmith in the shop taught me German. He was a dear old fellow and every word that I learned under his instruction I've remembered.

One of the [Hiram's gas] light machines was bought by what was known as 'Howe's Great London Circus and Sanger's English Menagerie Trained Animals.' The machine was to be used for lighting the circus in the evening. It was glittering equipment mounted on a beautiful wagon, and was as fancy as a fire-engine. I was sent to teach a circus man how to operate it, and I traveled with the circus for six weeks about New York City and near places. . . . As for Central Park, I went by horse car line in operation up to that part of the city. I looked over the park, and thought it seemed like a somewhat marred piece of scenery, not as beautiful as I'd left in Maine.

After seven months in New York I want back home. I couldn't get along with Hiram. Besides, I wanted more education, and the little I had from a district school hadn't got me very far.

It is easy to imagine how the 31-year-old brother might have felt responsible for Hudson. The fact that Hiram had assigned his kid brother to travel with the circus must has given him pause to think "Mother would never forgive me if. . . ." One essential lesson that older brother was able to instill in the 17-year-old was the value of an education. It took Hudson seven years, but he remained with it, working his way through to graduation from Kents Hill School.
1872/1/9  #122,625 Improvement in gas apparatus
1872/6/11 #127,907 Improvement in liquid meters

Business proved to be so good that by 1873 he merged in a partnership which became Maxim and Welch Company. The subsequent patents attest to Hiram's ability to turn his inventive attention to improving both gas and steam engines which this company produced.

1873/1/21  #5,247 Re-issue of patent #81,922
1873/7/22  #141,062 Improvement in fire extinguishers
1873/7/22  #141,063 Improvement in steam-traps
1874/5/5    #150,478 Improvement in feed-water heaters
1874/5/26  #151,235 Improvement in steam and vacuum pump
1874/12/22 #158,105 Improvement in automatic pumping engines
1875/2/23  #3160.215 Improvement in feed-water heaters
1875/2/23  #160,216 Improvement in apparatus for manuf. illuminating gas from liquid hydrocarbons
1875/4/6   #161,521 Improvement in liquid meters
1875/7/20  #162,744 Improvement in engine governors

Hiram's son, Hiram Percy, wrote in his book, *A Genius In The Family*, that his mother Jane wanted their house painted and this provided another opportunity for another younger brother to see the big city. Hiram made arrangements for Frank, age 20, to travel down from Wayne to accomplish the task. It was a big joke to Percy when Frank painted some clapboards the wrong color but he avoided writing any mention of this uncle's tragic death.

Frank was a natural-born mechanic so Hiram gave him a job in the city installing gas lights. When Frank became sick with typhoid fever it was mistaken for smallpox, and they quarantined him to the "smallpox pest house" where, according to Hudson's account, Frank recovered from the typhoid fever only to contract smallpox and die. Of Isaac and Harriet's original eight children, two daughters had died during childbirth, two sons in the Civil War, now Frank from smallpox which left only three adult boys: Hiram, Hudson and Sam. Due to the contagious cause of Frank's death, transporting his body would not have been possible. There is no Frank Maxim recorded in the Maxim family lot in Evergreen Cemetery.

Hiram's next career opportunity came when Spencer D. Schuyler, a New York industrialist, offered him a job because he was so highly recommended as a problem-solving genius. Schuyler was so convinced that the future belonged to electric power that he formed, in 1876, the first electric
company in this country called the "U.S. Electric Light Company." This man was to become the young inventor's second mentor. In his autobiography Hiram wrote, "Schuyler was first in the field and he wanted me to assist him and run the works. His offer was exceedingly good, especially as I had complete charge of the place. With pay $10 a day plus a quarter interest in anything that the company produced from the collaboration."

1876/5/23    #177,733    Improvement in liquid meters
1878/6/11     #204,747    Improvement in feed-water regulators
1878/9/24     #208,252    Improvement in electric lamps [arc light]
1878/9/24     #208,253    Improvement in regulators for electric lamps and arc light

These first inventive triumphs after Hiram joined the pioneering electric company were possible owing to the great improvements in the early 1870s in development of powerful generators, "dynamo-electric machines," and with these it became feasible to utilize arc lighting. Light was produced by using carbon rod electrodes, in ordinary air, which are touched together and then drawn slowly apart while the heat of electric current maintains the arc across the gap. The light so produced was very harsh and brilliant, suitable only for large factories and public areas.

On September 24, 1878 Maxim was awarded patent #208,252 for "Improvement in Electric Lamps" (arc light). A copy of his patent application, obtained from the U.S. Patent Office website, includes detailed drawings and a letter of specifications, in which Hiram claimed his invention eliminated the "vibratory motion that caused a very unpleasant unsteadiness in the light." His "lamp" (a better word would be "apparatus") was also "compact, smaller in size, thus caused very little shadow, of slight cost in construction, susceptible of very delicate adjustments, and suitable for use where nicety and steadiness are required."

Business was booming, and the boy from Maine was busy with designs for flood lights for offices, among them the Equitable Insurance Company building, and hotels in New York City. Hiram found himself in need of a good draftsman and he recognized excellence when he encountered it, and on one particular day he found just the man he had been looking for; Lewis Latherma, a black man who like himself was self taught. Latherma eventually went on to patent a number of improvements in connection with electric power and made a name for himself as a first rate scientist. Latherma later wrote of his meeting Maxim:
In 1879 I was at work in a machine shop doing a short job of mechanical drawing, when a stranger came in and expressed himself as delighted to find a draughtsman, as he had for weeks been looking for one to make some Patent Office drawings for him, this stranger proved to be Sir Hiram Maxim of gun fame, although he was up to that time plain Hiram Maxim. He was at this time chief engineer and inventor of the U.S. Electric Lighting Co, and he engaged me there and then to become his draughtsman and private secretary.

Within a week from the time we first met I was installed in Mr. Maxim's office busily following my vocation of mechanical draughtsman, and acquainting myself with every branch of electric incandescent light construction and operation. In the early spring of the following year, the factory was moved to New York, and I went with it. . . . The Equitable Building, Fish and Hatch, the Union Club and a number of other places were supplied with lamps and the men to run them. These were strenuous times, and we made long hours each day. At the factory by seven in the morning, and after the day's work somewhere, running lamps until twelve o'clock or later at night.

Spencer Schuyler encouraged the young inventor to concentrate on producing an incandescent electric lamp. The filaments that others had introduced glowed brightly when a strong electric current was passed through, but were uneven in thickness which caused the weaker parts to quickly burn out. Hiram was experimenting with using a little gasoline in the bulb, and when current was applied the gasoline vaporized to form carbon which adhered to the thinnest portions of the filament, resulting in an even diameter and a long lasting filament. Maxim's first trials with this process were being observed by the company's electrician, William Sawyer, who was credited with a number of inventions that improved the telegraph. Sawyer spread the alarm that Maxim was going to blow the place up causing Schuyler to stop the research. Maxim prevailed, and some time after Sawyer was discharged by Schuyler for drunkenness. The use of gasoline in the bulb was a "real break through" and the eager inventor filed his patent application for "Electric Lamp" (light bulb); Patent #230,953 on October 4, 1878. In the accompanying patent specification letter he wrote:
It has been found extremely difficult in practice if not almost impossible, to remove or exclude all air from the globe by such means, and as is well known, the light giving part of the lamp deteriorates very rapidly if even a small amount of free oxygen comes into contact with it when it is highly heated.

My improvement consists in displacing the air contained in the transparent globe [bulb] with gasoline, and then expelling such liquid by heat and exhausting the globe, so as to leave in it a hydrocarbon vacuum. I have also devised an improved method of sealing the mouth of the globe.

Only two months later, on December 10th William Sawyer applied for a patent that used an oil in place of gasoline to build up the carbon on the filament in his light bulb. This resulted in a declaration of "interference" by Sawyer against Maxim and the U.S. Electric Light Company. The acceptance of Hiram's application was delayed by this fraudulent infringement claim.

Thomas Edison filed his competing application for a patent on November 4, 1879, almost a year after Maxim's. Edison's light bulb [Electric Lamp] patent was granted on January 27, 1880. The U.S. Electric Light Company's lawyers ultimately prevailed on behalf of Maxim, but it was not until March 1880 before the interference was withdrawn and his application processed. Unfortunately Maxim's original application date carried no weight in the patent process. According to Maxim, this "deprived me of a patent [priority] that was worth at least a million dollars a year."

Recalling this dark episode in his autobiography Maxim would not use Sawyer's name, as if to reduce the man to a "non person," but he did write that this evil man ended up in prison. A death notice for William Sawyer appeared in The New York Times on May 17, 1883. Sawyer had been convicted in March 1881 for committing an assault that resulted in his victim's death. He had been in poor health and died before starting his sentence.

While Maxim was embroiled in litigation he continued to conduct experiments with devices that produced electric light. Maxim noted there was a problem with the clamps used to connect the wires containing the current to the platinum filament. The problem was solved when he fashioned washers from platinum and carbon, the latter made from "blotting-paper" which he carbonized by exposing it to high heat. His washers "allowed the clamps to be screwed as tightly as may conveniently be done without injury to the parts." With this lamp Hiram fashioned the platinum filament to the shape of the letter "M" (for "Maxim), which was used in all future bulbs manufactured by the U.S. Electric Light Company.
He submitted an application on April 20, 1880 for the carbonized "washers" and three months later he received the washer patent on July 20, 1880.

It was to be a year and ten months before his original light bulb application was acted upon. He was granted Patent #230,953 on August 10, 1880 and also received Patent #230,954 for his Process for removing air from globes of Electric Lamps. 

The difficulty of giving credit for the invention lies in the fact that Edison and Maxim were not the only contenders for the "first" incandescent lamp. They were actually 29 years behind Joseph W. Swan, a British inventor who first began making light bulbs using carbonized paper filament. Light resulted when electricity was used to heat a thin strip of material (filament). Swan's 1860 British patent documents the first operational use of a glass encased filament in a vacuum. The light was only momentary, however, because he was unable to keep air from seeping into his vacuum bulb.

The problem in assessing the merits of the various patent claims for a workable incandescent lamp was to determine at what stage in its development had the invention become enough of a new thing to warrant recognition as the "first." When this cannot be done, as in this case, the collective patents of individual inventors become more or less community property.

On the strength of their own incandescent electric lamp patents, both Maxim and Edison founded electric light companies and started manufacturing light bulbs and developing the all important infrastructure needed to utilizes them. Maxim joined with Schuyler in the United States Electric Company which within a decade merged to become a part of Westinghouse. Edison's company went "big time" after he got his patent cleared, with backing from J. P. Morgan, to become General Electric.

In the fall of 1880 Hiram Maxim was the first to install electric lamps [light bulbs] in the vaults and reading rooms of the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company at 120 Broadway, in downtown New York.

At the same time, Edison, too, was moving forward with comparable developments, which today are publicly chronicled in greater detail. Amid the wealth of available "Edisoniana" is, nevertheless, clear recognition that Maxim, too, was moving forward. On one particular website is pictured the evidence, with Maxim's electric lamp shown and an explanation of its use. On the lamp as installed can be seen the letter "M" which Maxim was careful to see appeared on every lamp produced.
The New York Times published the following article on December 15, 1880 with the headline:

RECEPTION TO ACADEMY MEMBERS
Brilliant Assembly in Prof. Henry Draper's House —
Maxim's Electric Light

Prof. Henry Draper, of the University of the City of New York, gave a reception to the National Academy of Science, at his residence, No. 271 Madison-avenue last evening.

The guests included a great number of prominent citizens, as well as the prestigious members of the academy. Before dinner the host gave his guests a tour of his laboratory where they were dazzled to see for the first time a large room lit by eight light bulbs, each giving off the candle power of 80 candles. The reporter's description noted:

The lamps and the generating machine were examined very carefully last evening and the merits of the Maxim system were fully discussed beneath the glare of their lights. At about 10:30 an elegant supper was served to Prof. Draper's guests, Delmonico being the caterer. Wit and humor now circulated around the board, and the scientific reception was transformed into one of the most pleasurable social gatherings ever held in this city.
The professor revealed that within a few days Maxim would install lights in his home, making it the first private residence to be illuminated with electric lights.

Family ties with Wayne were maintained throughout this period. According to Hiram Percy, "As far back as my memory goes I was taken at irregular intervals to Wayne, Maine, where my father's parents had come to live." In the summer of 1879 Hiram arranged for his son to visit his parents for five weeks. The boy made the trip alone, with his father insisting he could find his way as long as he had "an English tongue" in his head. Percy traveled by boat from New York to Boston where he was met by family friends who put him on a train bound for Winthrop, Maine. His Uncle Sam met him at Winthrop and the little boy was given the pleasure of driving the horse, "and thus began nearly two months of unrestrained country life with my grandfather, grandmother, and Uncle Sam." Percy recalled the last visit he made with his father to Wayne (probably the summer of 1881) where he enjoyed the family group of the three brothers gathered around a kerosene lamp while Sam read aloud. He was never again to see his grandfather, Isaac Maxim, who died in 1883, or his grandmother, Harriet, who died in 1901.

By August of 1881 Hiram had married his second wife, Sarah Haynes, a young stately blonde who had been his secretary. She was a great help to him because she knew how to speak French and write shorthand. The newlyweds embarked on the S.S. Germanic to attend the Paris Electrical Exhibition. The U.S. Electric Light Company was exhibiting his light bulbs and electrical systems. One of his assignments was to examine every exhibit and describe it and report back to company headquarters in New York. He was also to examine and describe every electrical patent in the French Patent Office. Even with the assistance of two secretaries and two draftsmen the task proved rather long and tedious. As soon as he had completed this he was to move on to Brussels to examine the Belgian patents the same way. Hiram indicated that this study enabled his company to head off and defend itself against infringement suits against his U.S. patents. Perhaps this concentration on a technology he was already the master of was less challenging, leaving him ready to develop something new. Before leaving Paris for England he had made his first drawing of an automatic gun.

His capacity for developing and improving the systems needed by the new electric light technology was exemplified by an impressive 12 patents issued in 1880, 14 new patents for the year 1881, and in 1882 he was awarded 20 more patents.

Apparently by 1883 his interest had already shifted to research and development of an automatic gun. On June 26, 1883 he received his first
English patent for a "mechanism for facilitation of the action of magazine rifles and other fire-arms." A month later he obtained his patent for the "machine gun," and for the next three years he was issued 29 patents in connection with this new invention.

P. Fleury Mottelay, author of The Life and Work of Sir Hiram Maxim, published four years after Maxim's death in 1916, based his book on interviews given by Maxim which were recorded by a secretary:

In 1883 I began experimenting on the automatic gun, and, for it, I obtained my first English patent. It was dated June 26th of that year, No 3178. During the ensuing two years I patented every possible means through which the mechanism of a gun could be operated by energy derived from the burning powder.

Many years before, I had fired a Springfield rifle and I was surprised at the violence and the force of the 'Kick.' I conceived the idea that it would be possible to employ this energy to load and fire the arm. I had made designs as early as 1873, but the gun was not actually constructed and tested until some ten years later. Up to this time all guns, machine and others, had been operated by hand. The name of machine gun is applied to any gun which by means of some mechanism variously contrived, is enabled to send out a continuous fire of projectiles, either through 6 to 10 barrels, a single barrel or through a number of barrels whether arranged horizontally or about a central axis.

The Gatling machine gun, for instance, which was introduced in 1861 by Richard Jordan Gatling, had from 6 to 10 barrels which were set around a fixed axis and which were fired in turn when revolved into position. The cartridges were fed in from a hopper and the machine worked by turning a handle or crank. The Gardner gun constructed by Pratt Whitney & Company of Hartford, Connecticut, was similar to the Gatling, except that its 5 barrels were arranged in a row like the pipe organ. This gun was so popular during the American Civil War, but was actuated by a lever instead of a crank.

Until the forenamed date, 1883, no one had ever, to my knowledge, spent a single penny or made a single experiment in the attempt to evolve an automatic gun. In order to understand the subject, it may be said that an automatic gun is one in which all its functions of loading and firing are performed by energy derived from the burning powder.

I knew very well, while I was engaged on this early work, that others would very soon be trying to get around my patents. I had been [became] a patent expert in the United States, so I knew how to head off these would-be inventors.

These numerous patents of mine effectually prevented a great number of lawsuits that would have surely taken place, and I find that, notwithstanding
there are many kinds of automatic fire-arms today, there is not one that was not anticipated by my early patents.

Before the decade of the 1880s was over Hiram had mastered the mechanics of the machine gun, and turned to experimenting with his flying machine.

In the Wayne Historical Collection is a familiar photograph of the Maxim family gathered around Hiram while he is at the controls of his famous machine gun. This picture, as once supposed, was not taken during Maxim's visit during Wayne's Centennial Celebration because, as stated in the Lewiston Journal accounts, "Maxim had not been able to bring his gun because of British government regulations. He offered to show the audience something better than the gun in the form of about 300 lantern slides." Instead, it is likely that Hiram's presence in this country in the fall of 1890 allowed him the opportunity to visit Wayne with his machine gun.

From left to right: Hiram, his mother, brother Sam, and Hiram's wife

Town of Wayne Historical Collection

An article in The New York Times dated September 21, 1890 reported:

MR. MAXIM'S EXPERIMENTS
After nine years spent in gaining fame and fortune in Europe, Mr. Hiram S. Maxim, the inventor of the automatic gun and the smokeless powders which bear his name and who is now striving to solve the problem of aerial navigation, has returned to his native land.
On November 11 The New York Times covered Maxim's departure by publishing his letter to the editor:

FLYING MACHINE
MR. MAXIM'S EXPERIMENTS - HE THINKS
THE PROBLEM WILL BE SOLVED

As Considerable has been said lately through the American Press regarding my experiments in what the newspapers call "Flying Machines" I think it would be well before I sail to Europe to say exactly what I am doing.

He explains he has been studying the many phenomena about flight and he modestly predicts "within a few years someone, if not myself, somebody else will have developed ... a motor powered "Flying Machine."

In his autobiography My Life, written a short time before his death in 1916, and some 21 years after he had given up his experiments in aviation, Maxim reflected; "I was altogether too ambitious. Instead of starting out to build a machine about forty feet wide [wing span] the width that most of them have today [1915], my machine was no less than 105 feet wide." He claimed that the directors of his gun company asked him if he could make a flying-machine that would fly by its own "dynamic energy" without air balloons. He told them he thought it would take him at least five years of experimentation. It would need a lightweight and "quick running" internal combustion engine which at that time had not been developed.

With the support of investors Maxim leased 40 acres in England at Bexley Heath, the location called Baldwyn Park, and erected the first airplane hangar as a workshop and a place to house his flying machine. He was planning a large machine because he reasoned that it would be more stable, something that would have the capacity to carry armaments, instead of a light one-person glider-type craft. In order to test how various wing designs would react he developed a whirling arm apparatus, 200 feet in diameter, powered by steam that could rotate at 40 miles per hour. After considerable study he had decided to develop and use lightweight steam engines fueled with naphtha since these would produce a great deal of power for their weight. They were mounted on a platform that also supported Maxim, as operator of the controls, with two assistants and room for a visitor or two.

His concept of all metal construction represented the first use of hollow steel tube struts and wire to support the wings. Each engine ran its own propeller which was 17 feet 10 inches long. These were made by his own invention, of 10 layers of selected wood laminated with a "twist" shape
as are those still in use today. In his writing he referred to "screw thrust," to describe the speed required for the steam engines to rotate the propellers to produce lift-off. At age 52 he was also cautious, for he realized that he did not have the answer as to how the machine would react in free flight. He proceeded with the first step, as he saw it, with the need to establish that his apparatus could lift a weight off the ground. To do so in comparative safety, he built an 1,800-foot railway track and rigged an elaborate system of ropes to stop the machine, similar to catches used on aircraft carriers today. In a few experimental tries he determined that his machine had lifting power. He recalled giving the Prince of Wales, later to become King Edward VII, and an admiral a ride, where he had the "screw thrust" of the propellers turning at 2,000 pounds of steam and "the machine bounded forward with great rapidity. The admiral became frightened, and said 'slow up,' but the Prince retorted, 'Let her go for all she's worth,' and I did."

In his book *British Aviation, The Pioneer Years* Harold Penrose describes Maxim's Flying Machine's last flight, "On Friday July 5, 1894 Maxim had invited a large party of scientific men to witness the trial." Everything went well until the third run. When the machine was running down the tracks and had obtained the speed of 42 miles per hour an axle broke, which allowed the machine to become free of its upper retaining tracks and float in the air. Maxim reported it felt like being in a boat. Luckily for those riding on the machine's platform, a propeller was broken by a flying piece of planking which caused the plane to settle to the ground. Its wheels had sunk into the soft ground, without leaving any other marks. This proved that the machine had not run along on the grass before coming to a stop.

It was a triumph for Maxim because he and his crew had flown 600 feet, but it was also a disaster because his investors had expected immediate results. They had unrealistic expectations of free-flight, and not understanding what Maxim had accomplished, withdrew their support. Maxim had also lost a large sum of his own money in the venture. The lease for the park had expired and he was faced with the prospect of starting all over again. At the end of his account on flight he wrote again that he had "rather overdone it at Baldwyn Park." He admitted that "petrol motors" would have been preferred over steam engines because it would be impossible to carry enough water aloft to sustain an extended flight. Penrose suggested that Maxim's plane "must have been a breath-taking sight standing on the track with white wings rocking to the hissing impulse of the engines as the huge propellers slowly fanned."

Four years later on August 3, 1898 a *New York Times* article announced that "Mr. and Mrs. Maxim have just arrived via boat from London, Eng-
land," and it quoted Hiram as saying he was going to visit his old mother in Wayne, Maine. Details of that visit were covered in a Wayne Historical Society Research Paper dated March 2005 titled "Lost History Emerges of Wayne's Centennial Celebration." For Wayne, the first inkling that Maxim had made such a visit came about when an August 17, 1898 issue of the Boston Globe was discovered during Wayne's Bicentennial year in 1998. There on its front page was the headline "CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF WAYNE, ME. The World Famous Maxim Brothers Will Return to Old Home to Take Part."

The accompanying story announced that the little town was on the eve of celebrating its Centennial and that both Maxim brothers would be present. Hiram, the more famous, inventor of the Maxim Machine Gun, and the more recent builder of a flying machine, was coming from England. Hudson, the younger of the two by thirteen years, inventor of a "dynamite gun," was coming from New York. The committee for arrangements had learned that the brothers were "at odds" and there was concern what the celebrities would do. But the festivities went on with the two brothers avoiding each other.

Later that fall Hiram's scandalous indiscretions of the past caught up with him. A virtually unknown story of Maxim's "double life" was revealed by Arthur Hawkey in his book An Intimate Biography, The Amazing Hiram Maxim. The author researched the Poughkeepsie newspapers and learned that on October 7, 1898 Maxim, while staying in a Manhattan hotel, was arrested and charged with bigamy and desertion. The trial took place in Poughkeepsie, New York where the accuser, Helen Leighton, had lived for twelve years. In an affidavit she claimed that Hiram S. Maxim had married her in 1878 and left her in 1881. She alleged that she had a child by Mr. Maxim, named Romaine, born April 26, 1879 who was still living. She was bringing the suit after all these years because Mr. Maxim had been a resident of London, England and away from the jurisdiction of the New York courts. She swore that when Hiram Maxim married her in 1878 he was knowingly committing bigamy. At the conclusion of the trial it was alleged that Maxim had given a settlement of $25,000 out of court. Before everyone left the courtroom it was observed that a Miss Dennison came forward and kissed Helen Leighton. So the question remained: Was this a case of a "wayward woman" trying to get money from a rich man, or was her remarkable story true and that Maxim had schemed a fake marriage to take advantage and then desert her?

His mother, Harriet Stevens Maxim, born on May 18, 1815 died in 1901 at the age of 86. That same year King Edward VII conferred the hon-
or of Knighthood on Hiram Stevens Maxim. At the time they called him "The English Edison."

Sir Hiram Maxim was 76 years old when he died of pneumonia on November 24, 1916. He is buried at a cemetery in West Norwood, England. According to Hawkey, Maxim left Mrs. Romaine Dennison a legacy of 4,000 pounds.

Ultimately, this self-proclaimed son of Wayne would have the astonishing number of 104 as the grand total of U.S. Patents issued to him. Suffice to say, during his life Hiram made up for his earlier failure to protect his inventions. A European Patent Office Database Lists 75 patents credited to his name. These are only a part of the 149 total patents known to have been issued to Maxim by the U.K.

While Thomas Alva Edison is a name recognized around the world, Hiram Stevens Maxim's is a good deal less so. Beyond their rival claims as the inventor of the electric light, their paths diverged. But clearly they were of comparable genius. And for Wayne, Hiram Maxim's hometown, is the added fascination of a genius marked by all the quirks and contradictions that marked his life and career, and which at the time gave the town a rare degree of public fame and notoriety.

Note: Grateful thanks are owed to George E. Ault for assistance with internet website research and access to The New York Times Archive Files.
ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1983 I was working for the U.S. Postal Service as Rural Mail Carrier delivering mail to Wayne and Fayette families. The volume of mail that day was normal, the roads were clear so I was maintaining my schedule. I was on the Watson Heights Road which cuts off to the north from Route 17, in Fayette. It was a very rural area, where there were but a few houses spread among undeveloped woodland. I rarely encountered cars or people because most of my postal customers were working. We had experienced some snow squalls which were causing the road to become a little bit slippery. I had just served the Wilcox mail box half way up the hill for which the Watson "heights" receives its name. I chanced to encounter an individual in an automobile as it came into view at the crest of the hill. The driver's attempt to slow the car caused it to skid onto the shoulder. He was lucky because the ditch was shallow here and he was able to get his vehicle back on the pavement. As he proceeded to drive past me, I wondered who he was since I did not recognize the car or driver. I also realized that we had been lucky because just a few seconds difference in timing and we would have collided head on. To my amazement, as the man slowly drove by my car, he stared straight ahead. He made no attempt to give any gesture of communication which drivers typically do and the nature of this incident called for. I recall thinking "that's a real cool one" as I watched the car descend the hill in my rear view mirror. When his car got to the base of the hill he sped off.

On Friday, the following morning, my postmaster, Dan Mancini informed me that Judith Flagg, one of my Fayette postal customers had been murdered. My first thoughts were; I wonder about the driver who skidded off the road, because the Flagg house was about a half mile beyond where this incident had occurred. The time of the encounter was around 11:30 A.M. so I dismissed this first uneasy thought, assuming most murders happen at night and therefore the incident was unlikely to be related. I was, however, most curious to learn the time of the murder, for I realized it might provide the answer to my concerns. As I proceeded with deliveries along my route some Fayette customers met me at their boxes expressing how upset and insecure they felt. They had heard many rumors about the killer and were anxious to have the case solved. It was believed to have
been the first homicide in Fayette's history. They told me that Mrs. Flagg had been found dead when her husband returned home late from working a double shift the previous night. In order to try to keep to my schedule I had to hurry on with my work and I kept my thoughts to myself.

I arrived at the Flagg's house around noon and the police were there in force. There were many police cars, a large number of uniformed police, with lots of cameras and equipment combing the area about the house, yellow police tape everywhere, and a large crime-lab van just like we see on TV crime dramas.

The Flaggs had a very attractive swinging mail box at the end of their driveway. It hung from two chains attached to supports and a post made of white birch. Their name was displayed "Ted--Judy Flagg" with their address number "1820" on a cute sign attached between the chains above the box. The authorities had not cordoned off this area. The Flaggs had mail so I proceeded to fill the box. I felt very apprehensive and could not help wondering whether the Thursday morning driver could have any connection with this scene. It was a chilling thought so I drove my car beyond all activity about the house to where a lone officer was walking a beautiful German Shepherd dog on a leash. I stopped my car and informed the officer of the close encounter I had with a stranger whose car skidded off the road to avoid hitting me. I was told that detectives would want to
interview me and asked if I would be at the Wayne Post Office at 4 P.M. His request sounded routine and conveyed no significance to my account.

At this interview I recalled that the car was maroon with a tan vinyl top, two doors, and had a heavy chromium grille. It was in good condition, not old, and not new. I could not recall any numbers on the license plate, but if it had an out-of-state plate, I would have noticed that. I had no knowledge of what make or model the car was. I thought the man was in his early twenties, had neat straight light brown hair that fell in a sweep over the left side of his face, what I called a "boy cut," just below his ears. He wore a camel tan topcoat or jacket and had a light gray plaid wool scarf wrapped around his neck, crossed and tucked under the lapels. While the detective divulged no details of their investigation I gained the impression my encounter did have significance.

While I was preparing supper I tuned in TV Channel 13, 6 P.M. news and there it was - the "Judith Flagg Story." I watched dismayed. There in "living color" was my little lime green VW Rabbit with me very visible through the windshield approaching and putting mail into the Flagg's box. If that was not enough, the subsequent scene showed me in the very act of telling the officer about the incident. If I had indeed encountered the suspect and he had viewed the same news program, if he made any connection, was I in danger? At this point I tried to control my anxiety, in spite of the fact that this strange twist of events reminded me of something Alfred Hitchcock might produce.

Saturday, January 8th: I was very anxious, but I still had no indication or information that my encounter with the stranger had any connection with the murder. My husband was also sufficiently concerned to follow in his car while I delivered mail in the remote areas of Fayette. At home that night I had the opportunity to read what the Kennebec Journal headlined under the caption "Fayette Woman Found Murdered." Reporter Allan Rosenberg had interviewed Judith's husband, Theodore Flagg, by telephone on Friday afternoon. He wrote that Flagg who had started his work at James River Paper Mill in Chisholm at 7 A.M., returned home about 11 P.M. after working a double shift. He found his wife stabbed to death in their kitchen, and year-old son, Chad, unharmed. An autopsy performed Friday confirmed that Judith Flagg died as a result of multiple stab wounds to her back and chest. The police had not established any motive, no arrest had been made, no weapon had been found, and nothing had been taken from the house. They did not indicate the time death had occurred or whether the victim had been sexually assaulted. Rosenberg quoted Flagg as saying:
I came into the house and found my little boy curled up on my wife, cuddling her. He had been crying and he looked like he had been asleep. He was covered with blood. He had nothing to eat all day, the fire was out, and the house was getting cold. I turned on the light and he came running to me gibber-jabbering and dug his little fingernails in me hugging and squeezing. She was cold, rigor mortis had set in, her body was stiff. Automatically I thought it was an accident. It couldn't be a suicide. We had too much to live for. She just turned 23 last week. December 7th, she was born as a Christian. We've never been any happier in our lives, not even when the baby was born. I have no idea who could have done this or why. We had no enemies. I'm easy-going, she's easy-going. She couldn't kill a fly or spider. I never even stepped on anybody's toes.

At about 6 P.M. that evening Sgt. Ralph Pinkham visited my home. He informed me Judy's death occurred around 11:00 A.M. and they had every reason to believe that I had seen the suspect making his get-away. I reported to him that a film taken while I was serving the Flagg's mail box Friday morning had appeared on Channel 13. He assured me I had nothing to fear, and in another comment he told me about the lack of clues as to a motive and how they can't be sure of anything (reassuring?). He asked for my assistance and naturally I was more then willing to help. The police had set up a temporary command post at the Fayette Elementary School where on Saturday they interviewed any and every person who thought they had seen something suspicious. Officer Pinkham asked me if I would meet with detectives at the school on Sunday at 10 A.M. to help compose a description of the individual I had seen the morning of the murder.

Sunday, January 9th: I reported at 10 A.M. at the command post. I soon learned investigators wanted me to attempt to help the police develop a composite likeness of the young man I had encountered. The officer used what they called an "Identi-Kit" to help me translate my visual memory of the man I saw into an image. The kit contained clear plastic overlay sheets of differently shaped noses, chins, eyes, and lips etc. and different types and styles of hair, By using these face parts they developed a picture of a face that most resembled the individual I had seen. It was a tricky process and after about three hours we had a composite that may have been of some value to the investigation. Between 2 and 5 P.M. a detective drove me repeatedly through the streets of Livermore Falls and past the funeral home where they were conducting Visitation Services for Judith Flagg. The police were anxious to establish the make and the model of the "escape vehicle." It was hoped the suspect's curiosity might cause him to appear or perhaps
the car that he drove might be spotted. It was also possible that I might recognize a car similar to the suspect's.

Monday January 11th: That morning when I arrived at the Wayne Post Office I reported to my postmaster what had transpired and that I felt great personal danger while delivering mail in the remote areas of Fayette. He immediately tried to contact the Postal Inspection Service in Portland. I had arranged for my substitute to cover the route for the day, because the police had asked me to go in disguise to Judith's funeral that afternoon in Livermore Falls. They explained that sometimes individuals who commit such crimes are so warped in their minds that they will show up or they will attend in the belief that it would free them of any suspicion. My plain-clothes escort, detective Richard Reitchel, placed me in a location where I could see every person who came through the entry of the church. I was not recognized nor did I see anyone who might have been the suspect.

Later that afternoon I returned to the post office to learn that Mr. Mancini had just received a phone call from an official in the Postal Inspectors Office in Boston who said "it was up to the Maine State Police to protect Mrs. Ault if they felt it necessary" They advised that I should request administrative leave through the Maine Regional Postal Manager's Office in Portland. He than proceeded to place phone calls to consult with the manager. His decision was there were no "Postal Regulations" which allowed for the payment of administrative leave under such conditions since there was no physical or verbal threat made to my safety and he advised that I should take annual vacation leave or leave without pay. I was stunned by the aloof attitude of management, but I applied for leave without pay for my own safety.

Tuesday, January 12th: Somewhere in the vast organization of the Postal "system" someone was having second thoughts about my safety. I had a phone call from Maine's Postal Inspector Martin Davis. After hearing my story, he told me the inspection service did not investigate murder cases but he would consult with the police and try to assess what possible danger I might be in. He proposed to meet me in Fayette the next day and accompany me while I made deliveries through the remote areas.

Wednesday, January 13th: I met Mr. Davis as planned and he accompanied me, slouching down so as not to be noticed, as I served the mail boxes. He was very candid when he told me that he would not want his wife out there alone delivering mail under my circumstances, since the area was so isolated. In his consultation with the police they had remained very non-committal and did not disclose anything that caused him to believe they were getting anywhere in their investigation. He advised that I work
through the Rural Carriers Union Organization to address my problem about leave without pay.

That night I phoned the Maine Rural Carriers State Steward and in turn an appeal was made to the Maine Congressional Delegation. Before the end of the week I had been granted time off with pay (administrative leave) for two weeks while the potential danger diminished with the passage of time.

Sunday, January 16th: the Maine Sunday Telegram devoted a full page to this Judith Flagg story titled "The Aftermath of Murder," by staff writer John Lovell. The page featured a large picture of the Flagg's house; in the foreground was a swinging mailbox with the couple's names displayed as described previously. In the background was their attractive little bungalow where the murder had occurred. At some point during the investigation it was believed that the Flagg's name appearing on the mail box had aided a "stalker" to determine exactly where his victim lived. This caused the postal service to mount a public relations campaign warning people to remove their names from their mail boxes. A second feature on the page was a picture of Ted Flagg, and a third was a recent snapshot of Judith with her son Chad. Lovell disclosed new information about the phone conversations the victim was having that morning. Judith was on the phone talking with her sister and had just related that earlier that morning she had received a phone call from a friend of Ted's who asked if he was home:

She had asked him if he wanted to leave his name. 'No', the man had said. 'I'm an old friend of Ted's. I want to surprise him.' Mrs. Flagg's conversation with her sister was interrupted by a knock on the kitchen door. 'It's that friend of Ted's' she conjectured to her sister before hanging up. Had the visitor been someone she had known, Flagg believes, she would have mentioned his name to her sister. The man at the door said he was having car trouble. She unlocked it and let him in.

Mrs. Flagg was an almost instinctively helpful and friendly woman, and she immediately telephoned her brother, an auto mechanic, for suggestions. But the man at the door said he had already tried everything her brother could think of. Her brother hung up, and moments later, feeling challenged, called back with an offer to drive over and get the man's car running. 'No,' she said. The man told her, he said not to bother. It was the last conversation Judith Flagg had with anyone except her killer.

Death came sometime between late morning and early afternoon, as the autopsy later determined. Someone with a knife cornered her in a tiny room, 'the baby's room,' Flagg called it, off the end of the little kitchen. There was a struggle: The baby's dressing table was tipped over and a mirror was knocked off the wall. The killer stabbed Mrs. Flagg in the chest, and as she turned away, he stabbed
her in the back. He left her slumped in a corner where her blood pooled into the carpet.

But Judy Flagg was still alive. She crawled or staggered through the kitchen to the telephone on the wall about 15 feet away at the dining room doorway. She lifted the receiver off the hook, and then she collapsed to the floor, the telephone gripped in her hand, and that is where she died.

Lovell continues his article by describing the same sequence of Mr. Flagg's discovery of his wife's body that had been reported the previous Saturday, January 8th, in the Kennebec Journal. Apparently Mr. Flagg was "stunned" and initially believed there must have been a terrible accident. He ran to the basement phone and called his father-in-law and several other relatives. Some time passed before the police were notified of the situation, shortly before midnight, by a call from Fayette's volunteer rescue service.

It was later rumored that all this activity at the scene of the crime had compromised the authorities' investigation.

In late January I returned to my job. I still felt uneasy and had perhaps an unrealistic sense that I was being stalked by the suspect. To carry a concealed firearm requires more than just being in a threatening situation. It requires a permit which was only obtained after completion of a course in its use and passing a test. The law allows sportsmen to carry exposed hunting guns in their vehicles. My brother-in-law had just such a gun and he taught me how to use it. I carried it semi concealed between the front seats of my VW Rabbit alongside the hand brake. I don't know if anyone ever saw it there. One thing I was real sure of was that it was not according to "Postal Regulations."

Sometime during March the police asked if I would submit to being hypnotized to discover if I might be able to recall some of the license plate numbers of the vehicle that the suspect had been driving. A forensic hypnotist was sent from Boston. He commenced the session by telling me to concentrate on a large shiny crystal which he swung back and forth from a chain. I believe as I write the following that I remember exactly what he said to me and what I told him. He asked me to describe my delivery of the mail on the Watson Heights Road the morning of the Flagg murder beginning a few boxes before the Wilcox box. I told of serving box #1780, box #1790, and I have just served box #1800 when a car appears at the top of the hill. It has a heavy chromium grille, it skids into the ditch, the driver gets the car back on the road, starts slowly down the hill, passes so close I could have touched him if our windows were open, he stares straight ahead, and speeds off at the foot of the hill. Of the experience I could not really
tell if I had actually been hypnotized. Perhaps I am one of those people who cannot be hypnotized. There were no comments made by any of the officials present. But the end result was that I had no subconscious memory of the numbers on the license plate.

On June 11, 1983 the Kennebec Journal published an article titled “No New Leads In Fayette Case,” in which the reporter picked up on a remark made by Eugene E. Pierce, commander of state police investigators. While acknowledging that the unsolved case was frustrating he added, "the recent apprehension of a suspect in a Portland murder case boosted the morale of investigators working on the Flagg case." At this date a reward fund set up by Judith's friends and neighbors had grown to $3,700.

During the ensuing years the rumors were that the suspect was in prison at Thomaston serving time as a result of a conviction for a similar crime he committed in Portland. It was saving the Maine taxpayer's money by not taking Judith Flagg's murder case to trial.

On Friday, September 8, 2006 at 8:45 in the morning I walked up the steps of the commanding old granite Kennebec County Court House and stepped into a long dimly lit central hall. From here I passed through a maze of corridors into a large impressive courtroom, then another corridor where a policewoman sat at a desk guarding the hearing room for the Grand Jury. She informed me that I would be called when it was my turn and directed me to take a seat in an adjoining hallway that accommodated only five chairs. I sat down and after waiting for several minutes; the policewoman suggested that I might go out onto the balcony where the other witnesses were waiting. There were perhaps a dozen people sitting in old style wooden folding chairs. I thought I recognized one of the men as being Ted Flagg. They all seemed to know each other -- perhaps they are family -- and they are conversing in soft tones. It was an experience I could never have dreamed of that I would be sitting on a balcony high above the entrance to this historic old court house watching the traffic going by below on State Street. I studied the beauty of this granite structure and realized I knew little about its history. We waited and waited and periodically a clerk would appear and conduct a witness to the grand jury room. As time passed and the number of people waiting was reduced, Ted Flagg introduced himself and his second wife. He recognized me as the "Mail Lady" and thanked me for coming. An attractive young woman came forward and introduced herself as Judith's sister. I ended up being the last witness.

I entered the rather crowded jury room with people sitting along all four walls. There was just enough room in the center for a large conference table covered with papers, files and lap-top computers. I assumed the
individuals seated here were the attorney general's staff of lawyers and court recorders. I was sworn in and told to be seated. One of the lawyers asked me a few introductory questions and then asked me to describe what I remembered about the morning of January 6, 1983. As I was testifying different people in the room interrupted with their question. For example, when I said "snow squalls" one person asked no one in particular "Don't we have the weather reports for that day?" As I was describing the wool scarf being wrapped around the suspect's neck, someone asked, "Was it that cold?" I became aware during my testimony that the people present were most attentive and seemed eager to hear what I had to say. The lawyer thanked me for testifying and I was excused. At last I had told the story that I had guarded for 24 years and it was contributing to bringing Judith Flagg's murderer to justice. It was a wonderful feeling. The policewoman behind the desk informed me she would phone me and report when the grand jury reached a decision. I received the call later that afternoon: "The Grand Jury indicted Thomas Mitchell, Jr. for the January 6, 1983 murder of Judith Flagg."

The Kennebec Journal on September 29, 2006 ran an article titled, "Cold Case," which revealed that "Thomas Mitchell, 49, had been indicted by the grand jury Sept. 8 on a charge of [having] intentionally or knowingly murdered [Judith] Flagg 23 years ago." Mitchell and his attorney Jim Strong appeared to answer the charge, but his attorney declined to enter a plea. Deputy Attorney General William Stokes was quoted as saying "This case has always been under investigation. There are advances in technology which we use on a regular basis with respect to previously unsolved cases. We will be asking for no bail and in this particular case, that is a moot point for now."

According to the article Mitchell was serving a 20-year sentence for raping and trying to kill a 17-year-old South Portland girl and was scheduled to be released February 7, 2007. The Flaggs had purchased their home from Mitchell's father and the suspect had visited the house at least once in 1982.

I did not receive any communication from the Attorney General's Office until January 4, 2007 when I received a phone call from Assistant Attorney General Fernand LaRochelle. He informed me that Thomas Mitchell was due to be released from prison on January 22nd and had petitioned the Court for a bail hearing to grant him freedom pending his trial. LaRochelle explained that even though it was almost assured that Mitchell would not be granted bail, the law entitles him to a hearing. He asked me to report to Kennebec County Court House at 8:30 A.M. on
January 18th because "We need you to identify the composite of Mitchell for the judge."

On January 18th I reported to the Court House. A clerk conducted me to the witness waiting room. There was a neatly dressed gentleman, sitting at the table holding a cane. He appeared to be in his 60s, had strong facial features, and was completely bald. We exchange polite greetings and I sat down to read my book. The clerk then appeared with a very pleasant looking lady with snow white hair who I guessed to be in her early 80s. She was wearing a good looking black velvet pants suit. She removed her coat, sat down and looked toward me, saying "Don't I know you?" I said that I did not recognize her. She informed me that she once lived in Wayne and was Thomas Mitchell's second wife. Chatting cheerfully she stated that she had not seen Tom, Jr. since Tom, Sr.'s funeral. She was so glad that Tom, Sr. was dead and that he never had to know all about what his son had done for it would have broken his heart. She then directed her conversation toward the gentleman; it appeared they knew each other. She said, "It's (so & so's) fault he (Tom, Jr.) was the way he was, you know, they did not want him to be with his father. Tom was a very good looking young man, tall neat appearing and always used good manners. I think it was because of his good looks and actions during that first rape trial that caused the jury to believe his side of the story. They were led to believe his side because of her questionable behavior. When the verdict was announced and Tom was sentenced to two years in jail. She (I thought she meant Tom's mother) screamed and carried on so that she had to be carried out." I began to feel uncomfortable because I believed we witnesses should not be discussing such things. I questioned, "Should we be talking about this?" The man then introduced himself as James Roche, retired detective of the Portland Police Department. He explained with some authority that, "We are not to discuss this present case being heard today, or Mitchell's up-coming trial but, believe me, what we are talking about will not be included, nor will Tom's 'third rape with attempted murder' conviction. As far as the jury being informed of this history it will be as if it never happened. Oh, what I could tell them about Tommy Mitchell!" The door opened and it was the clerk who told me I was wanted in the court room.

I followed the clerk and entered through a door at the further end of the big Court Room. It seemed like a mile from this point to the witness chair. The witness stand where I sat was on the judge's immediate right. Thomas Mitchell was seated at a desk in front of and to the far left of the long elevated judge's bench which obstructed my view of him. Judge Nancy
Mills asked me to state and spell my name and where I lived. Then I stood and was sworn in.

Prosecutor LaRochelle asked me to tell the Court where I was on the morning of January 7, 1983 and to detail what happened. I gave the same testimony that I had given to the Grand Jury on September 8, 2006. He then showed me a photocopy of the composite picture of Mitchell I had constructed 24 years before and asked me to identify it. LaRochelle had not informed me that I might be cross-examined, so in my ignorance of Bail Hearing procedure I was caught off guard by what was to follow.

Mitchell's attorney, James Strong, began by asking: "Did you see and read the police reports of their interviews with you?"

"Yes."

Strong: "Did you notice anything wrong or anything you disagreed with in those reports?"

"No."

Strong: "You were with the detectives a lot. Approximately how many times were you with them?"

I am thinking to myself: It's been 24 years; I can't give a number. What is he driving at? Is he trying to imply that a "familiar relationship" might indicate that the detectives were so anxious to solve the case they had given me clues? I attempted to provide an answer by using my fingers to count: "Like?" - "Friday, at the Flagg house when I told the officer about the vehicle and the interview later at the post office. That weekend the police had set up a command post at Fayette Elementary School and I went there to help make a composite."

Strong interrupted: "What was that like? Did they draw pictures?"

I explained: "The composite was made by the use of transparent cards on which noses, chins, and different facial features are chosen and they superimposed -"they?" Strong interrupted - "No! I chose the facial parts from the plastic cards that resembled what I remembered of the person I saw the morning of January 7, 1983 and these were superimposed."

Strong interrupted: "What color was the trunk?"

I was very puzzled by his question. Why would he ask me the color of the trunk? What was he suggesting? What was wrong with the trunk? Was it smashed in or something? What should I have noticed? Was it snow covered? I can't say that. I don't know, I can't even remember if the hood had snow on it. Was snow sticking? I can't say. It was 24 years ago. I turned my head toward the judge and softly said "The car had a tan vinyl top and maroon bottom." That ended the cross-examination.
LaRochelle excused me, telling me I was free to go, but if I wished I could stay for the remainder of the proceedings.

As I left the witness chair and walked to the back of the room I got a "second good look" at Thomas Mitchell - it had taken 24 years. He was now 49 years old, considerably heavier than the young man I remembered. He sat at the defendant's desk, slouched into his overweight body. He was looking at me by peering over his large light-brown rimmed glasses which were perched half-way down his nose. I wondered; was my testimony a revelation to him? The fact that Mitchell's crew-cut hair was not gray as pictured in a January 19th Kennebec Journal was a surprise. He was dressed in a jail-house orange uniform; his hands were cuffed to the black belt which was about his waist. After I sat down in the public area benches I was able to see him from the back. I noted his hair was still the light brown color of my memory and I could see the leg shackles attached to a heavy chain between his feet.

Among the two dozen or so people in the visitors section of the court room I recognized some Flagg family members, including Theodore Flagg.

The next witness was James Roche, the retired detective sergeant with the South Portland Police whom I had met and talked with in the witness room. The first question Prosecutor LaRochelle asked him was: "Do you know the suspect Thomas Mitchell?"

Roche replied emphatically: "Well!"

LaRochelle: "Tell the Court where you were the morning of January 6, 1983."

Roche: "I was on the Franklin Arterial driving my wife to an 8:30 appointment. I noticed a Ford Thunderbird and recognized the driver and remarked to my wife, 'That's Tommy Mitchell.' He was heading north toward Brunswick."

LaRochelle: "What color was the car he was driving?"

Roche: "Green with a tan vinyl top." I was dismayed. How could that be? What happened? Did Mitchell steal the car I saw? It sure did not resemble the Ford Thunderbird car that I recalled from the 1950's.

LaRochelle: "Do you remember anything unusual about the car?"

Roche: "Yes, the driver's side was covered in dark primer paint" Primer paint used on metal automobile surfaces being repaired was typically either gray or dark maroon.

Wow! I say to myself Strong was hoping to get me to say the trunk was maroon in color and if I had answered "maroon" he might have been able to discredit me as a witness. On the other hand if I had originally seen a maroon-sided car with a green trunk, I certainly would have said so. With
that type of description it could have been almost as important as license plate numbers in identifying the suspect. I wondered if this bail hearing had been the actual trial, might Mr. Strong have better served his client not to draw attention to my testimony.

Roche further testified that in the course of investigating another case, the size of Mitchell's shoe was needed. To obtain a shoe "footprint" a special paper was laid down in a passageway that Tom would be walking through. The resulting print was a close match to a cast made of a footprint found in the snow at the kitchen door of the Flagg home on the morning following the murder. With this evidence, "we were able to obtain a search warrant to seize Mitchell's size 10 shoes."

LaRochelle: "While you were searching his apartment did you notice any kind of tan coat?"

Roche: "Yes, a suede coat, I believe."

LaRochelle: "This was the kind of coat that would have been worn when?"

Roche: "Fall, winter, spring"

Next, Mrs. Mitchell was called to testify. She told the Court she was Thomas Mitchell, Sr.'s second wife. They were living in Wayne when Thomas, Sr. had a stroke and they decided their Wayne house was too big for them to care for. So they moved to the house in Fayette where they lived for about three years before Tom, Sr. died. Mrs. Mitchell added, "I never stayed there after Tom died. I went to my daughter's in Livermore Falls, because it was too isolated in Fayette."

LaRochelle: "While you lived at the Flagg house what door did you commonly use?"

Mrs. Mitchell answered: "The kitchen door."

LaRochelle: "Did Thomas, Jr. ever visit you while you lived in Fayette?"

Mrs. Mitchell answered: "No"

LaRochelle: "Will you explain to the Court the circumstances of Tom Jr.'s eventual visit to the Flagg house?"

Mrs. Mitchell: "Tom had been asking me if he could have some of the things which he had made and sent to his father while he was in prison, like a lamp, chest, and some of his clothes. They were among some of his father's things that I had not had time to move out. I told [a name, possibly her realtor?] to take Tom over there so he could retrieve his things. That is where Tom met Ted and he saw Judith there."

Mrs. Mitchell was followed on the witness stand by Alicia Wilcox, a Forensic Chemist with the Maine State Crime Lab, who is an expert in analyses of fingerprints and mold castings. She had examined the mold
casting made from a footprint found in the snow at the kitchen door of the Flagg's house on January 7, 1983, the morning after the murder. The 24-year-old cast was contained in its original crime-lab box but found broken into a dozen or more pieces. The casting was very thin and fragile, but Wilcox was able to reassemble it.

Defense Attorney, James Strong, asked in his cross-examination, "Is it possible that while you were trying to reassemble the mold you might inadvertently alter it?"

Wilcox: "The edges of the pieces being assembled are studied under an electron microscope to ensure accuracy."

She explained that once the mold was reconstructed it was photographed and this was transposed onto a mylar sheet (transparent plastic) and this was placed over the snow photograph of the footprint. They were the same size. By comparing the tread pattern imprinted on the cast, she was able to match it to the tread found on Mitchell's left loafer.

Brandi Caron, a second State Crime Lab Forensic Chemist, was sworn in. She testified that she opened the original package which contained two evidence specimen boxes. Both had been stamped with FBI labels. She added that these boxes were in typical use 25 years ago. One box contained a stoppered test tube which held a specimen swab with only 1/4 of its stick intact. Another specimen box contained fingernail clippings taken from the victim during the January 8, 1983 autopsy. Upon examination she discovered that the specimens had deposits of semen, blood, and epithelial tissue which contained DNA. One of the nail clippings had a microscopic crack in it that contained a gray wool fiber. She then indicated that she had turned over the specimens to Catherine Macmillan to be analyzed.

During cross-examination, Strong asked in detail about how the evidence was packaged and questioned whether the specimens could have been exposed to contamination. Caron detailed the procedures she used to prevent such an occurrence.

Strong's last questions was, "Could you account for where these specimens have been for the last 24 years and why did it take so long to test them?"

Caron responded by telling him that analysts lacked the sophisticated methods in 1983 now used to test for DNA.

The Maine State Police Crime Lab's third expert witness was Catherine Macmillan, a forensic DNA analyst with an impressive résumé. She had retired from service with the Royal Mounted Police of Canada after 15 years as head of the Saskatchewan Province Forensic DNA Laboratories. Then she moved to Maine and in 2001 began to work for the Maine State
Police. She had availed herself of every opportunity to take DNA-related courses, some with the FBI Laboratories in Washington DC, to keep abreast of the latest developments in the field.

Macmillan testified that she found Mitchell's DNA last year on clippings taken from Judith Flagg's fingernails by the medical examiner during the January 8, 1983 autopsy.

She outlined the basic procedures: "We analyze biological evidence taken from the crime scene to find the presence of distinctive patterns called markers/sequences. In this case DNA samples taken from Judith's fingernail clippings were compared with a specimen taken from Mitchell that I had also analyzed for distinctive markers. The specimens matched using five different DNA sequences. The greater the number of matching sequences increases the odds that there would be someone else with the same DNA profile exceedingly slim."

She also analyzed the specimens using "STR Analysis Technique" that takes DNA from the nucleus inside the cell; this standard is used by the FBI at present. She said she used five DNA pieces and found they all matched. With five matches prosecutors and a jury can be very confident that the right person, in this case "Mitchell," has been identified. The odds that two individuals will have the same nuclear DNA profiles are about one in one billion.

I observed that Mitchell cringed when Macmillan stated that her DNA analyses proved that he, the accused, was the right person.

Strong: "Is there not a question that the evidence may have deteriorated over all these years?"

Macmillan: "DNA samples degrade, yes, but they don't change!"

At this point Judge Nancy Mills declared a short recess. When she returned to the bench she found probable cause that Mitchell committed murder and that under the Law's Harnish Ruling she was allowed to take into consideration Mitchell's prior conviction for kidnapping with gross sexual assault and attempted murder. She ruled that Thomas Mitchell, Jr. be held without bail.

As the courtroom cleared, the witnesses and Flagg family members were gathered into the waiting room for a Q&A with Assistant Attorney General LaRochelle. He explained that the Court would have to allow Mitchell's attorneys time to prepare their defense, so the earliest date the trial could occur would be September 2007. In response to family member pleas that Mitchell never be allowed his freedom, La Rochelle promised they would do their very best, but cautioned, "All it would take is just one juror who was 'not convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt' and Mitchell
would be a free man." Someone mentioned, "I hope Strong is no Johnny Corcoran (a reference to the earlier O. J. Simpson trial)."

I was puzzled by the conversation that had taken place between the retired detective, Mr. Roche, and Mrs. Mitchell before I had been called into the courtroom to testify. Of particular interest was her comment about how Tom's "good looks" and pleasing demeanor had helped him beat the charge of rape in the "first trial." The rumor that had circulated around Fayette sometime after Judith's murder was that Mitchell had been released from jail a few months before he committed that crime. I decided to write the Cumberland County Courthouse to learn how a private person might gain access to transcripts of the trial. I was informed that because the trial had occurred more than twenty-five years previously the records would be found at the Maine State Archives in Augusta.

At the Archives is the 650-page record of the court proceedings which begins by stating that at the Cumberland County Court House, on May 30, 1978, Thomas Mitchell, Jr. had been indicted by the grand jury and was charged with three Counts - Gross Sexual Misconduct, Rape, and Kidnapping.

The trial opened with the testimony of the victim, Diane Travis. She began by telling the jury that on the afternoon of March 2, 1977 she, and her best friend Eleanor Gulliam, decided to hitchhike to Kittery to visit her sister. Both girls were 16 years of age at that time, school dropouts, and jobless. Before they left they shared a joint of marihuana. At approximately 5:30 P.M. they were picked up by Mitchell who was driving a two-door Datsun coup. As they got into his car they asked if he was going to Kittery by either Route 1 or 195. Diana got in the back seat and Ellie took the front seat. They began chatting with the driver who said his name was Tom, that he had gone to U.S.M., and was now a teacher. She recalled that Tom spoke very softly and did not move his lips as he talked. He had light brown hair, cut just below his ears, and was growing a thin mustache. Diana had noticed some Route 114 signs, but the way they were traveling seemed unfamiliar, so she inquired as to where they were going. Tom told them "he knew a different way." When Tom finally stopped his car he told the girls, "This is where you girls get out. You see the road right over there; it is just a short walk down it and you will be where you can catch a ride to Kittery." She noted the car had stopped near a large water tank with the sign "Sebago Water District" on it. Ellie got out of the car and proceeded to turn down the back of the front seat so Diana could climb out of the back. Before she could accomplish this Tom grabbed the car door, accelerated his vehicle and sped away with Diana a captive in the back seat. He
pulled out a knife and told Diana to "do as I say or I will kill you." Then he instructed her to get in the front seat beside him. He drove on to an isolated location where later he stopped his car again. She testified she did not try to resist him because she feared for her life as the defendant raped her. He eventually released her near a gasoline station in the Oak Hill area of Portland. She inquired of the attendant to learn where she was; at the time all she wanted to do was get home. So she hitched another ride, this time with a man she knew only by sight. When she got home she called Ellie's sister, who told her the police were looking for her, and she should go to the police station immediately.

The next witness was Ellie who testified that after the car sped off she was scared for Diana and knew she needed to get help. She noted there was a dim light coming from the door of the water district building. She was crying as she beat on the door until a man on duty finally answered. After he was told what had transpired he immediately called the police. The police quickly responded and initiated a search of the area with the hope of finding the car.

Mitchell's attorney was vicious in his cross-examination of the two girls. He asked questions that he hoped would lead the jury to conclude that the girls were high on pot and thus were confused as to the time the alleged attack occurred, if it had occurred at all.

The State's next witness was the police sergeant who was the first to interview both girls at the police station on March 2, 1977 and his testimony supported what the girls had just told the court. He revealed that Thomas Mitchell was arrested on March 15, 1977 as the result of a Scarborough detective recognizing the suspect from the composite image Diana and Ellie had composed, and which had been sent to area law enforcement agencies. When the police arrived at Mitchell's home, the Datsun, which the girls had described, was parked in the driveway.

Mitchell's lawyer interrupted the proceedings to approach the judge [called a side-bar], declaring the State did not have sufficient evidence to present their case and he was asking for a mistrial. The judge denied his request.

The final witness for the State was a police official who had interviewed Diana, and under cross-examination was asked the last questions by the defense, "Just what is your exact position with the police department?" He answered, "Polygraph examiner." Again Mitchell's lawyer interrupted to approach the judge. He said his client's right to a fair trial had been jeopardized by the jury hearing that a polygraph examiner had interviewed Diana, and they might conclude that the reason the State had brought
Mitchell to trial was that she had passed the test. The results of polygraph tests are not permissible in Maine Courts. The judge again denied his request for a mistrial.

The defense opened their argument with the testimony of two women who lived in the same public housing neighborhood as Diana. Their testimony was very damaging because they labeled her as being a wild "Night Girl" who did not have a reputation for being honest. One of them informed the court that Diana had reported being raped before only to withdraw the complaint.

Also in the defense line-up were Mitchell's mother and aunt, who testified that they believed Tom was at a party that night, and he never was able to grow a mustache.

Finally Tom took the stand and told the court that he never had been able to grow a mustache. He reported that he had a steady girl friend with whom he had an active sex life. He also stated his car had a broken rear window that he had patched with red cloth [the girls had both testified that the only thing unusual about Tom's car was that it did not have floor mats]. When he was cross-examined about owning a knife he declared he had a jackknife in his desk drawer at home.

State law gives the prosecution the right to present new witnesses during "Rebuttal," to refute the accuracy of some of the defense testimony heard by the jury. From this point on, in my reading of the trial's transcription, I believe the State's attorney proved his skill for he exposed the lies of the defendant.

He called witnesses who proved Mitchell had lied about owning only a simple jackknife, that the rear window of his car had been broken only six weeks before the present date, and that his so-called steady girl friend had dated him only on a few occasions. That girl testified that Tom had been pressuring her to say he had been with her at a party on March 2, 1977.

Next to take the stand was James Roche, the detective with the South Portland Police Department, who told the jury that Mitchell phoned him on February 17, 1978 saying he wanted to talk with him about drug dealing in the City of Portland. At their meeting Mitchell named a George Mavodover and Drew Wilbur as dealing in drugs. Roche said, "Tom brought up the subject himself - that he had been charged with rape - and he was 'turning in' Mavodover because he had refused to testify about his being present at a party on March 2nd. That was how I learned that Mitchell was to be tried."

The final rebuttal witness was a case worker from the Portland Police Juvenile Department who stated that the prior rape case of June 7, 1976
involving Diana was closed after six months, because the attack was done in such a manner that the victim had no way of making a positive identification, and not that she had withdrawn the charges. Poor Diana had been put through so much trauma in the course of that investigation that she told police that she was so scared that she would not have reported her second rape to the authorities if Ellie had not involved them.

The lawyers make their final arguments and the jury retires to deliberate and come up with a verdict.

I was truly amazed at how the jury system had failed society with this verdict. The 1st count - Gross Sexual Misconduct, the results of the jurors' balloting - 11 guilty and 1 not guilty. For the 2nd count of Rape - 11 guilty and 1 not guilty. For the 3rd count, all 12 found Mitchell guilty of Kidnapping. What had transpired in this case shows how one juror can control a defendant's fate. It was just what LaRochelle had warned all of us present in the waiting room after the bail hearing could happen. This injustice occurred in 1978 before the "Women's Rights Movement" during a time when the public attitude of some and the court system did not treat victims of rape with much compassion. As if the unfortunate verdict was not enough, Mitchell's lawyers at once filed an appeal with the Maine Supreme Court.

On June 16, 1978 Thomas Mitchell was before the Superior Court of Cumberland County for "State Prison Sentencing" proceedings. When the judge announced that Mitchell would be sent to Thomaston to serve out a four-year sentence for kidnapping; there erupted a disturbance in the back of the court room. It was Mitchell's mother who called out "Dictator! That isn't right!" This caused the judge to ask that she be forcibly removed from the room. Immediately Mitchell called out, "Take me, too" and started acting in a violent manner. He attempted to leave the court room and it required several officers to subdue him. Then he was forcibly removed from the courtroom to be transferred to Thomaston.

The Supreme Court agreed to review only one of the appeals Mitchell's lawyers had filed. It concerned the fact that the jury had heard that Diana had been interviewed by a polygraph examiner. It was not until a year later on June 14, 1979 when the Supreme Court finally heard Mitchell's case. The justices ruled, "The presiding justice had not abused his discretion in refusing to grant the defendant a mistrial and the appeal was denied."

To obtain the records of Mitchell's second trial from the Cumberland County Superior Court in Portland required that a court researcher be engaged who would provide us with the necessary transcripts.

On June 17, 1985 between 4:00 and 7:00 P.M. Thomas Mitchell committed his second murderous attack and rape but in this situation his
victim, Kim Leavitt age 16, knew him and was his date. He had driven her in his yellow Chevy pickup truck to Standish where he parked his truck off the road next to Otter Lake Bridge on Route 35. He lead or compelled her to walk to an isolated abandoned old railroad siding. Here he raped her, tried to strangle her with his hands, and then with a rope around her. He was not through until he ended up by stabbing her in the neck. Mitchell was unaware that he had been observed in the area of the bridge by a man who was fishing in the Otter Pond area. The man later came upon a young girl lying near the railroad track; he thought she had been injured. As he got closer he realized the girl was bleeding profusely from a neck wound. He assisted her back toward the highway where a Sheriff's Department Cruiser happened to be passing by. The timing of these events saved Kim's life.

By 7:30 P.M. the police had found Mitchell at home where they arrested him and his truck was immediately impounded. From his truck they seized a length of fiber rope, a length of nylon type rope, a razor blade, chisel, screwdriver, and a leather brief case that appeared to contain only a loan payment book. At 9:00 P.M. the police had Thomas Mitchell booked on the charges of Rape, Attempted Murder and Aggravated Assault.

Here again a "truth is stranger then fiction" twist occurred in the investigation. Some time later Mitchell's attorney was contacting the District Attorney's office requesting certain property be returned to his client. Specifically Mitchell was asking for a bankbook and a check, which he claimed were in the briefcase. When Mitchell's lawyer arrived to pick up the released briefcase the Attorney General inspected it in order to determine whether it contained the items the lawyer was looking for. From one of the briefcase pockets he removed a single piece of paper containing what appeared to be handwriting by Mitchell in ink. The paper revealed how the cold-blooded killer had drawn up a plan that detailed just what he was going to do. The contents can best be described as a narration of events strikingly similar to those which Kim Leavitt described as having occurred on June 17, 1985. In it he described a plan to pick up Kim, drive to Otter Pond, subdue her with a knife and rope, rape her and then stab her in the back. The paper concluded with the sentence "Don't leave until not breathing."

The trial was set for October 15, 1985. Mitchell pleaded "guilty" to all four counts of the Grand Jury indictment, and was subsequently sentenced to serve 22 years in the State Prison at Thomaston.

This account will be completed at the conclusion of his upcoming trial for the murder of Judith Flagg, and hopefully the results will be that he will spend the rest of his life in prison.
WAYNERS’ RESPONSE TO THE GOLD RUSH
GOLD TURNED INTO APPLES
By Eloise R. Ault

THERE WERE NO GLARING headlines announcing the rich gold deposits discovered on January 24, 1848 in California. Remarkably, it took almost a year for the word to reach the east coast. The first inkling of what was occurring in California reached Wayne about December 7, 1848 when the Kennebec Journal published the following:

We today had the pleasure of a personal interview with Lieutenant Loeser, just arrived from California, which land of gold he left on the 1st of September. He fully confirms the most glowing accounts heretofore received in the State, of richness and extent of the gold region. He says the whole truth cannot be told with prospect of being believed; that the gold is found from the tops of the highest mountains to the bottom of the rivers. Files of the “California,” brought by him, confirm it all.

A week later the Kennebec Journal offered its readers the contents of a letter in which the writer tried to explain that things in “Californey” were a little chaotic:

LETTER FROM A GOLD DIGGER TO HIS UNCLE: The author was a former soldier corporal Ezekiel Barnes who was discharged in California at the close of the Mexican War. The letter dated “Californey, 17 Aug., 1848”:

Dear Uncle I write this to go hum to you by vessel that when the folks on board are willing to go; but at present they are all gone gold digging, and if they aint no better off than be in the way of keeping gold after it is dug out, I don’t know when she will sail. Everybody quits work now and goes for the gold. . . . . I worked there myself about a month, and got as much gold as I thought would last me all my life, but it is nigh up to all gone already. I am considerable bewildered by this state of things for I find the more gold one digs the more gold he has got to pay for what he wants, and he aint a bit better off in the end.

Not until President Polk confirmed the discovery in his State of the Union Address, which the Kennebec Journal covered in its entirety on December 27, 1848, were the rumors that had circulated along the eastern seaboard fully believed.
According to the account in the 1898 History of Wayne, the first Wayne citizens to respond to the lure of adventure and the excitement of acquiring easy riches were the brothers Jesse and Nelson Norcross. They were the sons of an early North Wayne Village resident, Jonathan Norcross, who was the first to own and develop water power of the area. Both young men appeared to have inherited their father’s mechanical interests; Jesse was known for his experiments with perpetual motion. At that time the family home was located on present-day Church Street. The Norcross brothers:

... joined with a party of young men, started for California, when the first discovery of gold was made, in a sailing vessel. Upon reaching the Isthmus of Panama, Jesse was attacked with fever and died there; his brother was also sick with it, but recovered and returned home. These brothers had taken with them the whole frame of a house, complete in every part, to erect upon reaching the Eldorado of their hopes, and their companions who were spared to go on, took it along and erected it.

Jesse was not a dreamy-eyed youth with “Gold Fever” but a man in his mid forties who had been married for almost 25 years. His marriage to Margaret Ann Whitney of Clinton was recorded in Wayne’s Marriage Intentions List on November 8, 1827. Internet “Gen Web” research revealed a record of his death in 1850 at Bernica, California. This settlement was located on the northeast corner of San Francisco Bay, which places Nelson at the time of his brother's death within 100 miles of the American River where gold was being dug from the surface of its old river beds. It would be unusual if Nelson, after recovering from the fever, did not take advantage of his good luck, and go digging for his fortune before returning east.

Historian H. W. Bands, in his latest book, The Age of Gold, describes the surface deposits of gold found by the Wayne adventurers who arrived in the early years of the “Gold Rush,” and how the process of extracting gold advanced over the decade of the 1850s. Eons of geologic action, as the Sierra Mountains were formed, caused the uplift of veins of Golden Quartz to the surface. Glaciations and the erosive force of rushing water then carried crumbling deposits into early mountain rivers, and over millions of years the quartz was ground into a gravel or sand. The “strikes” were found where the waters in the old river beds had been slowed by obstructing rocks, bends, and banks, which caused the denser gold particles to settle to the bottom.

Initially it was every man for himself with pans and shovels. They called these easy-to-dig surface gold sediments “placers,” and these were
soon exhausted by the influx of thousands of "Forty Niners." To find the deeper deposits, the gold diggers formed companies and developed innovative trough systems and dams to extract the gold, all still very labor intensive. Eventually the gold-hunters discovered that entire ridges and hillsides contained gold-bearing gravel, the result of nature's diversion of ancient rivers. Capital intensive hydraulic mining was developed, which used water pressure run through giant hoses to flush the gold out of the hills. This process was very environmentally destructive. Near the end of the decade those who stayed in California were working for the big mining companies, the booming construction industry, or engaged in support services and sale of goods. A few diehard fortune hunters went prospecting in the hills.

No records have yet been found of what happened to Nelson Norcross. The historical account indicates that his sons, James and Orlando, living in Worcester, Massachusetts were successful contractors and builders of public and private buildings, owning granite and slate quarries. Possibly their prosperous enterprises were backed by their father's California gold.

The 1898 History of Wayne has a second account related to other participants in the "gold rush," Benjamin and Lycurgus Smith, who also lived in North Wayne. They were grandsons of Comfort Smith, and their father, Benjamin Sr., farmed on the family homestead at the top of the hill on the Old Kents Hill Road. He also kept a store, was an experienced weaver, and a stone cutter, having worked on building North Wayne's first scythe factory. The boys were listed in the 1850 Census as students: Benjamin Jr., 18 years, and Lycurgus, 15 years old. The increased opportunities for employment offered by the new scythe factory were not enough to prevent the Smith brothers from dreaming of the riches that California offered. The exact date when they went west is unknown. The history reports that "Lycurgus had crossed the Rocky Mountains as a prospector twenty-five times previous to 1861." Lycurgus must have been a persistent diehard. Perhaps he made a lucky strike, for by 1898 he was the owner of a large fruit farm in southern California. As for Benjamin, he became a judge after practicing law for many years in San Marcos, California, where he lived until his death. California censuses for the period of 1850 do not exist, which dampens any hope of learning more.

In Winthrop there was a couple known to many Wayne people at the time, Dr. Thomas and Mary Jane Megqueir, who found themselves in the unique position of having made reservations for passage on vessels bound for Hawaii just as the news of the gold discovery reached Maine. The doctor had planned to open a medical practice in connection with the
consulate in the Hawaiian Islands. They were slated to sail from New York to Central America, then to take the shortcut across the Isthmus to the Pacific Ocean, and on to dock at San Francisco before proceeding to Hawaii. Their destination was quickly changed to stay in California, and they joined the ranks of the true “Forty-Niners.” Mary Jane promised her three teenage children, who were left in the care of relatives, that she would return with “an apron full of gold.” This became the title of a book, edited by Polly Welts Kaufman, based on a collection of Mary Jane’s letters written to her daughter.

In 1854, Wayne folk traveling to Winthrop could not help but notice Dr. Megqueir’s manor house, then under construction and still standing on the hill entering Winthrop from Wayne overlooking Lake Maranacook. Everyone surmised that the lucky couple had made a strike and that the house was being built with “California Gold,” but in truth, he made his fortune by selling medicine and ministering to sick miners. Women’s work fetched a high premium, so Mary Jane filled her “apron full of gold” by cooking and running a boarding house. She made a number of trips back and forth between Winthrop and San Francisco, to see her children, until she came home to stay in 1856.

“THE CENTRAL AMERICA FOUNDERS! Over Four Hundred Passengers Lost! Only Sixty Person Saved!” was the Kennebec Journal’s lead story on September 25, 1857. The side-wheel steamer S.S. Central America had been caught in a violent hurricane and sank off the coast of North Carolina on September 12, 1857. It was the nation’s largest peacetime disaster, the “Titanic” of its day. The article described how the survivors fought three exhausting days trying to save the ship. Finally, as it became obvious that all their efforts were doomed to failure, they chopped up the ship’s timbers and cabins to use as life rafts. Those lucky enough to escape had to endure days floating on wreckage until rescued by passing ships. The ship’s cargo of two million dollars in gold bullion (21 tons) was reported lost. The story of the recovery of this treasure became the subject of a 1999 national bestseller, Ship of Gold, by Gary Kinder.

The Kennebec Journal listed among the survivors a B. H. Ridley. It was easily recognized by Wayne readers that “B. H.” was Billings Hood, the youngster who had grown up on the Strickland Ferry Road, one of Jonathan Ridley’s sons.

According to his obituary in the Farmington Chronical of September 16, 1897, Billings was actually born in Lexington, Maine, May 9, 1826, and while he was an infant the family returned to Wayne and lived on the old family farm until he was fourteen years old, when his father moved the
family to Jay. Upon reaching the age of seventeen he left home to work in the textile mills of Massachusetts. In 1852, young Ridley succumbed to "Gold Fever," took his hard earned savings and booked passage for California. After a stay of five years and finding success in mining and farming, he decided to return home. His ill-fated voyage began August 20, 1857 when he departed San Francisco on a steamship bound for Panama, arriving on September 3rd. He took the four-hour ride on the railroad that had been completed in 1855 across the Isthmus, and boarded the S.S. Central America on the Atlantic side at Aspinwall, sailing for New York the same day. Fortunately Ridley had transferred some of his funds east before leaving California. He returned to his father's farm in Jay where he built a beautiful house and settled down with the sweetheart he had left behind. He became one of the largest and most successful fruit growers in the State of Maine.

Recently Bonnie Graves Wilder, a summer resident, gave for Wayne's Historical Collection photocopies of two letters her great-great-great grandfather, Osgood Graves, wrote to his family while in California in 1858. Two other letters that also have survived are owned by other Graves descendents and were not available. The correspondence reveals that the spring following Billings' return, three young Wayne men left their wives and children to answer the call to "go west young man," or perhaps it was a lingering case of "Gold Fever." It is interesting to note that these adventurers were all cousins of Billings Hood Ridley. It is hard to believe that cousin Ridley would fill their heads with the notion that easy gold was still to be had. More likely he suggested that California offered jobs for eager young men, willing to work hard. Maine, as well as the rest of the country, was experiencing depressed times just before the Civil War.

Osgood Graves was born and grew up on the family homestead on the Tucker Road. When he left home he was 29 years old, twice married, and the father of six children. Accompanying him was Lafayette Burgess, age 30, who lived on Strickland Ferry Road, just over the town line in East Livermore. In 1852 he had married Osgood's sister, Hannah, with whom he had fathered two children. The youngest of the trio was his cousin Joshua Ridley, age 24, living on Strickland Ferry Road with his widowed mother and helping with the support of his five younger siblings.

The first letter that Osgood wrote was dated April 2, 1858, and mailed from New York before they sailed on the Empire City, bound for Panama. A letter from the "Ismuse" dated May 19, 1858 notified his family that he and Joshua had been seasick:
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we thought the 3 [8?] day from new york we was all lost for we had a ruf time I hav ben sick I have gut better now they was one day that I had the sumec turn and they thought that I should hav to stop to havana cuba but I gut some beter before we gut there. . . . lufe has bin well every day since he left home”

The next letter Graves wrote home, upon their arrival in Sacramento, dated May 29, 1858, described the trials they had experienced, but optimistically stated that they would head north to find jobs:

Dear Father and Mother and all the rest of the folks we hav gut to California may the 28 this is 27 days from new york we are all well we hav had a hard time we shal leave bear in the morning for the north I never new what a man could undergo before and live when love nor money wont by anything to eat. It is a hard time I do think I have ben 4 days without eating a mite of anything and I coulndent eat any thing they had we had a very hard storm the 3 day from new york it blowd very hard about 12 [h]ours the Captin fixed his papers to throw overboard and had men redy to cut the masts and they wasa going to cut them in one [h]our if it had not Slackened up a bloing I thought that I had seen a storm but I never did we had 5 days of hard blo before we gut to fransisco I cant think of much more for I hav not gut tine to wite much
So good by
Osgood Graves I will write as soon as I get to work so I can tel you where to write

With the photocopies of the two letters was an envelope addressed to Osgood’s father, Charles, with a half obscured postmark but a visible date of September 19, 1858. Research proved it was the postmark from the post office at Oroville, California. Roland Graves wrote in 1981, in his history titled The Graves Family, that this letter contained the news that Osgood had been sick with fever and chills for six weeks, and four men where he was staying had died in the night. His plans were either to go south or to start for home. He added that Joshua was fine. Roland Graves further reported what has become family tradition in the following way:

My grandfather, Benjamin R. Graves (Osgood’s son) told me that since Osgood had no money left he had no choice but to walk home to Maine from California, which he did. Since Lafayette’s wife was in Maine and Joshua was still with Osgood when he last wrote home, it is probable that the three young men walked home together, but all I am sure of is that Osgood did.
Lafayette Burgess returned to work the family farm, his home is today noted as an old yellow cape house on Route 106 in East Livermore. He died in 1879 and is buried in Strickland's Loop Cemetery.

Joshua's death in 1913 is listed in Wayne's Vital Records.

Osgood, after his great adventure, spent the rest of his life on the family farm raising his seven children. He died in Wayne on August 1, 1902.

Some time ago the Wayne Historical Collection received a donation of personal papers and memorabilia which had belonged to James M. Pike, whom the donor believed had gone to California in 1859. Among the papers was a biographical sketch written around 1930 by Pike's daughter, Mable Pike Robertson. The lovely written memorial contains intimate family history and stories the author heard her father tell of his adventures while in California. The donor, again Bonnie Wilder, was kind enough to allow the society to make a photocopy of the text. Using the data found in this collection along with additional research, a remarkable piece of Wayne history has been uncovered.

As Osgood and his cousin were walking the 3,000 miles home from California, another young man, James Monroe Pike, who lived with his parents in the Moose Hill section of Livermore Falls, was finalizing plans of a long-held dream "to go West young man." Whether Pike knew anything about Osgood, Lafayette, or Joshua is not known, but he surely was aware of the well-publicized saga of the sinking of the S.S. Central America on September 12, 1857, and of Billings Hood Ridley's remarkable survival. Prior to departing on his adventure in February of 1859, it would be natural for a young man to seek out Mr. Ridley, who lived only a few miles away in Jay. He needed some first-hand information and advice about going to California. At that time, Billings would have been enjoying the results of his successes in the "gold country" by building his beautiful new home and starting to establish an extensive apple orchard.

Among the collection was a tattered old newspaper clipping from the Lewiston Journal Illustrated Magazine titled "Adventures in Life of James Monroe Pike," dated March 11, 1916. The author, who had interviewed Mr. Pike, describes how with the discovery of gold in California in 1849, the 13-year-old James began to dream:

He began to set his mind on going West when he became a man. He began saving his money for the purpose. He cut cord wood winters earning 50 cents per cord and when he had saved $30, his father purchased a fine pair of steer calves and when in 1859 Mr. Pike was 22 years of age he sold his steers, which were well broken to work at anything, for $125. With the money received for them, together
with what he had earned in the meantime working out for $13 per month, he bade "good bye" to his folks, who then felt he was undertaking a very foolish course, and that they would never see him again, he started for "The Land of gold."

Mable Robertson wrote about her beloved father's dream as follows:

In 1849 the "California Gold Rush" was the common excitement. James Monroe was 13 years of age and too young to think of leaving home, but a plan began to form in his mind and grew as his boyhood passed. On July 12, 1857 when he had reached the age of 21 years, he was given his "time" and went to work to earn and save the required amount of money to pay his passage to California. There was plenty of work for a strong, industrious young man, and he worked with a will and a purpose. Father never spoke of this period of his life while temporarily away from home. The West was calling him and he was eager to be away. It was a morning in mid February, 1859 when James Monroe and a schoolmate companion left Moose Hill to board the train at Livermore Falls village. Missing that train, they walked to Leeds Junction in time for the Portland train from there. From Portland they went by boat to New York.

It is interesting to compare how the reporter treated this segment of the Pike story, and to note that this adventurous trip took the same 27 days as Osgood's trip only nine months before:

He went to New York by train and from there by boat to the Isthmus of Panama, crossing the Isthmus by train, taking the whole day, thence again by boat around (up) the Mexican coast. When five days out from Aspinwall (the reporter was in error; it was actually Panama City) the ship caught fire and at one time it was expected that the whole crew would be lost, but after a hard fight the fire was extinguished, and after being repaired the vessel pushed on to complete her journey. At Acapulco, Mexico three sea turtles were captured, which averaged 350 pounds apiece. These were used for meat on the ship.

Two deaths occurred among the passengers during this voyage, one body being buried at sea and the other taken on shore at Acapulco and buried. Going down (up) the coast of Mexico five burning mountains were observed.

After twenty-seven days from the time of leaving New York, Mr. Pike arrived in San Francisco where he went into the mines in the Sierra Nevada mountains.
Mabel further wrote what she remembered about her father’s accounts of the life he encountered when he arrived in Morristown:

Mining work was organized at this time, a mining company would have the right to manage the working of a mine. Good wages were paid, and miners seemed satisfied. Those who had their families with them, set up homes. Single men, each with a partner, "bunked together" in make-shift cabins, sharing the home work, cooking, et cetera. That was where father became an expert at frying pan cakes,"flapjacks" to them. One big cake in the pan, tossed up with an expert twist of the wrist, that over turned the cake in the pan in mid-air, and caught in the pan on the way down. Quart tin cans that had contained different kinds of food stuff were used as kitchen utensils by the house-keeping bachelors. The miners used a great deal of tea, and there was always a can of cold tea waiting to quench thirst when coming to their cabins.

Morristown was a friendly mining town where many nationalities were represented. French, English, Welsh, and Irish and many from our own Eastern States. Common people, kind-hearted and friendly, all there for the same purpose, to find a better way of living. There were Chinese laborers who kept to themselves, coming in groups under the leadership of a superior Chinese who kept charge of them and their interests. Far from the towns of the foothills, the necessities of living were brought to the mountain town by pack-mules, tough little beasts of burden that could carry great loads and scramble sure-footed over rough trails, and they brought every kind of merchandise and the United States Mail.

Another well-worn news clipping, from the town collection, headlined "Downieville Woman Witnessed Stirring Early-Day Events," proved to be a find. The article is about 79-year-old Laura Mason, younger sister of James's wife, Aminah. Laura was born in a log cabin in Morristown in 1857, and this would indicate that the news account was written in 1936. She was reported to have retained a bright memory and recalled "how surface gold was easily got at in those days, and how a busy, bustling community quickly sprang up. The town is all but lost to-day." She remembered that during her childhood Morristown was not troubled by the usual disorders, violence, and deadly brawls so common in most mining settlements. Accidents were few and she knew of only two mine tragedies. She was present as a child when the first "Chinamen" arrived in Morristown and recalled that there was great concern about workers being replaced "by low wage Orientals." Very early the town established a public school with its first teacher being a 17-year-old girl. "Mrs. Mason retains clear memories of ox teams and pack trains that brought goods and supplies from Sacramento Valley centers."
Through a library loan we obtained a remarkable collection of information found in *History of Sierra County Volume V* by James J. Sinnott. This historian had preserved a treasure trove of excerpts from the earliest newspapers of the area, which dated from 1853. The most valuable item came from an excerpt in an 1871 issue of the *Mountain Messenger*. This revealed that James Pike was working for a mining outfit called the American Company. Sinnott believed that this company was one of the earliest operating in Morristown.

On July 29, 1862 fire almost completely destroyed Morristown. The *Mountain Messenger* put the total loss at $52,000 with only $4,000 covered by insurance. The paper's list of businesses destroyed by the inferno provides an additional description of what life was like for Pike and his fellow miners at the beginning of the Civil War. Listed as destroyed were 2 hotels, an ambrotype (photo) shop, a store, 3 saloons, a liquor store, a butcher shop, a livery stable, a blacksmith shop, a shoe shop, the express office, and the drug store. Just like the towns featured in old western movies, Morristown made a fast recovery hampered only by the scarcity of lumber. By November 1, 1862 the paper reported that most of Morristown's businesses were up and running or soon would be opened. "Business was booming, miners were being paid $8 to $10 a day."

The season when the mines could operate their hydraulic sluicing equipment depended on tremendous water pressure, provided by water from the snow melt being captured in channels high in the mountains that filled cannels, then piped to hydraulic diggers called "monitors." James Pike had enlisted in the army just 15 days before the *Mountain Messenger* came out on September 24, 1864 with, "The American Company is getting into the best possible condition for operation whenever the water shall come." Again excerpts from the May 13, 1865 issue: "The American Company has six or eight pipes playing [feeding monitors] and will do a tremendous season's work. This water going from the highest snow region will give them a long season. The companies are working a large number of men."

Mabel recalled, "When the Civil War came, my father did not feel the urge to enlist." Research of the Maine State Archives Civil War Files reveal no enlistment records for a James Pike. But his name was found in the 1890 U.S. Census Compilation of living Civil War Veterans, noted as having enlisted on November 8, 1864 in Company K of the 7th California Regiment and being discharged April 26, 1866, at Regimental Headquarters in Fort Whipple, Arizona. The town of Jay Vital Records document James M. Pike as born on July 12, 1836, to James and Augusta Pike. The U.S. Census for
Wayne indicates he was living in Wayne from 1890 through 1910, but not in 1920. His death record states he died March 30, 1925 in Livermore Falls.

Historian Aurora Hunt explains in her book *The Army Of The Pacific 1860~1866*, that the government used the army not only to control the Apache Indians but "to halt the spread of the Southern Confederacy into its Arizona and New Mexico Territories. Although Washington did not subsidize the mining industry; the potential gold production of Arizona was also a factor." Hunt describes the experiences of the men who joined the newly formed Company K. "It was unofficially named the 'hungry seventh' the gold digger's regiment" They had only a few months of training before orders came to start for the new Arizona Territory. The *Regimental History of the 7th California Regiment, Company K* relates how the 7th was directed to march from the Presidio to the wharf at San Francisco where they boarded the S.S. Senator and sailed south to Drum Barracks, at present-day Los Angeles. From here they advanced about 275 miles across the hot desert to Fort Yuma, located in the south-easternmost corner of California on the left bank of the Colorado River, one mile below the mouth of the Gila River. During the Civil War the fort was used as a supply and personnel depot. From here Company K embarked on a long march north, some 225 miles to Fort Whipple, present-day Prescott, Arizona. In 1863 the Territory of New Mexico was split in half to create the new Territory of Arizona. A governor was appointed, and with a small force of troops set about selecting a site for the new capital at Prescott and building the new Fort Whipple.
When the 7th arrived they found a dismal place with a few primitive buildings. Some of the troops were ordered to prospect for gold fields and to send samples to the war department. In addition to completing the fort the soldiers were also given the task of building necessary structures for the first meetings of the new territorial legislature.

The *Lewiston Journal* reporter tells a slightly different story of Pike's wartime experience in the Arizona Territory, for his account places Company K near the Rio Grande which would indicate some lack of knowledge of the area's geography:

Pike's service of nearly two years was mostly in fighting Apache Indian. He carries the scar of an Indian on his left arm. He endured great hardships while in the army and contracted fever and ague from exposures. While on the desert the soldiers slept on the ground, wrapped in their army blankets. While one sentinel watched over the sleeping ones safe, keeping their comrades not only from the Indians but from the hungry coyote, and rattlesnakes that thrived in great numbers. One morning Mr. Pike jumped up and shook out his blanket to find an immense "rattler" coiled up beneath the folds, apparently warm and comfortable.

In April 1866, Mr. Pike returned with his company to San Francisco where he was discharged from duty. At that time there were no roads, telegraphs or residences in Arizona, no bridge over that Rio Grande River. Mr. Pike assisted in erecting the first six buildings of adobe, in the place where the city of Phoenix the capital of Arizona now stands.

Here again the reporter must have misunderstood Mr. Pike's reference to having taken part in building the new territorial capital in Prescott, because at the time of the 1916 interview the capital of Arizona was in Phoenix. The interviewer did not realize that Phoenix was made capital of the territory in 1889, with Arizona admitted as the 48th State in 1912.

Mabel Robertson believed that after her father received his discharge he soon realized that it would take several years to accumulate the amount of money that he would need for his future enterprises, so he decided to return to Morristown and the mines to finish the plan that the war had interrupted:

The Company made him foreman of the miners which included the Chinese Group. The Chi had great respect for "Ah Pi," as they called him, and they were willing workers.
California as a land of extremes was evident in this mining town. In Downieville, twelve miles down the mountains from Morristown, the garden flowers bloomed the year round, while in the winter Morristown lay under the cover of 15 feet of snow at level. At each separate house stairs were made to the doorway, with shafts down to the windows. This included the school house, which besides the purpose of excellent schools, was a kind of community hall where the people could meet for common interests and especially for the enjoyment of dancing, and that was the social pleasure of old and young, to dance to the up-lifting, toe-tapping of Tommy Claghorn and his "old Fiddle." Tommy was a kind of "Simple Simon," he couldn't read or write, and he didn't know one note from another, but he didn't need to. Music lived in his mind and soul, and he and his fiddle could play it.

And there were pastimes. Everybody was familiar with skis, it was the way of travel in winter to a small mining village, Port Wine. The mutual friendliness of the people of the two villages gave a broader, fuller life to each, whether the comradeship with a ski group or the social enjoyment of a dance party, there was the satisfaction of having pleasant associations. And life was so good that he began to think of making a home in Morristown. Mother was only 16 when she and father became friends, a year later they were married, June 23, 1870.

It was nearly two years later when Florence Augusta was born, April 26, 1872. Then on November 17, 1873 Frances arrived. After two girls had been born to their honored "bosse man" the Chinese miners were deeply troubled over the misfortune and disgrace that had befallen him, but when on July 30, 1875, Albert was born they were overjoyed, and chattering happily, "Ah Pi, he catchum one boy." They brought gifts of nice bowls and their best tea to mother, bowing and smiling.

The following article appearing in the December 15, 1877 issue of the Mountain Messenger reveals that Pike held a key position in the operation of a very successful mining company:

The American Company's mine has been one of the most famous mines of northern Sierra County. It was first discovered in the year 1852 (25 years ago) and from that time to this, work has been prosecuted earnestly and successfully with handsome profits to its shareholders, with enough ground left to work 50 years longer, seeming to increase in wealth the farther back they get into the main ridge. They have never in this long time had occasion to levy one dollar of assessments; besides giving employment to a large force of men when water was plentiful. It is supposed by men that know that no hydraulic mine in the State has paid more taxes, taken out more money, and given employment to more men than the
American Company during its long period of existence. This clam is now owned (by purchase) by J. H. Thomas of La Porte, Plumas County, one of the most energetic and striving men, who has had it fitted up the past summer in a scientific manner, and under the able supervision of Mr. J. M. Pike, as foreman, and a good water season, he may expect to reap a golden harvest next spring. He has about 500 miles of water ditches that will furnish water 6 months of the year. He has also 3 strings of iron pipe with 5 monitors attached, facing the bank, besides plenty of grade to run the gravel away, being from 30 to 80 feet in the bed-rock, said grade being given a tunnel which cost in the neighborhood of $100,000.

There was an accident at the mine and Mabel retells a story her father had told many times:

The years went on, father was still foreman for the mining company. One day they had to blast a certain place on the mountain side near a fissure holding the lode. As an explosive they used black powder, "giant powder" they called it. The powder was carried in a tin pail. They would set the charge, and from it pour a ribbon of powder along the ground to a safe distance, light it, and run away from the blast. Father set the charge, sent his men back to a safe place; he lit the fuse and snitched up the powder pail, and ran. But in less time then he could think there was an explosion and he was on fire. He threw himself to the ground, beating at his burning clothes, and rolling down the mountain side smothered the fire as his men reached him. They carried him home. He was terribly burned raw. With no efficient doctor at hand, they called a Chinese doctor, who proved to be marvelous for the case. He came to the house and treated father there, leaving him only for a short time now and then. He kept kettles of strong tea solution close at hand, and kept father's arms packed in damp tea leaves, with less over chest, face and with pads over his eyes; for fear that his sight might be impaired, For a few days father lay in a darkened room to spare his eyes. All the packing was changed frequently, but later when the doctor knew that the eyes were unharmed, he could have light. As for the arms, it was a long, uncertain time before father's arms were healed, but eventually he recovered fully, and he gave full praise to that Chinese doctor who knew what should be done, and was so faithful in his service.

Father had been thinking seriously of returning to Maine when the routine of the family was interrupted by my appearance upon the scene January 5, 1880 and probably delayed the going for a time, but in the late summer of 1881, father and his family started for Maine.

The 1936 news article reported that Laura had married "a stalwart miner," John T. Mason, in 1857 when she was 16 years old. In 1880 she
and her husband also decided to make the move from Morristown down the mountain to Downieville, the shiretown of Sierra County. The family started out by walking as far as the Eureka Mine where they hired an old white mule. "The remainder of the journey was carried on in style, the sons tucked into the two saddlebags, the elder sister mounted as on a throne between them, the parents walking. Mason carrying the baby and leading a dog." So we may assume that the Pikes left Morristown in a similar manner but with a pack train to carry their worldly effects that were bound for Maine.

This article which appeared in the September 18, 1880 issue of Mountain Messenger may reveal the true reason why Pike was leaving the mine:

_Morristown with its hundreds upon hundreds of acres of productive gravel banks has a record that cannot be equaled or excelled by any mining camp in the State. For miles and miles all the ground has been located and bought up until it is now about all concentrated in the hands of a few experienced and energetic miners by whom it has been successfully worked for many years past. They are associated in what is known as the American Hydraulic Company, whose revenues this season have indeed been princely. A bargain is nearly consummated for the sale of these rich diggings to New York capitalists._

Could this mean that James, approaching his 45th birthday and his arms handicapped by severe burns, decided it was time to sell his stock and make a move? Perhaps he felt it was time to complete his newest dream of buying a farm back home and establish a large productive apple orchard.

Mabel wrote of the Pike's transcontinental train ride, on which the travelers of 1880 did not enjoy the conveniences that were to come in later years. The family was forced to make a number of stopovers. They were glad when they finally reached Livermore Falls:

_Jonas had been expecting them, and met them at the station and took them to the old house on Moose Hill (Livermore Falls). Father had come home. It was a sad home-coming for father. So many changes. So many misses. His mother had been gone for 10 years, his father had died two years later, and had slowly become blind. But the eternal hills were the same, and the old white meeting house was still there, and it was good to see and talk with the dear ones who had never forgotten him._
After a little later he decided to buy the farm (in Wayne and which still stands at the corner of Walton and Richmond Mills Roads) where we lived for so many years.

You know the rest of how for thirty years father worked to complete the plan for his orchard farm. Years of persistent work, but father loved the good earth and the response to his efforts. It took twenty years to bring his apple trees to fruition, but the time had been well spent. He had his orchard farm.

H.D. Kingsbury's *Illustrated History of Kennebec County* contains a listing from 1892 of the county's orchards. J.M. Pike owned one of the two largest listed, both having 3,000 apple trees in production. Averages of 9,000 barrels of choice commercial apples were shipped annually from the towns of Kennebec County, half for overseas. After James retired a second time the orchard was taken over by his son, Albert J. Pike of Portland. According to the 1916 interviewing reporter, Albert "was known all over the State as Maine's Apple King."

"Mr. Pike's Son at work in his Apple Orchard"

Town of Wayne Historical Collection
UNIQUE IS A WORD not to be used too freely. But among the eight cemeteries throughout the town of Wayne, one by any definition can be called unique. Midway along the town’s Pond Road, where it rises to a point that once offered a broad view of Pocasset Lake, is an iron fence with an arching gateway and the name “Wing Cemetery.” Family cemeteries in Maine are not unusual, and the Wing cemetery is witness to a prolific family who were among the earliest founders of the town in the late 18th century. At the time, they owned much of the property bordering the lake, and occupying a now small piece of this property is their cemetery. It is, however, so unlike the usual family cemetery, small with gravesites wherever space permitted, that it is today on the National Register of Historic Places. In 1991, when it was placed on the National Register, appended was the designation “history - unknown,” and “architect – unknown.” Meanwhile, in recent years the cemetery has become somewhat of a tourist attraction.

What makes it unique is its design. Gravesites are placed in a concentric circular design, which turns out to be a carefully conceived plan and carried out with astonishing precision, mathematical in conception and a logistical marvel. How it came about, and what genius was responsible for its design have long been unknown -- a complex puzzle that has given rise to a long and patient unraveling.

In the winter of 2002, Mary Bowen of Livermore Falls gave the Wayne Historical Society a black plastic garbage bag full of a lifetime accumulation
of old letters, account books, deeds, bills, and receipts dating from 1837 to 1864, which had been saved by Llewellyn Wing (1817-1881) of Wayne. Little did we realize what treasures it contained. We dumped the contents onto the center of Priscilla Stevenson's large dining room table and began a labor intensive task of opening each letter and sorting them chronologically. The letters had been folded for over a hundred fifty years and required careful hydrating before they could be flattened for reading and further study. Now identified as the "Llewellyn Wing Collection," they are preserved in the Town of Wayne Historical Collection which is housed in the town's Cary Memorial Library.

From the middle of the pile came a tightly rolled wad of paper which had been made from 6 x 8 inch stationery paper, and scrawled in pencil on the outside of the roll were the words "WING CEMETERY RECORD." At last, this was a real "breakthrough" for the society's ongoing search to learn the lost history of the Wing Cemetery. The historical collection maintains a Wing Cemetery file, in which are a number of photocopied articles written at various times during the 20th century, and which give similar descriptions of the design and unique layout of the several graves. All of these authors bemoan the fact that "no one then living knew the story of the burial ground's beginning, or who built the 'Wing Ring.'" The oldest account was found in Conway Wing's Genealogical Book published in 1881, in which Gancelo J. Wing (1838—1923) of Wayne, without naming any individuals involved in the making of the cemetery, gives the following description:

The ground for the cemetery had been dug over three feet in depth, the stones had all been removed, and the entire area graded. , , [and] the granite obelisk was made by West & Wing of Lewiston and cost $400.

The Main Register for 1873, under Lewiston, lists S.H. West and William Wing as being engaged in "Marble and Granite Works," a listing for that year only. Gancelo Wing's account continues:

The cost of curbing for one lot was $140 and that walling and grading the cemetery, including the Iron Gate was a little over $700. There is a permanent fund of $200. deposited in the town treasury, the interest of which keeps the cemetery in repair. A row of maple trees run along the roadside for thirty or forty rods and another of elm runs around the other outside walls.
While the elms are gone, the maples are still flourishing, their lush foliage a breathtaking display of brilliant gold each October.

The collection's William True diaries, which cover this period, report on August 3, 1870 that True attended the funeral of Allen Wing's wife Sarah. While the new graveyard must have been at some stage of construction at this time, he makes no mention of it.

This treasured burial ground was laid out in 1867, to be constructed in circular configurations. At the precise center of the grounds stands a 12-foot-high granite obelisk, which is the focal point of an elevated circular mound of earth 14 feet in diameter, which in turn is surrounded by a three-foot-deep dry moat. On the monument's octagonal base, facing the gate and entrance walk, is inscribed the name "WING" and the date 1871. On each of the other seven sides, facing the lots, is inscribed the name of one of the original seven brothers, all of whom came to Wayne in the 1780s. Proceeding in the circle, to the right, going counter clockwise around the monument they are: Simeon Jr., Allen, Ebenezer, Aaron, Moses, Thomas, and William.

Circling this impressive center are concentric rings, each ring separated by graveled walks and curbed with cut granite which serves as a base for the headstones, thus assuring they are arranged in a perfect circle. Intended to provide a family genealogy, each ring includes the graves of members of succeeding generations descended from whichever of the seven brothers the headstones face.

Photograph by Gail Hasenfus

Entering the yard through its handsome wrought iron gate one cannot help but be impressed by the neat and orderly placement of the headstones. On reading the inscriptions on some of the stones it becomes apparent that dates of death in many cases occurred years before the present cemetery.
came into being. Using a copy of a 1973 Maine Old Cemetery Association inventory of burials, there appear to be at least 39 graves predating 1867 which had to have been moved from somewhere else. How is this explained? Is this history lost? The 1898 History of Wayne provides no answer to these questions, but states only that it cost $700 to build, and that there was room for 224 graves. An 1856 map of Wayne, however, shows a burial ground on the same approximate site of the present-day cemetery.

The sketchy, half legible penciled roll of Wing Cemetery Records consists of pages, some undated, that seem to indicate that the participants were proceeding in a legal fashion to establish a "Cemetery Company." What appears to be the first meeting was recorded as "Wayne Sept 27, 186[year missing]." They chose a Moderator, Samuel W. Frost; a Clerk, Llewellyn Wing; and as Treasurer/Collector was Samuel W. Frost. Then all three were elected as a committee to supervise the construction of the cemetery. Other business:

Moved to instruct the Committee to procure good and sufficient titles of Loran and Allen Wing of the land for the Wing Cemetery.
Moved to Adjourn to the second Monday in Nov 1867

Written by Llewellyn, as Clerk, the various notations can present problems regarding their interpretation. As example, on one page he writes:

Wayne Nov 12th (year illegible), voted to instruct the collector to collect $200, and pay J.M. Wing (James Norris Wing) Contractor in the Month of November 1866.

Was this date an error? If not it seemed to indicate that work on preparation of the new burial site had taken place in the Fall of 1866. Another page appears to be a list of the first family members who had donated money in support of the construction project, written under the heading Amts Paid by the Several Subscribers:

Alden Wing..... $100.
A A Wing......$125. Alonzo Aaron Wing
Leon Wing....... $50.
S W Frost.......$10. Samuel W. Frost
B C Wing........$10. Benjamin C. Wing
Loran Wing.....$50. Loren Wing
Allen Wing.......$25.
At a meeting on November 15, 1867, they voted to deed the "7 center Lotts to the original proprietors (the seven buried brothers) of the Wing Cemetery, each one owning a Lott Shall Control their Father's Lott." This appears to establish the plan of future burials for each brother's descendants to fall within their 1/8th of the circle, as their names had been inscribed on the octagonal base of the obelisk. They also voted to sell lots in the outside tier for $37 each. Judging from the words used in the foregoing record it appears that the use of the concentric circle design had already been accepted at some earlier meeting.

The Maine State Archives, a repository for early incorporation records, has no record of incorporation for the "Wing Cemetery Company." The handwritten instruction "to procure good and sufficient titles of Loren and Allen Wing of the land for the Wing Cemetery" led us to the Kennebec County Registry of Deeds. There we found a second major breakthrough in the language of the deeds themselves. It answers the question of how the existing 39 graves in the original family burial ground were to be exhumed and moved. According to the deed, the sale of the land took place on September 28, 1868. It further states that "S.W. Frost, Llewellyn Wing, and Thomas Wing, Executive Committee of the 'Wing Cemetery Company,' a corporation created by the Laws of this State," paid Loren $50. for his plot of land. The plot contained the original family burial ground which bordered the boundary line between Loren and Allen Wing's respective properties.

Translating the lot dimensions into feet; it was 82 feet across the front, 112 feet along the sides, and the back line measuring 89 feet. The deed directs that existing graves situated within the southern half of the old family cemetery are to be exhumed and moved temporarily to the northern half of the lot, thus freeing the southern half to become part of the new cemetery, and the ground made ready for the newly designed layout. The deed also stipulates that ownership of the old northern area would revert back to Loren when all the bodies were reburied in the new cemetery. A second deed signed on the same date paid Allen Wing $25. for the plot of land located adjacent to his boundary line with Loren's land [old cemetery]. The dimensions were 54 feet across the front, 112 feet along the sides, and 47 feet along the back. With these two lots joined, work could begin on the new cemetery.
What were the laws governing the exhumation of human remains in the 1860s? The librarian at the Maine State Law Library researched this question and provided a copy of *Maine State Law* covering disinterment, or removal of buried bodies, in effect at that time. The law required, in this case, that cemetery officials would have to obtain permission from town selectmen to exhume the remains that were required to be moved temporarily into the north end of the old burying ground. Furthermore, it was a task which must be performed in a manner that would not "indecently expose" any human remains.

There is no doubt that Samuel W. Frost, as chairman of the Wing Cemetery executive committee as well as collector/treasurer, must have been responsible for a considerable amount of organizational correspondence in seeking approval and financial support from Wing descendants. He was born in Monmouth in 1800 and in 1831 he married Parintha Wing, sister of Alonzo, and settled on a farm located on what is today Walton Road. The 1898 *History of Wayne* describes him as having been an "industrious, practical, thrifty, and successful farmer. He was a man of sound judgment, of sterling integrity and was respected and esteemed by his fellow citizens." Samuel died in 1879 and is buried in the cemetery that he had labored so hard to make a reality.

Llewellyn Wing, son of Calvin and the second member of the executive board, was born in 1817 and the grandson of Simeon Jr. (numbers attached to individual family forenames identify to which generation each belonged, and serve as a helpful genealogical convenience). Simeon Jr. was one of the seven brothers whose name is inscribed on the octagonal base of the obelisk. Through study of his letters found in the garbage bag we learned that in the 1840s Llewellyn was in Lowell, Massachusetts and em-
ployed in construction of the city's textile mills. During the decade of the 1850s he was in partnership with a cousin, Benjamin Wing, in the manufacture of windows in Bangor, a business which failed because of a dispute over waterpower rights. Llewellyn returned to Wayne, and to agriculture, on a farm located on the Walton Road just east of Samuel Frost's property. His father, first wife, and a son would have been buried in the old family burying ground long before 1867, and their remains would have required exhumation before being reburied in the new cemetery.

At age 50 Llewellyn, being the youngest member of the committee, would probably have been involved in layout and supervision of site preparation and construction of the project. The 1898 *History of Wayne* lists Llewellyn as serving on the board of selectmen in 1866 and 1867, during the time when remains were being dug up and moved temporarily to the north end of the old family burying ground. As selectman, he was in a position to ensure that appropriate authorization was granted. He died in 1881 and is buried in the outer, third ring of the Cemetery. Llewellyn is credited with planting the column of beautiful maple trees along the roadside in front of the cemetery.

There is little information in *Wayne Families*, an unpublished genealogical work now in the town library. But from other sources we learned about Thomas Wing, son of William, grandson of Simeon Jr. and the third member of the executive committee. He was born in Wayne on November 16, 1810. At some point during his life he moved to Fayette where he had a farm, which is shown on the 1856 map as being at the end of the Richmond Mills Road across from the still standing brick schoolhouse. Thomas, however, remained active in Wayne, and in 1865 was involved in forming the Asylum Lodge of Freemasons, which he served as Master for a number of years. At the time of its publication, the 1898 *History of Wayne* names him as Wing Cemetery President. He died at age 96 in 1906 and is buried in the Wing Cemetery.

James Norris Wing, son of James, and grandson of Simeon Jr. was noted in Wing Cemetery Records as the cemetery's contractor. He was born in Wayne, October 18, 1818. According to *Wayne Families* he left home at age twenty and learned the stonemason's trade while working in Quincy, Massachusetts. He returned to Wayne in the Fall of 1860 to run the family farm because his father's health was failing. Wayne's Annual Reports of the 1860s indicate that the town paid him for "road work and the building of a bridge." He died on November 12, 1899 and is buried in the Wing Cemetery.
The question most asked about the cemetery is who was responsible for its design? Research of this subject over the past ten years supports the case that it was the work of Alonzo A. Wing\(^1\), son of Aaron\(^2\) who was one of the seven brothers, and grandson of Simeon\(^1\), the patriarchal father.

During the 1920s a brief biographical sketch appeared in *The Owl*, a genealogical magazine of the Wing Family, published annually and with a nationwide distribution, and which may contain another clue. It states that Alonzo was born in Wayne in 1807, the son of Aaron of the original generation of seven Wing brothers. He was educated at Wesleyan Seminary, now Kents Hill School, and Waterville (Colby) College. Alonzo later moved to Jefferson, Wisconsin where for many years he was Jefferson’s Superintendent of Schools, later County Superintendent of Schools and a Regent of the State University of Wisconsin. In 1850 Wing was elected a member of the Wisconsin State Legislature. In addition to these accomplishments he was also a civil engineer, surveyor of public lands, and county surveyor. He was a true entrepreneur and successful in his many business ventures.

After the death of his wife Jane, on December 24, 1884, Alonzo had the bodies of his wife and daughter sent home for burial in the Wing Cemetery. Returning to live permanently in Maine, he helped establish Wayne’s first library, in charge of what until 1895 was called “The Alonzo Wing Library Association.”

In conclusion, *The Owl* article notes, “in 1867 at his suggestion and through his efforts the Wing Cemetery was established.”

-Alonzo A. Wing

Undated photograph; courtesy University of Wisconsin Archives
To confirm the above information, the Jefferson Historical Society was contacted. Elmer Waldman, responding for the Society, prepared and sent a transcript of numerous notices concerning Alonzo’s business dealings, notices found in the *Jeffersonian*, the local newspaper first published in 1838, and which support *The Owl* account. Jefferson historians believe that early in the 1840s Alonzo received an award of a tract of land as payment for his surveying work.

The following are transcribed abstracts of interest found in the *Jeffersonian*:

1859/03/10 Married: Alonzo Wing of Jeff. & Miss Jane A daughter of Hon. J. H. Underwood of Fayette Mills, Me., 2/23/1859, & came back to Jeff. a few days ago.
1860/09/12 Died: Lucy Ellen, infant daughter of Alonzo & Jane Wing.
1865/11/22: Alonzo Wing & Wife visited friends in Maine a couple of months & now returned home.

This transcription provides convincing evidence that Alonzo was present, as well as very much involved, during the initial cemetery planning. During this period he had opportunity to present his design and persuade his peers to adopt it. It is likely that Alonzo made subsequent “quick” visits, at the time possible via railroad, during the construction in 1867-71, visits which may not have been noticed by the Jefferson press, or notices perhaps overlooked by their transcriber. Others follow:

1880/10/28: Died: Howard Wing, age 19, son of Alonzo Wing, hunting accident.
1881/05/26: Remains of Howard were disinterred & taken to Maine by Mr. & Mrs. Wing for burial.
1884/12/24 Died: Mrs. Alonzo (Jane A. Underwood) 62, paralysis of the heart, suddenly, while making her toilet in the morning, she dropped dead.

Alonzo would surely have accompanied his dead wife’s body to Wayne for burial in the Wing Cemetery.

His education for that time was impressive, and the two institutions he attended unquestionably support *The Owl*’s biographical sketch. At Kents Hill School, with the help of Archivist Marjorie Gordon, was found a well preserved catalog from 1826 which listed the 19-year-old Alonzo Wing as attending the school that year. Even more interesting is that included in the curriculum was a course for the study of surveying (the school and its cur-
riculum are further discussed in Wayne Historical Society Research Paper for March, 2007 titled "Wayne's Earliest Students at Kents Hill School").

Colby College Librarian for Special Collections, Patricia Burdick, could verify from the College's Centennial Catalogue 1820–1920 that in 1838-39 -- at that time Colby was known as Waterville College -- Alonzo was enrolled as a student, and listed as Class of 1842 although as "non-graduate".

The University of Wisconsin reported that Alonzo had served on the university board of regents from 1851 to 1857. They also forwarded a copy of a letter Alonzo had written while serving on the board, in which he urges the university to offer a technical course of study for its students, and in which he reveals his deep passion for the subject:

I would like to say to the learner of the surveyor's art also, and to the young Engineer to go up to the University by all means, because you can there receive the best possible instruction — all drafting, plotting, mapping, and in whatever else may be thought essential to the Study, besides a very considerable portion of instruction in the outdoor or field practice, with such instruments as you will hereafter have occasion to employ. The benefits of such instruction, to this class of learners must be inestimable. Through this means great good will be done in removing the prejudices against the University from the public mind, for the occupations of these young men will lead them to an equal association with the masses in all parts of the State.

One could reasonably conclude that as his life work centered around surveying, and having prospered in his other business enterprises, he would be the logical person to provide plans, as well as major financing for the cemetery, and his Will documents this conclusion. But for our research, the most interesting was his request:

that my remains be buried in my own lot which I have prepared for my last resting place, near to the graves of my father and mother and by the side of my son, Howard A. Wing, and his mother, Mrs. J.A.U. Wing, in the Wing Cemetery and to defray the necessary expense incident thereto, and to procure and set up at my grave suitable head stones, I hereby set apart the sum of $1000. For the purpose of improving and beautifying my said cemetery lot, and the Wing Cemetery from year to year: I direct that the sum of $1000 out of my estate be invested by or under the direction of the officers of the said Wing Cemetery Company, the interest thereon to be applied to the improvement and preservation of the said Wing Cemetery.
Of Alonzo Wing’s departure from Jefferson, the transcripts reveal:

1886/10/14 A. Wing left for the East & intends to dispose of all his effects in this vicinity in spring.
1889/10/24 A. Wing departed for Maine, Where he will in future reside.

Wing’s obituary as published on December 12, 1893 in the Jeffersonian:

December 9, 1893, Died: Alongo Wing, 86 years and ten months, at Fayette, Maine, at the Underwood homestead, the old home of his wife. He was a native of Wayne, Maine. After graduation at Waterville College, now Colby University, he went to Wisconsin and settled in Jefferson where he spent many years of his youthful life. After the death of Mrs. Wing he returned to his native state to pass the remainder of his life among old friends and relatives. His sickness was short, lasting about a week. His death was due to exhaustion or general breaking up of the vital forces. He retained his mental faculties to the last.

An example of how active a life Alonzo led during his retirement is found in the diaries of Stillman Howard, diaries now in the town Historical Collection. Until his death in 1890 Howard was proprietor of the Wayne Hotel, and in each daily entry notes who were among the day’s guests. Among the more frequent was Alonzo Wing. On one particular day Howard notes “Alonzo Wing & Team, himself & Lady, a teacher at Fayette Mills, all to dinner. It was summer, hot, and apparently the two men had a wager as to how much water Alonzo’s horse would drink. Howard owned a huge scale, used for various purposes including the weighing of horses. Howard determined the horse weighed 990 pounds before he was given a drink, and 1,035 pounds after his thirst was quenched. Howard noted this fact as “good evidence he drank 45 lbs (seven and a half gallons) of water.”

Alonzo’s Last Will and Testament was probated at the Kennebec County Court of Probate, that is, all but $8,126 of assets that remained in Jefferson, Wisconsin and these were handled by court officials there. Alonzo’s Maine assets equaled $5,941 making his financial estate $14,068. After a bequest to his 83-year-old sister, Liza (Eliza) Ann Emery of Ellsworth, a favorite nephew and two nieces, there remained $497.24 to be divided among other heirs. His estate was administrated by his nephew Lucillius Alonzo Emery, Chief Justice of the Maine Supreme Court. Alonzo was one of 12 siblings so Lucillius well earned his payment of $500 as administrator; for he had to trace the whereabouts of some 40 nieces, nephews, grandnieces, and grand-nephews to distribute amounts varying from $62 to $2.54. The appraisal of
Alonzo’s personal effects, including furnishings “for a gentleman’s suite of rooms,” came to $375.

The third major breakthrough came as the consequence of Raymond Wing, genealogist for the Wing Family of America, writing an article about the Wing Cemetery that appeared in *The Owl*. The end result was that Raymond put us in touch with Nancy Otis of Manchester, Vermont, who had an early blueprint plan of the cemetery and who very generously provided a 22 x 22 inch photocopy, which even when reduced in size is remarkably legible. Having this visual aid in hand has greatly enhanced our ability to communicate while making inquiries for information, and as a result we have received very helpful responses. Many copies of the plan have been distributed with the hope they will result in the discovery of still other long lost papers.

![Blueprint Plan](image)

On closer study of the blueprint plan, could the argument be made that when he drafted “Alonzo Wing” in the walkway between the first and the second ring of graves, Alonzo Wing used an unobtrusive way to claim authorship of his *Wing Cemetery Plan*? Such tagging of graves is not repeated anywhere else on that side of the walkway, and it definitely appears to be a departure from the model he had established.

Could it be that in 1893 the retired 85/86-year-old Alonzo amused himself by filling in the names on the graves, as then occupied, as a check to see if his design was working? Perhaps if he had lived another decade there would have been a sufficient number of interred bodies to prove that his design was indeed accurate. The fact that Alonzo’s grave was already labeled is not surprising because he definitely knew where he was going to
be buried. He also knew long before Attia Frost’s death in January of 1894 where she, too, was going to be laid to rest.

If the plan had been executed after Alonzo’s death, the unknown draftsman would have required some reference as to what graves were occupied. He might have had the use of written records or he could have spent many hours in the Cemetery noting names and dates as engraved on the headstones. Otherwise, the expense of having the plan drawn would not have provided a useful record for future custodians of the burial ground. The Association had the money to hire a professional after April 1896 when they received $2000 from Alonzo’s estate. But in that case, Alfred Raymond, who died in May of 1894 and Paul A. Grosvenor in 1895, would have been included in any later plan. Interestingly enough, the inventory of his estate appraised the following items at $2.50 for a spy glass, two glasses and drafting tools. This documents that after his return to Maine, Alonzo possessed the necessary technical means to have created the *Plan of the Wing Cemetery.* And a man of his experience could easily have produced blueprint copies of his plan to provide participants in his cemetery project.

The second fact gleaned from transcripts sent us was the information found in Alonzo’s obituary, which states that he spent the last four years of his life at the childhood homestead in Fayette of his wife, Jane Underwood, and where he died at age 85. He had, indeed, remained active and “retained his mental faculties to the last.” The former Underwood house, an impressive brick “show place” built in the 1830s, has within the past three years been placed on the National Register of Historic Places.

It was not until a recent browsing on the internet that we discovered another surprise; the fact that in 1991 the cemetery had already been placed on the National Register. We then contacted Maine’s Historic Preservation Commission to obtain information about their research of the cemetery’s history. They sent copies from their entire file and it was a great disappointment to learn that they knew no more about its history than did we.

The story and the puzzle it presents takes another intriguing twist: It seems that Alonzo designed a second burial ground, specifically for Elisha Kent, a wealthy gentleman farmer in Fayette, and whose name survives in what is today called Kents Hill.

About ten years ago we visited the Kent Cemetery to see if it was, indeed, another concentric circular design as claimed. We observed what we judged at the time to be a “copycat” of the Wing Cemetery layout. Shortly before the initial presentation of our “Wing Cemetery Study,” scheduled for
the Society’s Annual Summer Program in 2006, we visited the site once again.

The Cemetery had been beautifully maintained and the grass had just been cut. Its center is composed of heavier granite monuments, popular in the 1890s, whereas the “Wing Ring” has upright marble slabs for headstones, common in the 1860’s, for each grave. The Kent monuments are attached to curved granite bases that serve to create the same circular shape. But two outer rings were formed and maintained by mounded earth berms. The use of earth berms was an example of “Yankee Ingenuity” to solve the problem of prohibitively expensive large, cut curved granite bases. During the first visit the growth of high grass had obstructed this feature. The most significant difference is the absence of a comparable plan for burials, not confined to a single family for Elisha Kent offered burial in his cemetery to any neighbors who so desired.

Here again Alonzo’s obituary proves that he was present in Fayette during the inception of the Kent Cemetery. The two men had a lot in common; both were successful businessmen who had made their fortunes elsewhere, and returned home for their retirement years.

The Fayette Historical Society informed us that Fayette’s sexton, Ronald Hewett, had all the town’s cemetery records. During a visit with Mr. Hewett he unrolled, on his kitchen table, a photocopy of a tracing of a cemetery plan drawn in concentric circles, basically the same design as the Wing Cemetery. On a third visit to the Kent Cemetery we determined that it was also of the same dimensions as the Wing burial ground, although it appeared larger. To date the Fayette Historical Society has not been able to determine the exact date the Kent Cemetery was built. In Kingsbury’s Illustrated History of Kennebec County, published in 1892, is a biographical sketch of Elisha H. Kent but with no mention of his cemetery.

On November 27, 2007 the Kennebec Journal published a full-page article, in color, about the town of Fayette seeking placement on the National Register for the Kent Cemetery. The next day we received a telephone call from another Wing family descendant, Marjorie Tripp, who also had a blueprint plan which had been handed down in her family. It, too, is undated and unsigned.

In the Fall of 2007 we contacted Maine’s Historic Preservation Commission once again, anxious to know whether we had sufficient data, based on this new evidence, to allow the National Register to update the Wing Cemetery’s designation from “history unknown.” Did we have enough information about Alonzo’s involvement in the cemetery’s history to give him appropriate recognition? Assistant Director Kirk Mohney indicated
that if a known example of Alonzo’s drafting work, a layout plan or map, could be obtained, and a comparative examination of the lettering of the unsigned blueprint appeared to be in the same hand, the Maine Commission would then apply to the Advisory Council on Historic Preservation, an arm of the National Park Service which makes all final determinations, to charge “architect unknown” to “attributed to Alonzo Wing.”

We obtained from the Jefferson Registrar of Deeds a copy of an 1854 plan for street additions drawn by Alonzo, which in turn was provided as requested. Mohney then indicated they would try to find a handwriting expert to make a preliminary determination.

During our last communication with the Commission, they indicated that a handwriting expert was not necessary, that our Alonzo Wing research data are convincing enough, and that they would “present the case before the Advisory Council in June of 2008.”

Meantime, the “Wing Ring” survives as a town historic treasure, which stands today as a testament by the Wing generation of the late 1860s to their family’s proud heritage, and that they went to considerable labor and expense to create this memorial to the seven Wing brothers who were so involved in the founding of our town. Unraveling the complex puzzle has revealed it as the elaborate plan it is, unrecognizable at first sight, but unquestionably unique in Wayne, and perhaps anywhere else. And to Alonzo Wing can now be granted long overdue recognition as the family genius responsible for its creation.
ALL THAT, HUSBAND AND FATHER TOO
By Betsy Connor Bowen

IF YOU TURN RIGHT onto the North Wayne Road off Route 133 you will come to a very old house that sets up off the road to the left, with a barn that looks even older down to the right.

That is the farm of Foster and Irene Beach. They have lived in Wayne since 1936, when the road was still an unpaved dirt path full of bumps and mud holes. They have lived through all the changes that have transformed a nation of farmers into a nation that, on the day we spoke, had just landed a vehicle on Mars.

First off, Foster Beach is a Maine man of the old style: farmer, house builder, plumber, electrician. All that, and husband and father too. Irene came to Wayne with her parents, Foster later; they met and married, and have lived here ever since. For a while, they lived in a tarpaper shack. Foster cut the wood for it off their own land and took it to Morrison Heights to be milled. They both remember the day they got the running water hooked up. With two small girls helping Foster, he hayed, and Irene kept a cow and chickens, and planted a market garden.

Back then North Wayne was busier than it is now, with its own post office, school, church, and the North Wayne Tool Company. Foster remembers putting water in the radiator in the church furnace so they could have Sunday school and church, and his two girls went to school in the building that became the Grange Hall.

Foster has never been sick a day in his life. He still cuts four cord of wood a year and stores it in his cellar. He rarely watches television, except for Lawrence Welk reruns. He does not think much of the Mars landing; he thinks the money ought to be used to help people here on earth. Irene suspects that the politicians may be looking for a place to hide out if the people ever overthrow the government.

Foster has many stories to tell and many opinions. Some of them can be printed, and some of them cannot.

Warren Walton was the road commissioner when Foster Beach was Selectman. Foster had long complained about the North Wayne Road being unpaved, especially when Irene's father had been told it would be paved by the time they moved in. Year after year, it never was, so finally Foster took matters into his own hands and investigated the political situation in Wayne. He was able to take advantage of a split between the two other
selectmen and obtained a seat by forming a coalition with one of them. Naturally, it was not long before the road was paved. He took a particular interest in keeping an eye on the books, and once caught an error that saved the town considerable money.

Foster Beach in 1950 as a newly elected Selectman

Foster was friends with a certain gentleman who was a known practical joker. He was in the habit of leaving his goat in the barn when he went to Florida, but one spring when he came back the goat that was in the barn was a stranger to him. Foster didn't want to make a fuss over it, but it was the principle of the thing. Anyhow, he said nothing to anybody, but sure enough one day the known joker came by with a very long look on his face. Foster kept quiet until finally the fellow gave in and said, "I suppose you think I swapped that goat!"

That same joker found out that there was a law on the books that said the town has to reimburse you if a fox kills your chickens. Foster as selectman was called to the man's house, and the joker showed him a trail of feathers leading into the woods. He claimed the fox had killed all his chickens. Foster knew the man well enough to suspect he was lying, but he reimbursed him anyhow because he couldn't prove anything.
Foster's greatest love is music. He is a talented musician and composes original pieces. He has played in orchestras or military bands almost all his life, and he still enjoys playing. He wrote the words and music to the Maine Bicentennial March.

In spite of his years, he still cuts firewood each morning in the summer and stores it in the cellar, and plants a garden. He eats mostly potatoes and beans, and has never been sick a day in his life.

He has many more stories to tell. Perhaps more of them will appear in these pages.

Note: This story first appeared as "Wayne man is a wealth of the town's days gone by," published in *The Mainer*, August 1, 1997.

First elected in 1950, Foster Beach was one of three Selectmen; the other two were Emma Reynolds and Brenton Hines. Emma Reynolds was also new but Brenton Hines had served every year previous since 1945. Foster was also elected every year thereafter and by 1954 he was First Selectman, followed by an interval of four years when in 1958 and '59 he again served as First Selectman. Emma Reynolds, who served but a single year, had the distinction of being the first woman ever to be elected to the Office. In 1954 she was succeeded by Ruth D. Ault, whose long career as a town Selectman continued for sixteen years.

But, as noted, Foster's "greatest love" was music. A talented composer of popular songs as well as band conductor, Foster Beach had top billing at Wayne's Moon-Glo, the memorable dance pavilion on Main Street not far from the Town House. Its heyday was in the 1940s and early '50s when "big band" music was at its peak of popularity. Long gone, the Moon-Glo still brings warm smiles of remembered Saturday nights to Wayne's older generation,
Doris Nickerson was born in 1913 and grew up in North Wayne. At the age of 84, seated on the living room couch in her home beside the millstream that flows over the Lovejoy Pond Dam into Pickerel Pond, she spoke of her girlhood. One year later her husband, Nick Nickerson, died of a heart condition aggravated by the exertion of fetching water during the '98 ice storm. Doris remained in North Wayne for a brief while but did not seem to recover from her grief, grew extremely thin, and died in the Nicholson Nursing Home in Winthrop a few years later.

I GREW UP in the big house on the corner [across the Walton Road from the house she lives in now, and opposite the Wayne Town Office]. My mother bought the house. My mother said when I was born, I was born at home and they sent for the doctor and he was drunk! The doctor that delivered me was drunk! That’s what my mother said. He was an old doctor. But he got me there!

At that time, my father was working for the North Wayne Tool Company in that shop that burned down. He worked on a drop hammer, which is quite a big, heavy hammer that comes down and presses out metal to the shape of a die. They were making grass hooks, which they used to cut down weeds and things like that. They sold a lot of them. It had a handle on it and a long, curved blade that was quite sharp. They also made scythes, which were much longer. I believe Oakland was the headquarters of the North Wayne Tool Company.

North Wayne was a growing community at that particular time. In the early days the North Wayne Tool Company had made sabers for the Civil War.

There was a fire. I was sitting in one of the windows facing out and I was using a sewing machine in the early 1920s and I happened to look out and I saw the place on fire. There was an awful lot of oil and I assume that’s what started the fire, and it was in the building where my father worked. Fortunately nobody was hurt. I think the house next door, where a woman used to take in boarders, also burned at that time. The old foundation is still there. After that, the tool company rebuilt another shop across the stream and down below here. That also burned. There was a lot
of oil. The thing was saturated with oil. The men were careful, but just the same.

Across the stream where that cement wall is, if you go over there and look down, you can see a pit where they had a mill wheel and there was a little building up above there. It operated in the wintertime too. It made a kind of a rumbling sound.

The North Wayne Schoolhouse, early 1900s
Town of Wayne Historical Collection

The Schoolhouse was the Grange Hall in later years. I didn’t belong to the Grange, which started out as farmers and then it became more of a social club. Foster and Irene Beach were very instrumental in the Grange and also they did quite a lot for the Church up here. When [Foster’s brother] Lloyd Beach came, after the North Wayne Tool Company closed, he made those wooden slats, pallets, so he had quite a business going there. I think I was away at the time when his business finally wound down.

When I was a child I went over to Sunday school, downstairs in the Church because the upper part had deteriorated some. There was an old pot-bellied stove down there which was very comfortable. Different ladies took turns teaching Sunday school. I remember going upstairs at one time, and the picture comes into my mind of blue paint peeling off. It was in bad shape. They’ve done a wonderful restoration job there, though I don’t remember the woodwork.

There was no pastor there, but we had supply pastors who came in occasionally and preached a sermon. We had quite a lot of different
preachers and they always filled in very nicely. Some came down from Kents Hill. That was the Wesleyan influence.

In the Old Schoolhouse, in the upstairs was a huge canvas curtain that covered the whole of the stage, which Ellsworth Crosby and his niece [Lura Wells] painted. It’s in oil paint. For a while it was up at the Steep Hill Blueberry Farm which is owned by a relative. It was a picture of a Roman in a chariot and it was beautifully done. The Crosbys lived up the hill on the left-hand side somewhere beyond where the fire house is today.

The Stage Curtain: Detail
Author’s Photograph

There were about thirty or thirty-five children in the Schoolhouse. We had to go downstairs to the rest room, where there were pit toilets dug in the cellar. Then later on we graduated to chemical toilets. People who came from a distance brought their lunch but I always walked home.

Mrs. Edna Wallingford was our teacher. She was a wonderful teacher. Her husband was Roland Wallingford, who worked in the tool shop where he made the boxes to hold the scythes.

We used to celebrate Christmas in the Schoolhouse. It was always upstairs, and they used to hang oranges on the Christmas tree. At that time, in those early years, oranges were very hard to get and very expensive. That was a big treat for the children. I can almost scent the aroma of the fir and oranges as we used to go upstairs.

Mrs. Wallingford, who was a beloved teacher, used to have a Program. She did very well with the children, who enjoyed doing the things [she arranged for them]. She used to take the children [from one grade] out in
one area of the one-room schoolhouse and they would proceed with their lessons. She tried to keep them down to a quiet tone.

But you know, I really think that that helped me because I particularly listened to what the other children were doing in the other grades, and by the process of osmosis I guess, I acquired quite a lot of knowledge that way. I really think those one-room schoolhouses were great. I don’t think we had kindergarten then. It was only first grade to the eighth grade.

When I went to school at the later grades I used to sit way up back and there were two bookcases with lovely books in them, all kinds of books. I used to finish my schoolwork and I had a big tall geography book. I put this up and I put one of those books from the library in front of it. Mrs. Wallingford knew about that I’m sure. Always I did my schoolwork so she didn’t say anything. Radio came along I think when I was a freshman in High School, and that was great stuff. Quite often some of the neighbors would come in our home, and join in and listen to it, too.

Once in a while they used to have dances upstairs in the schoolhouse, and Mrs. Wallingford used to play the piano. One time, this was a rare occasion; my father and I played a duet on the piano. I think it was “Little Brown Jug.”

Then there was High School. I attended Kents Hill Seminary. In the winter I remember I used to ride up with the mailman. My folks paid him. He had a horse and team and it was cold but he had a buffalo robe to put over us. One of my girlfriends went too. He would deliver us and then go
back to pick up the mail and deliver it. It took about half to three-quarters of an hour to get there. It was a Wesleyan Seminary then, a good school and I enjoyed it. I majored in secretarial work.

When I was a freshman in Kents Hill my father bought an old Ford. That was going up in the world!

I met my husband when I was twenty-four. He was working for Northeast Airlines as a station manager and I was working as a ticket agent for the Maine Central Railroad. And when he walked in, in his [airlines] uniform, wow, that was it!

We lived in Lewiston for a while and then we moved back here and I lived in my mother’s house for a while. Then when we decided we wanted to have a place of our own, my husband built this house and we lived in the cellar for a while. He had carpenters help him but he did quite a lot himself, and I think he did quite a good job.

My son was born in Massachusetts when I was living with my parents because Nick was in the service. When we came back up here and were living with my mother was when my daughter was born. Nick was from the Bangor area. There are a lot of Nickersons on Cape Cod who are not related to him.

There used to be a grocery store over on the corner where the North Wayne Road branches off. Paul Gould Sr. and his wife ran it then. That was great. You could go in there and there was an old pot-bellied stove and you would sidle up to it and get yourself warm before you went home.

In this area, the North Wayne Tool Company employed quite a lot of the men. Every house was occupied. The economy was pretty good. They didn’t make the money that they do now but they didn’t have the expenses that they do now, either.

The mill workers were paid in cash. I’m sure there were other stores in Winthrop and Wayne at that time but this store supplied people locally and it was very convenient for them. They sold bandanna handkerchiefs but nothing in the line of a big supply of clothing. For that, we sent away to Sears and Roebuck. Their catalogue was the dream book, we used to call it. It would arrive at the Post Office, which was over there in the grocery store, centrally located.

I did have a wonderful childhood. I wish every child could have as enjoyable a childhood as I had. I took pleasure in little things each day and in the people that I met. People were always so kind. Up on the hill there were a couple of old bachelor boys and they had a little store in their house. They sold mostly candies for the kids. One was named Bill and one was named Fred. Fred had an old white horse and the horse could hardly lift
one foot in front of the other. And guess what he called it — Fleet Wing! I don’t think he harnessed it up or anything. He just had it around.

Mrs. Wallingford was very close to my mother and we were a very close family. I had one brother a year and a half younger than I who died when he was twenty-five. No sisters. After we were born, as babies, we contracted scarlet fever, which left him with weak kidneys. When he had a fall it hit on his kidneys and he went very fast. He was a great guy. I am so thankful to God that I had these people and knew them and enjoyed them. And I am thankful for that.

There was a doctor out in Winthrop. I don’t remember going to the doctor very much when I was a child. Just when I had chicken pox or something like that. Scarlet fever was unusual and I still don’t know where we contracted that. If someone broke a leg or an arm they would have to be taken to the hospital over in Augusta, but I don’t know of anybody who did. We exercised and moved around a lot. We were very agile.

My mother treated us at home. Once in a while I would get a cold and my mother would make a poultice and put it on my chest [with heated blankets] and once she got it too hot and burnt me. But it worked. I remember something called "Musterole" that my mother used to rub on my chest. It had mustard in it and was strong stuff, but it, too, worked. And I remember every spring when I was growing up my mother used to give me cod liver oil, and how I hated that stuff. My mother had these little home remedies that she picked up from her mother, I guess. If you had a headache you would have a cold cloth on your forehead and that seemed to be soothing. By and large they worked. And maybe it was the motherly love, too. I think that helped.

My father was a very retiring man and he just laid back and let my mother do all the things. She was very capable. He went to work at eight and he came home for lunch. It was enjoyable. I’m glad I had that.

I’ve always loved woodstoves. In the summer time they wouldn’t run the woodstove, and there was a little area off the kitchen where my mother had a kerosene stove which she cooked on. I never liked that because of the way it smells.

My mother had a garden down below here, on land that belonged to somebody else but she asked permission to use it. She raised a lot of vegetables. We didn’t have too much meat at that time. There used to be a man who came through, his name was Mr. Fifield, who came by once a week and my mother would buy a supply of meat from him. He always used to give me a hot dog and I thought that was great stuff. Nothing fancy, but we did have steak. My mother had a refrigerator with ice in it. The ice was
stored across the street in a little icehouse there. My mother was a very
good cook and she used to do a lot of pastries and pies. And she canned
our own vegetables. In the early days, when I was going to grammar school,
she used to buy eggs and put them in some sort of liquid preservative and
keep them downstairs in the cellar.

She used to buy half a pig which she had cut up into hams and bacon,
and also kept downstairs. I don’t think my mother raised lettuce, and I
don’t think people went in for green salads. Dessert was mainly cake, pies,
cookies and pudding, and she made applesauce and apple pie. The farms
around here raised vegetables and in later years we had a milkman who
came by and delivered milk, but in the early years I don’t remember that we
had much milk.

Store bought cookies were pretty good, the old Hydrox are still around
I believe. My mother didn’t go in for tonic. It was a rare treat when we had
tonic because mother didn’t think it was very good for us.

We didn’t come in contact with people of other races, as a rule. I did
know that there were Indians living somewhere not too far from us but we
never came in contact with them. Ezra Smith was a friend of a young
Indian boy and he and Ezra went to school together. That was after I had
left so I didn’t know the boy. He [Ezra] lived on a farm going out of town
on the North Wayne Road going towards Winthrop, not too far from
where the Beaches live.

I don’t think I was here when the road got paved. I had moved to
Portland and got my first job down there. I was only a little over sixteen
and had just graduated from Kents Hill. I went down with friends of my
mother’s. I got a job at Eastman Brothers and Bancroft, which was a
department store on Congress Street and where I worked in the mer-
chandise manager’s office as a secretary.

I don’t think I was mature. I was just dumb. I lived with my mother’s
friends and got my meals with them. Then in the next building there was a
lady whose husband was a traveling salesman and she wanted me to come
over there and stay with her, which worked out all right.

Eastman Brothers and Bancroft went out of business, and I moved up
to Lewiston. I sold bus tickets. I liked meeting people. In the meantime, my
folks had moved to Lewiston and my father was working for the Maine
Central as a bus driver. He and my mother lived on Main Street and I had a
room there.

In later years my mother and father moved up to Lynn [Massachusetts]
and he got a job at General Electric doing the same thing, using a drop
hammer, that he learned right here in this little town.
I don’t think the Depression affected our family much. I don’t remember any hard times then. People around here could always get something to eat, and they raised vegetables and [cash expenses were low]. There was no electric or telephone bill. Taxes, however, were a big thing in those days. The Town Office was in Wayne and you paid your taxes there. I used to go to Town Meeting quite often, which could be hair-raising sometimes. There was always somebody who was in a dispute. Disputes were over things like land boundaries. People just didn’t agree on everything, and it was often like a circus. Children could go. It was right after mud season, and the Town House was usually filled up pretty well.

In summertime, we would go up above the dam and swim. I was in there every day I think. In the fall, my mother always bought us new outfits. Not a great deal, but something new to wear back to school. And always a pair of new shoes. If they were the wrong size, you would have to send them back and get the right size. My mother used to make a lot of my clothes. She was very clever at making clothes.

Every year in the spring without fail the grind organ man came to town. He would stop out in front of each house and turn a crank so that music would come out and we took pennies out to him. He would earn his money by going from town to town. And there used to be a man who came through and sharpened knives and scissors. We never seemed to have anybody who was harmful.

We didn’t have any newspapers then. We didn’t have a telephone in the early years, and I don’t remember any of the neighbors having one. If you wanted to talk to somebody you went to the neighbor, who might have what we called “news items” -- nothing malicious. That people would be nice to each other and all the races would get along: that’s what I hope for. Because I like everybody.

It was a pretty innocent time, that era, I think. I’d like to see it again.

Note: This memoir with only minor modifications is based on “Residents remember Wayne’s early years,” which along with another, part II, was published in *The Mainer*, September 4, 1988 and October 2, 1998, and as “Remembering Christmases of the past,” *The Mainer*, January 8, 1999.

Doris Nickerson was the daughter of George and Sylvia Bishop, and in the photograph following is pictured with her parents and younger brother Edward, called “Ted,” in 1917 seated on steps of the house where Doris was born and “grew up.”
Town of Wayne Historical Collection
BLUE DEVIL RICHARD LINCOLN
By Betsy Connor Bowen

BLUE DEVIL RICHARD LINCOLN was a young man of 18 not yet having begun his senior year at Winthrop High School when he was drafted. It was 1943, and the world was at war.

His was a Wayne family. His father was Vance Lincoln, Postmaster in Wayne for 28 years. There were four sons and a daughter: Vance, Robert, Waldo, Richard, and Helen. The senior Vance Lincoln served on the draft board. To prevent accusations of favoritism he transferred the names of his sons to other boards. Richard entered the service on Oct. 5, 1943. His three other brothers ended up in combat, too: one in India and Alaska; one in Guam; one in Japan.

There were seventeen weeks of basic training. On St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1944, Richard Lincoln called home. "I'm going overseas but I don't know where."

Landing in Africa, the Blue Devils traveled across the continent in "forty or eights," box cars in which forty men or eight horses could fit. There was Casablanca, then Algiers. Then they went north into Italy. By the end of the war, these foot soldiers had walked the length of Italy, deep into the Apennines, the mountains that form the country's northern border. "Marching" is what it is called, but it was nothing more or less than walking, putting one foot in front of another, and one step after the other. There were battles in Montecatini and Bolzano, Florence and Pisa.

By the end of the war Richard Lincoln would be in the Brenner Pass. But on April 25, 1944 he was in Volterra with the Blue Devils. The 88th Infantry Division lost 100 men in the liberation of that city from German occupation.

He remembers running with guns into a city. Buildings were being bombed and planes were strafing. There were "partisans," Italians who aided the Allied forces. He was a map carrier and a platoon runner, taking messages from the platoon to the company commander. He was a first scout, trying to detect where the enemy was. He would fire tracer bullets in their direction, be it in fields or forests or towns. "The screaming mimis were a real morale breaker. The concussion lifted you off the ground. I never knew from day to day whether my name was on one of those shells."

By June 4 he was in Rome. There was pressure on the Allies and the Axis to do as little bombing as possible, to preserve the city. Montecatini
and Bolzano were hot spots. There was Bologna, and Mt. Bataglia. Volterra had been just another battle, a city south of Florence. "As we moved on, the people came up and took care of the dead."

His company commander was Albert Romano from Canton, Maine. Albert Romano and he had an agreement. If anything happened to either of them, they would tell each other's folks about it. Something did happen. The Germans found them. The two buddies were in a second story of a building. The last Romano saw of Lincoln, he was jumping out the window. The Germans captured Romano, and then the Russians captured the Germans.

So Richard Lincoln continued on fighting in Italy, and the captured Albert Romano was sent home.

Back in the states, Romano told Lincoln’s folks the two had been together the night he got captured. Since that jump out the window was the last Romano had seen of Lincoln, he couldn’t tell the Lincolns whether their son was safe or not.

But there were letters home. "They kept tabs on where I was by a code. I would change the middle initial of my father's name each time I wrote." Each letter got a newly changed initial. It was probably unnoticeable to any one else, but back home they would crack the code. The letters spelled out the names of the cities in Italy where Richard Lincoln was fighting.

The campaign to liberate Italy was a success. Finally the Axis surrendered, soon after the dropping of the nuclear bomb on Hiroshima. "Everybody was real joyous. It was like a nightmare and all of a sudden the sun started to shine."

After Italy, this foot soldier got to go home. He flew from Italy to Florida to Fort Devens in Massachusetts. He was discharged on Dec. 12, 1945.

There followed many years back home in Maine for a proud but war-weary veteran. He worked as a manufacturer's representative and traveled throughout the state. He lives in a house on the Pond Road in Wayne, has a wife and family.

But the war left him changed. Some of it was for the better. "Nothing fazes me," he says. However, "at first there were sweats. Nightmares. I would wake up dreaming about some experience from the war." Once on the Fourth of July at the sound of fireworks, "I ran off the porch. It makes you shaky." It didn’t last.

There are his memories, and they come back some times. He has a stack of honorary medals kept carefully in their cases. He won the Bronze star and many other good conduct medals and infantry combat badges. The
words on the medals commend him for a soldier's virtues: efficiency, honor, fidelity. There is a commendation to his Division for "344 Days of Combat Liberating Italy." His discharge papers name the four campaigns in which he fought: Rome, the Arno, the Po Valley, and the North Apennines.

He has kept his set of dog tags on a chain. The notches on them remind him of how close he came to being sent home dead.

He belongs to the Blue Devils organization. There is a newsletter, and reunions. That is how he got the certificate from Volterra. In the August, 1997 Blue Devil newsletter there was an account of Volterra's decision to honor those who had risked and lost their lives in its liberation over fifty years prior. There is a picture of the monument the town erected, with a plaque on which soldiers in combat fatigues and helmets run up a hill. The newsletter asked those who had fought at Volterra to send in their names. Richard Lincoln had fought there, so he sent in his.

A while later, something unexpected came in the mail. It was a certificate of commendation from the government of Volterra. It brought mixed feelings. "Getting that letter from Volterra brought back memories of buddies getting shot around me." But also he thought, "Gee, this is mighty nice. The government showed gratitude for what we did for them. At least these people thanked me. No other town that I was involved in did that."

The Blue Devils meet for reunions more or less every year. Richard Lincoln has been to only one, in Niagara Falls. Something about it, maybe the look of the roast pig on a spit they were preparing for a luau, made him uncomfortable. He couldn't find any buddies. He left quickly.

But there is Roland Burgess up in Winslow. He was a platoon sergeant. He and Richard Lincoln talk from time to time. They stay in touch. Burgess says, "When we were in Italy we were always together. He was a replacement in my platoon."

There was another buddy Burgess had known since basic training, but that man "got killed by our own artillery." Burgess remembers Richard Lincoln as a "happy-go-lucky sort," and says, "I see him once in a while. He comes up to Waterville. We reminisce."

Roland Burgess had not received a commendation letter from the government of Volterra. "They only named the battles later on, after they were over. When you were there, right in them, it was just fighting," he said. For that reason, he wouldn't necessarily even remember the names of all the cities he and Richard Lincoln were in, and so that is why, when the government asked, he never even sent in his name.
Richard Lincoln is wary of war, perhaps more sensitive to its stresses than those who have never experienced it. "When you hear about Saddam going to shoot down U.S. planes and Clinton is talking about war, maybe going to try and take Iraq, you hope the boys don't have to go out there," he says. "Thank the good Lord who brought me home."

Note: This story first appeared as "Wayne Blue Devil Among Commended," published in The Mainer, December 5, 1997.
IT'S 8:15 A.M. on a Monday in October. Faculty, staff, and students have been arriving at Wayne Elementary School since 7:00. By the time Mr. Charles Hicks walks into Mrs. Susie Gravel's kindergarten classroom, the day is already in full swing.

At the sight of this vibrant, energetic young man carrying a guitar and a bag of tricks, the excitement level of these sixteen five and six-year-old children mounts almost visibly. Greeting him with words they may have heard only from him, they reply in unison.

"Bon jour!"

The language is French, and it's fun. Mr. Hicks's arms and hands gesture with every word, so it isn't hard to figure out what he's saying.

"Tournez," he says, and he turns around as he says it. The inflection in his voice signals command, so sixteen children stand up from their chairs and turn around.

The warmth in his voice as he praises them makes them know they're right. Now they know "tournez," and they know it with their bodies as well as their minds.

Now he's telling a story. It's a story he tells with gestures as well as with the inflection in his voice, so it's possible to learn the meaning of the words he's using just from watching him. It's the story of Mr. Wiggle and Mr. Waggle. "Ils montent," he says, and his thumbs go up.

"Ils montent," sixteen kindergarteners say, and their thumbs go up. It's a story about two friends visiting each other, going up and down a hill, walking to each other's house.

The story has come to an end. Now Mr. Hicks pulls out his French flag. "Le drapeau Francais," he says. He's shown them this flag before and used the word "drapeau." It's got to mean "flag." He points to the colors on the flag. "Le bleu, le blanc, le rouge," he says.

He calls on Jared. "Jared, saute!"
Jared jumps up.
"Touchez le rouge!"
Jared touches something red.
"La classe! Touchez le rouge!"
The whole class searches for something red to touch.
They jump, they touch something red, they touch something blue, and they sit down.

"Tres, tres bien!" And that means they've gotten it right, because praise is in his voice. That's how they know that "Tres, tres bien" means "very, very good!"

Now Mr. Hicks pulls out Jean-Luc, a hand puppet. Jean-Luc asks the class to sing "Frere Jacques." Sixteen small voices sing along with Mr. Hicks, and when they've finished, they say "Au revoir" to Jean-Luc.

"Touche les oreilles de Oscar, Jared," says Mr. Hicks. Oscar is a stuffed animal, a small dog, and Mr. Hicks has just tossed it to Jared. Jared touches Oscar's ears.

"Tres bien!" says Mr. Hicks.

If as Jared touches Oscar's ears, fifteen children imagine along with him what he ought to do before he does it, they they will be doing what Mr. Hicks hopes they are learning to do.

They will be thinking in French.

By 8:45, when Charles Hicks takes out his guitar, strums it and begins singing "Au revoir, mes amis," the whole class is smiling. They know this song, they've heard the words before, and it means "Until we meet again, my friends."

"We're singing bye, bye my friends," Mr. Hicks tells them as he strums.

The last strains of his guitar fade in the now quiet classroom. As they do, not only do sixteen kindergarteners have smiles on their faces and a new language in which they are learning to think; they have a song in their hearts for this man who teaches them language with his whole being. It's the way they learned their first language, English, from their own mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers. Learning language in this way, at this age, is the way human beings learn language fastest, easiest, and best.

"I like that song," says one of them.

"I do too," says another.

"Au revoir" says Mr. Hicks to Mrs. Gravel, and the class is over.

Bob Hunter, Wayne Elementary principal, says that in surveys of the Wayne community asking what people wanted in the schools, foreign language had always shown up. "We made a variety of attempts with volunteers whenever we could, but in the last budget season, a push was made and the question put to all of voters across the union. Wayne was the only town where they said yes. We are in the very lucky position of having gotten started this year."

Charles Hicks is at Wayne Elementary for a one-day-a-week equivalent, or two half days, teaching each of four grades, K through 3,
The teaching method he uses is called "TPR," or "total physical response."

"At this age, children's facial muscles are fluid enough to imitate my accent perfectly. They pick up the different word order of French, so that the word order of English sounds unnatural to them. It's a natural process that uses the same abilities by which children learn their first language."

"Someone who is older will spend years leaning to say a sound unique to a foreign language, but a child learns it instantly because it's before the muscles in the mouth have developed."

"By third grade they progress to the point that they are learning a little of the written language," he says. "In English you can say to a two year old 'go pick up the red ball.' They would do it. That's how they learn English. They hear it, then learn the alphabet. This is the process in learning a second language. Then reading comes later."

Born in Western Massachusetts, Charles Hicks went to college in Rochester, New York, and took his junior year abroad in France, where he lived with a French family. He then transferred to the University of Maine at Fort Kent, where he received his BA degree. He has also lived in Canada. He studied for and received his Master's degree at the University of Maine at Orono.

Note: This story first appeared as "A Second Language: Wayne kindergarteners learn French," published in The Mainer, November 7, 1997
MR. BEACH HAD IT TORN DOWN
By Betsy Connor Bowen

IF YOU HAVE DRIVEN along the North Wayne Road recently, you may have noticed that something is missing. No longer does the old barn across from Foster and Irene Beach's house turn its rickety southern face towards Mt. Pisgah.

Mr. Beach had it torn down. He was afraid if he didn't it would fall down. "It had gotten too dangerous," he says, an opinion that came after fifty years of working in it. He had shored it up years ago with four-by-eight panels nailed tight to the studs, close together on the southern side, which was the most fragile.

After he took the panels off, it didn't take much force to get it to come down. "By gory when I got taking the last [panel] off that whole wall was starting to bulge," he said. "There was a great big whoof of whitish dust, and then the whole thing was flat." The fellow who was helping him went on the roof and took all the nails out so the tin roofing could come down. "He did all that grading there for me and I gave him the tin for doing the grading. He didn't charge me anything."

They stacked the old beams in a pile. Then a man drove by who was building some kind of a special building for which he needed big timbers. The man made an offer and Mr. Beach accepted it. "Sixteen feet long, some of 'em. He wanted ten of 'em. Now his brother wants some of them, too."

Now Mr. Beach has his old icehouse -- he used to cut ice on the lake and haul it home - filled with barn boards. They're good boards, nice and dry, mostly from the second story. He doesn't want to leave them out in the rain because he would hate to see them spoiled.

"That barn has seen a lot of things," Mr. Beach said, reflecting a few days later on what the old barn has meant to him. The Beaches came to Wayne in 1936, the year of the big flood. Their daughters were born in 1936 and 1938. Mrs. Beach's parents had bought the place; together they farmed one hundred and forty acres, forty planted in hay. "When we got to the farm there was nobody living here. The barn was in good shape. All we had to do was use it," he said.

They have been on the farm ever since. "This farm right here is the land of the free," says Mrs. Beach. Its name was "Early Acres Farm." Their son now has the original sign from the old place on his farm in Yakima, Washington.
"There were times we were hardup before we got the farm going, I'll tell you," says Mr. Beach. "But we had things. I had a big woodlot up there. I used to haul out a lot of wood, not just pulpwood. I had a big horse. I liked working in the woods. If you could get a truck up here and get 'em hauling out a load of logs, you got quite a swag of money out of it."

"We slugged in there because we wanted to get that farm," he continued. "We had quite a few cows. Irene and the two kids and I cut forty acres of hay every year. I had a little tractor that would haul the hay up. We started haying in August. A horse pulled the mower. It had a trip rope. My oldest daughter would ride that mowing machine. She could pull on the rope when she saw a rock coming along. My youngest daughter rode on the hay and packed it down. I would back my mower right next to the barn door and hoist up the hay and when it got up in the mow we pulled it clear to the back of the barn. That barn was full of hay every winter. It was hard work, all right."

"That barn made us a living. We took butter and made a trip down to Winthrop every week. Milk, cream, everything... vegetables, too. Some of it was during the time when you needed vouchers to buy anything. We would trade our vouchers for something else that we wanted."

"Mostly we had about ten cows. Irene milked. She liked it. We didn't mind working. We were independent. Nobody ever told us we had to work. We knew it."

Things got easier as time went on. "We would watch the garden and see what the deer ate and then we wouldn't plant that next year." They ended up with potatoes and squash.

Woods work was a part of the life, too. Mr. and Mrs. Beach crosscut pulp during the war in the woods. "It's quite a job for two people to crosscut. It was hard to get Irene to learn that her job was only to pull," Mr. Beach said. Her other jobs were more traditional ones. She made bread, sewed the clothes, cooked the meals, kept chickens and did all sorts of things.

When it came time for them to build their own house, Mr. Beach asked her to tell him where to put the corner posts. She did.

"I've got the posts in around where the sides of the house are going to be," he said to her one day. "Come down and look at it." She came down and looked. She stood there and Mr. Beach could tell she was figuring.

"Which room is this?" she asked.

"That's it! The whole thing!" was his difficult yet truthful reply.

After he got the house up, he started digging the cellar under it. He dug a pit and filled it with rocks to set his chimney on. He put all the plumbing
in and did all the wiring. He put the four sides up, covered the walls in, and made one kitchen window on one end and another on the other end, then covered the whole thing with black tar paper. They moved in on the first of December and the temperature went down and the bed was in the dining room.

"Whenever we got money enough we cut out the tar paper and put another window in," he said.

Mr. and Mrs. Beach hauled water all that first winter and spring. When the water finally came in, Mrs. Beach was standing out by the pipe.

"Can you hear it?" Mr. Beach asked.

"I can hear it a gurglin!" was his wife's reply.

All these memories and what they mean is perhaps why Mr. Beach has turned to writing something other than music of late, a tale he calls "The Saga of the Poor."

The story harkens back to the earliest times in Maine, before statehood, when farmers, woodsmen, and fishermen made up the early settlers: "Pretty capable people moved out here to settle. They were used to hardships. They kept moving out, pushing back, setting up ground, getting cows and things."

"They brought a store of money with them usually," but sometimes that ran out or a spell of bad luck hit them. Then the settlers were said to be "hardup."

"That's what they used to say. So and so's kinda 'hardup.' " For example, you could get stormy weather and it would ruin your garden. The neighbors would help out, and pretty soon the person was back on his feet. "You couldn't kill a farmer. If he has to eat roots, he'll eat roots."

But then something happened that changed the way of life forever, according to Mr. Beach. "The settlers got together to appoint Selectmen. The Selectmen created a 'Poor Account.' They wanted control of everything. That's why they set up the Poor Account. The only way people could get anything was to go to them. The early settlers could do whatever they wanted, [help out or not]. But when they started the Poor Account, the selectmen had control of it."

"Thus," he said, "the harduppers were done for. They no longer were hardup, but poor. They went to the Selectmen to apply for a loaf of bread or a quart of milk. That must have been a smart move for the Selectmen for they are still operating that way."

Mr. Beach was a Selectman himself, for seven years, so he speaks from experience. He tells the story of one particular man, maybe a little bit off his rocker, who gave his folks a hard time. He wouldn't do anything to help.
They were hardworking farmers, and they didn't want him around. So it became Mr. Beach's job as Selectman to provide for him. He found an apartment in Augusta where the rent was cheap because it was right next to the firehouse. He showed it to the young fellow, who liked it a great deal, so he moved him in and the town paid for the rent and food.

"Everyone was happy but me," Mr. Beach said. "I checked him out one day he had a girlfriend there and he said 'She stops by every once in a while.'"

"It's a chance you take that someone will get lazy and take advantage of the situation," he had observed. So, just to see what would happen, he ordered the fellow a big chunk of roast beef and brought it to him. The next day he went right back and found the man had traded it for cigarettes. "No use supporting that," was his view.

Mr. Beach brought the fellow back from Augusta. "Not any reason he can't work if you can get along with him," he said to his brother, Lloyd, who had a sawmill and owned the general store in North Wayne. And so Mr. Beach got the fellow a job in the sawmill, where he worked for many years.

But by Mr. Beach's own account, his brother was kind of a mean guy who set down certain conditions around the job. "The fellow didn't like it very well that he had to buy his groceries where my brother said. I think that's why he quit. He got sick of my brother telling him he had to buy his groceries at his own store."

Being an independent sort, the fellow just moved on. Mr. Beach, reflecting these many years later on all that was done for the man, observed "Sometimes I think it is a blessing to be poor."

This story concluded Mr. Beach's "Saga of the Poor," but the finale was yet to come. It came in the form of a question that, in these times of great change in the "welfare system," is well worth pondering.

"Which would you rather be, 'poor' or 'hardup'?" Mr. Beach asks. With great conviction, he answers his own question. "I'd rather be hardup. At least you have a chance of getting better. If you're poor you aren't ever going to have much for yourself. If you're hardup, it's maybe a degree of being poor, but you still always have something for yourself."

Eventually, as their children grew up and left, Early Acres Farm just gradually wound down. The Beaches kept fewer and fewer cows, and then none, and for a while they kept a few goats, but that too ended. Mr. and Mrs. Beach have gone to Florida in the winter for many years, but this year they intend to stay in North Wayne. Foster doesn't like the traffic on the
roads of late, and Irene says she doesn't like the natives down there, so they're staying right at home.

If as they sit in their kitchen and look out across the North Wayne Road to where the old barn once stood, they will miss it, perhaps. Nonetheless, they have their memories. "It was nice in the wintertime to go into that barn, cows chewing on the hay. It was a nice feeling. It was never cold in there."

This year they will get through the winter as they used to, maybe still bickering over the temperature. "He keeps it eighty and I like it seventy," Mrs. Beach smiles.

The Early Acres farmhouse is not a bad place to end up. It is shaded by trees in the front and a hill in the back, so it is cool in the summer. The wood Mr. Beach cuts from his woodlot keeps it warm in the winter. Above it on the hill is a little hothouse Mr. Beach built where his wife likes to go sit as the days grow longer and start flowers. Mr. Beach still has the spring where he used to hatch out trout. He would take them out of the lake in the fall late summer and they would make their nests and spawn in the fall, and then when they got finished he would put them back in the lake.

So if you drive along the North Wayne Road this winter and notice that the old barn is gone, you might look up the hill at the Early Acres farmhouse and ponder the question of whether it is better to be "hardup" or "poor." Mr. Beach might be in his kitchen remembering how he used to stage the miracle of new trout in the spring. Mrs. Beach might be sitting right across from him, looking forward to the pleasure she will take, come March in going up to the hothouse to start her three hundred gladiolus bulbs, as she has done for many years.

You might even wonder if, though they may not know it, some people might quite rightly call them rich.

IT WAS THE TIME-TESTED way of "neighbor helping neighbor" that made this a town of many heroes in the aftermath of damage caused by the "Ice Storm of '98" according to Wayne Town Manager Peter Nielsen. "As far as I know, whenever we became aware of a need, someone met the need," he said. "There have been so many offers by so many people to do for one another that it has been inspiring."

The Town Office was open for business as normal on the first day of the storm, Wednesday, January 7; every day since then "has been storm management" said Nielsen, speaking on January 16. On Thursday the 8th and Friday the 9th, branches "began falling in the roads like rain. It sounded like gunfire as they hit the road." A crew composed of the Fire Department, Tree Warden, Road Commissioner, and additional volunteers attempted to keep up with the storm. Trees heavily weighted down by ice bent double and closed across the roads, rendering them impassable. Using chain saws to cut free the downed branches, piling them up out of the way of vehicles, the crew attempted to "keep up with things." At the end of each day, all the roads would be passable, but by the following morning, the crew would have to begin all over in their attempt to keep all of Wayne's 26 miles of road clear. At times, the crew would be pulling away branches on roads they had cleared just one hour before.

"On Saturday, Audrey Goucher and Earle Welch, Jr. came up with the idea of assigning territories," said Nielsen. "So on Saturday I fetched out the town map and called and asked for help." Dividing the town into ten different territories, he told the crews "You call me when the roads are clear." By day's end, all the roads in Wayne were open for passage. After the high winds and cold of Saturday night he asked the teams to check again on Sunday.

Wayne citizens showed their concern for one another in many other ways. Howard and Cindy Pettengill donated the kerosene heater that warmed the Town Office. Mark and Debbie Pettengill's generator kept the North Wayne Church supplied with power. Joan Stiehler's generator and Skip Strong's expertise in hooking it up powered the Ladd Center. Starting Saturday, Lincoln Ladd and many others made sure the place was open twenty-four hours a day, offering a warm gathering spot for parents and children and for those who needed it, a place to fill up with water as well as
food. At Wayne Elementary, without power since Thursday morning, Ray Kelley worked long hours to keep the school from freezing up, with Norman Hall helping. Thanks to a patchwork of donated generators and heaters, they did not expect any damage that would require repair.

"There have been so many people doing so much," said Nielsen. On Sunday, about eleven members of the Fire Department went house-to-house telling people about the shelter available at the Ladd Center, "trying to make sure no one was isolated or unaware," and directing repair trucks. Among those manning this effort were Assistant Fire Chiefs Bob Stiehler and Gary Kenny and other members; Earle Welch, Jr.; Perry Ryerson. A group of nurses composed of Jan Folk, Anna Ryerson, Candy Roche, and Arlene Innes as well as many others who were simply nearby checked on elderly citizens.

Considering the intensity of the damage, there were few casualties. Paul Chenea took eight stitches in his leg from a chain saw accident while helping clear the roads. Most sadly, Raymond "Nick" Nickerson, 85, died of a heart condition aggravated by the stress of the storm's many tasks, such as lugging water and keeping the stoves going. "We will miss him greatly," said Nielsen.

Many others helped out greatly. Snowplow operators Elwood Buzzell and Steve Wade were going constantly, hauling load after load of sand. Stub Goucher worked all week to bring additional sand from his pit. Starting Monday the 12th, Ford Stevenson and Reed Lee worked to chip and haul brush as quickly as they could before it froze. Lee Goucher and his crew worked picking up and chipping brush so as to make the roads more passable. "We will keep the roads open," said Nielsen; "however, citizens will be responsible for wood and branches on their own property."

At the Town Office, Audrey Goucher and Gail Hasenfus worked extra time distributing food vouchers, with seventeen families receiving $50 apiece to compensate for loss of food due to power outage. Ray Kelley's work hauling fuel from Pike's Corner Oasis on Route 133 kept Howard and Cindy Pettengill's donated generator going.

Mike and Pat Murray held the Wayne General Store open, making a donation of frozen food to the Ladd Center, where new director Patrick Westberry worked at keeping the place inviting to residents as well as picking up and delivering food from the Red Cross to those needing it. Earle and Cindy Welch spent long hours on the road, and from her home, Joan Stiehler dispatched on the radio.

In a summary prepared for the Federal Emergency Management Agency, Nielsen estimated that the public expense to the Town of Wayne
for clearing this storm would be approximately $20K and that public and private expense, excluding power lines but including damage to houses caused by freeezups, would be $260K, with one house in twenty having power lines ripped off.

SOMETIMES BETWEEN when I grew up chopping and lugging wood to needy stoves on Morrison Heights, and the day Colin Powell got to know Wayne in the flesh, a bunch of things happened. In order to make this narrative readable, and stay within limits, I will skip over those things and jump to a day in July, 2003.

In an otherwise ordinary month, President George W. Bush decided to nominate me to become an Assistant Secretary of State, where I was expected to serve “at the President’s pleasure” in the State Department of Colin Powell. At that time, Powell had already served as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs under President George H.W. Bush – or “Bush 41” as they like to call him in Washington – and as Ronald Reagan’s National Security Advisor, helping Reagan manage the disintegration of the former Soviet Union.

Through the gracious offices of Maine’s two genuinely thoughtful Senators, Susan Collins and Olympia Snowe, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee neatly expelled me from their calendar by unanimous vote and sent me to the Senate floor on October 3, 2003. Even the ordinarily tough Democratic Senator from Connecticut, Chris Dodd, and more loquacious Democratic Senator from Delaware, Joseph Biden, had helpful words that seemed to propel my cork from their illustrious bottle.

Thus I found myself on the Senate floor. Well, not literally, but figuratively. Through a process I still only vaguely understand, full of sudden wonders and wicked wickets, the US Senate rapidly voted and unanimously sent me over to Colin Powell.

And so it began ...

Informally, I began working with Powell on October 6th, escorted briskly through a bunch of paper signings and other codswollop that comes with becoming “official.” Missing, of course, was my official “swearing-in ceremony.”

So, having used up a quarter of my allotted space for this writing, I now get to the story. I am not sure the President would approve of that practice – a slow and purposeful introduction – but surely Maine’s own Marshall Dodge of Burt and I fame would, so I will follow Burt’s lead – and meander on.
Between taking sudden responsibility for training all the Iraqi and Afghan Police, working on stabilization and counter-narcotics programs in some 70 odd countries (ok, not all are odd) and “drinking from the proverbial fire hose” as a new appointee, we had to plan the “ceremonial swearing in.” Luckily some experienced people helped make that happen. Ok, whew, now we are here. Hang on!

On what seemed a uniquely Maine day, complete with a timely blizzard, friends and family from Maine showed up. To keep this story at Wayne Messenger length, I shall not recite how each of them got to Washington DC, or what they saw along the way. Trust me that they arrived; had they not, the narrative would end here.

So -- allow me here to become mildly poetic, since this is how I remember that special day – a wonderful day in my life, and one that I shall never forget, because so much of Wayne gave so much and had such heart.

Wayne citizens came from the farthest away to be present. They resolutely braved weather that halted air traffic across much of the country, and otherwise brought activities to a slow roll or halt, from Maine south. The January tempest notwithstanding, old friends and family scrambled out of The State, down snow-covered highways of the East Coast, and showed up at the ceremony. . . . It seems that they would or could not be kept from fulfilling that mission. Mainers keep their word. And after all, it was only snow! Outside, the day was cold. Inside, sentiments were warm.

Colin Powell strode into the vast, ornate Benjamin Franklin Room atop the U.S. State Department, a rather nervous Wayne boy in tow. We came out of what they call the “holding room,” although nothing nor anyone has ever been “held” there for long, so far as I know. It serves to allow pre-ceremonial conversation and the careful retying of frayed nerves.

There was a joyous feeling to the day. It began in the holding room and spread rapidly into the Franklin Room, like light escaping an open door, as Powell strode out to meet Wayne! Smiles were a ready commodity. By end of this day, my smile muscles were silly-putty. Just now, I could not stop smiling.

One room west of the Benjamin Franklin Room, Wayne guests would later see the desk of Thomas Jefferson, a former Secretary of State before election as America’s third president. On that desk, Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. Wayne guests could wander among paintings one sees in books, here in the original – you know, by Revolutionary-era artists of Revolutionary-era leaders.

Some Wayne visitors would inspect silver sitting humbly in cabinets along the edges of the Diplomatic Reception Room, and discover that
much of that silver was actually pounded by a fellow that got more attention as a horseman with an eye for lights in the Old North Church, and for waking people up from a sound sleep on April 19th, 1775 – Paul Revere. There was silver there, also, that was pounded by the hands of Revere’s father.

In those nearby rooms, too, lay the famous Treaty of Paris, which formally ended the Revolutionary War, and bears signatures of the Founding Fathers. Meanwhile, back in the bigger Ben Franklin Room ... Secretary Powell and I would soon be signing a different document.

Powell was, it seemed, genuinely happy to be here. All of us were in the Nation’s Capitol, but he might just as well have been in Wayne itself, for much of the town had arrived. He was taken by the town’s commitment, and said so. He noted that the whole town seemed to have turned out, and that the weather was Maine weather! He then proceeded to banter about the festive and ceremonial purposes for which this room had been used, adding, “Where else would you hold a swearing-in for Bobby Charles?”

To be clear: There is no higher honor than to be the brunt of a joke by Colin Powell while you stand in front of the town in which you grew up – really. Can you imagine? I could not have. But when he began to let them roll, I found myself enjoying the end-over-end sensation of being rolled. Where Colin Powell leads, you follow.
As noted, Powell might as well have been walking down Route 133 into our town, or springing up the steps of Wayne's 19th-Century Town House; he might as well have been opening the front doors of the Wayne Community Church or standing there by the Mill Pond... this day was Wayne's. This audience was more about America than things "international," and that was how Powell saw it too. Powell was, as he always is, poised, observant, energized, cheerful and above all – welcoming.

He was articulate, allowing that gravelly, easy-to-hear voice and Army cadence to tumble off the tongue, so much clear water rounding and breaking over time-worn rocks, purposely but consistently ending in little pools of clear thought.

He was a man of decision and experience, one of those natural reservoirs of wisdom that is too seldom encountered, and never has much need for chop. As someone once noted, "still waters run deep." However, on this day, he was filled with playfulness, an easy mirth, perhaps made more playful by the presence of a friendly town, one that he seemed to trust, implicitly.

Later, I would learn that this was not ordinary, not common. He is invariably decisive, crisp and prepared... but mirth? That is a quality you display only among friends, not among strangers. Wayne was, at once, a "friend." From the get-go, he seemed more at ease here, strangely proud to be among real Americans, those not afraid to be themselves with him, those before whom no protocol was needed except that required of the moment. He rather instantly bonded with this group, happy to be among folks humble and hard-working, stout and strong, proud and happy to stand for something. Too often, he was among those who, for all their diplomatic finery, stood for nothing but their own advantage. Not today.

Instead, I think, he saw America in Wayne. I am not sure, but he may have seen a bit of himself before him. In the eyes of Lila Lincoln and Ellie Ault, who sat front and center a few feet from him, were lives as full as his own, if different. One can sense these things.

He was all about - well, us. For one day, he was Wayne's, despite raging snow squalls beyond the elegant floor-to-near-ceiling French windows, and despite the raging world of conflict beyond that snow. He was not distracted. He was ours, and in a way we were his.

He seemed to almost frolic - not common in public - at this ceremony, as surely as the kids bouncing at his feet, particularly my three-year-old daughter, Sophia. Meanwhile, my nine-year-old-son, Nicholas or Nicky, was somewhat more poised, or maybe just, like the rest of us, somewhat dazzled. With Wayne, in any event, Powell was prepared to have fun. That
was good to see, since many parts of his job were, as it turned out, not much fun.

You just had that feeling that he felt our vibes. Even to him, the day was special. No matter how many other times he had spoken or raised his hand for the constitutional oath, this one was a little different. He knew we were with him. We were four-square with him. It was as if an unspoken nod had circled the room.

There was, now, a sense of being momentarily part of history itself, physically being with someone in Powell who was already of historical proportions, nationally and internationally. That general sense settled over you, but also kept you alert.

For Powell, this day was about his new Assistant Secretary, about a common commitment to service shared by those present, about someone’s upbringing in a small Maine town, and about each and every one of those who came from that town, represented by those to whom he now spoke.

He seemed to project an ability to set the world completely aside. That too was remarkable. Always was. Iraq and Afghanistan could just as well be Venus and Mars at this moment. France, Germany and Great Britain were flakes in the blizzard’s dance, a distant plow, a forgotten mitten. He was here with us – at one time and in one place. This is what counted. On reflection, that notion reminds me of a phrase used by Colonel Potter in M.A.S.H. Potter would say, when others wanted out, “Son, if you ain’t where you are, you ain’t nowhere.” How right.

Powell was smiling more broadly than I had seen him smile in months. He soaked up the joy and reflected it, both. He cared. Here were folks who had learned life’s good things where people learn good things, among Maine’s pines, watching a rising sun brush the horizon at dawn, getting a feel for accomplishment after a hard day’s work, glad to have contentment at times, peace in their hearts. That was Powell’s way, too.

He came from a place he still called home, a neighborhood of New York City. He knew how much family and friends counted. He had those he held dear. He had seen struggles, adversity and accomplishment, putting away small issues for larger ones, all his life. Maybe that is what made him a diplomat. That said, he had also risen with the sun – or before the sun – as a soldier in the U.S. Army for 35 years.

Colin Powell, today full of fizz, knew honor and risk, disappointment and love of children and grandchildren, what it meant to work hard and rest fully, drained but satisfied with one’s duty done.

He knew about saturation of life with uncertainty and loss, and he knew how loss, crisis and survival can season a man to become an emblem
of calm. He had been an island of calm on many choppy waters, from Vietnam to recent politics. Somehow, Powell was – for that moment – fully in sync with Wayne.

Despite the beauty around him, he did not speak to ornamented walls, Revolutionary art work that hung about him, magnificent chandeliers, or the gold trim. He did not allow his eyes to drift into unseen rafters, or tether his eyes to the written page. Instead, with the steadiness of a man that has always had one hand on the tiller, he spoke to Wayne’s contingent directly. He was aware of, but never preoccupied by, the Great Seal of America on the podium below his elbows.

As he spoke, Powell gave little thought to Harry Truman’s piano, looking on from the left rear of the room, the same piano whose black and white keys Truman’s fingers had tickled in the White House 50 years prior.

Powell did not care much about the ornate, one-of-a-kind carpet beneath his feet. He did not spend much time on the super-sized portrait of Benjamin Franklin looking down from the end of the room. Instead, he spoke to Lila and Ellie, and with them to Wayne’s intrepid, undeterred, faithful citizens. He spoke to these weary travelers by land and air, as if he were welcoming them into his own home, which in a way he was.

He spoke to people like Peter and Lois Ault, who were naturally taken with the history of the regal place and moment, and to their son, my former neighbor, scouting pal, high school debate partner and enduring friend, Will Ault. They had done their share of wheel-gripping on Route 95 to be here.

He spoke to my mother, Doris Anne, whom he recognized as a teacher, artist and – most of all – mother. He spoke to my two sisters, both of Maine, Anita and Cynthia, making us all feel as if we must have known him, and he us, all our lives. He spoke to my brother Charlie, formally Roland, whose hand he shook as firmly as if meeting an old Army pal or a notable foreign diplomat.

Of course, he spoke warmly and with a sense of understanding to the little people too. He loves little people. He spoke to my little nieces and nephews and cousins from Maine. He loved their wide eyes, filled with wonder, some of them still wobbly on their feet, like my own three-year-old Sophia, who nearly upstaged him by pacing the platform behind him, resolute in her right to do so, undeterred by sideline threats or inducements. Powell waved off attempts to rein her in – let her go. As he said, we are about family here.

He was kind to the kids and to the adults. He had held Sophia earlier, conversed easily with a captivated Nicholas, bent to talk with Anita’s first four children, Duncan, Cameron, Devki and Malvika. At one point, Devki,
who was adopted from India and sees with some difficulty through little
glasses, looked up from her two-and-a-half foot frame and asked rather
innocently: “Are you the really important man?” He bent to a near crouch.
Colin Powell did, and held her hand in his, then said, “No, my dear, I think
you are the important one,” from there putting them all at ease and talking
with each child in turn. What other world leader pauses to do that?

He smiled broadly at Aunt Neetie, held her hand for a moment, spoke
and listened, before turning to others in the family. All that from the
“holding room,” and then it just seemed to flow right out into the big
room. Out there, he directed himself to all — to my first cousin Eric and his
wife Sarah, their children Jared and Caleb, Cloe and Phoebe, and to first
cousin Duncan and his wife Diona, and two children Clark and Alden.

He found and linked up with glowing Wayne faces all across the room,
and did so with deliberate empathy, slowing the pace of the world with an
unspoken We-Will-Get-To-It-Later. That was quintessential Powell.

He looked out upon Uncles and Aunts, connecting with my own
irrepressible, 95-year-old Aunt Imogene Grace on my father’s side of the
family. She had gleefully hopped a plane from the town where Harry Tru-
man grew up, Independence, Missouri, to be here. Powell did not miss her.

Among those 40 in attendance with links to Wayne, Powell seemed to
notice Doug and Holly Stevenson, Jan Folk, Dot Jackson, Wendy Ault,
Richard and Delanne Brown, Lynda and Tom Crowley and others of the
Brooks Clan. These folks were not just here from a short, brisk walk — they
had braved Washington’s worst battering in a decade. Other Mainers re-
mained stranded in airports as the ceremony unfolded.

To put it simply, Powell’s commitment to others was reflected in the
faces he saw, and he knew it. He knew the nominee, in this case me, was
moved by it all. Who would not be? So he was.

Memories have a way of flickering back, triggered by something. They
did then. They do now. I was proud to have been a kid who grew up in this
little town, who struggled at one-match-fires on rainy days as an over-eager
Boy Scout; trekked and pitched bottomless tents in places like Maine’s Mt.
Spenser, or around Mt. Blue or Katahdin, as well as on the Wayne Desert,
Morrison Heights or behind Tripp’s house in North Wayne in winter!

There was the early fun of snowshoeing in deep snow on those rare
days when tranquility and energy strike at once, usually with the overdue
high pressure system — and snowmobiling on trails with shortened trees
that seemed to be carved or borrowed from some enchanted place in a
Memories flow... when they do. There was the unspeakable thrill of one hunter-orange flag popping on a trap frozen to the lake from drifting snow, seen from the fogged window of a much-loved ice house, or just from behind that windscreen propped between two ice chisels, our bundled-up bodies warmed by a fire fast becoming a charred bowl of birch soup on the ice! There were days when little league games found me pedaling up The Big Hill in darkness, pumping that generator light every rotation, not worried since “nothing in the woods will hurt you,” and besides, you knew every leftover frost heave in the road.

There were countless summer days, worries left somewhere back at school, when George Place’s boat would pull you all gleefully off the Yacht Club float on one ski or two, David, Kathy and Will Ault leading the pack, joined on occasion by Kris Johnson, the Burnham girls, Rick Hoddinott and half a dozen cheerful summer visitors. Life was good... people were good.

Today, it was not the Wayne Yacht Club float, but a platform about that size. Still, Norman Rockwell could have painted Wayne — only he could not have, because it was better than anything he ever painted; it was real.

Now, looking out from the platform, there was Stan Cowan, my old teacher of “Current Events” and cross country coach from Maranacook High School. In the classroom and out, his enthusiasm never ebbed — ever. He reminded me of Winston Churchill’s old adage that, “success consists of going from failure to failure without loss of enthusiasm.” One exception: Stan’s teams after us won far more than they lost, including some State Championships. Never mind, he would approve of the Churchill quote. So would Powell. Yup, an emotional day.

Colin Powell now had words to say, and he ad-libbed to make me seem his lifetime sidekick — which I certainly was not. I was just an appointee. Here too was my old boss, U.S. House Speaker and Congressman, Dennis Hastert. I don’t think in nearly five years of working for him as counsel and staff director he ever attended an event without a speaking role — it just was not natural. Today he did not speak, did not want to speak — yet he was The Speaker! As a former teacher and wrestling coach of 16 years — plus father of two boys — he was here to let me know he was on side and there to support, always the coach.

Hastert is quiet by nature, but there was a happy murmur that filled the air, of which he was I think pleased to be a part. Wayne’s regard for others — a part of what he valued — suited him just fine. He too had grown up in a small American town, albeit in Illinois — where he lives today. On some Memorial Days, while Speaker, he would wave off security and putter
happily unescorted in an old antique fire engine to a parade hours away. Why not? He knew life was more about old fire engines than fundraisers.

What a thrill this all was! Not because Colin Powell and Dennis Hastert were there, but because friends were here, not least those with whom I grew up, those who knew all the foibles and youthful awkwardness, errors, omissions and batting averages – but had come all the same, facing down the elements to rightly share the honor. That is why the day was special. It was special because Wayne is special – and Wayne was here. Benjamin Franklin seemed pleased, no less than Powell, Hastert and those who like the warmth on any day of celebrating friendship.

Wayne – the collective personality, not land but loyalty, not fields, flora and fauna but friends – was here. Hastert knew it at once – felt it. Powell knew it instantly – rose to it, fanned it, warmed himself at its hearth. And me? I was like a stick in an eddy, a bird on the wing, dizzy with glee, happy to be. I was actually overwhelmed by the day – had not expected to be, but was. Like anyone else honored by cherished friends, I was proud to have made others proud, to have come to service from a place where reflexive support of neighbors is ordinary, not exceptional – a place that is still the heartbeat of what America, at its best, has always been.

When all is said and done, Wayne friends and family are what made that wonderful day magic. Wayne met Powell, but Powell met Wayne. With Powell’s added sprinkle, the day was as much dream as reality, memorable to all those there. . . . The day was life at its best . . . like a silent walk in new fallen snow, catching a fawn leaping at dawn, slowing one’s heart-beat to hear the primordial beauty of a loon at dusk, and being visited anywhere by old and dear friends in a moment of joy and embarkation. I am forever grateful to come from Wayne, a town that lovingly came to share a moment with me in Washington DC, far from the curl of water over the dam and flutter of the Stars and Stripes by the Mill Pond. Forever a Wayne kid, I shall never forget that day – never. For such friends, I am and will always be just – grateful.

Note: In Wayne to mention the name Robert Charles can draw a blank look, then the response, “Oh, you mean Bobby Charles.” Bobby’s career as an Assistant Secretary in the U.S. State Department was as rigorous as it was rewarding. For Bobby, Wayne is still regarded as “home,” and for the town’s Historical Collection he has generously donated his official Papers relating to the special career which officially began on that memorable January day in 2004.
SAILING AROUND CAPE HORN
By Alice Palmer Hinkley Chenery

INTRODUCTION

The Monmouth Museum Newsletter for January-March 2002 featured an article about the town’s beloved Dr. Frederick Chenery, Jr. (1889-1967) written by Natalie Jones. We were made aware that this man who dedicated his life’s medical practice to serving the needs of the families of Monmouth was the son of Wayne’s last resident physician, Frederick Chenery, M.D. (1863-1932). The Monmouth Historical Society provided us with the address of Dr. Chenery’s grandson, Frederick III, living in Dubuque, Iowa. He answered our inquiries in the following letter dated November 14, 2002.

I’m enclosing a copy of something which may be of interest, though it has nothing to do with my grandparents’ time in Wayne. A few years before my grandfather married Alice in 1891, she made a voyage on a four-masted sailing ship. I used to beg her to tell me about her adventure, and I finally persuaded her to write something about it. Enclosed is a copy of what she wrote. I was disappointed that she didn’t write more, but am glad to have this brief record.

About 1922 my grandfather, being in poor health, gave up his Wayne practice and he and Alice made their home with my father, Dr. Frederick, Jr., in Monmouth village.

I was born in 1927 and was only five when Dr. Cheney Sr. died, so had no memory of him. My grandmother, Alice Chenery, was a very important person to me. I was closer to her than to either of my parents. I’m embarrassed that I have so little information about her. I have no record of her birth date. She died in 1948, and I remember she was about 90, so she may have been born in 1858.

According to the obituary, my grandfather, Dr. Chenery Sr., 69, died at his home in Monmouth on October 3, 1932. I also have a pathological report dated March 7, 1930 concerning my grandfather’s leg amputation. He was 67 at the time. The diagnosis was arteriosclerosis. The amputation was necessary because of gangrene of the left foot.

The 1898 History of Wayne states, “F. L. Chenery, M.D., was born in North Livermore, April 1863. Graduated from the University of the City of New York, Medical Department, in March 1886. Settled in Wayne December 1886, where he is now (1898) in successful practice.” On May 11, 1887
the young doctor married Lizzie M. Lawrence of Fairfield and the couple then began their life together in Wayne village. Lizzie gave birth to a son in 1889 who they named Frederick Lincoln Chenery, Jr. She died about five weeks later from the complications of childbirth on March 30, 1889.

Dr. Chenery married his second wife, Alice Hinkley, a Lewiston school teacher on April 23, 1891. In the process of researching the town Historical Collection for information on Alice Chenery, it became apparent that her participation in the affairs of the community gave her an equally important leadership role to that of her husband. She served as a member of the school board, and later was appointed Superintendent of Schools. The Town of Wayne Annual Reports for the decade 1890-1900 contain in-depth reports detailing her efforts to improve Wayne’s schools.

The handsome house they built on Old Winthrop Road still stands overlooking a beautiful view of the millstream cove. The doctor’s obituary of October 3, 1932 credited Alice with having been “a potent influence in the communities where she has lived, with her culture and interest in educational and literary work.”

E. R. A.

MY YOUNG GRANDSON, having just entered the high school (circa 1941) where nearly everything is reduced to writing, insists that I reproduce in that form my recollections of a trip around Cape Horn in a sailing vessel...
(windjammer) taken more than fifty years ago [in the late 1880s], and in spite of the fact my diary covering that time has been lost for years.

It began in a cozy sitting room in Portland, Maine, where half a dozen young women, employed in the big stores and offices of the city, were gathered around the evening lamp sewing on the gifts they were preparing for Christmas.

One of them said to me, "Weren't you a school teacher?" “Yes, I replied, I taught six years in the schools of Lewiston.” “Well, I know a sea captain who is soon starting on a voyage around Cape Horn in a sailing vessel, taking his family with him – wife and four boys – and wants a teacher to go along to keep up the boys in their school work. Would you like to go?” “Would I!” I explained, “I'd be delighted. I have always hoped I might get a chance to see something of the world.”

Well, the proper contacts and arrangements were made and I found myself in New York, on board a big ship lying at a dock at the foot of Wall Street without a recollection of how I got there. By the usual means of travel probably. Wall Street very much resembled a tunnel, so narrow and the buildings so close and so high it seemed in semidarkness. At its head facing the length of the street was the famous Trinity Church, keeping an eye, apparently, on all of the activities of the street. The New York Stock Exchange being on Wall Street, we visited it one day. I do not remember that we had to apply anywhere for admission, just walked into the building and up stairs to the gallery where we had a good view of the entire floor. It was so large that a group of twenty or thirty men appeared to occupy the space relatively of three or four flies, on a dinner table large enough to seat six comfortably. I cannot tell how many such groups, there were but the floor was pretty well covered by different sized groups, some consisting of a hundred or so. Still it was not crowded. There was plenty of space between the different groups. And such a bedlam! The cries of the sellers filled the house to such an extent it seemed hardly possible that even the men immediately around there could distinguish what was said. A marvelous sight to a country girl. Of great interest to any visitor who might enter.

A great surprise awaited me when I first went on board. Everything looked so white and quiet as I stepped upon the main deck, with two small square houses enclosing the space known as the main deck, one forward and one aft, the latter being for the officers and where I stayed as a member of the captain's family. As I stepped in the door I found myself in a narrow passage the length of the width of the house, or cabin we say on a ship, never house. From this two state rooms opened, one at each end; that on the port side belonged to the first mate, on the starboard to the second
mate. Aft, a door led into the main cabin, a pleasant, light room nearly filled by a dining table with stationary benches at each side and a big arm chair (also stationary) at the head for the captain.

Here we had our meals; the captain, his wife, four boys, first mate and me. Nearly the whole ceiling consisted of a skylight which made the room light and the buff colored woods which made the finish, gave it a sunny aspect. Passing thru this we entered the main saloon, our living room. Darker woods here gave it a rich look which was a surprise.

Two staterooms opened from this on the port side, each containing two bunks, a corner closet and in another corner a tiny wash bowl. These too were finished in the dark woods and fastened to the wall. Between the state room doors were benches with rich velvet cushions. A center table and one or two good chairs completed the furnishings making a very attractive room. On the starboard side, too, were two staterooms corresponding to the port side. But the one aft was for the captain, so was a large square room containing, besides the necessities of the small ones, a desk and large table with maps whereon our course was marked each day after the observations were taken. Here we all eagerly went each noon after Captain Waterhouse had worked out our latitude and longitude to see how far we had come since the previous noon. The forward one was allotted to me and I slept in the upper berth using the lower ones for my books and other things necessary to keep three boys of different ages busy with their studies. The oldest boy was thru school and took the part of third mate in running the ship.

We did our lessons each morning and afternoon sitting around the dining table in the pleasant room I have described. From the living room a short flight of stairs called 'the companion way' led outdoors to the quarter deck. This filled the after part of the ship beyond the little house I have just described, and on it almost at the end of the ship was the wheel house where a sailor always stood at the wheel, as an automobile driver guides his car with his hand on the wheel. Only this wheel was much larger than the one in a car. At the foot of the companion way in the corner of the after cabin was a little bathroom for family use. The roof of the after cabin was the poop deck and we often sat there evenings after a hot day while sailing thru the tropics. After crossing the equator it was interesting to trace the constellations of the southern hemisphere – the Southern Cross and some others.

To my great surprise after leaving New York harbor we pursued an almost easterly course till nearly to the Azores, then practically south to clear the easternmost point of Brazil. About the second day I was seasick
and this continued so long and so severe they feared I would die. One day they carried me on deck on a cot thinking the out doors air might revive me, but the sea so cold and heavy seemed to come right up to swallow me and I nearly passed out causing the man at the wheel to call out, a thing he is never allowed to do except in answer to something said to him by the Captain. Sailors were summoned and I was hastily carried below. In about a week my attack was over and I was never again troubled with 'mal-de-mer.'

Sailing south from the Azores we were for a long time in tropical waters. Day after day went by sunny and calm after we left the trade winds, warm but not too hot. We sat on the poop deck evenings, looked at the stars and felt impatient to reach the southern trade winds which would speed us on our way where as in these tropic zones we seemed to be merely drifting. With scarcely any perceptible breeze these regions are named the 'Doldrums' by the sailors. Crossing the equator the boys tried the usual jokes on the greenhorn who never saw "the line" before. Mild ones such as putting a string behind the big lens of the field glasses and informing me that "the line" is in sight and would I like to look at it. According to the stories told of the pranks of Neptune on one's first crossing of "the line," some of the tricks played are decidedly rough. But in my case the captain absolutely forbade those. Probably he thought these unbecoming to the dignity of my position.

These long smooth days and evenings were very pleasant and the sea so smooth we seemed scarcely to move. As we went south it grew colder, the winds and sea rougher but even so the sailing was extremely smooth for those latitudes. Even when we got to the point where we turned west to round Cape Horn the sea seemed smooth, more like a mill pond than the Atlantic Ocean. Capt. Waterhouse said he had been down there twenty times and never saw such a calm sea there. He said I must be the ship's "Jonah."

After we got around the Cape we had rougher weather and when we started up the Pacific the second or third day, very heavy clouds darkened all around us as far as we could see. At a point some distance away they seemed to gather in a bunch and make a huge point reaching down to the sea, and the water rose in a point to meet it, forming a black mass shaped like an hour glass which moved slowly over the water crossing our course some distance ahead. When I expressed a wish that we might have been nearer so as to see it more clearly Capt. W. told me we were quite near enough. Had we been nearer I would never have got home to describe it to my friends. Our huge ship would be drawn into the vortex and tossed
about like a chip in a puddle where little boys stir the water with sticks to make big waves.

Several sailing ships left New York about the time we did, some just before and some after but we made the shortest voyage (about 115 days), probably due to the fact that we arrived at the Cape just when that smooth weather was there. At San Francisco we docked near the entrance of the harbor, and every ship that came in after us had more or less damage done to her rigging, ours was intact.

The sail across the bay was delightful, sunny skies and sparkling water with just enough breeze to make the water look alive. We were here about three weeks and after the excitement of unloading was over, we went about some in the city and met some friends of Captain and Mrs. Waterhouse.

Once we took a trip on the trolley to seal rocks, named from the great number of seals lying all about on the rocks and in the water. At one of the theaters I witnessed a presentation of the new opera 'Aida' recently composed in honor of Napoleon (Napoleon III). Very imposing spectacle, full of grandeur and of the Egyptian Court with music of a corresponding splendor. I did not go about the country here so much as I would have liked because I did not like to go alone, but went about in the city more or less with Mrs. Waterhouse and her friends. There seem to be very many people out here from the East and quite a few are friends of Capt. Waterhouse's family.

In five or six weeks we were loaded for Liverpool, which trip took us nine or ten days longer than the one here from New York, and we found the sea much rougher especially around Cape Horn.

I saw very little of Liverpool, leaving almost at once for Worthing, on the south coast of England where I had an uncle and also, uncles and cousins of my mother whose home had been there in her childhood.

I did not go back to the ship but after a few weeks' stay with my uncle's family took a position as governess in a family living at Tunbridge Wells. This is an interesting old town, a fashionable watering place in the time of the Stuart Kings. While here I took a few days off to visit the little old village of Tenterden, which was the place from which the first Hinckley (Samuel) emigrated to America and settled in Bridgewater, Massachusetts. While here I saw a book in the French language giving an account of the Normans who came over with William The Conqueror in 1066, to share in the division of the lands and wealth taken from the conquered Saxons. Among them was a Hinckley but he used a great many more letters to spell his name than we use now.
JOURNEY OF FAITH
FORMER KOREAN JOURNALIST BECOMES
CHURCH PASTOR IN WAYNE
By Elizabeth Comeau

ON THE MORNING of December 19, 2006, across the front page of the Kennebec Journal appeared as headline of the day the above title. In bold typeface, it was accompanied by a staff photo of the pastor, Kyung-hee Sa, pictured with her husband and two sons standing together with the Wayne Community Church in the background.

KYUNG-FIEE SA arrived in the U.S. with little more than faith and her two sons. She came without a job, without her husband, without an assurance she was doing the right thing.

"I had no one but God," she said. "It was me, my two sons, and God — and that was it."

God is the reason she wound up in Wayne, she said.
God is the reason she knew she had to leave her life in South Korea to begin again.

But, Sa said, it took her three years of soul-searching and prayer to figure all of that out.

In 1998, she was living with her in-laws in Seoul, South Korea. She was married to a caring, responsible husband, Jung-moon Kim, and she had two smart, young boys.

She attended a Korean United Methodist Church in Seoul and had a prestigious job at the Korea Herald – the oldest and largest English daily newspaper in Korea.

"Work was so competitive," Sa said. "I felt my job was getting stale, so I tried to distract myself."

Writing short stories was her chosen distraction.

She was successful as a fiction writer and was even awarded a short-story grand prize in Korea. But despite that success she was still looking for answers.

"I had all kinds of philosophical questions but no answers hanging around with writers," Sa said. In hopes of finding these answers, Sa began to pray for at least 15 minutes a day and became active in her 3,000-member church.

"I felt something growing in my heart," Sa said. "Although I wasn't sure what it was."

One night, while attending an international cuisine dinner at the church, Sa said something just popped out of her mouth.

"I asked the pastor, do you think I could be a minister at my age? And before I even knew what I said, he lost no time in giving me a thick directory of seminaries in America," she said. "I knew I was entering a whole new path in my life, searching for what I really wanted to do, but until I said those words I didn’t know."

Sa then began studying the directory of American seminaries and applied to five schools.

Within weeks she got a pile of acceptance letters.

"I was very eager to go to Duke (University Divinity School) but had to think about my children" she said.

Drew Theological School in New Jersey offered Sa a full scholarship and promised a more multicultural environment for her sons than North Carolina, where Duke is.

After discussions with her husband, Jung-moon Kim, the couple decided Sa should go to New Jersey to attend Drew Theological School – and that she should take her sons with her.
Sa's husband, however, would stay behind and continue working for Daewoo Auto & Technology Corp., in Korea.

"He felt responsible for the family," Sa said. "My income [as a journalist] was quite big and I had no idea what I was going to do when we moved."

Sa's sons, Paul, now 19, and David, now 16, weren't quite sure what they were going to do either.

"I remember it seemed really foreign and everything was hard to understand," said Kim, now a sophomore in neuroscience at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

His brother, David, a junior at Maranacook High School, agreed.

"I guess I just kind of agreed to it all because my mom was going and there was no other reason for the move other than that," said David Kim.

At first, Sa said, her desire to be a minister shocked her husband.

"I was very surprised," Kim said. "But I was eager to support her. Now I am very proud of her."

Sa entered Drew Theological School in September, 1999.

In conjunction with her studies, Sa took care of her growing sons while working 20 hours a week at a nearby gym. On the weekends, she commuted to New York, where she served as youth minister.

In between all that, Sa was also working to perfect her English.

Without her husband around, Sa said her oldest son, Paul, did many things a husband would do.

"He did laundry and other things to help me out," Sa said. "Both Paul and David did."

In 2002, after lots of hard work, Sa graduated from Drew summa cum laude.

After graduation she served as assistant pastor at First United Methodist Church of Scotch Plains in New Jersey. In July of that year, she accepted her first full-time pastorate with the United Methodist New England Conference.

"I applied for five positions," Sa said. "At that point, I thought that I would go anywhere God wanted me to go."

When she was offered a position as pastor of a congregation in Wayne, she was eager to accept, although she didn't know much about Maine other than the fact that it was smaller and slower than Korea.

"It sounds silly but I had to learn to walk slowly," Sa said. "Everyone in Korea is at a much faster pace."

Despite her differences from people in the community, Wayne welcomed her, Sa said.
But the welcoming ways of Wayne residents is just one of the similarities Jung-moon Kim noticed when he found out his wife would be living in Maine.

“When I knew my wife was appointed to a church in Maine, I looked at the map and found that interestingly enough the map of Maine looked very similar to the map of Korea,” Kim said.

“As I visit the Wayne community more and more, I feel more at home in Wayne because people are warm, kind and open like people in Korea. As I saw my children and wife living well and being cared for by people I’ve started to feel like Wayne is a hometown for my family in America,” he said.

“Even though I still have a hard time adapting to a different culture and have a language barrier, I’m praying that I can contribute to the community by supporting my wife’s ministry and settling in with my family.”

Sa puts it another way: “Wayne is not the boondocks. It’s very cosmopolitan. People are intelligent and well-educated here and very loving,” Sa said. Wayne residents also seem to have a deep understanding of other cultures because of their travels and experiences,” she said.

But there are still struggles, such as living apart from her husband. “We call and e-mail everyday,” said Kim. And a couple times a month he makes the trek from Michigan, where he now works in management for Daewoo, a subsidiary of General Motors, to Wayne to visit his wife and son David.

“I know the importance of family and value it but I accept the situation,” Kim said.

“This hasn’t served an obstacle yet,” Sa said. “I am so blessed because my husband really, really understands my calling.”

The duo meets in prayer now, Sa said, and she feels they both have grown spiritually “by leaps and bounds” now that they are living in America. “In ways we are more attentive to each other because we are apart.”

Members of her congregation feel they have also grown thanks to Sa and her family.

“She’s a wonderful pastor,” said Elsie Dragonetti, a 14-year parishioner at Wayne Community Church. “She’s warm, very comforting – she’s everything the word pastor connotes,” Dragonetti said. “She has shown another dimension of our religion – that’s acceptance.”

But as with any new pastor, Dragonetti said, parishioners and pastor both had obstacles to overcome.

“Of course there was culture shock. A Korean and a woman in a small town in Maine – you just think how will it ever work? The first year was a
big adjustment for her to our New England style, but there was a lot of learning to be done.”

“We had to learn who she was, about her strong convictions and also we had to learn another voice,” Dragonetti said. “It was, at times, difficult to understand Kyung-hee, but she worked on that diligently and overcame that. There isn’t much she says that people don’t understand.”

Sa said she doesn’t regret leaving Korea. In fact, the life she left behind has helped shape her life as a Mainer.

“I and my family really started a new life based on the life we had in Korea and our lives in America,” Sa said. “Combining both personalities has created something completely new. I feel our citizenship is in heaven as opposed to Korea or America. We have a long way to go before we figure out who we really are and we still struggle. We are citizens of the world.”
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CURIOUS about the old cellar hole in the woods up the road from where I live off the North Wayne Road. I heard long ago that it belonged to Lizzie Boutin. I'd heard some colorful stories about her; that she was unusual, and that she dressed like a man and smoked cigars. I'd even heard stories that she may have tried to kill her husband with an axe. This added to my already intrigued feelings about the area, which once must have had a nice view of the hills, facing southwest toward Wayne. The patchwork of rock walls surrounding the old foundation and the sloping land are evidence of a once cleared and established farmstead.

About five years ago I took a walk to that area with Ezra Smith, who by the way was born just up the road from there in 1923. He remembered that there was a large rock with some carvings on it near the cellar hole, and after pushing away some leaves and dirt he located the carvings, including a set of initials -- "D.K.F." and the date "1900."

The long horizontal rock is only partially exposed above ground, weathered gray and covered with lichen. I later noticed while walking past the rock, that when it was wet or when the sun was at a slant, that other carvings were revealed. After clearing away more leaves and branches I was able to see these carvings -- "W.R.L., Oct 22, 1868," with a small heart, and "RR," also with a small heart, and the word "MAINE." Although carved into the rock, in photograph they appear to be raised.
In the town Historical Collection I was able to find out about the old cellar hole and the nearby petroglyphs. I decided to begin my research with Lizzie and her family as I felt the carvings were surely related to the nearby cellar hole.

At this point I was delighted to find that Eloise Ault had previously researched the rumors about “Lizzie,” and in a Historical Society Report had published the following account:

**WAS IT MURDER? – A TRUE ACCOUNT**

IN 1892, JUST SIX YEARS before the event described in the following newspaper article appeared, the attention of the nation was focused on what has been labeled “the O.J. Simpson trial of the 19th century,” a reference to the celebrated 1995 trial for murder. Lizzie Borden of Fall River, Massachusetts was on trial for the savage murder of her parents. Limited to local attention but equally lurid was the case of Wayne’s Lizzie Boutin. The cause of death in each instance was “repeated blows to the head of the victim by an axe.” “No!” was a rumored response: “It was her mother, Leonora, who did the deed.” This later scenario was supported by the rationale that Lizzie’s father had died some years before reportedly as the result of a horse’s kick to the head – or had Leonora used an axe that time too? Titled “Excitement at North Wayne,” the following news article appeared on August 4, 1898 in the Livermore Falls Express and Advertiser:

“Terrible affair, Which May End in a Fatality. Saturday at the quiet little village of North Wayne occurred a sensation which borders on tragical and may end fatally.

At about two o’clock Saturday morning Mr. Willard Taylor was awakened by a voice in his yard, and on investigation, found there Mrs. ‘Lizzie’ Freeman in half delirious state, screaming in pathetic tone, ‘I have killed my husband.’

Dressing as quickly as possible Mr. Taylor together with Mr. Williston Jennings, the justice of the peace, and Mr. Benjamin Maxim went to the Freeman home. Mr. Freeman, Lizzie’s husband, lay on the bed in an unconscious state, blood covering his head, the bedclothes, and still streaming from three wounds, made by a common woodsman’s axe.

As soon as Mrs. Freeman became a little more calm she told the following story: The farm on which she lived is owned by Mrs. Boutin, Mrs. Freeman’s mother. Mr. Freeman had returned from Oakland where he had been on a visit the worse for liquor and demanded of Mrs. Boutin a deed of the entire estate, which of course was refused him. Upon this he went into
a violent rage. Going to the woodshed he obtained an axe and said he would kill every head of stock on the farm. Lizzie rushed out to plead with the enraged man, but seeing that her efforts were in vain she tried to grasp the weapon, endangering, as she says, several times her own life. Finally wrestling the instrument from his grasp she ran to her bedroom to hide the weapon.

Freeman securing a razor followed her, determined to cut her throat. The man crazed by drink, came at the helpless woman. 'Lizzie' determined to save her life, seized the axe and raised it. He still came in. The axe fell taking effect in his jaw. Still more enraged and dazed he leered (sic) toward her again, a second blow followed and a third. He fell to the floor unconscious, for all she knew -- dead. With blood streaming from wounds in his forehead, neck and jaw, the mother and daughter lifted him to the bed. 'Lizzie' then hastened to the village (North Wayne) and summoned assistance.

Dr. Taggart was immediately called, who on account of the deranged state of Freeman's system caused by the drink was unable to tell his true condition. He thought, however, his chances were small. This is the wife's version of the affair, told in a straightforward and convincing manner.

On the other hand, a young man here is reported to have asserted that he talked with Freeman at a late hour Friday night and at the time he was perfectly sober. Mrs. Freeman is a slightly built woman and her husband is a strong muscularly built man. The wife escaped without so much as a scratch or bruise. It is said that no bloodstains could be found anywhere in the room, except on the bed. The wounded man was undressed when the authorities arrived.

The previous rumors that have floated out in regard to this household would indicate their relations as man and wife had not been particularly happy as it is rumored that both have flourished revolvers to carry their points. Another account states that Mrs. Freeman said her husband came home intoxicated and that he brought with him a pint of whiskey which he drank in the course of the evening before going to bed. According to this story Mrs. Freeman received several slight wounds. There are three cuts in the head of the bed. The axe was small, weighing about three pounds, with a short handle. Freeman remains in a semi-stupor and has not yet been able to give his side of the affair. No investigation has yet been begun by the authorities. Diogenes Freeman with his wife and mother-in law, Mrs. L.C. Boutin, live on the Lewis farm (so identified on the 1879 map of Wayne) situated about one-quarter of a mile from North Wayne village on the Winthrop road, the farm buildings being some distance from the main road.
and reached by town way. The Freemans have no children and are comfortably circumstanced as to property."

North Wayne Cemetery records reveal that Diogenes Freeman died June 24, 1908 at age 50 and he is the only occupant of the grave site. His death certificate states the "cause of death as 'traumatic meningitis' due to kick in the head." The place of death was the Insane Hospital in Augusta, which seems to suggest that his head injury and subsequent infection caused him to be too violent to remain in a general hospital. Two days earlier the Kennebec Journal had reported, "D.K. Freeman, who was badly hurt a week ago, is improving and is thought he will recover." On the day he died, the preliminary news was "D.K. Freeman, who was so badly hurt, has been taken to the insane hospital in Augusta."

A 1905 Census for Wayne lists D.K. Freeman as a welder living in North Wayne with Lizzie [Boutin], housewife. The 1910 U.S. Census omits Diogenes but includes Leonora Boutin, age 59 and Lizzie L. Freeman age 35 as living in the same household. The death certificate for Lizzie's father, James Boutin, documents that he died in 1892 of Brights Disease, and that his occupation was "axe polisher" — both men undoubtedly employed at the North Wayne Tool Company. Leonora Lewis Boutin, Lizzie's mother, lived on and died twenty-three years later, in December of 1915. Wayne's record of property valuations for the following year lists Lizzie's real estate as valued at $450, her 80 acres worth $500, and personal property at $160. Lizzie's death is not found in Wayne Vital Records, nor is she identified as buried in either her husband's or her parents' cemetery lot. Nor is there any record of Lizzie having remarried. Lizzie's ultimate fate, and when or where her death occurred are all unknown.

Unlike Fall River's famous Lizzie Borden, Wayne's Lizzie Freeman was never tried for murder, nor were the true facts of what happened on that fatal August day and night in 1898 ever fully determined.

USING INFORMATION gathered from early Census reports, old property deeds and cemetery records, I discovered that Lizzie's great-grandparents were John and Cordelia Lewis, who may have settled in New Sandwich Plantation before it was incorporated in 1798 as a town named Wayne. John Lewis is mentioned in the 1898 History of Wayne, in a discussion of the early 1800's school district, called the Dexter District, which was where John Lewis probably lived, somewhere around the present Fairbanks Road and old Winthrop Road.
Evidence of Lizzie's grandparents was found in the 1898 *History of Wayne* recorded in marriages of 1834, as "Wm. Lewis and Sarah E. Boyd, both of Wayne." It is not known at what date the family acquired their North Wayne property. It appears the Lewis family was missed by the Census counters until 1850, when Lizzie’s mother, Leonora, first shows up recorded as a nine-year-old child. According to the *History* Leonora married James Boutin, in April of 1860, a “scythe polisher,” who was born in Canada. In the 1860 Census among the siblings left as living on the farm is nine-year-old William R. who must have carved the initials “W.R.L.” on the rock in 1868.

After Leonora’s father William Lewis died in 1876, her brother George B. Lewis, then 18 years old, apparently stayed on to run the farm with his mother. In the 1880 Census George B. is listed as head of household and living on the farm with his mother and wife Isabella, age 22, and their baby daughter, Lottie May. Although Leonora and James were not listed as part of the household, they were identified in property records as owning one horse and a cow. Obviously there was an error; my guess is that she and her husband with daughter Lizzie, age 15, were also living on the farm in 1880.

In 1892 when James Boutin died, Leonora’s brother George still appeared to be head of the household. In 1900, however, the Census identified the widow, Leonora Boutin, as head of household, with Lizzie and her husband Diogenes Freeman, who were married in 1895, all living at the farm. Thereafter the Lewis name is absent from future Wayne Census reports.

D.K. Freeman continued to live as Lizzie’s husband at the farm owned by his mother-in-law until his death in 1908. Lizzie’s mother, Leonora, died in 1915 at age 74, and Lizzie then lived there alone until 1928 when she sold the farm.

So, getting back to the Lewis farmhouse and the petroglyphs, it can be assumed that they were indeed most likely inscribed by the family members as a way of marking a special date or time. “D.K.F., 1900” had to have been Lizzie’s husband, D.K. Freeman, who may have been marking the start of a new century [which perhaps he was fortunate to survive to see!]. “W.R.L. Oct 22, 1868” with the heart, was surely William R. Lewis, who was then age 18, and perhaps marking his engagement or wedding date; it is unknown. And as for the “RR” and “MAINE,” one can only guess that they were inscribed by someone in the family and with some personal meaning.

There are very few people around today who can claim to have actually been able to remember seeing Lizzie Boutin. Charlotte (White) Sargent,
now in her early 90s, had a grandfather, Henry White, who owned the farm just below the hill, within sight of Lizzie’s place. Charlotte remembers hearing Lizzie hollering “Yoohoo, Yoohoo!” and Charlotte would then look up the hill and see her on her porch, trying to get Charlotte’s aunt Edie’s attention, as the two were friends. Lizzie and Edie would occasionally ride their horses into Winthrop, and cause a ruckus riding on people’s lawns and such, “raising the very devil” as Charlotte says. Charlotte also recalls that Lizzie would frequently walk by their house, smoking, and Charlotte’s parents would make her and her brother and sister go inside the house or in the backyard as to avoid seeing such “rough” behavior.

After the farm was sold in 1928, Charlotte believes that Lizzie went to a nursing home somewhere “upcountry in Maine,” and remembers that her father, Henry II, would take her and her siblings along for the ride. They would wait in the car while he visited with Lizzie, and sometimes Lizzie would come out to see them in the car at the end of the visit.

Priscilla Stevenson, of Wayne, also remembers seeing Lizzie, “riding by in a long car, like a roadster, wearing a western style hat with a wide brim.” Priscilla also recalls, “My mother said she was a wonderful wallpaper hanger.” Ezra Smith remembers hearing that Lizzie once “got caught up in a hay rack,” and tumbled around until with some trouble Ezra’s father rescued her. It seems everybody had at least heard of Lizzie back then.

Lizzie had sold the house and farm to Peter J. Kinney. The 1930 Census records reveal Peter to be age 50, and occupation listed as a farmer. Living at the farm were also his wife Theresa, their six children and Theresa’s mother. Tragically, the house burned down apparently within that year, and with the cause unknown. His son, Bernard Kinney, passed away in December 2006 at age 84, and his daughter Mary said that he always remembered the old farmstead fondly and talked a lot about the time he and his family lived in North Wayne. It would have been wonderful to hear his stories and recollections.

Though I had many times wondered what the farmhouse looked like sitting up there with the view of the hills and the many stone walls rambling everywhere, I never imagined there would be a photograph in existence. Amazingly, Bernard had a picture of the old farmhouse and Mary provided this copy pictured below, a winter scene probably taken from the back side, as there was a porch on the side facing south. It must have been a rather large and nice farmhouse in its day. Mary said her father didn’t know who the person is standing in front of the house, but Ezra Smith believes it could well be Lizzie herself, as he recalls she dressed in men’s clothing and
often wore long leather boots and a hat. Seeing this picture was a rewarding end to my project of playing history detective. Just imagine all the Lewis children who were born and raised in this large farmhouse, and the parents who died there at the end of their lives.

Around 1931 the farmland was bought by Elwin and Ester Howard, and they kept it as a tree farm all these years, and in fact it is still owned by their daughter, Mary Ellen Arsenault. So the landscape has changed very little, except the trees have grown in, and, of course, the house is gone. Yet there is a special quality to those woods that gives one a feeling of being set back in time. The cellar hole and the petroglyphs have been forgotten, and only a few old timers like Ezra Smith and Charlotte Sargent, remember anyone ever lived there.

LIZZIE’S NEIGHBORS:

Charlotte remembers when her grandfather’s farm, on the White Road and the trees were cleared, was a visible neighbor to Lizzie. Another old farm, also a close neighbor, is just at the top of the White Road, which belonged to Miriam Loomis, and today much unchanged by time and owned by her heirs, the Weaver family. Little is known about the people who lived on these farms before the White and Loomis/Weaver families. They would be forgotten completely if not for bits and pieces of information in the early Census reports, and town property and cemetery records.

Charlotte recalls hearing that the original house on her family’s land was built into the hill somehow, and that it was a sheep farm. But the map of 1856 shows the name Wentworth as occupant then. This was most probably Moses R. Wentworth, who coming from New Hampshire married a local girl, Louisa Atkinson, in 1853 and settled on a farm in North Wayne.
the same farm where 70 years later Ezra Smith was born. My guess is that at the time the 1856 map appeared, they may for a brief time been residing at what later became the White farm, which was next door to the Atkinson farm where Louisa was raised.

On the 1879 map, however, the occupant of the house is shown as L. Lothrop, who was in fact Lester Lothrop. In both 1870 and 1880 the Census names, not L. Lothrop as occupant, but his brother Daniel and his wife Sabra with their several children. It is interesting to note that they were the great-grandparents of Priscilla Stevenson. Daniel Lothrop, already identified in 1870, first appears in property records in 1876, as owner of 27 acres, a house and outbuilding along with various farm animals.

Charlotte’s grandfather, Henry White, was a son-in-law of Daniel and Sabra Lothrop, who consequently were Charlotte’s great-grandparents as well. Around 1899, after their deaths, Henry acquired the farm from their immediate heirs. He was a well-to-do gentleman who used the farm as a summer place. Charlotte says that every summer he would have the family’s belongings and supplies brought up from Massachusetts by boat, right up the Kennebec River to Hallowell, then transported to North Wayne by horse and wagon. Charlotte has wonderful memories of summers spent with her family at the farmhouse, all the years she grew up. The property has remained in the White family ever since, though the house and barns, sadly, were destroyed by fire in 1974. The land was passed down to her father and later to her nephews, Henry III and Paul White who now have summer cottages there. Charlotte still summers every year at her own cottage just below the property.

The White family farmhouse, destroyed by fire in 1974
Courtesy of Charlotte Sargent
Miriam Loomis’s interesting story, and how she came to purchase what then was known as “the Atkinson farm” and summer there starting in 1903, can be read in the book, *Golden Summertime*, published by the Historical Society in 2005. The old farmhouse and 100 acres also gives one the feeling of “the old days.” But I have always been curious about who lived there before 1903.

Again, using the early maps of Wayne as a starting place, I found that in 1856 an “H. Atkinson” lived there. The Atkinsons had come to Maine in the 18th century, settled first on Mt. Desert, then in Winthrop and eventually Wayne. Henry Atkinson, born in 1793, lived his entire life on a farm off the now Hathaway Road, a farm which his father, James Atkinson, had established in 1774.

Henry’s son was William Henry Atkinson and the first in the family to occupy what became known as “the Atkinson Farm.” A daughter was Addie, who in 1880 is identified in the Census as “works in straw shops,” most likely the shops where scythes made by the North Wayne Tool Company were packed for shipment. William Henry died in 1898, his wife five years later, and both buried in the North Wayne Cemetery. Also buried here are his father and mother, Henry and Eliza, each, curiously, born and died in the same years, 1793 and 1877 respectively.

William “Adkinson” (at the time spelling errors were common) and Thomas “Atkinson” are named in Wayne’s 1898 *History* among the first settlers of New Sandwich. He was an earlier William, Thomas his brother, and in the 1898 *History* is an interesting story about Thomas:

*Thomas Atkinson married Lydia Norris, June 6, 1791, and reared a large family. He settled on the farm now owned by H.H. Pulsifer. He was a capable man and well educated for those times. He was one of the assessors in 1799. He was interested in the education of youth. He was the builder of the first school house in the district of which he lived. In 1804 he was one of the committee to divide the town into proper school districts. In 1803 he was Captain of a military company — later he was promoted to Major. He was a prosperous and successful farmer. He removed to Montville where he owned and cultivated a fine farm. He was attacked by an infuriated bull, and his son, in defense of his father, shot the animal, but not in season (in time) to save the life of his father. The Atkinson family is still represented in town.*

Below is a detail from the 1879 map of Wayne, which was published in the year’s *Atlas of Kennebec County*. It shows clearly the locations for the properties which at the time were owned and occupied by particular
families part of this story. As identified, they formed important landholdings in North Wayne, and many of those who lived on them played significant roles in town history. And among them, Lizzie Boutin Freeman had a role that was surely unique in the life of the town.

It is also clear that the Lewis family, the Atkinson family, and perhaps the Wentworth and Lothrop families were some of Wayne’s earliest settlers, and they can be variously credited with clearing the land, and building the original farmsteads along with the seemingly endless rock walls that still stand guard in the now grown woods. Because much of these properties have been left wild and unchanged over the years, with very little effort one can imagine what their world may have looked like years ago, on the beautiful sloping hill in North Wayne.

Note: “Playing history detective” as the author describes herself, has yielded a wealth of rich and informative detail about one of the least known areas in the town of Wayne. Hidden away, often inaccessible, it is an area which retains, as she observes, a “special quality of being set back in time.”

Published here is a somewhat abbreviated version of the original, which contains additional detail, much of particular value for historians and especially for those in search of genealogical data about the several families named in the story. Relevant information from the original can now be found in individual family files in the town’s Historical Collection.
BASEBALL WAS INVENTED in the 1800s, and there are many accounts of baseball as a popular sport in small Maine towns throughout the century and into the early 1900s. And “Play Ball,” or the then current vernacular, was undoubtedly shouted in the fields of Wayne from these earlier times.

Baseball fever hit its zenith in Wayne after World War II when “the boys came back from the war.” Baseball leagues were established throughout the state, with many towns fielding a team. There were two levels of leagues, with the larger towns and cities having leagues with a higher level of competition, at times with future major league ballplayers on their teams. The Augusta Millionaires, for instance, had future Red Sox stars Ted Lepcio and Harry Agganis on their team.

Smaller towns had their own leagues. Wayne fielded the Wayne Indians in the Lakes Region League with tremendous town support. Every week in Wayne was akin to a World Series week. Wherever you went in town, there was great excitement and discussion (sometime heated) regarding the fortunes of the home team, how the season was going, highlights of the game just played, strategies for the next game, second guessing the manager, discussing who should play what position, all of which is part of what makes baseball such an exciting game for both players and fans.

Before we go into greater detail about “Early Baseball in Wayne,” we need to take a look into the period prior to WWII and the Wayne Indians. A call went out in May of 2007, with a note in The Wayne Messenger for people to provide “information/memories/pictures” about baseball (youth, adult, and “sandlot”) in Wayne “past and present.”

Among the first to help was Al Stevenson (Rear Admiral Albert Stevenson), who wrote a wonderful description of baseball circa 1930-1934, and the following is his account:

A combined Wayne resident—summer vacationers Town of Wayne baseball team was quite active in the early nineteen thirties. Mrs. Ellen Stevenson (widow Neil and my mother) was a strong promoter of bringing the town people and regular summer residents together. As a baseball fan of the Brooklyn Dodgers she was the motivating baseball zealot in Wayne, arranging games with local area teams.
Camp Androscoggin counselors, and even “pick-up” teams. Home games were played in the field behind the Wayne Elementary School.

At that time, Al notes, the basic regular players were:

First base — John Stinchfield (Wayne)
Second base — Hugh Harwood (Mass)
Third base — Ford Berry (Wayne)
Shortstop — Bud Witt (NJ)
Pitcher — Al Stevenson (NY)
Catcher — Hank Harwood (Mass)
Left field — Vance Lincoln (Wayne)
Center field — Tink Lincoln (Wayne)
Right field -- ?

"Often TDO (Doug) Stevenson was reluctantly “dragooned” into the position (right field) so we could have a full team. Other younger players were Roger Stinchfield and one of the Dodge boys as well as temporary summer visitors.” In further description, he tells of:

One notable game played against Camp Androscoggin with all the summer campers present [which] proved to be quite one sided. The Wayne team had to ease off to prevent embarrassment to the counselors in front of their charges.

Following home games the team and some fans visited Harry's Place for ice cream and sodas. Harry would always donate a “banana split” to anyone who hit a home run. Al and Tink won most of these!

A. Leslie Harwood (father of Hank and Hugh) hosted one of the sessions after we had won a close game. Harry immediately retired to his back room couch giving us free access to his goodies. The ice cream sundaes and sodas were immense!!

As mentioned earlier, baseball reached its heyday in Wayne shortly after the second World War, and following are some memories from that glorious period of “Early Baseball in Wayne”:

Gwen Moore, whose husband Fred was a leading Wayne ball player, and who especially recalls Lincoln Ladd as umpire, provided the following:

It all started when a group of energetic ball players met at the Wayne Town House and elected Ozro Parker (Gwen’s father) to be their manager. He was a player for Monmouth Academy during his high school days, and led his forces to many wins and enjoyable days at the ball field.
Each game had a raffle and [once] I won a rooster and decided to keep it until Thanksgiving, but was sad when my neighbor ran over and killed it on his way home from work. Poor me!!

What a way to go !!!

The team had a great group to keep them interested and active. Below are some of the hecklers and what they had to say:

_Aunt Net_ (Jeanette Cunningham), _after_ Fred Moore got a good hit: What happened, did they hit your bat? Fred Paradis yelling at the umpire; You got no look (eye)! Rocky Page, the catcher for Leeds to Fred Moore the catcher for Wayne; You're a good catcher but you got no bat!

What a team! What a town!

Fred Moore pictured in his baseball uniform, 1948
Courtesy of Gwen and Fred Moore

"Wayne is a small town," Gwen remarks, "but on a game day you could sense the excitement in the air."

Wayne entered into the Lakes Region League as the Wayne Indians with other teams, at various times, of Leeds, Fayette, Monmouth, North Jay, Litchfield, Readfield, Jay, Livermore Falls, and Tri-Corner -- an unofficial location in Leeds near the intersection of Routes 202 and 106.

There was widespread community support in Wayne for the town team, with community members having many suppers, raffles, and other fund raisers to provide money for uniforms, equipment, and the development of the playing field. Bob Walton, when he was a youngster, remembers going to Fred Cunningham's house to ask for a donation. Bob said he was scared to ask Fred Cunningham who was a big man that he did
not know and thought looked rather intimidating. Much to Bob’s surprise, and relief, Mr. Cunningham donated five dollars which was a generous sum in those days and he along with his wife Jeanette proved to be among the most loyal and dedicated fans.

The baseball field at the Wayne Elementary School did not provide enough space for the town team, and Mrs. Ruth D. Ault gave permission for the use of one of her fields on Morrison Heights to be used for the team. Many people donated time and equipment to develop a fine baseball field, which had a slight uphill grade to the outfield. Henry Waitt Sr. donated one of his outbuildings for a food booth with profits used to support the team, and “a hat” was passed around at each game to help support the team financially. The rivalry between the towns was intense, and the upcoming game was a topic of discussion during the week prior to the games which were played on weekend afternoons. The games were very well attended by fans from all the towns.

Following is a photograph of a banquet hosted by Henry Waitt Sr. at the Riverside Hotel in Livermore Falls after the 1948 season.
Player positions in the early years of the Wayne Indians:
Gardiner Turner – third base
Fred Moore – catcher
Robert Walton – center field
Herman Gile – left field
Ralph Taylor – pitcher
Johnny Parker - pitcher
Donald Gatti – second base
Waldo “Tink” Lincoln – short stop
Willis Nutting – first base
David Ault – right field
Other Indian players included Peter Ault, and Kenny Hyatt
Royal ‘Roy” Waitt – bat boy

A book titled *Good Old Town Team Baseball* by Wes Johnson from Monmouth has the following information about the Wayne baseball team:

“1949 – Town team baseball for small towns probably hit its peak in 1949 with the formation of the Lakes Region League. Players in a number of smaller towns indicated they wanted to “get into the act” -- Greene, Leeds, Wayne, Fayette, and Readfield.

A MIDSEASON HEADLINE Wayne hung onto third place with a 9-8 verdict over Readfield. The league standings: Fayette 6-1, Leeds 5-2, Wayne 4-2, Readfield 1-5, and Greene 0-6.

1950 – A 1950 Wayne Lineup included 2 Lincolns, 2 Dodgers, Ladd, Parker, Turner, Bud Clough, Tomah, Roy Frost, and pitcher Niemi. Also, (Leeds) going down to defeat 10-6 against Wayne in the regulation nine-inning nightcap (midseason game).

1951 – As of the fourth of July, the Lakes Region League was led by Wayne with 5 wins and 1 loss followed closely by Monmouth at 4-1, then No. Jay 4-2, Litchfield 3-2, Tri Corner 3-3, Livermore Falls 1-3, Readfield 0-3, and Jay 0-5.

1954 – In an earlier game at Monmouth vs. Wayne, a game that could ultimately determine the league championship, the Wayne pitcher “3 finger” Niemi became uncharacteristically wild in the last of the ninth, walking the bases full. Roy Frost, in relief, could do no better, eventually setting up the winning walk. With the score tied and the bases full, Frost threw 3 straight balls which prompted the Wayne manager to replace Frost with yet another reliever. After the usual warm up, that pitcher threw “ball 4” for the winning Monmouth run. This allowed Monmouth to tie for the league lead, setting up a playoff.”
It is noted that all of the players on the 1948 Wayne baseball team were from Wayne, while as the years and seasons passed, more players were “imported” from surrounding communities, apparently in an effort to be more competitive. This may have been a factor in the decline of small town baseball in Wayne, but the advent of television -- folks could now watch the Boston Red Sox -- and easier travel for other recreational activities undoubtedly played a major role in ending “small town baseball.” As adult baseball was ending, however, youth baseball became organized with parents serving as coaches, and once again there was widespread community support for youngsters playing on teams that were based on age categories. Prior to organized youth baseball, generations of youngsters played pick-up ball during recess behind the schoolhouse. In 1948 three youngsters in the 8th grade were avid baseball fans. Dave Ault was a Boston Braves fan, and decided he was going to take the place of either Earl Torgeson or Tommy Holmes on the Braves team when he made it to the “majors.” Bob Walton and Don Gatti had their plans all set to be on the same Red Sox team, Bob pitching and Don at shortstop. When not actually playing ball, the boys spent numerous hours discussing their favorite teams, clipping box scores, and keeping scrap books about the heroics of their favorite players. 1948 was the year the Red Sox had a one game playoff against the Cleveland Indians to determine the winner for the American League. This was such a huge occasion the teacher allowed the students to listen to the game. The three future major league players mentioned above were distraught that the Red Sox manager decided on a hunch to pitch Denny Galehouse who had had a mediocre season, and were shouting well before the game began, “don’t pitch Denny Galehouse.” The Sox lost, and the tradition of Red Sox fans over the years to criticize and second guess base-ball management was firmly instilled in yet another generation.

Regarding youth baseball, Mark Gatti has this memory of one of his “biggest thrills and proudest moments.” When he and Mike McNicholas were seven years old they wanted to be on the Little League team but were a year too young. One day they were playing at the Androscoggin Yacht Club when the manager of the Little League team, Ricky Dodge, showed up. They asked Ricky if there was any chance they could play on the team and Ricky had them throw rocks out into the lake. Mark and Mike threw rocks as hard as they could and Ricky said they could be on the team. Uniforms had already been handed out, so Mark and Mike’s mothers made them their (baggy) uniforms, which was the norm for those days with red piping. Mark has a vivid memory of how excited he and Mike were when they put their uniforms on and ran around the yard jumping up and down
and laughing with delight. Actually, the boys served as bat boys that season and were allowed to pinch hit in a couple of games, but to them it was a grand season because "they were on the team!" Mark went on to play baseball in Little League, at Maranacook High School, in the Pine Tree League, and is currently at age 48 one of the oldest players in the over-25 League in Portland, having "been signed" as a pinch hitter and bench coach for the 2008 season.

"Baseball" in Wayne would not be complete without this memory contributed by Dot Jackson. With the heading "Girls Softball -- 1973-84" it reads:

"Almost all the girls who were of age played softball. Some were very serious and some just enjoyed being out there! It was coached in 1973-79 by Joanne Mercier and Dot Jackson. Then Jackie Favreau and Jean Vautour continued until 1984. Parents of the girls were always very helpful, too, with coaching and umpiring. The teams were called the Navahos and the Sioux.

They played teams in Readfield, Manchester, and Mt. Vernon. In the year 1981 the girls won the league championship and Lisa Lincoln was the star pitcher. To get an idea of how the girls enjoyed their game, Don Gatti tells the story of one game when he served as umpire. Some of the girls came up to him after the game was over to ask who won it. When he said Wayne did, they jumped up and down yelling 'WE WON! WE WON!'"

Robert (Bobby) Charles grew up in Wayne and wrote this outstanding account of his experience in youth baseball. As one reads his baseball memories, the reader can actually smell the newly mown grass, hear the sounds of the game, and feel the excitement of the boys. Read on and savor this experience.

BASEBALL IN WAYNE -- Where do you begin? For some, baseball is just a game, a pastime, a way to whittle away the days of summer, swipes at a pine feather-stick, tinder for colder days when games will be recalled -- amid laughter, pride and a sigh.

In Wayne, at least for this kid, baseball was that and more. In fact, it was probably more for most of us who tried to swing a bat in Wayne from 1970 to, say, end of the decade. Not then, of course, but now, as you look back.

That was the decade famous for Boston Red Sox star Carl Yastrzemski, better known as Yaz, who made it as a pro at age 21 in 1961, and played to a wholesome finish in 1983. That was the decade when "first pitch" balls on the big "opening days" were, rather unceremoniously, thrown out by Presidents Nixon, Ford and Carter. That was the decade
which — in its exact center, unnoticed — began the thirty-year count-down
to a Red Sox World Series come-back and THE Championship victory --
but that is another story.

For us, in Wayne, it was just baseball as usual... or not.

Come with me to the ball field, over there behind the Elementary
School for my Little League practice. Or put yourself on the sidelines of
that big field on the left as you bump through the front gates of Camp
Androscoggin in off-season, for a game in the "Babe Ruth League."

Bounce over to Kents Hill, Readfield or beyond with Coach Ed Jack-
son in his covered pick-up truck... with a bunch of over-eager teenagers
piled like cord wood in the back, on and between two rounded tire wells, or
braced in the corners, our knees up, gloves on, headed for The Game.
There we are, so many pumped up, blue-and-white striped, each maybe
cherishing a different dream off the field, but all united in The Game, The
moment, Game Night.

Close your eyes, wind back the clock a bit, but just slightly. Drink in
the fresh smells of summer, the glimmer of tight lime lines, and wait for the

crack of that bat on the ball -- Tonight is game night!

Always, these nights, there is lots of anticipation. There is predictable,
but never easy, tension of the first pitch. "Play ball!" catches you half by
surprise from somewhere sidelong to the makeshift dugout. A limber,
lanky, full-hearted wind-up starts. A young pitcher dreaming of playing pro

hauls back and delivers!

Suddenly, tonight's big game is afoot. The ball boasts a mini-swagger as
it crosses the plate, then a roundhouse swing, and CRACK! All at once,
dozens of pairs of eyes -- some bespectacled, some older and straining,
some at ease with this first hit -- follow the ball. They are half Wayne eyes,
and that is the half we care about.

On the field, there is a collective tightening of hamstrings and nine
shifts in various weights, as young ballplayers bounce off their toes in
pursuit, their gloves down. For one, there is the crouch, scoop, recoil, fire
to First -- OUT! "One down!" comes the call.

Soon enough, another hit. We sought to make newly taught habits
seem old, charging the ball, anticipating the play, getting the tag, playing as
a team... like in practice. The soft leather of an old friend sweeps down on
cue, that floppy, much-mashed mitt, toward a bouncing blur -- Surprise! A
short one-hopper miraculously appears in the re-tied web of your well-worn
glove. Recover, balance, underhand to second, get the tag, spin, now First --
double play! Those did not come more than once or twice a season, but we
got one tonight!
Now, do you see the field more clearly? As the 1970s Wayne boys return to bat, you can see now what you saw then — but what we did not. There we are, short and tall, long-haired and striving, a gangly gaggle of baseball-crazy kids filled with one shake of hope and two of wonder, a few undefined aspirations and lots of undistracted energy. There are the right-handers, the lefties and the not-quite-sure-which-works-besters.

By name, there is Willy Ault, who takes long calculated strides from First, Center or Left, his tall, steady gait unbroken and straight for the dusty dugout. There is Perry Jackson, decisive, crisp and ready; he is the one running not walking. He rolls in to lead our line up, leaving his well-scuffed, circular swath at Shortstop or maybe from pitching. Mark Gatti is full of pep and enterprising. He nonchalantly under-hands the brown game ball to the umpire with a firm smile, already the sure-footed, stocky and unflinching catcher — and ball-belting batter, if memory serves.

At various times, I seem to recall Carl Lincoln coming in from Third, hovering close to top of our line up, always eager for action. Scott Elliot strolls in from Second or the Outfield, while maybe Stefan Pakulski and his brother Thomas manage the game’s action at First, Third, the Outfield and other postings. John Wood, on occasion, is catching I think, while Chip Foster holds First or a spot for dramatic diving somewhere in the Wide Outfield. Others make there way in, the team for all seasons — and never without the spirit of the chase.

As we bat, we grow. As we swing, we learn not to back away but to lean in, step forward. . . into life. And here is where baseball in Wayne is both the same and yet different.

In Wayne, there is the truest version of this all-American sport. There is a clear, discernible and unquestioned sincerity in every voice that shouts from those splintered bleachers and grassy, unadorned stadiums so often hemmed by fences of evergreen.

There is an honest, simple commitment in each player’s trot out into the field, and in each boy’s gallop back for batting, and to cheer what he does not yet see as a collection of lifetime friends. Today, they are teammates. That is enough. All the rest is tomorrow.

But look closer and you will see more. In Wayne, on this ball field, no matter how casual and unassuming, no matter how self-assured the teenage gallop looks, it contains more than an investment in one game or season. Here are the seeds of future investments. The earnest investment in a baseball team reaffirms the idea of earnest investments in other, later-in-life activities, future aims rife with more uncertainty, undertakings not yet dreamed.
Will Ault will become a lawyer and CPA, calculating not just steps to the dugout, but matters more difficult. Perry Jackson will play ball at college, but later be decisive, crisp and ready in another environment, rolling in for the real game, as he flies for the United States of America in F-4s and the Navy’s F-18, a U.S. Marine Corps fighter pilot and stand-out. Mark Gatti will be full of pep and enterprising as a successful businessman, still sporting that firm, friendly smile and stocky, self-assured gait 30 years later. Carl Lincoln will enlist in the United States Air Force, later becoming a pilot and officer, climbing in 30 years to the rank of Colonel, flying Black Hawk helicopters over Afghanistan at night, fixed-wing aircraft over Iraq at the height of tensions there, and commanding part of the nation’s C-19 fleet in the Pacific. Scott Elliot will become an Eagle Scout shortly, then take off on a career also as a businessman and builder, but not least as a successful musician.

Stefan Pakulski will spread his wings, soar high, and seek to better countless lives for several years half a world away, serving in the United States Peace Corps, in Indonesia, before remembering Wayne, and 30 years later returning home to live where the heart is, and to serve as a fair-minded and highly regarded town manager for neighboring Readfield. His brother Thomas will soar in the media world, also learning and taking risks in broadcasting and then in business for himself, where base hits are hard enough, and turning a double play is something akin to magic. John Wood will take lessons of risk and reward from this and other venues, becoming a Maine Guide, successful contractor, builder and businessman. Chip Foster will keep a foothold in Wayne, and stay well-remembered from baseball days. Others will likely forget the individual plays, and even the games, but remember the experience – and the people.

There were so many good memories of playing baseball in Wayne. They reach across the years to close friends who, like me, once felt more at home wearing a leather glove on a dusty field than doing just about anything else, at least a few days each week. One was Mark Folk, who was as unsung and modest as he was earnestly committed to the team, always smiling and offering an example of quiet contribution without self-promotion. His was the strength of doing what was needed, and doing it well. There was also Leroy Goucher, a springing, dashing, cover-the-diamond in a flash sort of player, quick to read a play, lean into the ball’s second dirty bounce, snap that bad boy up with his lightening glove, or block it with his healthy chest, shoulders, thighs, shins, elbows or whatever seemed to work.
If memory serves, there was the big hitting — and also football playing — Johnny Tripp, on our illustrious team for some games, was reserved but a straight-forward doer, with more determination and leg drive than half the rest of us put together. Whether he ever harbored dreams of playing for the Red Sox, I cannot say.

Beyond these memories of hard-throwing Wayne players, there was Dennis Farnham who pitched on occasion, Dickie Goucher who was a steady catcher, David Ault who was as good at hitting the strike zone as baskets from the top of the key, David Stevenson who appeared in many pick-up games when we were Little Leaguers, and later on the contributions of Wayne Murray, as well as Jimmy and Scott Grey, who tended to like chewing on long, John Wayne-like stems of grass in the outfield first, and scrambling after far flung flies second! Our earliest coach was Donnie Riggs assisted by Harvey Mercier. The homerun guy we all just missed, since he was just enough older to be on to bigger things when we got there, was Rick Hoddinott. The regular umpire, whose dedication was likely never fully appreciated by us, was Pete Breton. Perhaps the last important nugget to record for all time in this paragraph -- from the very early years -- was the odd fact that the sun seemed to set just close enough to the back of home plate on that Elementary School field, that anyone "firing a ball home" from third base or right field, as Will Ault reminded me recently, had absolutely no chance at all of seeing either the catcher or the runner, let alone a glove or the plate. We never did figure out how to get the sun to start setting somewhere else!

There were others, but the fog of time does at times sweep in and obscure the most crisp of former memories.

Baseball in Wayne, of course, is the same as baseball in any other well-established, burgeoning, summer-soaked metropolis of 500 or 1,000 folks. Members of "the family" play with members of "the family" in front of members of "the family," to be recounted later to other members of "the family." How else does one describe it?

Let's get down to brass tacks, or the tight seams. A Wayne player in the unsettled 1970's has the enduring confidence to swing, scoop, throw, dive, and on other occasions to miss, bobble, strike out and overthrow — to become either a day's hero or no hero at all. Because playing in Wayne is not like playing on one of a dozen suburban teams that carelessly mix and match players like so many colorful shirts and shorts, or like playing in front of a hundred strangers for the chance to stay on a team you barely know under threat of being cut, or even like playing on a large town team.
that rotates players haphazardly between bench and field with too much
time on the bench.

No, playing in Wayne is like playing for the Red Sox Nation, under all
the lights and with all the reinforcement, only smaller. It is playing for
Wayne Nation, playing before the big family — big enough to field a
baseball team, a crop of fans and enough supporters, umpires, and a good
coach to make you feel for a moment that the big game is afoot, that the
big things are happening.

You see, playing baseball in Wayne was full of hits and strike-outs, long
balls, line drives and wearisome whiffs, full of your own turn to shine or get
shelled, swing a bat one size too big while “in the hole,” “on deck,” or even
at the plate. It was full of striking out and trying again, and striking out and
trying harder, and listening, trying to learn, concentrating, and not giving
up. Winston Churchill once said, no doubt a lesson he learned in a sport
other than baseball: “Never, never, never give up.” Baseball in Wayne
taught that lesson well.

For me, who had more to learn than most and less to work with than
many, that lesson never left; it served me well on Second base and in the
Outfield. It served me well through school and has in a professional life
that has bounced me, somewhat randomly, around the world for a law firm,
Congress and as an Assistant Secretary of State, most recently, under Colin
Powell. “Don’t quit and don’t back away” was good and timeless counsel
for things like insisting on doing things right when the pressure built to do
them some other way, or not at all; when the ground reports weren’t good
in places like Colombia, Iraq and Afghanistan; or when the easy thing
would have been to let someone else come to bat. Until run down in the
pickle, tossed out on a line drive, or retired, the instinct to keep swinging
has stuck — and still does. So how much is life in a small town, and how
much is baseball? I don’t know, but that is the one sport that this Wayne
kid really enjoyed summers and has fond memories of years later.

There were the disappointments and unexpected late inning wins,
hoots and high fives and all kinds of playful antics. I once ended up
scratched up a bit and on my face when, en route to a practice, my sneakers
— tied together and looped neatly over the handle bars of my bike — ended
up slipping to one side and inserting themselves between the spokes of my
fast-moving bike. The bike stopped; I did not. I missed that practice. Or
the times when I would barely make the back bumper of the Coach’s
pickup truck, when working late was required at a summer job. Or the
times when you just could not connect, even for an infield grounder, and
felt doubly lucky for the unexpected walk. Or just getting a cheer from
someone who did not usually speak up, when something turned suddenly your way and there was a contribution that caught somebody’s attention. All that stuff made it fun, and memorable, and made the other lessons stick – even 30 years later.

For me, of course, like anyone who enjoys the sport – in any way – it was about the minute by minute stuff, the occasional victory with muddy knees or the odd knock. There were many memorable plays and games, nearly all forgotten – and many more well worth forgetting. But what was not forgotten, and is not now, was the sense of being at something together, sense of small team, sense of town, sense of collegiality and those few, shared moments in the sun. Not forgotten either was the great coaching by Ed Jackson, who was as determined for us as we were for what we thought was our highest calling on every game night – a good performance.

Instead there is just this – playing for Wayne Nation was the best fun there is on a summer evening, amid a little circle of onlookers and at the end of a summer’s workday. It was a big thing and a little thing. It was Churchill’s “Never, never, never quit” writ small, but learned well. And it was just plain fun, with laughter, pride and a sigh.

Note: Elsewhere in this book is noted that Robert Charles is best known in Wayne as “Bobby” Charles, who as evident in the foregoing story, spent his formative years in Wayne – as did Donald L. Gatti, in turn best known as “Don” Gatti and who is pictured below, in the front row far left.

Left to right:
Back row: Reginald Dakin, Henry Waite Jr., Millard Harrington, Henry Diamond
Front row: Don Gatti, Bob Walton, John Diamond, Conrad Dakin, Dave Ault.
Merle Gile, mascot
Town of Wayne Historical Collection
AWAY BACK IN 1849 I spent the summer in the little village of Wayne 16 miles from Augusta, the capital city.

One Sunday my cousin Jane favored me by taking me in to the "singer seats," which was a gallery in the rear of the church.

The choir was a very large one for so small a village and must have included nearly everyone who could read music and had a tolerably good voice. A gentleman farmer named Fairbanks was the leader. During the winter he also taught singing schools in neighboring towns & was a notable character withal, because of his musical attainments. Such men and such communities are not so common in Maine now as then.

I remember the air of sanctity which filled the place and everybody in it, unlike as possible the later day storm center for skylarking and irreverence.

The leading of this Mr. Fairbanks impressed my boyish soul as most wonderful. He himself played a violin and somehow all the others played or sang as if they were a part of the great leader. His wife was a beautiful woman and had a sweet rich voice. Their son played a flute and there were also, from the family, a sister, daughter and niece, all gifted with fine voices.

A Mr. Dexter played a base viol which, to my boyish eyes, was made for the king of giants.

There were other Dexters in the choir. Cousin Jane Hight who passed me into these sacred precincts and gave me the wholly unnecessary caution to be a "good little boy" played an instrument that should have been preserved in some museum for historical reference. It was about as large as a sewing machine cover with perhaps three octaves of keys. The keyboard was really the top of a bellows which was usually worked by the right elbow, but a local genius had invented a pedal attachment by which the bellows could be pumped by the feet and the arm freed from the distracting labor. This pride of the orchestra was called a "serryfeem" (seraphim) by the common herd, but Cousin Jane insisted it was a "melodeon" -- a new word to us then.

There were other violins and cellos but I cannot now be sure if it was here or elsewhere that I heard a keyed bugle or horn of some sort.

The trombonist I do remember, he was by all odds the most terrible fellow in the whole company with his puffed cheeks and sliding horn.
Prominent among the quaint gathering was a Mr. Cary, the village doctor, with his charming wife and several children, all fine singers and a great intellectual support to the choir. The doctor moved away shortly after and this story is now of a parting concert or party which was given to the family by the villagers just before the separation. The Cary family joined in the musical festivities and their little ten-year-old girl wanted to sing her song also, but good Mrs. Cary thought it would be too much of an imposition upon the company. The child begged so hard that she was at last permitted. In later years the young lady did not have to beg permission to sing—her name was Annie Louise.

Note: In the form of a letter now in the town Historical Collection, the writer’s memoir is signed and dated “Portland, Maine, October 17, 1904.” John Mead Gould was ten years old in 1849, and the nephew of Humphrey Hight and his wife Eliza who with their daughter, “cousin Jane,” lived on Wayne’s Back Street. The church described was the Baptist Church, at the corner of Main Street and Pond Road. Destroyed by fire in 1879, it was replaced by the impressive church building familiar in photograph, and in 1924 this building, too, was destroyed by fire.
THEIR LIFE-LONG DREAM REALIZED
“MILLIONAIRESS” AND HUSBAND FROM MAINE TOWN
DANCE TO HEARTS’ DELIGHT IN N.Y. CABARET

Boston Post, Thursday, December 14, 1922
By Theodore E. Hedlund

NEW YORK, DEC. 13: In a cabaret off Broadway tonight, Mrs. George L. Bishop of North Wayne, Me. danced to her heart’s delight, a wish unfulfilled till she became a Post “millionairess” today. The orchestra seemed to sense this fact. At least the leader and his musicians tuned themselves to her rhythm and steps. Others had to swing into the time best suited to Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, who had come more than 300 miles to enjoy such a moment.

The most sophisticated Broadway flapper has nothing on this young couple from “Down East” when it comes to graceful stepping and style of dancing. And all the while, back home in North Wayne it had been the sole topic in the little village for the past week or two. Ever since Mrs. Bishop was declared a winner in the Post “Millionaire-for-a-Day” contest. Neither she nor her husband had ever visited New York. To glide over the smooth floor in a Broadway cabaret with spot-lights playing down upon them was their “millionaire” dream.

There were a number of new steps exhibited tonight that Mr. and Mrs. Bishop did not know. These will be dutifully taken back to North Wayne — the Bishops leaving here on the midnight train and expect to reach their village by 4 o’clock tomorrow afternoon — and the folks there will have “the very latest on Broadway.”

The Bishops have had a royal time in New York. It was the 13th of the month, but Maine folks are not superstitious as a rule. “Thirteen is our lucky day” says Mrs. Bishop.

When the State of Maine express rolled into Grand Central Station this morning, Mrs. Bishop hopped off with a bouquet of pine twigs pinned to her coat. She wore the green twigs throughout the day.

With her husband, as guest for the day she first breakfasted at the Hotel Commodore, and then sped away on a sight-seeing tour of New York in the Post limousine. Someone staged a spectacular fire on a cross-town street, so both Mr. and Mrs. Bishop had a chance to see New York’s fire apparatus in action and a rescue stunt.

A sharp, northwest gale on the 60th floor of the Woolworth tower simply added to the fun of standing 800 feet above the city’s din. One could
look out over a radius of 20 miles today from this vantage point on Man­hattan Island.

The Stock Exchange, Chinatown, Bowery and other places of interest were next visited before luncheon. J. J. Moylan of Tobey and Kirk, stock brokers, piloted the Post party about the Exchange and explained all the whys and wherefores for the noise and confusion on the trading floors.

Mrs. Bishop wanted fried chicken, Southern style, mushrooms and fried scallops for luncheon. There's a "mammy" up on East Thirty-fourth Street who knows how to fry chicken in real Southern fashion. She more than met every expectation this noon.

It was a curious old place, called the Tally Ho. Formerly it was the stable where Astor kept his priceless racers. Now it has been converted into a restaurant that attracts people from every section of the country when they visit in New York.
Proprietor Howlett told the Post "millionaire" today that Mrs. Channing Cox, wife of the Massachusetts Governor, had luncheon there just a few days ago. He stated that the Astors still own the property.

In 1827, he said, it was part of the Thompson Farm. William Astor purchased half the farm for about $20,000. Today the 29 acres are worth about $300,000,000. And it's still in the family and causing lots of ruckus over in England where the Astors now have their home.

This afternoon the "millionaire" guests attended the Hippodrome matinee. Then they enjoyed a ride in the limousine along Riverside Drive before dinner and cabaret.

Experiencing the thrill of spot-light dancing with a famous orchestra playing, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop then went to the Plymouth Theater and saw "The Old Soak," one of the most entertaining New York successes of the year.

Mrs. Bishop, who was formerly Sylvia Melrose, wrote the winning answer to Question Number 25: "Where are people happiest – in the city or country and why?" Her answer was: "Neither. After 15 years of each I find those who live between country and city enjoy the charms of each and are the happiest."
"ALWAYS THE GREAT SINGER was the most modest of women. She lived to consider herself utterly forgotten as a public artist. As the years passed she would often say, 'My whole public life is nothing but a dream. How could it ever have been true?'" This is the closing paragraph to a feature story that appeared in *The New York Times Book Review and Magazine* on April 10, 1921 — just seven days after the "great singer," Annie Louise Cary, had passed away at her home in Norwalk, Connecticut.

The story’s author was Mary H. Flint, who had long been a personal friend of Annie Louise Cary, and who twenty-three years earlier had written "A Biographical Sketch of Annie Louise Cary By One Of Her Friends," a nineteen-page piece, dated "New York, June 1, 1898." It appears in the *History of Wayne* published in the same year, near the book’s end as a special feature and undoubtedly written expressly for the purpose.

Now, close to ninety years after her death, it is not unreasonable to imagine that for a sizable majority of Wayne’s townspeople “Cary” is but a name attached to the town’s library, a name familiar though further details are likely to be, at best, vague. The name was given to the library when the present building was erected in 1938, specifically as a memorial to this once famous star of grand opera who happened to have been born in Wayne, and who herself had been one of the earliest and most generous of benefactors to Wayne’s library in its beginning years. Few can be aware of the modest bronze plaque on the inside wall of the library’s small entryway, with its bare-bones information -- “1938, This Library was Erected by Loving Friends in Memory of Annie Louise Cary, 1841-1921, World Famous Singer.”

Fewer still are likely to be aware of the existence of a remarkable volume – a scrapbook, thirty-two pages, both sides of each page filled with random newspaper and magazine clippings, handwritten letters, numerous photographs, postal card scenes, concert programs, handbills, all relating to Annie Louise Cary and representing a wide range of dates, both during and after her lifetime. Evidently put together in present form sometime during the 1950s, the scrapbook, a modern three-ring binder with each page in its own protective sleeve, for the past several years has been part of the Annie Louise Cary display on the library’s lower floor. As it seems only a good
scrapbook can, it serves not only as a full documentary record, but at the same time offers innumerable first-hand accounts that are often personal stories by those who knew her well, with countless vignettes of a life richly lived as well as richly endowed.

In 1921, when Mary H. Flint wrote her piece for *The New York Times* it was under the title “The Prima Donna America Forgot.” She was only partially correct, for the story of Annie Louise Cary and her meteoric rise to fame in the international world of grand opera was too vivid, her career though brief, too full of lively detail and engaging personalities for it to remain forever dormant. And though long retired as a professional singer, Annie Louise for many who wrote about such things continued to be “good copy.” She was still a “story” in 1935, when on December 15 *The Bridgeport Sunday Post* published a feature titled “Annie Louise Cary, A Vocal Trail-Blazer.” Written by Humphrey Doulens, it, too, is a long piece which begins:

*There is no denying the fact that this New England songbird was born a hundred years too soon. Had her heyday been the 1930s instead of the 1870s she would have been a joy to the heart of every newsman, for, with a little encouragement from them, she could have had the newspaper headlines for the asking. The eccentricities that were just a force of habit with her, would have been refreshing news in a day when opera singers rely on their marriages and remarriages for publicity.*

Nonetheless, even in the 1870s Annie Louise was well treated in the press. In 1870 she was a year short of thirty, and success had already come her way. After a spring spent in appearances at London’s Covent Garden and later in Brussels, Annie Louise returned to America to sing at New York’s Steinway Hall. As described in yet another feature story, with both source and date missing but written by Eloise M. Jordan, who appears to have been a contemporary of Mary H. Flint and who wrote with a comparable enthusiasm, Annie Louise was “the glorious contralto, who on the threshold of her fame, could conquer and sweep the world off its very feet. And this she did. The critic of the *New York Star* wrote, ‘With what consummate skill Miss Cary sang! How carefully! Everything was precise and true.’” Following the performance:

*A vast bouquet was presented to her, and as there seemed to be no other way to carry it, Cary bore it off triumphantly balanced on her head, to the delight and mirth of everyone present.*
But for length and multitude of engaging tid-bits, the writer for *The Bridgeport Sunday Post*, Humphrey Doulens, has, it seems, a decided edge.

Having conquered her own country, Miss Cary returned to Europe in 1876 to begin three years of concerts and operatic engagements, a period that marked her greatest personal triumphs. As an old lady with snow white hair, a graceful charm and an amazingly good memory, she said that the most exciting moment of her lifetime came the night of her debut at the Imperial Opera at St. Petersburg. The Czar Alexander was in his box and the entire court was in attendance. A great ball was to be given for the little choir singer from Maine after the opera, and when she left the opera house to enter her sleigh, a half dozen officers, waiting for her at the stage door, unhitched the horses and drew her sleigh through the snow-laid streets.

Annie Louise Cary

“on the threshold of her fame”

“The Czar himself honored the American by attending the ball,” and elsewhere in the story the writer notes, “she called Alexander of Russia by his first name.” By 1876 Annie Louise Cary had firmly established herself in operatic history, most especially in the role of the Egyptian princess Amneris in Verdi’s opera “Aida.” This she did three years earlier when the
opera had its American premiere in New York. As one critic at the time wrote, "Had she been the original Amneris in the opera 'Aida' when it was performed in Cairo, Egypt, Mustapha Pasha would have showered her with diamonds and pearls." And it was in "Aida" that Annie Louise captured the operatic soul of her Russian audiences.

Continuing, the writer observes, "She was a favorite of King Charles of Sweden, and it was on the same tour that Miss Cary reached Sweden."

There her greatest admirer was no less a personage than the King, old King Charles, himself a musician. She was his guest many times at the palace and one night, when other guests had gone, the kindly old ruler sat down at his piano and played the accompaniments while the youthful American beauty sang for him. Some victory for a little contralto who had come a long way from the Rowe Street Church (in Boston where in the mid 1860s Annie Louise had sung in the choir) to the Royal Palace of Sweden.

"Opera in those days" observes Mary H. Flint, "was not always artistically given in New York. Sometimes the performances were mediocre — even worse. One evening a young man said to a friend, 'Come attend the opera with me tonight.' 'I hate opera' was the reply." The opera was "Faust" and it was indeed proving a "mediocre" performance.

The curtain went down on the first act. The young man, glancing at his motionless companion, thought 'I won't say anything. He knows so little about music perhaps he doesn't know how bad it is.' The curtain rose again and Siebel came forward and sang the 'Flower Song.' The young man breathed a sigh of relief and thought 'At last we have Cary to redeem the others' failures.' Still his friend sat motionless and uttered no word. The opera went on. As the curtain descended this time the friend turned and looked his companion full in the face. 'I'm going to marry that woman' he said. 'What woman?' gasped the astonished young man. 'The one who has been singing Siebel' was the reply as they rose to leave the theater.

In the role of Siebel Annie Louise Cary had saved the night's performance. "She had not only captivated her audience but had also captured the heart of Charles Monson Raymond, at that time a young man and prosperous Wall Street broker."

He did not progress very fast in his wooing. He knew no one who knew her, and he did not wish to meet her as one of the crowd who like to be presented to
celebrities. It was nearly two years before he obtained the sort of introduction he wanted — a much longer time before she looked upon him as a friend and longer still before she realized that he was a lover.

Meanwhile, as described by Mary H. Flint, “the years of hard work seemed to be telling on her and she had some difficulty with her throat. In the spring of 1882 she was booked to sing for a whole week at a festival in (New York’s) Seventh Regiment Armory.”

But she was not able to appear until the very last performance. Audience and chorus rose to receive her and her admirers who had been waiting all the week to hear her gave proof of their devotion and affection for ‘the greatest living contralto.’

Annie Louise’s “farewell to the public was made at that concert, for the next month — June, 1882 — she married Mr. Raymond. After her marriage she would sing occasionally in a private club or for charity, but she was no longer a professional artist.” And as the writer has noted elsewhere, the “great singer was the most modest of women.”

The year after her marriage she went to the Cincinnati Festival as a guest. Walking up the aisle and taking her seat she heard continued and increased applause from the stage and audience. Turning to her husband she said, ‘What are they clapping for? I don’t see the soloists coming in.’ ‘For you, of course, you goose.’ Quickly she rose, kissed her hand, bowed and smiled to chorus and audience as she had so many times before.

From Humphrey Doulens we learn that “Annie Louise Cary earned a great fortune in her 20 years as a concert and opera singer. And she married a wealthy man, Monson Raymond, son of an old Norwalk family, who had his own seat on the New York Stock Exchange before he was 21.” Elsewhere he was further identified as “a broker in iron and steel.”

Neither Mary H. Flint nor Eloise M. Jordan, the other two of the three principal sources for the life and career of Annie Louise Cary, mention either the story of Russia’s Czar Alexander in his box, and the soldiers pulling her sleigh, or the comparable story of “the kindly old ruler,” the King of Sweden accompanying Annie Louise as she sang for him after hours. Both are thoroughly engaging stories, with nevertheless a certain “Cinderella” ring to them, and it is easy to wonder how much is fact and how much the writer’s “enhancement” of actual or related events. Although writing fourteen years after Annie Louise Cary’s death, Humphrey Doulens
appears to know everything there is to know. Details are too exacting, and while what the author has written in most respects mirrors what others had written earlier, differences are enough to indicate a writer who had personally known Annie Louise Cary. And who in turn could relate the same facts with his own creative ingenuity, and for whom the accounts of the Czar and the King of Sweden were simply too good not to include.

After her marriage, writes Mary H. Flint, Annie Louise Cary:

> found her work in the New York Diet Kitchen, and there, day after day, week after week, she stood in a dreary basement, dealing out supplies of food and clothing to a long list of applicants, many of them in rags, many of them not clean, many of them neither deserving nor grateful. But true charity is never too impulsive nor overly discriminating. Mrs. Raymond possessed a combination of rare judgment and warm sympathy that made her peculiarly fitted for the successful management of a charitable enterprise.

"When Mr. Raymond's health began to fail, she gave up the Diet Kitchen work and devoted herself exclusively to him."

Winters were spent abroad and always their summers were passed on the Maine coast (at Scarborough). After a while Mr. Raymond was forced to give up business, the city house was given up too, and they went to live in Norwalk,
Conn., the home of Mr. Raymond’s childhood. He remodeled the old homestead and there they had a beautiful home for themselves and their friends. I was sitting beside him one day on the sofa while Mrs. Raymond was putting record after record into the Victrola. They interested her, but they bored him. Suddenly he turned to me and said, ‘I would give $5,000 apiece for records of hers.’

Charles Monson Raymond passed away in 1909, and “after her husband’s death” so reports Humphrey Doulens in The Bridgeport Sunday Post, “she lived on at Norwalk alone, except for her faithful (Italian maid) Susie and her nephew, Seymour Curtis, a leading Norwalk banker, and her niece, Miss Fanniebelle Curtis.”

For many years Miss Cary, or Mrs. Raymond as she was known in Norwalk, had the best seats for the Saturday matinee at the Metropolitan. She would don her best laces and furs for the occasion and would go into the city on the train. There she would march into the waiting room of the Grand Central [Station] and there open a paper bag which contained her lunch — a small bottle of wine and some sandwiches.

Frugality, it seems, was entirely relevant and had its counterpart:

Miss Cary and her faithful Susie would make long and expensive visits in Italy, taking a handsome villa at Rome for the springtime. . . . Each spring when she boarded a liner in New York she marched up the gangplank with a small carpet sweeper under her arm. She told reporters that she took the carpet sweeper to clean under her bed in foreign hotels, declaring that she ‘couldn’t abide dirt.’ With her duenna behind her, and carpet sweeper in hand, the singer descended on every hotel with a flourish, and a challenge in her eye.

The diva’s campaign was not limited to Europe alone, and to shame the Norwalk authorities into cleaning the streets, she frequently rose at 6 in the morning and walked down the main street with a basket and a stick with a nail in it, to pick up stray papers.

Money, observes Mary H. Flint, “was given freely and she sewed indefatigably for the hospitals.”

Then came the war, and her occupation was changed to knitting. Her record was 150 pairs of socks. Last summer she was still knitting socks. ‘The war is over!’ I said, laughingly. ‘Yes, but I’ve got the habit. These are good long ones for an old man’s rheumatic legs.’
Annie Louise Cary Raymond
in her “best laces” for a formal photograph

Still another news account, short and with both source and date missing, though probably a Portland newspaper and published sometime in early 1921, is titled “Name Has Been Household Word.”

Annie Louise Cary Raymond, a famous Maine prima donna known all over the world, is critically ill at her home in Norwalk, Conn. Aside from her wide reputation as a songbird, she is known throughout Maine, for she was born in Wayne and had lived in Durham, had often visited Portland and had passed many summers at Prouts Neck. She has contributed in very large measure to Maine’s fame. For wherever she sang in any of the capitals of Europe, fame of Maine went with her. When she retired, the whole musical world held its breath, for it was a great loss to the musical stage. . . . Much beloved all over the world, today while she is so critically ill, the hearts of the older generation go out to her in sympathy.
She was six months short of her 80th birthday when she died, and as her niece Sarah Joy Merrill said of her, “she had hoped to live to be 85.” Obituaries were numerous, most recounting in full the events of her career and details of her life, and especially noting her warm and sympathetic character. In all the descriptions, moreover, evident throughout is Annie Louise Cary as “always the most modest of women.”

Not until 1973 was anything comparable to these earlier accounts to appear in print. In that year Down East magazine included in its May issue a feature story titled “Maine’s First Prima Donna.” The author was Rada Fuller Nalon, who was Annie Louise Cary’s great-great niece, and who was a writer of similar feature stories also published in Down East. “How many people today” she asks “realize that the State of Maine produced several world-famous opera singers?” She names Lillian Nordica, whom “everyone knows,” and “one might include Geraldine Farrar — although Geraldine herself was born in Melrose, Massachusetts, her father was a native of South Paris.” Concluding her opening paragraph, she further asks “How many people today have even heard the name of the beloved Annie Louise Cary?”

The author continues, observing “But the Encyclopaedia Britannica called her the most popular singer in America — and indeed she was.” Only in the Encyclopaedia’s 11th Edition, however, is there any mention of Annie Louise Cary. Published in 1911 and sometimes called “the great edition,” it continued much the same in content with only slight modifications in subsequent editions until 1967, when extensive changes were undertaken. In the following year was published the 16th Edition, and the formerly “most popular singer in America” was omitted entirely.

The author’s intention was to later publish a book about Annie Louise Cary, and the remainder of the article, necessarily, repeats most of the facts and many of the related descriptions that had been published in earlier years. New are genealogical details, as well as mention of the friendship between Annie Louise and the author Kate Douglas Wiggin, who lived in Hollis. New, too, is an account of Annie Louise’s short career, at age 17, as a school teacher in North Scarborough — “But Annie’s heart was not in teaching; she wanted to sing.” Emphasis in general is on Annie Louise Cary and her Maine connections, not unexpectedly given the story’s publication in “the magazine of Maine.”

Writing when they did, Mary H. Flint and Eloise M. Jordan as well as the later Humphrey Doulens, all had the unique advantage of an evidently personal, even intimate connection with their subject -- an advantage clearly reflected in both what they wrote and how they wrote it. Attempts to trace
Eloise M. Jordan are so far unsuccessful, but *The Bridgeport Sunday Post* is still a newspaper, published daily and now called *The Connecticut Post*. Humphrey Doulens, who lived in Norwalk, appears to have been a prolific author who wrote on varying subjects relating to music, and whose *Papers* are on deposit at the New York Public Library.

Mary H. Flint can also be identified. Born in 1845, she was four years younger than Annie Louise, became a well regarded public lecturer, especially on architecture, and a moving force in musical circles who in 1917 had published a work titled *Impressions of Caruso and his Art as Portrayed at the Metropolitan Opera House*.

All were around when the events they describe were happening, and as a consequence, in their descriptions is that rare immediacy that can successfully move the reader back in time, and to become a direct observer, almost a participant in each of the events as they were taking place. And in the telling, Annie Louise Cary comes to life in a way probably not possible for any author writing so long after the fact. The “great singer” who at the same time was “the most modest of women” was well served -- a legacy unmatched only by the legacy of Annie Louise Cary herself.
FORGOTTEN LEGACIES
II
By Edward L. Kallop, Jr.

"IT IS MY PRESENT TO MONSIE and is the only thing that I am allowed to pay for." The writer is Annie Louise Cary, "Monsie" is her husband, Charles Monson Raymond, and the "present" is the ornately framed picture that now hangs on the wall above the fireplace mantle in Wayne's Cary Memorial Library. Originally typewritten on a half page of white paper, with a small photograph of a young Annie Louise attached, the above statement comes at the end of a description of the picture's content:

We shall have a little dinner of 12 on the 21st. We wish to invite Mr. Blashfield and wife. Mr. B. is an artist, who has painted the panel picture for us, which is composed of characters which I have done in opera. It is very handsome and makes a great improvement in our little parlor. The picture framed is 1'/4 yd long by 1 yd high.

There are eleven figures. First a little baby figure prancing along with palms and laurel wreaths. Then comes 'La Favorita' in the Monk's dress in a mournful pose; just behind her Ortrud (from 'Lohengrin'), while the merry face of Federico ('Mignon') peeps out between, and but little of the figure is seen. These make one group. Then comes Amneris ('Aida') with her two attendants, who are carrying the fans. Then Azucena ('Trovatore') with three gypsies. One is quite solemn in face and attitude, while the other two are in attitude of dancing and playing the castanets. The coloring of the dresses is quiet, and in harmony as are all the figures. The background is the sea and a slightly cloudy sky.

Opera, especially 19th-century opera, has been called the "grandest" of musical forms — a marriage of music and theater that transcends either alone. Plots, it seems without exception, are built on hopeless love, devious intrigue, unlikely coincidence, and improbable outcomes. Heroes and heroines are counterbalanced by characters who often represent the darker sides of life, unscrupulous, and altogether unpleasant people. An opera's hero is almost inevitably a tenor, and the heroine a soprano. Annie Louise Cary was a contralto, with its somewhat lower range of voice, although she occasionally sang in roles written for mezzo soprano. As a consequence, it was Annie Louise Cary's fate never to star in the role of a heroine. To her fell all those other roles, no less important to the plot, and usually more
interesting as personalities, for heroes and heroines while good are often
dull, and sometimes of more than equal importance musically. Operas are
always identified as written by the composer of the music not the writer of
the plot, only rarely one and the same, and for opera goers plot is secon­
dary; it is the music they go to hear,

As Amneris in Verdi's "Aida," which takes place in ancient Egypt,
Annie Louise sang the role of the daughter of the pharaoh. Aida is the ill­
fated heroine who is Amneris's Ethiopian slave girl (but really a princess),
and both are in love with the hero, Radames, who has eyes only for Aida.
Consumed by jealousy, Amneris does her treacherous best to thwart their
love, and none come to a good end. Annie Louise Cary's first "Amneris"
was in 1873 at the opera's American premiere in New York, and while
regarded as perhaps her greatest operatic triumph, it was but one of several.

In the following year she sang in Wagner's "Lohengrin," also in New
York. Annie Louise, as historians of music point out, had the distinction of
being "the first American woman to sing a Wagnerian role." Unlike Wag­
nen's more familiar and much later Ring cycle, set in the dark forests and
mountains of Germany, the opera's scene is set in the Flemish city of
Antwerp in the early 10th century. Annie Louise sang the role of Ortrud,
wife of the Count of Brabant -- "the baleful Ortrud" whose life is filled
with "malicious glee." Lohengrin is the hero, a son of Parsifal and Knight
of the Holy Grail. Bitter contests for power engulf them all, and at the end,
Lohengrin wins and is borne off by a swan while Ortrud, who has lost
everything, "falls to the ground in a shriek."

Other characters portrayed by the "great contralto" as Annie Louise
Cary was described, meet similar fates. In Verdi's "Trovatore," set in Spain
during the 15th century, she sang the role of Azucena, a gypsy girl, half­
crazed, who mistaking her own baby for that of her bitter rival, throws the
baby into the flames that are consuming Azucena's gypsy mother, con­
demned to execution as a witch.

The "panel picture," as Annie Louise describes it, is titled "Opera Pro­
cession by the Sea." In her description is no hint of the violence and melo­
drama that mark each of the opera's plots, and which from start to finish
enmesh each of the characters portrayed in the picture. Nor does the artist
who painted the picture make the attempt. The figures as described read
from left to right, and Azucena, in the group at right, does appear as Annie
Louise says, "solemn of face" -- as well she might. Amneris is in the center,
tightly so given her place in Annie Louise Cary's repertoire, and a stately
figure in a shimmering white garment, attended by two slave girls.
Instead, the artist has produced a picture that is purely allegorical, each figure no more than a symbolic representation within a composition that takes precedence. And the composition is flawless, with the rich colors “in harmony as are all the figures” as Annie Louise further says, and altogether, the picture is indeed “very handsome.” And in its elaborately carved and gilded gesso frame it is even more handsome.

“Opera Procession by the Sea”

The artist was Edwin Howland Blashfield, commissioned by Annie Louise, with the picture completed, delivered, and hung in the parlor of their home in Norwalk probably in or close to 1905. Blashfield’s career spans the later 19th and into the early 20th century, and who is associated with a small group of other artists who comprised what art historians call the American Renaissance. Unlike some of the better known American painters of the day, whose work often reflects the influence of contemporary French Impressionism, they took their inspiration from the artistic heritage of the Italian Renaissance. And like many of the famous names of that earlier time – Michelangelo and Raphael among them – they extended their artistic energies to the decoration of public buildings. Blashfield was a major figure in this movement, and a long list of his public commissions include the Library of Congress, State Capitol buildings here and there, as well as various courthouses, churches, and public libraries, all at the same time as he painted similar panel pictures, and worked for the rich and famous in the decoration of their private residences.

When Annie Louise Cary Raymond died in 1921, among her bequests was the picture, willed to her nephew, Frederick Morris Warren, who at the time was a professor of French at Yale. In turn it was inherited by his son.
and from the estate of his wife, Priscilla Murdock Warren, it was bequeathed in 1983 to the Cary Memorial Library. It arrived during the following year, and ever since has hung in its present location.

Apart from Annie Louise Cary are other legacies:

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE and the famed artist Michelangelo in particular, have in a roundabout way an even more direct presence in the Cary Memorial Library. On top of a bookshelf immediately to the right of "Opera Procession by the Sea," stands a marble figure of a young man. It owes its origin to Michelangelo's marble figure of "David," one of the most valued artistic treasures in all of Italy, where since 1873 it has stood in its own room at the Academy of Fine Arts in the city of Florence. As described in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, "David" is represented as "a herculean figure, poised with his sling-shot and waiting quietly for the approach of Goliath, the enemy of his people."

Michelangelo's "David"
Academy of Fine Arts, Florence

Michelangelo carved the figure, slightly over thirteen feet high, from an immense piece of Carrara marble, which had already been partially worked then abandoned by an earlier sculptor. He began work in 1501, finally completed the figure four years later when it was immediately installed in front
of Florence’s city hall, the Palazzo Vecchio. Standing in this original location today is an exact copy, in original size and also in marble that was installed in 1910.

Wayne’s figure of “David” is what is called a “table size” model, a size convenient for display in the parlor of what was once considered the typical well-off home. Throughout the second half of the 19th century the vogue for replicas of famous works of art reached a peak, and endured well into the early 20th century. The days of the Grand Tour — the really Grand Tour of the 18th century, when a year or more was spent on a leisurely progress around Europe, along with various needed servants and a carriage or two full of luggage — were over. It was a time when only original works of art were generally available. Often entire collections were bought, sent home, and which later became the foundation of what today are several notable collections in public and private museums. Instead, a new era of travel introduced the “tourist,” the traveler who spent considerably less time, and who with guidebook of the day in hand, joined other tourists as they swarmed through Europe’s museums hungry for culture. By then the supply of original works of art had dwindled, and though still available they were steadily rising in price. The new breed of travelers, not always able to part with large sums of money, chose to make do with copies.

Multiple copies of sculptured works suddenly became possible when in 1836 a remarkable genius, a Frenchman named Achille Collas, invented a remarkable machine. Based on the principles of the pantograph, the Collas machine, as it is still called, permits the accurate enlargement or reduction of most any piece of sculpture. Its use in France spread rapidly to the ateliers of sculptors, in whatever medium, eager to reproduce pieces they had already created. No doubt just as quickly, the machine was put to the same use in Italy, and thus was born a new and novel approach to the art of sculpture, and which in both countries turned out to be a highly profitable business.

A second piece of sculpture in the library, on top of a companion bookshelf and on the opposite side of the painting, smaller and also in marble, is a bust of the famous “Venus de Milo.” The full-length marble statue of Venus was discovered in 1820, on the Greek island of Melos, and a year later was transported to France, to Paris where it was placed in the Louvre Museum and where it remains today, one of the world’s outstanding, still surviving masterpieces of classical Greek sculpture.

Both figures now in the library were unquestionably produced by the Collas machine or its Italian equivalent. True, the machine produced a guaranteed accuracy of measurement and configuration, but no successful
result could be achieved without the skill of the machine's operator, or the talents of the craftsman who carried out the final touches, refinements to the figure's surface to match the original as closely as possible -- and among the most talented in the business were the craftsmen of Florence. Both "David" and the bust of "Venus" were very likely made about the same time, between 1875 and 1895, and on the base of each is incised the name "P. Bazzanti."

An early Collas machine
From *La France Industrielle*, Paris, 1875

Pietro Bazzanti was a sculptor, active in Florence in the middle and later years of the 19th century, and who at some point set himself up with a gallery identified as "Pietro Bazzanti & Figlio." With his son, the unnamed "figlio," it continued and eventually became a well established family business that produced and sold copies of original sculptures, chiefly well known pieces in public museums. Until at least the second decade of the 20th century the name "Bazzanti" could still be found listed in guidebooks, with a gallery in Florence at an address on the fashionable Lungarno Corsini. Here along with other works they produced, copies of "David" could be readily bought by the eager tourists who very likely had not long before visited the Academy of Fine Arts, where only the rarest of visitors leave the museum unimpressed by Michelangelo's gigantic original.

Writing in 1945, in an article about the library's Elizabeth M. Hyatt Bookplate Collection and published in *The Lewiston Journal*, Alice Frost Lord in describing what was then a library building only seven years old, comments, "One item that always catches the eye of the visitor is the Parian marble statue of 'David' which was bought in Florence and brought home by the father of Mrs. Alfred Carhart." Her father was Joshua H. Millett, who with his wife Rosina had acquired and were later to live in their large house on Wayne's Back Street. Here they spent their summers with their
family which included their daughter, Mabel, who later became the wife of Alfred Bangs Carhart.

Joshua Millett was a noted lawyer in Boston, and in 1897 became president of the Crosby Steam Gauge and Valve Company, a career that in every way spelled success. He was a founder of Wayne’s Yacht Club in 1909, and five years earlier had generously provided the town’s library with its first home. At some point, the year unknown, the Milletts were among the annual influx of American visitors who flocked to Italy, especially to Florence and who there acquired not only “David” but the smaller bust of “Venus” as well. Mabel Millett Carhart had inherited the pieces, and in 1942 had given “David” to the library, and four years later she gave the bust of “Venus.”

In the library, across the room above bookshelves below and evenly spaced on the wall, hang three portraits. Recognizable in the center is Abraham Lincoln, a portrait painted from a photograph of Lincoln made by Mathew Brady, especially noted for his memorable photographs of the Civil War. On one side is a portrait of Wayne’s Joshua Millett, on the other his wife Rosina, the first directly opposite the figure of “David,” and the other opposite the bust of “Venus” – an unplanned coincidence that seems entirely appropriate.

By contrast, other sculptured works in the library, and also displayed above bookshelves, are homegrown. They include a small bust of a young man, identified as Peter Vestal, and modeled in plaster by the late Petrovna Hyatt Barnard, a longtime summer and later permanent resident of Wayne. Made sometime around 1950, the figure was her gift to the library some years later. Homegrown as well are six works, all small in scale and carved in wood by Ellsworth Crosby. Crosby was a well known citizen who at the turn of the century, a probable date for the figures, lived in North Wayne and who was an artist as well as sculptor.

With such titles as “Moose and Bear in Combat,” “Indian Chief in Canoe,” and “The Preacher,” they represent a genre popular at the time, subjects drawn from local experience and by implication, each with a story that went with it. Four of the figures were given to the library in 1949 by Crosby’s niece, Lura Wells, with the remaining two given a few years later by others who had acquired them at some earlier time. In 1959 a feature story by Wayne writer Jack Perkins appeared in The Lewiston Journal Magazine Section, an account of Crosby’s life and experiences in creating the works which in their day had achieved considerable local fame.
"THE LIBRARY AT WAYNE is constantly receiving tokens of her interest," notes Eloise M. Jordan, whose feature story about Annie Louise Cary is one of the major sources for her life and career. Full of lively detail, it was published as a news account, with source and date unidentifiable, but content indicates a date not long after the turn of the century. Continuing, she observes:

The large reading room is a veritable picture gallery. Its walls are adorned with beautiful copies of famous pictures, and a cabinet containing hundreds of smaller photographs — all the gift of Annie Cary Raymond. The library thus is not only the literary but the art centre of the town.

When this description was written, the "library at Wayne" was located in the large white structure still to be seen directly adjacent to Wayne village's millstream. Early postal cards picture the building, in somewhat neater surroundings but essentially the same as it appears today. Identifying captions, however, are ambivalent; some name the building as "Masonic Hall, Wayne, Me.," others identify it as "Public Library, Wayne, Me." Either way it shows the building for the plain, substantial structure it is, erected in 1864 or '65 following the "Great Fire of 1863," which wiped out most everything in the village center from the millstream to Main Street. It was part of the wholesale rebuilding program undertaken by Holman Johnson, in whose shovel handle factory a bit farther down the millstream the fire had started. Unlike others in the area, it was not a replacement, but an entirely new building, specifically to accommodate the town's Masons along with small-scale manufacturing uses. The building was bought in 1904 by Joshua Millett, who in turn donated it to the Wayne Library Association, and in the record is noted that "his wife furnished it."

Up a narrow flight of stairs at the building's front end, the library was located on the second floor, with its large reading room whose walls since at least 1910 had been "adorned with beautiful copies of famous pictures." Not long after the present library building was completed in late 1938, photographs were taken of the interior. The present-day librarian's desk is already in place, books are on what appear to be free-standing shelves, and around the walls above the books are the pictures. Not too many years passed when they were forced to yield their place to the badly needed built-in shelves which ever since have served their purpose well.

The pictures, however, are still around, for the past fifty years or more tucked away in one or another library storeroom. There are eleven pictures, varying in size with the largest a panorama view of St. Peter's Square in
Rome. A broad, wide-angle photograph, it manages to embrace the entire square, end to end, with the huge basilica in the center background. An altogether impressive scene, it was the picture chosen in 1938 to hang above the new library’s fireplace mantle, where it remained until replaced in 1984 by “Opera Procession by the Sea.” While other pictures are smaller, none by today’s standards gives the impression of a “small” picture. In part this is owed to their wide, dark brown wood frames, which at the time was the accepted way to frame nearly every picture. Of the eleven, all but four are the “copies of famous pictures,” paintings on view in Italy’s numerous museums, especially those in Florence and Rome, which no visitor “hungry for culture” dared to miss. They are copies of works by Titian, Andrea del Sarto, Guido Reni, and others, all Italian but Murillo, who was Spanish, and at the time, all much acclaimed as the artists of the 16th and 17th centuries most to be admired.

As photographic reproductions, all are in the warm, pale brown color called sepia. It is the color most often associated with nearly all photographs made during the later years of the 19th century, and photographic reproductions are usually identified as albumen prints. Invented around 1850, albumen printing was a process that achieved its particular distinction in part through the use of egg white. Of the result, modern-day writers on the subject note “its slightly translucent and opalescent luminosity, and its
soft and mellow tonal coloration,” an observation that aptly describes the library’s “beautiful copies of famous pictures.”

Since then, a century has passed, a hundred years of technological miracles that have revolutionized the art of photography. Today’s sophisticated eye is accustomed to photography, in any form, in full, rich and amazingly accurate color. Today, the same master paintings are still available in reproduction, although no museum or print dealer would dream of putting out for sale anything but a color print of the highest quality. The “soft and mellow tonal coloration” of sepia has lost whatever magical appeal it once had, and the “beautiful copies” have a present-day interest that is largely historical, remembrances of a time that seems very long ago.

Apart from the copies of paintings in museums are the other four pictures, in similar frames and variation in size, each a view of a particular scene in Rome. Along with St. Peter’s Square, they include the Roman Forum, the Colosseum, and the Capitoline, the last a handsome building erected for the city’s municipal use in the mid-16th century. These, too, are albumen prints, but of scenes photographed in open air rather than the dimly lit interior of an Italian museum of the 19th century. Photographic practice at the time called for very long time exposures, which when combined with natural outdoor lighting resulted in an intense clarity of image, in shadow as well as direct sunlight, and which in sepia reproduction can even to the modern eye be especially satisfying.

Eloise M. Jordan’s brief description also notes “a cabinet containing hundreds of smaller photographs.” They, too, are still around, and there are in fact a total of 364, some mounted on linen, others, the majority, on board. On whichever mount, all are the same size, a fraction smaller than today’s standard size piece of ordinary paper, and in subject represent more of the same -- “famous paintings,” by far the majority, as well as similar photographic views of outdoor scenes.

While producing copies of sculptured works was a business, the production and sale of art photographs had become what can best be described as an industry, and on a very large scale. All were produced it seems by a surprisingly small handful of photographers, all beginning in a small way and who at the same time, were especially adept at marketing reproductions of their work. Some, like the Brothers Alinari, turned it into a full-scale family enterprise. Leopoldo Alinari was the photographer, whose brothers Giuseppe and Romualdo had by 1860 become partners in what was soon a well established firm called “Fratelli Alinari.” They were based in Florence and known as specialists in “documenting masterpieces of art.”
The name still exists, but as a photographic archive which describes itself as maintaining Italy’s “immense patrimony” of art and history.

Others among the handful were Giacomo and Carlo Brogi, whose photographs – the illustration of Michelangelo’s “David” reproduced above is one -- are all identified as “Edizione Brogi.” Another was Domenico Anderson, younger than most, and whose photographer father was an Englishman who in 1838 had settled in Rome. Domenico succeeded his father, and with his own sons continued the family tradition into the early years of the 20th century. Two of the library’s framed scenic views are Anderson prints – St. Peter’s Square and the Roman Forum, with the second the same photograph which appears as illustration of the Forum in the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

An anomaly among them was another immigrant, a German named Sommer. At the time, Florence and Rome were the favored choices for art photography, but Sommer, already a photographer, chose instead to settle in Naples. There he became known as Giorgio Sommer, and was soon in business. On some prints is only the name “Sommer” with “Napoli” in smaller type, nothing else, with those in the collection limited to outdoor subjects, chiefly views of the city and its environs – Mt. Vesuvius, the ruins of nearby Pompeii, popular with tourists even then, and especially the street life of a city long celebrated as the liveliest in Europe.

Giorgio Sommer: street in Naples, “Gradoni di chiaia”
Of the last, in the collection is a striking view of a long, narrow street, filled with everyday people going about their business, a street with ascending stairs much of the way in one of the city’s ever bustling neighborhoods. Sommer’s original image is today in the collection of Boston’s Museum of Fine Arts, where it is identified with the title “Gradoni di chiaia,” which translates as “Steps of chiaia.”

Chiaia is an area named on maps, and is described in early guidebooks as “entirely covered with buildings and walls.” A remarkable composition, every detail, from the picture’s foreground to a background considerably distant, is in the sharpest imaginable clarity, and even in reproduction, with all the “opalescent luminosity” of an albumen print. It is hard to imagine that Giorgio Sommer saw it as simply another “document,” for in every respect it shows the hand of an artist who knows his business, and the result is an extraordinary photographic achievement.

QUESTIONS ARISE, however. Writing of Annie Louise Cary, one of her early biographers notes, “Winters were spent abroad.” The writer is describing Annie Louise’s life after her marriage in 1882 to Charles Monson Raymond. Elsewhere is mentioned that she and “Monsie” had spent time — “tarried” is the word used — in Milan. After her husband’s death in 1909, she is further described by another of the early writers as “making long and expensive visits in Italy, taking a handsome villa at Rome for the springtime.” She was accompanied by her longtime maid, the “faithful Susie,” who happened to be Italian. Italy clearly had a special place in her life, and undoubtedly she spent time in absorbing the country’s cultural heritage, in much the same way as did legions of other visitors. And most probably she had in hand the most recent edition of the premier guidebook of the day, Baedeker’s Handbook for Travellers.

Initially written and published in German, the handbooks were the creation of Karl Baedeker, whose inventive mind recognized the need for accurate, reliable, up-to-date information that would liberate the traveler from the dubious attentions of the often rapacious “tour guides” who frequented nearly all the usual tourist sites. After Baedeker’s death in 1859, the handbooks were expanded by his sons to cover much of Europe, and by the 1870s they appeared in both French and English translation. Each contained a wealth of useful information, which for Italy included, especially for Naples where they seemed to be endemic, how to deal with beggars — “a slight backward movement of the head accompanied by a somewhat contemptuous expression.” Included, too, and particularly useful were names and addresses of shops and their specialties.
Where to buy a copy of Michelangelo’s “David” was easily discovered, and under “Photographers” each was separately listed. Annie Louise Cary could have had no trouble in finding where to purchase the framed copies of “famous pictures.” Alinari, Anderson, Brogi, Sommer, all had their own shops, or whose photographs were identified as available at one or another bookseller.

Exactly when the framed copies were purchased is unknown. Also unknown is when the additional 364 smaller copies were acquired, nor if all were purchased at the same time. The framed copies may have found a place on the walls of the Raymond household in Norwalk. But what of the others? And why such a large number? What could Annie Louise, not so far as can be discerned, given to extravagant impulse, possibly have wanted with 364 photographic prints? A possible answer lies with another, larger question that relates to her upbringing.

Annie Louise’s mother died in 1851, when Annie Louise, the youngest of six children, was not quite ten years old. With his now motherless family, her father left Wayne to live first in Yarmouth, where her mother’s family still lived. Her father later remarried and the family went to live in Durham, with Annie Louise subsequently attending a private school in Gorham. In none of the written accounts of her life is there any hint of discord over her father’s second marriage, or that she was any other than a happy young girl growing up. Throughout her later life, however, none of these locations appears to have had in the slightest way the same attention and devotion that she lavished on Wayne, and the question is why?

As partial answer, it is very likely that Annie Louise retained in memory an indelible picture of the early years of her life as the happiest possible, a circumstance inevitably altered by her mother’s early death. With a later career that took her everywhere, experiences that far exceed the bounds of ordinary life, then at a ripe age enjoying the most satisfying of marriages, Annie Louise nonetheless evidently kept in memory this indelible picture. For her, Wayne had become something of an icon, a town that represented all the best associated with her origins.

And Wayne reciprocated. Annie Louise Cary had been among the very early contributors to Wayne’s fledgling library, in the late 1880s, and continued her attentions with further donations of both money and especially books. Jane Thorne Johnson by 1904 was in firm command of the town’s library, and who became Annie Louise’s principal contact and, although twenty years younger than Annie Louise, her fast friend. Both shared an interest not only in books, but in children, and the educational advantages that books could provide for them.
Annie Louise and her husband, writes Eloise M. Jordan, spent winters abroad and “always their summers were passed on the Maine coast.” It was at Prouts Neck in Scarborough, and from there each summer Annie Louise reportedly paid annual visits to Wayne, and where she received the warmest of welcomes. To send books, especially books for children, became a habit. It was an enduring relationship, and when she died in 1921, Annie Louise Cary Raymond had left in her will a bequest to the library of $10,000, a generous sum with a present-day equivalent value of over $92,000. Without it, there is a strong possibility that the town’s present-day library might never have been built.

Under what circumstances Annie Louise purchased the 364 prints is nowhere described. Each personally selected? Unlikely. Not unlikely is that she bought them as separate packages from the shops of the various photographers represented in the collection. In any event, and to say the least, it was an unusual purchase for Annie Louise Cary to make. An explanation, the only feasible explanation is that from the moment of purchase she intended the prints not for herself, but for Wayne’s library. And so may have been the purchase of the larger, framed prints. Devoted to the town, Annie Louise may have seen them as one more contribution, one that would make the library, as it was later described, “not only the literary but the art centre of the town.” And if they could lead to the edification of the town’s children, so much the better.

A generous thought, but in hindsight it can be safely guessed that for Wayne, the prints were a formidable presence, and that they probably seldom left the cabinet in which they were housed. In late 1938, along with everything else, they were moved from old to new library, and stored away. There they languished, forgotten, until the early 1990s when they were sorted, inventoried and placed in archival document boxes. A similar fate has met the larger, framed prints. They, too, were moved, some for a brief time on the walls of the library’s new home, soon giving way to the needed bookshelves, and since then they, too, have been stored away.

Of these legacies, only “Opera Procession by the Sea,” “David,” and the bust of “Venus” along with the other sculptures described remain in plain view, and offer for the library visitor who takes the time an uncommon visual pleasure. Forgotten, or for most never known, are the background stories of their origins – understandably, for they are stories that were rarely if ever brought to public attention. Although now “history,” they deserve to be known as well as belong in the record, a tribute to the several legacies which hidden away from view or not, still remain.
"LIKE THE FABLED PHOENIX"
By Edward L. Kallop, Jr.

"LIKE THE FABLED PHOENIX," as a particular moment in its history is described, Wayne village "rose from the ashes."

To read the History of Wayne published in 1898 is to wonder how a day could pass without the ever-present fear of a ruinous fire. "In 1834 the grist mill was burned" reports the History, and in succeeding years there were numerous others. In North Wayne it was the same. "In 1881, a fire broke out, and the whole plant, including the paper mill, the buildings for making pulp, the saw mill, and large store-house filled with stock and chemicals for the manufacture of paper, was burned to the ground." It was that brief period in North Wayne’s history when the North Wayne Paper Company had taken over the tool factory buildings.

"We have to record another serious fire which occurred Dec. 10, 1887, and entirely destroyed the large and commodious store, so long a landmark in the village." It was a company store, owned by the North Wayne Tool Company -- until 1864 known as the North Wayne Scythe Company -- and fires somewhere on the premises were from the beginning a familiar and constant threat. Closer in time to the present was the famously destructive fire of 1925. Not much was left, and it signaled the beginning of the end for the tool company’s active presence in North Wayne eight years later.

Under description when Wayne village “rose from the ashes” was what became known as the “Great Fire of 1863.” It was the first of July, “a hot dry day with a strong south wind.” From the shovel handle factory, on the east side of the millstream and where the fire started during the night before, the wind swept the fatal fire in the direction of everything between the millstream and Main Street. At day’s end, gone were the factory, the nearby grist mill, and the several stores that lined the street, with the fire’s fury reaching across the street, and caught in the flames was one, luckily no more, of the residential dwellings on the other side.

Describing the fire and its aftermath, the History’s writer, employing a useful reference from classical Greek and Roman literature, alludes to the mythical bird famous throughout the ancient world, which nearing the end of an improbably long life immolated itself in a sacred fire at which moment a newly born phoenix rose from the ashes. It was an event widely associated with death and renewal, and a symbol of lasting immortality.
For Wayne village it was an altogether apt allusion. The following few years saw a building program, on a scale unprecedented for Wayne and which completely revitalized the entire business core of the village. Holman Johnson, in whose factory the fire started and who owned much of what else was destroyed, took charge. By 1870 the village was clearly back in business, a renewal that spurred a fresh and welcome optimism.

J. M. MOULTON,
WAYNE, ME.,
DEALER IN,
DRI G O O D S,
GROCERIES,
Tobacco, Cigars, Confectionery,
And the usual line of articles kept in a Country Store.

CHOICE FLOUR A SPECIALTY.

It can be said to mark a new phase in the town's history, a passage from the early to the later half of the century, when town life began in earnest to reflect the forces then propelling the nation's industrial and technical progress. The homespun existence of an earlier time gave way to a new mindset, a broader view that extended to everyday life. Wayne village was soon awash in all sorts of commercial enterprises, offering for a local public a surprising wealth of goods and services.
Well over double in size, and doubly effective, the original of the illustration above is a full-page advertisement in a news sheet titled *Cross and Crown* that appeared in 1886. Unmistakable is what each has to offer, they announce their wares with an extravagant variety in imaginative typeface, and in language of the practiced entrepreneur. It was a time when Wayne could accommodate not one but three "general" stores. On a second full page are named the other two, as well as a barber — "If you want a clean shave or haircut," -- a second village blacksmith, along with the advertised names of one dentist, two resident physicians, and an enterprising lady who provides a long list of items, all geared to keep the ladies of the town well supplied with sewing and related needs, and who has on hand a "competent milliner." And for the kitchen or otherwise, available at Wayne's Grist Mill are "Corn Meal, Oats, Bran & Fine Feed," advertised with the confident subscript, "The reputation of this mill is of 40 years standing and needs no further mention."

*Cross and Crown* is named as "issued by E. Dennett." The Rev. Erwin Dennett was pastor of Wayne's Baptist Church, clearly ambitious and in a separate note he remarks, "Please read our advertisements. We are grateful for them as they furnished the sinews of war, whereby we were able to send out this little sheet." The issue is identified as Vol. I, No. 1 and dated May 1, 1886, and if subsequent issues were published is unknown, at least they have yet to be discovered.

"To our friends," he writes at the paper's beginning, "we send this little sheet to each of your homes with a kind word of greeting — an invitation to our different services — a word of good cheer — an invitation from the Savior of the world to come to him for salvation." He continues, a page and a half of related comments, with practical details as well as uplifting observations, and nearing a close he writes:

*The Savior has come very near to many of you this winter. You have heard the rustle of his royal robes! The hand that was nailed to the cross has knocked at the door of your heart! He is yet passing by! Oh! Call to him just now, let him not pass by and leave you unsaved and lost! Seize the hem of his garment and he will save you. The storm clouds of wrath are darkening the horizon, but the Ark is still open. Oh! enter, enter now!*

They are ringing words, with their message as unmistakable as the commercial advertisements in the pages to follow, a juxtaposition that in four pages takes clear and unqualified aim at both body and soul. Erwin Dennett stayed in Wayne not quite two years, his pastorate described in the
1898 History as “a time of ingathering,” with many baptisms and a notable increase in Church membership—no doubt taking to heart the call to “enter, enter now!”

In a remarkably short span of time—his arrival in town only the year previous—Erwin Dennett appears unusually acute as an observer of town life, who was who, each for him a special individual, as well as the natural beauty for which the town was already well known. Following his initial message is a subsequent column devoted to these observations:

Before taking up our residence in this lovely little village we often heard it spoken of as a town of beautiful situation. Every one who has been here knows this to be true. We shall never forget our first glimpse of Wayne village as we came in sight one fine day in September, and looked down from Gott’s Hill [Morrison Heights] upon the beautiful place which was destined in the great plan (as we trust) to become our home for a season.

In the interim, little has escaped his attention:

The grist mill does an excellent business and has a wide and good reputation for miles around. Mr. C. E. Wing is the present proprietor. His father Mr. Obed Wing is still with him in the mill where he has done business for forty years or more. Mr. C. B. Wing also does business on this (water) privilege as a manufacturer of doors, sash and blinds and any machine work or bracket sawing. He is a most excellent workman... Mr. J. S. Berry is about to embark on a new business, that of making clothing. He will put in an engine and several machines and will commence work as soon as possible.

He comments on “the pleasant drives all about the town,” and sees “no reason why one should seek further for a paradise in which to spend the summer months.” He notes the “only hotel in town” — the Wayne Hotel later renamed Pocasset House — “is very pleasantly situated and is run by Mr. S. L. Howard. Here man and beast are always made comfortable as long as they choose to tarry.” Closing this descriptive litany, he remarks:

We would not omit to mention the fact that Wayne is the native town of Annie Louise Cary, now Mrs. Raymond of New York. She was born in what is now the Methodist Parsonage and lived here till she was eight years old. Any other towns claiming her will please take due notice of this fact and govern themselves accordingly,
On an 1879 map of the village that appears in an Atlas for Kennebec County, Annie Louise Cary’s birthplace is plainly identified as the Methodist Parsonage. Maps at the time reached heights of detail unimaginable today. Every location in the village is included, each structure individually drawn to size and configuration — modern-day tests in at least two instances have proven them accurate — and with their functions or family inhabitants individually identified. On either side of the millstream are all the structures, each clearly named, which made up the industrial core of Wayne village. On Main Street are the “Stores,” and across the street, “Hotel” is shown with the proprietor’s name. And on up and down Main Street and continuing to Old Winthrop Road, are all the rest. With but few changes, this was the same village Erwin Dennett had managed to capture so well.

Seen in a photograph, much reproduced as a popular postal card, is the village center as it appeared in Erwin Dennett’s day, and still appeared when the photograph was taken sometime around 1900. On this example,
handwritten is someone's no doubt jesting notation, "This is the City." Otherwise, identifications are straightforward and correctly named. On the near side of "Lincoln Brothers Store" is pictured the structure which at the time was still the Moultons' store, and at the far end is seen what later was known as the Brick Block.

Town of Wayne Historical Collection

In far greater detail than anything in *Cross and Crown* and with far wider variation in subject is the *History of Wayne*, but here as well as in later stories can be detected a turn of phrase — Wayne lying "between two beautiful sheets of water" is one — identical to what Erwin Dennett had written in 1886. Happenstance or not, the *History*'s writers were not alone. Wayne continued to attract writers of feature news stories — especially welcome to the *Lewiston Journal* — who to one degree or another, and with variations in emphasis, repeated descriptions which the Rev. Erwin Dennett was probably the first to put on paper and see in print.

By 1898, the earlier optimism had already been shaken by the drifting failure of the village's principal industries. The once thriving shovel handle factory became enmeshed in family litigation and ceased operation altogether. The same family's woolen mill closed in the mid 1880s, sold to outsiders, reopened, then in 1892 was destroyed in yet another disastrous fire. Again, "like the fabled Phoenix" the village "rose from the ashes."

*If the town is no longer one of the important producing factors of the busy world, as a place for rest and recreation, a retreat in which to spend the months of our New England summer and autumn, and to enjoy to the full the beauties of nature... Wayne is without rival in the state.*
Appearing early in the History’s introduction, this forthright statement set the tone for all the subsequent writers about the town. A new age had begun, when the town turned its eyes to the economic and other benefits that came with the yearly arrival of those seeking “a place for rest and recreation.”

Among the Lewiston Journal’s “regulars” was Luther Bateman, whose news stories were always signed “L. C. Bateman,” and who first wrote about Wayne in 1909, a detailed and glowing account with marked attention to the famous Maxim brothers and their notable achievements. Then in 1917, having spent “a delightful day in Wayne,” he wrote an even longer piece titled “Wayne’s Latest Summer Resort Developments.” He extols the town’s scenery, “wonderful in the beauty of its location,” and notes:

It was once a manufacturing village. But with the burning of the woolen factory, it gradually lost its industrial character and for a time sat in sackcloth and ashes. Then came its development as a summer resort and during the last few years it has taken giant strides in this direction.

He mentions Martin G. Brumbaugh — “Men like Gov. Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania saw the possibilities, and proclaimed its charms to the world. Others came and saw and were conquered.” They became the town’s “summer people,” a term still in general use. While their numbers steadily increased, the town’s year-round population decreased, dramatically, and by 1930 it reached an all-time low of 464.

A successor to Luther Bateman was John R. Perkins, who in the late 1930s began writing comparable pieces about the town. They, too, were published by the Lewiston Journal, in what was called the “Magazine Section,” and were generally a mixture of historical fact and local anecdote. Jack Perkins, as he was known and which he used as by-line, was unlike Luther Bateman a Wayne resident, and had ready access to what had already appeared in print, including the town’s municipal reports. They are sources covering a broad range of subject as well as date, and for Perkins they provided a substance that served him well.

Altogether different in approach was another writer, Rena Leadbetter McIlroy, who wrote a lengthy, two-part feature story published in 1957. It was in the same newspaper’s magazine section, in separate installments with the first titled “This Word Picture Takes You Back to Wayne Village in 1887,” and the second, “Old Wayne Village in 1887 Was Forerunner Of Present Setting.” Different in tone as well as approach, the story begins:
Elm-shaded, lake-bordered — a millstream connecting Pocasset and Androscoggin ponds — the sleepy little village of Wayne awoke one morning in 1887, to the click of looms previously silent for years. Yes, the wheels of the woolen mill, last run by Holman Johnson, were turning again.

The story continues in much the same vein, for two full pages in each installment, both generously illustrated. Confined to a single year, the story describes town locations and village residents at the time, the same locations and in most instances the same family names, and in the same sequence, as those identified in the Atlas map of 1879. At the top of the map is pictured, and early in the story appears, “On the corner of Main Street and No. Pond Road is the Baptist Church.”

Rev. Irwin (sic) Dennett guards the Baptist flock. The man’s magnetic personality has helped bring into the fold over 30 strays the past year. But greener pastures beckon. I hear he is leaving soon. (Young Robbie, grown to manhood, will frequently return for summer vacation to the town he can never forget.)

Proceeding at a leisurely pace, the writer is well into the second installment when she reaches the village center. “The Grist Mill is what we’re approaching now — that one with the iron rooster perched on the weather vane. Yesterday I mentioned Obed, Charles Wing’s father. He has long since run the mill. Although old and extremely deaf, he refuses to be laid on the shelf.”

“Let’s turn left here,” she continues, “and go down where the stream broadens. There on the other side is the saw-mill buzzing away. Trying to compete with the woolen mill, sounds like. If Bill Varnum isn’t careful he’ll be as deaf as Obed Wing.”

In spite of “Wayne Village” named in each installment’s title, she explores much beyond the village limits, and eventually reaches Morrison Heights, at the time still called Gott Mountain:

Over Gott Mountain way live the Allens, Lowells and Sewall Pettingill. Mr. Pettingill has been on the School Board for many years, is a good singer and is interested in anything that will benefit his town. (Sewall’s son, Dr. Olin, has been Sup’r of two T. B. sanitariums and Pres. of Kents Hill Board of Trustees. Mr. Olin’s son, Sewall, is a well-known ornithologist, writer and lecturer).

Eight years old in 1887, Rena McIlroy was born in Wayne, into the long established Leadbetter family, and some seventy years later was writing
about a time of which she very likely had little direct memory, relying instead on other, evidently multiple sources.

The result is a blend of historical fact and imagined encounters, in which personalities she meets and describes become personal acquaintances, who as she moves about town she introduces for the reader. A recognized technique, it is less a historical account than it is evocative interpretation. It is a technique frequently employed at historic sites around the country, and is related to what is known today as "living history."

For the reader so inclined, however, it can raise the inevitable question, how much is fact and how much is fiction? In this particular story facts there are, but so is imagination, of interest to read and, all told, it is a comfortable balance. Moreover, the personalities are each and all there, with town life at the time and each individual recognizable from historically accurate descriptions elsewhere, and with occasional small details that suggest new clues to some of the town's outstanding historical questions.

Whatever optimism of these years survived during the beginning of the new century was slowly dissipating, and which a few years later pretty much vanished entirely in the wake of the Depression. Still, Wayne village was outwardly the same village it was in 1879, with the homes and many of the same buildings lining the same streets. But it was a sober time, with a clear echo in the advertisements seen in the page below from the early 1920s.

Four of the twelve commercial advertisers have an address in Winthrop, the town already beginning to overtake Wayne village as a likely place to make purchases and do much of the weekly marketing. Allen Stinchfield advertises with no mention of the town's one remaining general store, which he owns and operates, but merely urges the reader to "Buy Here in Wayne." No longer do the Lincoln Brothers advertise "Gents' Furnishing Goods," and gone are the elegantly dressed gentleman, seen in Ellis Lincoln's advertisement forty years earlier, and the born salesman's advice to "Gaze upon this Picture!" Instead, in their advertisement is the somewhat lame observation, "Trading in Wayne Keeps the Home Cash in Circulation More Steady."

Missing altogether is the confident exuberance of any comparable page seen in Cross and Crown, with the religious admonition -- "It is Your Duty to Attend All Church Services Regularly" -- strangely didactic for Wayne, and a pale substitute for the stirring message of the Rev. Erwin Dennett. With its still diminishing population, the town appears to have settled into a mode of survival, waiting for "better times," when once again, Wayne village was engulfed in fire.
“From the upstairs window I witnessed the fire, on a Saturday night in March, 1923, which burned down the center of town.” The witness was Clinton P. Carhart, who was then eleven years old and who with his mother and grandmother was spending this particular winter in a house on Back Street. Remembered in town as Clint Carhart, he recalled the event in a description titled “Reminiscences of the 1920s.” Written in 1976, it is unpublished but exists in manuscript and is now in the town historical collection.

“It might be fun,” it begins:

... to take a stroll through Wayne village in the early twenties some fifty years ago. I can’t be pinned down as to the actual accuracy if I said exactly fifty years ago, meaning 1926, but say in the period 1922 to 1926, and maybe some of the houses and some of the people could be slightly different.
As you come into town, on your left is the house of Ed and Nell Turner. Nell used to keep house for her brother. Ed had a fairly good sized herd of cows which used to graze in the pasture behind his house and around along the mill stream. If you see any old pictures of the mill stream with cows grazing along the stream’s edge, they were probably Ed Turner’s.

The next house up, is a beautiful home owned at one time by Dr. Chenery, who in addition to being the local doctor was also head of the telephone company and a leading citizen of the town. He had the only concrete sidewalk in town, now long since broken up. He also had the luxury of running water, flush toilets, etc., entirely fed by a spring up behind Horatio Harrington’s farm and run by underground pipes all the way to that house.

And on through the village he continues, eleven pages of similar detail interspersed with numerous amusing and pungent stories about this or that particular individual, usually with himself involved. The stroll extends as far as the Town House and the Moon-Glo Pavilion, then “about to be built,” and for a short distance along the Pond Road.

“Going back now to Main Street,” Clint writes:

... at the bridge, the first building we come to, in what is now Memorial Park, was Charles Swift’s blacksmith shop. We kids used to get a big kick out of being allowed to pump the bellows. The next house, long since torn down, a double house, was lived in by a character by the name of Al Lord, and also Ganello Wing, a jeweler. Al Lord had a horse called Star, which was supposed to be a fast-trotting horse and he used to get it out on Sundays and race up and down Main Street pulling a light carriage. The horse had a hand check rein which held its head up high and he made quite a sight going along the street. It probably, in fact, was a broken-down old horse, but we never knew; we thought he was the fastest thing we’d ever seen.

Later, in one of his many “asides,” he observes that “all of us, when we were thirteen and fourteen,” entered into the town’s summertime life with the full gusto of youth.

What people associated with Halloween, the kids in Wayne did on the night of the Fourth. That was the night to chalk the windows, put bicycles up on flagpoles and some of the bigger boys would turn outhouses over into the millstream or into the lake. Probably not very funny to the people it happened to but it seemed to be great sport for the youngsters at the time.... Ringing the church bells, of course, was one of the things we did. And I can remember one time, in the same period,
the rope broke on the Methodist Church bell and not to be outdone, two of us went up into the belfry and rang the bell by hand. It never occurred to us that probably for two days we wouldn’t be able to hear anything.

Clinton Carhart’s grandparents were the Milletts, who each summer came to their large house on Back Street, and from a tender age on so did Clint. Eventually retiring to Wayne, he knew the town well. It seems in fact that few knew it better, and in his reminiscences has provided a portrait of the village at a particular moment in time that is unmatched.

Next door to the house on Back Street, he writes, “was a house also owned by our family and lived in by the Toziers, who took care of the property for my family during the winter months.” It was in this house – “Mrs. Tozier graciously went to live with her son” – that Clint was spending the winter of the fatal fire of 1923. “So you can see” he comments, “that as a child of eleven, I had a pretty vivid memory of the whole thing, because it was quite frightening for me.”

When the stroll reached the village center he notes, “the fire cleaned out Allen White’s ice cream parlor, the Lincoln Brothers store,” and but for the Brick Block which was spared, every other in the line of structures seen in the early photograph. Until that moment, all had survived for a good fifty years, since the day they were erected following the Great Fire of 1863. Again, however, “like the fabled phoenix,” the village came back to life. New structures appeared, but the picture was altogether changed, the postal card of 1900 from then on a relic of another time, now of value historically as an image lost to memory.

A year later Wayne’s Baptist Church was also destroyed by fire. “About that time” Clint remarks, “I guess the town decided that bucket brigades were not enough.” Acquired was a fire engine, a REO speedwagon as he notes, but still it was not enough. For in 1925 occurred the ruinous fire which in spite of best efforts, destroyed much of the North Wayne Tool Company. Wayne village saw one more major fire, in January of 1943 when the Maureda Inn burned to the ground, leaving only the stable which was spared and today remains as a private residence.

No longer are ruinous fires in Wayne an “ever-present fear” – in part owing to the benefits of a more sophisticated technology, which in turn helps provide the town with firefighters who though still volunteers, are professionally trained. And at the same time, it appears the “Fabled Phoenix” as a consequence has since outlived its once familiar role as an allegorical talisman in town life.
"I AM WRITING TO YOU in the hope that you can provide me with some information. I am Annie Louise Cary's great-great niece, and am presently engaged in a search for material on her life and career with a view toward writing her biography. Inasmuch as the Cary Memorial library was built in her memory, I am in hope that you have in the library some material on Miss Cary — perhaps old letters, photographs, concert and opera programs, biographical data, etc. Such material would be of immense help to me in my work. Would you be kind enough to let me know what you do have? I shall be very appreciative of any help that you can give me.

Sincerely,
Rada F. Nalon"

On letterhead that reads "Mrs. Paul F. Nalon" and with an address in Philadelphia, the letter is dated April 29, 1965. It was addressed to "Mrs. Herbert Morse, Librarian, Cary Memorial Library." The letter passed through various hands, and eventually it was Emma Reynolds, at the time Secretary-Treasurer of the Wayne Library Association, who on June 1 replied in full detail:

"My dear Mrs. Nalon: The correspondence re: information you desire about Annie Louise Cary has finally reached the proper hands for handling.

We have in the library a scrap-book wherein is contained practically all the material you wish. It does not, however, have much concerning her European concerts save for a few clippings. I really believe though what we do have will be of interest to you. Another source of information is the History of Wayne which gives a biographical sketch of Miss Cary by one of her friends — Mary H. Flint — of New York. We regret we cannot allow these books out of the library but you are welcome to spend whatever time is necessary at the library reviewing these books when you come to Wayne. And, of course, the house where she was born stands near the library and is kept in fine condition by the owners."

Days of the week and hours open for the library are provided, and after offering to "procure accommodations for you in August," she notes that she has a key to the library and "can let you in at any time. It will be a pleasure to have you come to Wayne and be assured we will do all possible to make your visit a pleasant and profitable one." In conclusion is the
request, "Be good enough to address all further correspondence to the writer.

Very truly yours,
Emma Reynolds"

And this Rada Fuller Nalon did. All told, there are thirty separate letters, all but the last four addressed from Philadelphia to Emma Reynolds in Wayne, and which provide a rare picture of the unexpected twists a writer can face in pursuit of a dedicated goal. At the same time, they also offer a rare picture of how a professional appeal for help can gradually ripen into an unexpected personal friendship, which though at a distance, seems surprisingly close and altogether genuine.

A week passed when in reply Rada Nalon writes, "Dear Miss Reynolds: Thank you very much for your helpful and informative letter of June 1. I am delighted to know that you have a wealth of information on Annie Louise Cary. This is exactly what I hoped you would have, and I am looking forward to our trip to Wayne with great eagerness. I should guess from your letter that I will want to spend quite a bit of time there... We hope to make the trip in August. Thank you again for your assistance. I am looking forward to meeting you this summer."

Apart from a short response from Emma Reynolds on the 16th, there is no further correspondence until the following January. But the trip to Wayne evidently took place, and on January 10, 1966 Rada Nalon writes, "I apologize for not writing sooner, but the Christmas holidays always seem to get the better of me... My inquiry to the New York Times brought in quite a few replies which consumed a great deal of my time. Up until this week there has been nothing of any particular value... but this week I received two letters which I was very excited over.

One was from a distant relative of mine. So distant, I didn't even know she existed! She is a grand-niece of Aunt Ann, and I was overjoyed to hear from her. She, of course, didn't know who she was writing to, and will no doubt be quite surprised when she receives my answer.

The other letter was from the attorney in Norwalk who handled Aunt Ann's affairs for so many years. I didn't think he would be alive and was quite surprised to see his name on the envelope. Now I am very anxious to get up to Norwalk and talk with him. It's so hard to accomplish much by letter."

Clearly, prior letters had gone back and forth, as she answers a question evidently asked, "No, I didn't receive a reply from Robert W. Herrick. And you have me curious - should I have heard from him? Does he have information that would be helpful in my biography?"
Miss Reynolds, before I go any further, I want to thank you ever so much for sending the Lewiston Journal of December 4th. And I would never have known of its existence but for you. 99% of the material contained in it was already known to me, but it has other value – and, of course, it was nice to have the picture. I have just written to the author of the article.

I have been wondering for some time about making a public appeal to people in Maine, requesting any information or material which might be ‘tucked away in the attic.’ I am hoping the author will see fit to do a small article about the fact that I am writing this book, and need material. . . . Keep your fingers crossed for me. (Do you receive the Lewiston Journal daily? I wondered how you found out about this article.)"

It is a long letter, two and half typewritten pages, and she continues with description of her discovery of the Maine Historical Society, from a Mrs. Wiggin whose letter came to her “out of the blue.” It was a letter which undoubtedly led to her further discovery of the close friendship of her “Aunt Ann” and the noted author Kate Douglas Wiggin.

“So much for work. We had a very lovely Christmas. . . . We have had no snow at all in Philadelphia, and the temperatures have been unseasonal. Very little cold weather to speak of. Do you have snow on the ground? I am glad that you had an enjoyable Christmas. Six grandchildren in the house would make it a little hectic! And so much fun. I do seem to remember the Ladd house. It’s set way back from the street isn’t it? Do they stay in Wayne all year round?

Well, I have many more letters to write, so I shall close for now. I will write again as soon as I have any news – so don’t wonder if you don’t hear from me right away.

Affectionately,
Rada Nalon.

P.S. Paul sends along his greetings & best wishes.”

Not until nearly a year later are there further letters, although in the interim their correspondence clearly continued, for in a letter dated February 6, 1967 Rada Nalon writes, “Thank you for your letters of January 23rd and January 30th. It was funny you should mention Miss Miriam Andrews from Gorham. I, too, heard from her last summer. She wanted to know if I had any information on Aunt Ann which she could use for the Club’s first meeting in the Fall! It struck me as being so funny – because I have been devoting so much time over the past few years asking other people (including the people at Gorham) to give me information on Aunt Ann, and then I had someone asking me for the same thing! I was very
tempted to dash off an answer telling her, 'Yes, wait until the book is written and you'll have plenty of information.' I really don't know what it is she wanted. But it is strange that she didn't decide to take her group up to see you — you have so much to offer.

I don't know what she meant when she told you that they have a lot of material in their town library, as their collection is contained in a house, now converted into a museum. The house was once the residence of my great-great grandfather, Dr. Nelson Howard Cary. I didn't go into the library which is immediately adjacent and hope I haven't missed anything.

I'm glad you have somebody with you in that big rambling house. It's such a lovely house, but when you're all alone it's bound to be terribly lonesome. And I am truly glad that your eyes have held up.

Thank you very much Miss Reynolds for all your help. Every now and then I think of some question in connection with Wayne or the library, and I know I have only to write to you, and with unfailing kindness you are always ready to help.

With affection and every good wish,
Rada"

At the end of February Rada Nalon is again in touch. "I have several questions which need answering. . . . I have a very hard time tracing Aunt Ann's early years. Information is scarcer than hens' teeth — and everything is doubly complicated because her father, Dr. Cary, moved around so much. Several towns like to claim him (!) but they don't come up with definite dates to prove it. So I try to trace things by what other people were doing at the time, which brings me to another question. When did Dr. Cary's mother and father die?"

The letter continues with further genealogical questions, and in conclusion she notes, "All this sounds like a big project I'm afraid. I'll close now and get this in the mail. We have had most unpleasant weather here in Philadelphia, and I'm glad this is the last day of February!

Affectionately,
Rada"

A week later, in a handwritten letter, Rada writes, "Thanks for your note of last Friday. You sound to be busier than a one-armed painter! (or is it painter-hanger?). Please don't worry or feel I need the information I requested in any great hurry — I don't — any time you have a few spare minutes, no matter when, is just fine. . . . If you can find that piece on the Winthrop school I'd certainly like to see it. Winthrop was the school Aunt Ann's mother attended. The other school I mentioned (and the one I am most eager to learn of) is the Gardiner Lyceum which Aunt Ann was said
to attend, and I’m very anxious to learn anything on that I can. I’m fearful it would be my usual luck that it has gone out of existence and all records burned in a fire!

How does your “baby sitting” go? You’re lucky. I love dogs so much, but can’t have one in an apartment house. They are great company don’t you think?

Have an enjoyable Town Meeting. I’ve never been to one and would like very much to. Again, please don’t feel rushed on getting information for me. And don’t overtire yourself!

Affectionately,
Rada”

On May 9 she writes, “Bless you! I am so grateful for the material you sent. This really fills the bill. This is the first good description I’ve had of the Butler School in East Winthrop – a wonderful description of Dr. Cary, too. . . . There we have it – Dr. Cary’s mother died in Hallowell and his father moved to Gardiner, remarried and died there. This is exactly what I wanted.”

Immersed in the Cary family’s genealogical history, Rada Nalon fills two pages with further details and related questions, then requests, “Could you let me know two things: 1. The name of the lady who is town clerk, who we visited when we were in Wayne. Do you remember we went to her house to see if she could find Aunt Ann’s birth record? I’d just like to have her name and address for my records. 2. The next time you are in the library could you take a look at the Russian testimonial? Paul copied it off for me while we were there, and his handwriting is a little hard to read sometimes (!). What I want to know is: is there punctuation of any sort between the two words ‘Amneris’ and ‘Requiem’? – a comma or period to separate them. I took a picture of it, but unfortunately it didn’t come out at all well and you can’t read a thing.

Thank you again for your wonderful help. Wish I could express better how truly grateful I am for the assistance you’ve given me. Please spare a few minutes to write and tell me how you are and what you’re doing.

Affectionately,
Rada”

Nothing follows until early summer when on June 6 Rada writes, “I am sorry I have taken so long to answer your last letter, but as is becoming habitual these days, I have been awfully busy and each day went by without my being able to write.

I was very surprised to see that Everett Stackpole wrote the History of Winthrop. I think I told you I was able to buy a copy of his History of
Durham, but did I tell you I bought it from his grandniece? She inherited his entire library, as well as the books he wrote. My grandmother remembers Mr. Stackpole from the days when she lived in Durham. . . . You said you hoped to receive a History of Hallowell and a different History of Gardiner. If you should find notice of the death of Dr. Cary's mother in Hallowell or Gardiner it would be a wonderful piece of good fortune.

I am astonished at all your varied activities! What will you be up to next? I can imagine with a little beautification the Mill Stream shore will look very pretty, as it was so picturesque. And your own view will be even nicer, won't it?

I must close now. We are enjoying some lovely summer weather — temperature up in the 80s, and I hope it holds for a while. What is yours like? I do hope you've gotten rid of that last snowstorm in May. Wasn't that something? Write when it is convenient for you — I suppose things must be picking up now and the summer people starting to arrive — and I suppose that means more work in the library too. Hope you don't overtax.

With affection and gratitude,

Rada"

Four days later, in a letter dated June 10, Emma Reynolds writes in return. "Thank you for your letter of June 6. It is pleasing to note that what I have sent in the way of material for your book has proven of interest."

A tissue copy, it is one of only three copies of her letters to survive. She continues with news of what she has learned further about Cary family genealogy, and includes the full record of vital statistics sent to her by the City of Gardiner. She then comments, "The enclosed copy of a letter from Mrs. Hinckley I believe will interest you. Note, I made no mention of your name but should she ask for it have I your permission to give it? By mentioning the fact you are writing a book on Miss Cary I thought it might discourage her from so doing. I'll let you know what happens.

My best to you and Mr. Nalon,

Fondly,

Emma"

On June 26 Rada replies, "Thank you very much for sending me the copy of the letter from Mrs. Hinckley. I am very glad that you told her I am writing the book on Aunt Ann and, as you say, it might discourage her, although I don't think (from the way she wrote) she had more in mind than an article. I confess though I would be very, very unhappy if anyone did a book on Aunt Ann before I had mine done. This is really a labor of love — because, believe me, it is labor."
If Mrs. Hinckley does ask for my name I don’t see any reason for not giving it to her. Please do let me know what her reaction is, as, of course, this is a subject very dear to my heart and I’m interested in everything pertaining to it.

Do keep me posted.

With much affection,

Rada”

Mrs. Hinckley soon became an “issue,” as Rada writes on July 6, “I do appreciate your keeping me informed. My! Isn’t she persistent? Her last said she had mislaid her notes on Aunt Ann, and now, scarcely a week later, she has already written a 1,000 word article! She must have quickly found her notes, and if not, I shudder to think what the article must be like. I haven’t heard from her yet, of course, but when I do I’ll let you know how it all turns out.

I’ll bet you really do know more about Aunt Ann and her family than most people after all the ‘digging’ you’ve done. Isn’t it fun when one thing leads to another? It’s like putting together a jigsaw puzzle. . . .

I’ll let you know what I hear from Mrs. Hinckley — I’m sure you are as anxious as I am.

Affectionately,

Rada”

The saga of Mrs. Hinckley continued, and on July 19 Rada writes, “She’s not only persistent — she’s downright aggravating. Here’s the letter she sent me. I think it is a rather peculiar letter. What does Aunt Ann’s retirement have to do with anything? And what does ‘cooperate with pictures’ mean! (As if I didn’t know — but what an extraordinary way of putting it). The clue to her article is so obvious that I am very much surprised she would even mention it. Without any doubt she has ‘lifted’ and paraphrased one of the most famous articles ever written on Aunt Ann — ‘The Prima Donna America Almost Forgot.’ Mark my words if that is not the case. You have a copy of this in the library as I recall.

She couldn’t have thought that under any circumstances I would give her material which I myself will use in my biography. I don’t imagine that my reply will have the slightest affect on her plans, but there’s really nothing I can do. Of course, it disturbs me. One would think she would be gracious enough to drop the matter.

I have sent for a subscription to ‘Down East’ so if they do publish it I’ll see it (unless it’s published before my subscription comes through). I really have been meaning to get a subscription anyway since I enjoy it. . . .
I’m very grateful to you for keeping me posted on Mrs. Hinckley’s activities. I suppose you’ll hear from her again when she returns whatever you sent her. Let me know what she has to say. I don’t, on the contrary, expect she’ll write me again!

How are your eyes?

Affectionately,

Rada”

Addressed from Rome, New York, Mrs. Hinckley’s letter is dated July 5 and reads, “Dear Mrs. Nalon: I have your name through the kindness of Miss Emma Reynolds, Secretary-Treasurer of the Wayne Library Association.

I think I should introduce myself as a Pen Woman and a professional writer. My articles have appeared in Christian Science Monitor, The American Rose Magazine, Hobbies, Yankee, Inc., various newspapers.

Since I was born in Maine and spent most of my life there, I turned to Maine for new material with the idea of interesting DOWN EAST Magazine in a short article on Annie Louise Cary, your famous great, great aunt, as I understand. The whole thing hinges on whether or not I can obtain enough pictures to interest them. They are a picture magazine more than anything else, as you know perhaps.

We know that Annie Louise Cary lived in retirement for many years and I found reference to her as ‘the prima donna America Almost Forgot.’ Don’t you think my short article with pictures would create reader interest in the book which you are planning and writing? That is, it would be sort of a forerunner of what is to come.

Do you think we could cooperate with the pictures?

I have a ¾ which I think will copy nicely and another showing her in the role of AMNERIS. Those are all I have been able to unearth. I do have a picture of the library which would create interest and I am trying to get a picture of Gorham Seminary as it was during the 1850-1860 period.

I shall be awaiting your reply with anxiety,

Yours very truly,

Mabel Demers Hinckley”

It is not difficult to see how Rada Nalon could view the letter as she did, and her reply, written on July 18, reads, “I appreciate your interest in my great-grand aunt, Annie Louise Cary. Your request has been discussed with my advisors and we believe that this is not the opportune time for an article relating to Miss Cary, whose biography I am writing.

At the appropriate time we will again consider your request and at that time I shall advise you.
Very truly yours,
Rada Fuller Nalon
(Mrs. Paul F.)

Polite yet firm, designed to put her off, and altogether unequivocal. If Mrs. Hinckley's article was ever published and if so, where, is unknown. Most likely it was not, but Rada Nalon herself was more successful. By 1973 she was ready, and perhaps taking her cue from Mrs. Hinckley, she approached Down East. The magazine was indeed interested, and in its issue for May of that year appeared "Maine's First Prima Donna" by Rada Fuller Nalon. Full of photographs, the article may or may not have been regarded by her as a "forerunner of what is to come." It covered the life and career of Annie Louise Cary, repeating a good bit of what others had written earlier at greater length. But it was necessarily an abbreviated version of what surely could have been written, for by then Rada Nalon had amassed a considerable wealth of new information about "Aunt Ann." And for this she owed no small debt to her distant friend Emma Reynolds, a debt which in her letters she so frequently acknowledged.

By 1969 Rada and her husband had moved from Philadelphia, and in a letter dated March 11 Rada writes, "I'm awfully sorry it has taken me so long to answer your last letter — like you — I too get bogged down. Getting settled in our new home is taking much longer than I thought it would."

The "new home" was in Kennebunkport, and Rada comments, "I'd forgotten what a New England winter was like. . . it seems as if the snow will never leave the ground." Her interest is suddenly piqued by the Maxim family: "The mother of Aunt Ann's sister-in-law was a Maxim, daughter of Silas Maxim. You'll see her picture in Music and Musicians of Maine, page 153. (she was quite a singer herself)." She asks Emma for whatever she can find in Wayne's genealogical sources, and enclosed with the letter is a handwritten draft of Emma Reynolds' reply -- with full details.

Over a year passed when arrived a second letter from Kennebunkport. Dated July 13, 1970 Rada writes, "It was a delightful surprise to hear from you on Sunday. . . .I haven't written to anyone for months and months I have been so ill." She had developed a persistent cough, and she relates a lengthy account of visits to various doctors who "didn't seem to think there was anything seriously wrong with me." Finally, she was diagnosed with tuberculosis. "However, I am getting better" she notes.

Another long letter, it takes up three full typewritten pages. Further on Rada finally returns to "Aunt Ann," -- "I can't tell you how surprised I am to learn that Hinckley is still persisting about Aunt Ann. And I am extremely puzzled. It must be near four years now that she's been trying to write an
article. Why is she so determined? Has she ever said to you why she wants to write about Aunt Ann?"

Much seems to be on her mind: "The next question is considerably harder and I don't know how to go about getting it answered. Do you know who Mary H. Flint was who wrote the biographical article on Aunt Ann which appears in the History of Wayne? Boy! That's a toughie! And I knew it. I thought perhaps there might be some correspondence somewhere in Wayne which would explain who this woman was."

Mary H. Flint, she remarks, "wrote one of the best articles on Aunt Ann's life," yet who at the same time "makes bad mistakes now and then." Rada doesn't say what they are, but she wants to "trace this Mrs. Flint," and once again enlists Emma Reynolds' help. "Don't go to any trouble on this Miss Reynolds. But perhaps there is correspondence from which I can obtain some information." The letter is signed, as usual, "Affectionately," with a postscript, "While I think of it, if you ever run across a History of Wayne which can be had for not too much money, I'd appreciate it if you would let me know."

Only one subsequent letter survives, dated September 15, 1970, in which Rada writes, "Time is short, and must hurry on to other things, so will cut this note short." In the meantime, the 1898 History of Wayne had been published in facsimile copy, which greatly pleased Rada and she notes, "Please let me know, when you have time, how long the Wayne history will be available for sale."

If the long planned full-length biography ever appeared is a question. In the listed records of the New York publishing house of Alfred Knopf, Inc. is her name as an author, with a number but nothing else, no date or book title. Inquiries to present-day staff at the publishing house reveal nothing further, and why her name if nothing was published is unexplained. It may represent nothing more than the listed name of an author who has made an inquiry, but whose work never got published. As published author, however, her name does appear elsewhere, and includes other, later articles in Down East on subjects unrelated to Annie Louise Cary. But the search for "Aunt Ann" was undoubtedly central to her life, and published or not, she certainly found it, as in one of her earlier letters she comments, "fun when one thing leads to another. It's like putting together a jigsaw puzzle."

Note: Emma Reynolds, born elsewhere in Maine, began her life in town in 1945 when she moved to Wayne from Massachusetts. Here she quickly
established herself as an active and significant figure in town life, and five years later was elected one of the town’s three Selectmen. Secretary-Treasurer of the Wayne Library Association, she also served as Treasurer for the Wayne Garden Club. And for both, as the correspondence indicates, she served as much more. For years she also acted as Wayne’s faithful correspondent for the *Kennebec Journal*, regularly reporting on town life, carefully noting who from out of town was visiting whom, which summer people had arrived, or departed for home and when, and it was the rare event or social occasion that went unnoticed.

In 1988, on July 30, Emma Reynolds died at the advanced age of 93. Her obituary notes that in Wayne among other activities she had served as secretary to the late George E. Ladd, Jr. As a family the Ladds in turn befriended Emma Reynolds, and when she died her papers were entrusted to their care. It is through present-day family members that this correspondence between Emma and Rada Fuller Nalon has recently come to the historical society and is now in the town’s Historical Collection.
“SELF AT HOME” notes Stillman Howard in his diary. The date is Tuesday, May 17, 1888. “Home” is the Wayne Hotel, a generous-size house in the center of Wayne village – at the time it would have been described as “commodious” -- and the writer is the hotel’s proprietor. Howard had been keeping a diary since 1857, and for each year thereafter in an identical small pocket-size book he faithfully recorded the day’s activity, not a day missed until shortly before his death in November of 1890. With but one year missing, surviving are the remaining thirty-two volumes, still in the house when it was acquired by the late George and Helen Ladd in 1946, and which were given for deposit in the town’s Historical Collection by present-day family members.

Not all diaries are created equal. Much depends on the writer’s intent, with some filled with personal reflections that reveal the inner thoughts and private life of the writer. Others are less subjective, and for Stillman Howard his was a diary that principally served to note what took place each day. The happy result is an invaluable record of a particular place at a particular time, a vivid picture of ordinary life in a not so ordinary rural community. It was a life today so unfamiliar it can come as a surprise to realize that this is how it was. Each day’s routine passes before the reader’s eyes, and in the course of reading, the personalities soon become old acquaintances, and after a while the disparities between then and now no longer leap from the page as the mind adjusts to a different reality. For some, half-remembered tales of long-ago events are brought to light, and long-held questions about this or that subject of historical interest are answered.

“Self at home” was unusual, for Howard’s customary entry for the day is “Self about.” And “about” he was, most days filled with all the activity of a surprisingly busy hotel in a bustling country town, with the word sometimes written with a capital letter “A” sometimes not. It was a detail in which he was not at all consistent, while in others he was what today, and perhaps even then, might be regarded as excessively so. With rare exception, each day included his varied purchases for the hotel which along with sundry other fiscal matters are recorded in exacting detail. Commas, periods and punctuation in general he uses sparingly or disregards altogether. In part his was a shorthand, entirely personal and which for today’s
reader can at first be somewhat disconcerting, and on occasion Howard’s precise meaning can seem to defy understanding. Imperfect it may be, but for a small-size diary page it served a useful purpose, both convenient and efficient, and for Stillman Howard it was undoubtedly all perfectly clear at the time of writing, and for him that was all that truly mattered.

On the same date, May 17, after noting “Cloudy & a little Rain,” Howard starts the day by noting, “Self & Family moved into Wayne May 17th, 1875 – 13 years to day since.” Consistencies are rare, but among them is the unvarying separation of the word “today.” For that same date thirteen years earlier Howard notes, “Self & Wife & Florilla to Wayne this forenoon set up three beds in the Hall, then unpacked dishes & Took final possession of the premises at 11 o’clock A.M. Boarders & all.” There were seven boarders, with all named and the amount paid by each for weekly board. A week earlier, after preliminary inspections, he had purchased the “premises” for $2,800. The hotel, renamed Pocasset House shortly after Howard’s death in 1890, remained a hotel until sometime before 1920 when it became a private residence, and for the past fifty-plus years it has continued as a private home owned by the Ladd family. Built in 1815, the house had served as a hotel since 1828, under at least a dozen different owners until its purchase by Howard, after which the property remained in family hands until its sale to the Ladds in 1946.

On the day after the move Howard is already “about” making purchases. “Self into J. S. Berry’s Store Bot (bought) 1 lb coffee pd (paid) 32 cts Then Bot of Joseph G. Gott 1 bbl Flour pd $9,” with bbl an abbreviation for “Barrel” and equal to 196 lbs. And further in the day is noted, “Self examining pastures for Cow.”

Three days later: “Self with Ward & Wife & goods to Wayne, first move of Hannah & Baby.” Ward was his son, and Hannah had given birth less than a year earlier and in her father-in-law’s diary “Baby” it remains, and not until a considerably later date is the baby named Lizzie, who with her parents lived in the hotel and all involved in its operation.

Stillman Lothrop Howard was born in 1810, married in 1833 and with his wife settled on a farm in West Leeds, where as described in the History of Leeds published in 1901, he “erected a fine set of buildings.” Under the heading “Howards in Direct Line from the Plymouth Colony,” the History includes a genealogical listing, two full pages of a family with origins in Bridgewater, Massachusetts, and who were among the earliest settlers in the town of Leeds. By the mid-19th century the family had split into several branches, a circumstance parallel during the same years to the voluminous Wing family in Wayne. Among them was Oliver Otis Howard, the Civil
War general who wounded in battle and with an amputated arm, went on to become the founder of Howard University in Washington, D.C.

Stillman L. Howard, Esq.

History of the Town of Leeds

Quoting from his obituary, the History describes Stillman Howard as having "received an academic education at Monmouth (Academy) and Kents Hill. . . . More than forty years was he continually active in public life. Forty-two years he held a commission as Justice of the Peace, and thirty years he was a member of the board of trustees of Monmouth Academy. His extensive public business in legal affairs, and especially in the courts of probate, enabled him to be a wise counselor and instructor. . . . In May, 1875, he purchased the hotel at Wayne village at which place he has since resided. In this town, as in Leeds, although advanced in years, he held the office of selectman and treasurer. His was a busy, profitable and pleasant life."

And in language customary at the time, Stillman Howard and his wife "had issue" -- four sons and two daughters. Two of their sons, Howland and Daniel, left Maine to live in Kentucky, and the third, Lucius, first in Boston and by the 1870s was living in nearby West Medford. Ward was the eldest, who remained in Leeds and who "from the effects of an injury
received when a boy, was never strong yet seldom sick. Like several of his ancestors he was fond of a good horse and enjoyed using them. He accompanied his parents to Wayne in 1875, where he was engaged in the hotel and livery business."

Without Ward it is difficult to imagine how Stillman Howard, who at the time of the move was 65 years old, could have managed as well as he did. Hardly a day passes without mention of Ward. On May 22, "Ward & Self fixing Stable." Later in the day, "Ward & Wife & Baby over to N. Leeds towards night to stay all night." Next day, "Ward & Family returned about half past two P.M." and back to work he went. At the same time, the day's "callers" are noted. "A Ventriloquist called for Board for self & horse about 10 o'clock A.M. & he went immediately to bed, in garret." It was a Sunday, and the ventriloquist stayed until the following Tuesday when noted is "Ventriloquist left pd $3.92." Along with this episode is noted, "helped Ward plow a little the lower end of lot, then self worked in Garden & Ward went over to Leeds after hoe &." 

Unsettling was Friday the 28th, when after noting two overnight departures and amounts paid, Howard further notes, "Hill & two horses over night $000 got one horse through the floor in Stable." As explanation short and direct, with no mention of a lawsuit which today would very likely be automatic, but expenses there were, unexpected and no doubt considerable. "Ward gone to South Chesterville after lumber." Next day, "Ward & Team gone to Fayette after Plank &." Repair of the damage continued for the following three days, when "Self & Ward & Sturtevant worked on Stable till near 3 o'clock P.M. when self carried Sturtevant home."

As time passed it all became a familiar pattern, Ward continually making trips "to Depot," the railroad station at North Leeds, "carrying" one or another boarder to or from the train, picking up supplies for the hotel, and working around the premises. Florilla was a Howard relative, who stayed on to cook and assist Howard's wife Julia, usually referred to as "Wife." Sunday, July 4: "Wife & Girls at the Methodist Church." "Girls" at the time included Flannah along with Howard's daughter Henrietta, the youngest of the six children and who was about to go off to Farmington's Normal School, predecessor of the present-day University of Maine at Farmington. The term also included any one of the numerous "girls" hired to work around the hotel. Some were local, others from surrounding towns, and they came and went. Ward is continually off here and there "after a girl," with a result not always successful.

To go to Church was also to go to Meeting, and two Sundays later, "Meeting at Baptist House this afternoon Wife & Girls attended." At the:
corner of Main Street and the Pond Road, the Baptist Church was soon a favored choice, and on Sunday, August 2, "Self at B Church, was offered Pew No. 15 to set in free till further notice." On occasion, both of the town's two churches were attended. "Self & Hannah at Church in after­noon over to the Baptists, Hannah to Methodist Church in forenoon." In 1879 fire destroyed the Baptist Church and in its place was built the handsome structure that became a favorite among postal card views of Wayne. By then Howard was firmly attached to the church, and on Saturday, February 7, 1880 Howard notes, "The Bell raised & hung at Baptist New House to day. Self weighed Bell & Shaft to wit, 680 lbs making the Bell alone about 630 - 50 for Shaft." Next day, "Self & Julia at B Church Rev. A. Snider preached - a very full attendance."

Postal card view of Baptist Church

The Rev. Abraham Snyder, as his surname is correctly spelled, had previously been pastor in Leeds. In Wayne, as described in Wayne's 1898 History, his pastorate was "the longest in the history of the church. It was during this period that the church building was burned and the present structure was built. Earnest and devoted in his work, Brother Snyder leaves
the impress of his life upon his people." He was certainly popular with Stillman Howard, who when he attended church rarely failed to note that "Rev. A. Snider preached," or "went to hear Rev. Snider."

Immediately following this description the History notes, "Rev. Erwin Dennett, who has since labored at Franklin and Roslindale in Mass., and Brooklyn, N. Y., served as the next pastor." Snyder had left "to preach at Alfred," and by September of 1885 the Rev. Erwin Dennett had arrived. Shortly after, as Howard notes, "Self signed to pay $6. for support of Preaching ensuing year by Rev. [blank] Dennet Ward $3. Hannah $3. E. L. Lincoln $3. W. F. Foss $12." It was a practice noted each year, and at one point is identified as the "Preaching Tax." Very soon, however, Howard was favorably impressed by the new pastor, now spelling his name correctly, and one day he notes, "Self gave Mr. Dennett, Rev. our Minister 3½ bushels apples besides some on a tree containing one bbl or more." Every year in the Fall Howard notes the gathering of apples from his orchard, a variety with the now unfamiliar name Astracan,

Erwin Dennett was much respected, and when he departed in late 1887 he was greatly missed. It was a year or more before he was successfully replaced, and in the interim there was either "No meeting at Baptist House," or someone temporary for a month or two. In early February of 1888 Howard notes, "Self at Church also Hannah & Lizzie. Mr. John Shaw preached, not a large turnout not an attractive preacher." On the following Sunday his comment is "not brilliant." Finally, at the end of March "Mr. Shaw preached for the last time." Dennett's replacement was the Rev. J. R. Herrick, who when at the end of October he preached for the first time Howard notes, "appeared on the successful side." Cautious, but in time he, too, was entirely in Stillman Howard's favor.

On one Sunday during the following January Howard notes, "Self & Wife walked to Church good hard dry walking." At the top of each page is often noted the day's temperature, and on this day it was "4 Above." Also noted is "Fair, a cool N.W. wind." Three days earlier his entry reads, "Clouds & Rain thawing some mud making." By Saturday, at 18 above, he reports the weather as "cooler & cooler," and with a further drop to 4 above, "good hard dry walking" was the result, and for Howard it was worthy of note. On the day following he notes, "a cold N.E. Snow Storm the first this year to make sleading (sledding) & not very good for that."

Weather, then as now, could be a variable feast and with his customary care, Howard records each day's change. Wednesday, November 17, 1875: "Self about cold wind N.W. can go with Sleighs this morning saw more Sleighs than Buggies to day." Then on the following New Year's Day
Howard notes, “the last of sleighing except on the Pond, warmest day for many a year 65 above Zero.” Most winters deserved their reputation as the “hard winters” of earlier times. Changeable, nonetheless, and in early February of 1887 began a long stretch of similarly contrary weather. “February 4, 24 Above: February 5, 4 Below: February 9, 40 Above: February 10, 2 Above: February 11, 28 Above: February 14, 22 Below.” For the last date Howard justifiably notes, “Severe cold.” A month passed when on March 13 he notes, “Pleasant sunny day but slow traveling snow settling so we can begin to see the fence, from 6 to 4 feet.”

Any snow meant “breaking roads,” and in their first winter Ward along with everything else is continually out “breaking roads.” March of 1876 was no more severe than usual, and after a storm on the 17th -- “the most snow at once for the Season this afternoon and evening” -- Howard notes, “Ward & two Horses 2½ hours Breaking Roads Removing Snow.” Next day was a Sunday and Howard notes, “Self and Family all at home snow drifting bad traveling.” Comparable weather continued, and on April 5 is noted, “Self at home, stormy & heavy snow last night & this morning,” and again, “bad traveling drifting.” Next day he notes, “Ward & Team went into woods but could not haul wood snow was so deep.”

Hauling wood each year was a frequent activity, vital for surviving in the hotel with stoves that on one especially cold winter day are described by Howard as “hungry for wood.” During their first winter, Howard notes on December 6, “Ward hauling wood went three loads,” with similar entries for the following two days when on the 9th he notes, “Ward did not haul wood to day.” An exception and so noted, but in the days following Ward is once again hauling wood. Not only Ward, for others were hired to help with the task. February 23, 1880: “Graves & help hauled 4 loads to day in all 13 loads.” Osgood Graves was often on hand for a variety of odd jobs, and on another February day is noted, “O. Graves made out 17 loads nearly 13 cords $4 per cord = $52.00 or 4½ tons of Hay.”

In the same month Graves along with four other local men are “all at work getting Ice this afternoon for us, Ward & Old Fan hauling.” Ice came from the lake, on which the hotel’s property bordered and then called Wing’s Pond, and by Howard usually referred to as simply “the Pond.” Like wood, a yearly supply of ice was essential, and in March is noted, “Herbert Maxim 3 days & Geo. Charlesworth 2½ days on getting in Ice & sawdust to cover the Ice.” Both men were duly paid, but later on the same day he notes, “Ward & Old Fan to haul Ice.”

No less essential was hay, and every year are noted vast quantities of hay “hauled” by Ward or others, hay usually bought from local farmers.
Howard maintained weighing scales, from which he gained a small income weighing hay and anything else, including horses, for others, but chiefly used for his own needs. In October of 1882 he is pleased to note one day that he had acquired “good English Hay to be delivered this winter on demand at $12 per ton.” So pleased is he that he further notes, “paid in advance $30.00 am to pay balance when I receive hay.” Quantities were such that every year space in the barn next door had to be rented for additional storage. The barn was attached to a house owned at the time by Mrs. Catherine Moulton, a good neighbor and whose ice house was also leased for extra storage of ice.

Wood, ice and hay were all year-round necessities, with the hay for principal use by the constant stream of horses around the hotel, as familiar a feature of life as were the hotel’s boarders and guests. In addition to the horses was the cow, and each year usually in early May Howard notes, “Cow to pasture first time this season.” The cow evidently produced in abundance, for Howard made a small business of selling milk on a regular basis. Nearly every household at the time seemed to own at least one cow, but some did not and among his customers was the Rev. Erwin Dennett. Only one cow but several pigs, and one day Howard notes, “Sow had seven pigs this morning.” On another day a year or so later he notes, “Sow No. 2 has 8 pigs had 11 three died.” Like the milk, pigs, too, brought a small income. May 24, 1876: “Self sold a pig to Mr. Pullen for $2. will pay in a few days.” Another time he makes a trade, a “sow & 3 pigs for one hog.” Hogs at some point were usually butchered, and on another occasion Howard exchanges “1 hog for 2 shoats.”

Unlike the cow or pigs, horses are all distinctively identified. One day Howard notes, “Sorrel Mare & Buggy” as in use by a guest. Others are called Black Mare, Red Mare, and one March day in 1881 is noted, “Brown Mare & Best Sleigh” in use. In August of 1882 suddenly appears Arabian “Arabian To J. H. Lamb to drive after Shop Timber &.” Still others bear names, and they include Kit and Dolly. October 7, 1880: “Ward’s Kit sick got cold, lung fever got home late she was sweating & tired.” In October of the following year Howard notes, “Dolly & Carryall To Mr. Church & Jenks to go around Great Pond some 20 miles or more $3.50 came by North Monmouth.” Androscoggin Lake was then still called “Pond,” and as Howard notes here, on occasion the “Great Pond.” Among this varied assortment the most frequently mentioned horse is Old Fan.

Like the others, Old Fan was a mare, whose first appearance in Howard’s diary is in early summer of 1876. Ward is routinely off on one or another errand with Old Fan, and like all the horses she is often noted as in
use by a boarder or neighbor, always at a charge. July 20, 1876: “Old Fan
again To P. Tribou Haying for a few days went this afternoon.” One seem-
ing peculiarity in Howard’s diary is his capitalization of the word “To,” as
seen here in “To P. Tribou,” and which in every instance appears to be
Howard’s shorthand for “chargeable to.”

One day earlier in the month Howard notes, “Self had Artist take six
pictures of House and am to pay $2.00 & for 2 frames $1.” They were
photographs, and among them Howard notes, “Baby’s picture $1.50, Old
Fan’s picture $1.25.” In 1885, nine years later, Old Fan is still much in
demand. June 18, 1885: “Old Fan To carry the Mail 4th day.” On the 30th
Howard notes, “Old Fan To J. Moody 14 days on Stage.” Mail was de-
livered by “Stage,” as any carriage for public transport was called, and each
of the fourteen days delivering the mail, with Moody driving, was Old Fan.
Next day, however, “Ward went with U. S. Mail from Wayne to Winthrop
& Return at $1. each Trip,” and with him “went Old Fan.”

The term “Team” appears to include one horse or more, along with a
carriage, buggy, sleigh, or pung – for winter use and a box-like variation of
a sleigh but capable of carrying a greater number of passengers. All seem to
have been among the hotel’s inventory of conveyances, with frequent ref-
terence to “the Covered Buggy,” the “two seater Buggy,” the “Carryall,” the
“Best Sleigh,” and to a particular buggy with the name “Elms.” How many
there were altogether is hard to determine, for like the “girls” hired for
work, they came and went. December 13, 1881: “Ward & Moody ex-
changed carriages this eve Ward gave Buggy & Sled Sleigh for Moody’s 3
seated Coach called the Elms.” As with the horses, Ward was in charge of
the various carriages, and it was Ward who received the income from their
use.

Selected at random, apart from winter months a typical day for Ward is
June 7, 1881. “Self about cold & fair & frosty Mr. Kyle over night then
Ward carried him to Canton pd Ward $2.75. Horses to haul timber from
Mill to Bridge about one hour. Erskine’s Mare & Ward to carry Mrs. E to
Pettingills & back. Team Kit & Buggy To L. S. Fillebrown to be gone a few
days.” Otherwise for the day, “Mrs. Hammond helping clean house & paid
R. R. Mitchell 35 cts on Express matter from Mr. Perrigo Medacine of 6
Bottles or vials for Wife.”

Health was almost as variable as the weather, and Julia as well as the
rest of the family on occasion were attended by Wayne’s resident physi-
cians, first Dr. Charles Barker and Dr. Alfred French, both frequent
boarders or who often came in for dinner or supper only, and subsequently
by Dr. Fred Chenery. In September of 1876, Hannah becomes suddenly ill
with "symptoms like varioloid," defined as a mild form of smallpox. "Doc Barker" is called in, and on September 12 "Selectmen put a rope across front yard & put up Red Flags notice of Small Pox &c." On the 17th, a Sunday, "Self at home, no body here except Doc Barker – neither can we leave." On the 18th, "Doc Barker helped set up stove in Hannah's room," and the room thoroughly cleansed. Finally, on the 24th Howard notes, "Hannah came out of her varioloid Room to day & her Attendant Miss Atkinson for the first time with the Family since Friday evening Sept. 8th." Miss Atkinson was a long-term boarder who two days later, as Howard notes, "pd $12. in part for Board."

Most illness was a good deal less severe, and often it was an overnight boarder who provided whatever help was called for. One, identified as "A Medicine Man," in exchange for his overnight board more than once provided a "Pectoral," cough syrup for whoever's cold was then current. It was a practice both routine and convenient. January 4, 1878: "Russian Pedlar to dinner pd [with] tin, 1 3 qt basin, 2 3 pt boxes" and more, in all "55 cts." In further exchange, Howard "let him have 8 lbs Rags 12 cts." Five years later, whether the same or another, Howard notes, "A Russian over night, a pack pedlar pd 25 combs 25 cts to me & suspenders to Ward 25 cts." For his overnight "keep" an "Umbrella Man" mends all the family umbrellas. In October of 1884 appears "A Fisherman and Team," who for a night's lodging for himself and his horse "pd Ward 6 lbs Cod & 35 cts." A week later he returns with a friend, and this time pays "6 lbs Cod 50 cts 1 qt Oysters 35 cts & 40 cts Cash to Ward." By the end of the month he has become familiar, and Howard notes his name as Washington Bushnell, and who continues to pay for his board with "fish & Oisters," and depending with or without additional cash.

Oysters, spelled throughout with an "i," were a highly popular culinary feature at the hotel. September 20, 1882: "A large Company last evening to an Oyster Supper which we furnished at 25 cts each to about 80 & put up 20 Horses at 25 cts each = $5.00 got pay for 70 meals x 25 = $17.50." The previous day's entry notes the occasion, "A Social gathering & Ball at Wayne Hall this eve some 80 or more attended." Another time, in early November of 1883, Howard notes, "60 Oyster Suppers, 16 Horses & 2 Extra Rooms occupied." Noted, too, are "Money Expenses, Oysters $5. Crackers $1.20, Pickels $1. & Help $5. = $12.20."

On Thanksgiving Day each year Howard's first entry for the day notes "National & State Thanksgiving." For most years there was a Ball the night previous, and as noted in 1883, "Ball at Hall last eve we suppered 84 & put up 21 Horses." Otherwise, Thanksgiving Day is never acknowledged as a
day in any way special, nor is Christmas Day. Boarders come and go as usual, and Howard is “about” making purchases around town as on any other day. No mention of attendance at church on Christmas, festivities or decorations around the hotel, or exchange of presents among the family. Once, however, he mentions buying a turkey the day before, and after Henrietta’s marriage in 1886 Howard takes note that on Christmas Day she and her husband came for dinner with the family.

Millpond and Wayne Hall, pictured in the 1950s when it had become the town’s Grange Hall
Town of Wayne Historical Collection

Not only Balls but other events were held at the “Hall.” April 2, 1885: “Entertainment at Hall, Theatrical, Ward Henrietta & Lizzie at Hall till eleven P.M.” Identified correctly as Wayne Hall, it was located on the village Main Street, close to the millpond and adjacent to the bridge that crosses the stream. In its later years it was known as the Grange Hall, owned for a long period by the town’s Grange, and in time the building suffered neglect to a point that in the early 1980s it had to be taken down. In appearance it was nearly identical to the town’s still-existing Masonic Hall, and its use by the Grange was not limited to meetings of the organization’s members, but also served for a variety of social events open to the public. For the most part it represented a combination of functions
which had earlier parallels that are described in Howard's diary. Laconic though they are, Howard's daily entries provide details about the origins and early use of a building which heretofore has been little more than a name found in town property records.

The structure came into being expressly as a Cheese Factory, an endeavor in which Howard had a major role. April 8, 1882: "Self pd P. F. Pike $25.00 in part Subscription for Cheese Factory he giving Recpt therefore as Treasurer." Three weeks later Howard notes, "The proprietors of Cheese Factory broke ground to day preparing Foundation thereof." Only two days pass when he notes, "J. B. Gordon & Oxen at work on Factory grounds." June 9, 1882: "Ward to Turner after Greenlief's men to work on Cheese Factory." Greenlief had been hired as contractor, who proceeded quickly and by the 25th Howard could note, "Three Painters & Team to Breakfast will stop to paint Cheese Factory."

For the following two years there is no further mention of the factory, not until the first of September, 1884 when Howard notes, "Ward carried Cheese to Depot, 25 in Boxes." Clearly, despite the absence of any mention, the factory was functioning and in business, for a week later he notes, "920 lbs Cheese sent to Conant, Patrick & Co." A few days later, "Self & S. T. Bishop finished Boxing 25 [boxes of] Cheese 967 lbs to Howes Hilton Harris of Portland." Both were among Portland's leading wholesale grocery firms, and further deliveries "to Depot" by either Ward or someone else continue to be noted. On September 18 Howard notes, "Received check from Conant, Patrick & Co. for $301.87 this eve," with subsequent checks for varying amounts received from both companies.

Where the cheese was produced is a question. Howard often notes paying one or another individual "for Cheese," certainly a farmer with sufficient number of cows to produce cheese in considerable quantities, it would seem most unlikely that production could take place in the factory itself, with its various limitations, but with the building serving as collecting point and the operation what today would be called "a cooperative."

It was owned and directly managed by the Wayne Cheese Factory Association, shares were sold, and in early January each year was held an Annual Meeting. January 3, 1884: "Wayne Cheese Factory Association Annual Meeting this afternoon." Reports are read, officers for the year elected, and named as President is "S. L. Howard."

Apart from cheese and however its manufacture and distribution were handled, a principal use for the building was for public occasions. They were many, and in mid March of 1884 is an entry noting "Receipts of Hall" for the year to date: "Jan 12, Sociable $2.; Jan. 16, Ball $3.; Feb. 14, Ball $5.;
March 6, Concert $3.; March 14, Sociable $2.” Expenses for two of these events are noted as $1. “pd to N. Lincoln for care of Hall.”

Shown on a map published in 1889 is the Hall, with “Cheese Factory” superimposed on the stream’s flowing waters alongside. It is the same map that appears in a similar Atlas published ten years earlier, a map which then included every structure throughout the village. On this version, whatever the reason, only those evidently regarded as the town’s major structures have been included, and among them can be seen the Wayne Hotel.
The Hall was flourishing, and further income came from a "Skating Rink." October 10, 1884: "Directors of Cheese Factory met this eve directed that $4. be the price for an evening for use of the Hall. Also to let Hall for Skating Rink at $20. per month, on security for use to Allen." Allen was most probably Alfred B. Allen, then an ambitious young man who later established Wayne's Flag Factory. Not until 1890 is further mention, when at the end of July Howard notes, "At a Meeting called for the purpose voted that the Directors may lease the Cheese Factory part to Responsible parties for the term of five years & Hall with it from Aug. 1 to Oct, 15 for the sum of $35. per year." Whatever had happened, it seems clear that in the six-year interim cheese production and its large-scale distribution had passed their peak, and that it was no longer a significant commercial enterprise.

During the same years the town's then chief industries began a comparable decline, though more complex in circumstance and which eventually spelled the end of Wayne village as a busy industrial center. Along one side of the village millstream, whose waters provided power for their operation, were the shovel handle factory and the grist mill, and on the other were the saw mill and the woolen mill. All had earlier been owned by the town's leading business entrepreneur of the day, Holman Johnson, and all thriving. Shortly after Johnson's death in 1879, the shovel handle business became hopelessly enmeshed in litigation among his sons, who were heirs to the business, and by the mid 1880s the factory was forced to cease operation entirely. The woolen mill was a different story. It was incorporated, but it, too, had its troubles.

July 18, 1884: "Johnson's Woolen Mill nearly closed up work discharging help." Among the "help" were at least four who were boarders at Stillman Howard's hotel, each at $3.50 per week, and among them was James H.F. Clayton. Born in England, Clayton's first appearance is in 1880 and he was the woolen mill's dyer. A responsible position, and as recorded, his wage of $2.00 a day made him the mill's most highly paid employee. Nevertheless, one day in March of 1882 Howard notes, "Self lent James H.F. Clayton $10. to pay for Dyes & to dye Pelts." On Clayton's part it was an expenditure that surely indicates a mill in financial difficulty, and a debt he was to repay two months later along with "20 cts interest." And as for the mill, financial problems there were.

November 6, 1886: "Property of H. Johnson Heirs & Auction Sale for Taxes," residential as well as commercial properties sold and officially now owned by the town. A year and a half later, in February of 1888, Howard notes, "E. O. Bean & J. Holland & Team to dinner pd Ward $1."
To this he adds, “Holland wants to buy Woolen Mill.” Emery O. Bean had long been the Johnson family’s attorney, lived in Readfield and beginning in 1884, when the family’s troubles began to escalate, he is increasingly noted as “to dinner.” All went well, and a month later, “John Holland & Wife to dinner will board for a time at $6 per week.”

On the Atlas map is shown the mill, now renamed Wayne Woolen Mills, and instead of H. Johnson is now the name John Holland. In subsequent months Howard’s diary entries routinely note “Ward to Depot with J. Holland,” whose frequent trips to Portland and Boston were undoubtedly related to putting the mill back in business. However, troubles persisted. June 19, 1888: “A few boys on a strike for higher wages on Return of Mr. Holland all discharged & settled with.” Still the troubles persisted. March 23, 1889: “Ward to Depot after Holland, he arrived but no money.” On the day following Howard notes, “Great excitement on acct of arrival of Holland without money, especially Factory help young men.” A month later Holland’s carriage is seized for unpaid debt, and a few days later is noted, “Ward gone to Augusta to carry J. Holland to court.”

John Holland had come from Limerick, where his father had owned a similar woolen mill, and with whatever high hopes he had come to Wayne, they ended in disaster. By 1892 it was all over, for the mill, dormant for an undetermined period, was destroyed by fire on the second of May.

In September of 1883, the mill then still in operation, Howard notes, “Ward & Team to Winthrop to carry J.H.F. & Mrs. Clayton who were just Married by Rev. A. Snider, gone to Lewiston, Portland & Old Orchard on their bridal trip.” Clayton had married Emily Dexter, a local girl and also employed at the mill. On their return they continued to live at the hotel for a while, and later established their own home elsewhere in the village. Clayton was not alone in calling the hotel “home,” and there were several, both men and women, who for varying periods of time did the same. Along with the daily stream of overnight “callers,” most on business of some kind, all were termed “Boarders.” Others might more correctly be termed guests.

August 9, 1881: “Miss Louisa Ann Cary & two Nieces & a Gent, to Supper.” Next day Howard identifies the “Gent” as “a Mr. Raymond,” noting that “Miss Cary left this morning was here two meals & lodging pd Ward $7.00 including carrying them to Winthrop.” With her name incorrectly identified, Howard may or may not have known his guest was the internationally famed opera star, Annie Louise Cary.

In early June of the same year Howard notes, “Mr. Millett & Wife & two Children to dinner will stop a few days.” They lived in Massachusetts where Joshua Millett was a successful Boston lawyer, a native son whose
father had been an early pastor of the Baptist Church. This was the first of many visits, often two or three during the course of a summer, until the Milletts eventually bought their summertime property on Wayne’s Back Street.

The Wayne Hotel, circa 1885-1890
Photograph from a Millett Family album picturing what are believed to be family members at a game of croquet
Town of Wayne Historical Collection

August 24, 1886: “Ward & Millett & Wing & others & lots of Ladies to a picnic over west of Cemetery.” It was probably Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, close to the shore of Androscoggin Lake and evidently a popular spot, for similar picnics are noted during other summers. The Milletts made full use of their time, and frequently noted is “Team To Millett” for drives around the countryside, and special favorites were excursions to Gott’s Hill (Morrison Heights) and around Androscoggin Pond. In 1890, after Millett’s purchase of the property on Back Street, Howard on one August day notes, “Neighborhood Picnic on Swift’s Point formerly called but Millett’s Pine Point now.”

March 19, 1890: “Ward & Family moving away over into one of Factory Houses.” It may have been “The Fort,” a double house that once stood next to the millpond, built by Holman Johnson and originally a residence for his factory’s workers. Further on the day’s page Howard notes, “Ward had, 1 bbl Flour, 1 Clothes Ringer Harness Robes Rappers & Blankets &. Cash pd for Insurance for himself & Wife & Expenses & all Bought.”
with money took at Stable.” On the following day he further notes, “Ward, Wife & Lizzie left their Bed & Board here this afternoon & Horses.” Howard’s diary entries in the days preceding give no hint of this turn of events, which appears to have been unexpected and for Stillman Howard a probably wrenching experience. He takes matters in hand, however, and notes, “Self over to J. C. Stinchfield to get Mrs. J. C. to come over & take care of housekeeping department including her Husband & Family &.&.”

Henrietta’s husband was John C. Stinchfield, also from a family long established in Leeds, and who in Wayne was the town’s primary butcher as well as a prominent figure in the town’s municipal life. He was also the principal author of the History of Leeds, a volume in which this particular event is described: “March 20, 1890, at the earnest solicitation of her parents, coupled with a child’s duty, [Henrietta] and her husband abandoned their home and assumed their care.”

Like the 1898 History of Wayne, various chapters were written by separate contributors, and this description -- its writer unidentified though named among contributors is a Howard relative living in Leeds -- seems at odds not only with Howard’s diary entry, but also with the more sober description of the same event in Wayne’s counterpart History. In it is a chapter titled “Hotels and Landlords,” with John C. Stinchfield named as author and who writes, “Mr. Howard kept the hotel until March 20, 1889 at which time the present incumbent, J. C. Stinchfield, became its landlord.” Inexplicably, it is the same month and day but a year off.

“J. C.,” as Howard now refers to his son-in-law, has replaced Ward but only in part, and in Howard’s further diary entries is little to suggest that he regarded him as the hotel’s new “landlord.” Howard himself continued as usual. Tuesday, November 4, 1890: “Self at home cool & frosty. J. C. to Augusta on Business of his own. Mr. Marble & Team to dinner pd me 75 cts, Horse & two Colts to Hay only. Self Bot 2 Bushels Corn pd $1.55.” It was to be his final diary entry. As his son-in-law also wrote in his account of the hotel, “Mr. Howard continued his residence therein, when from the effect of an injury caused by the kick of a horse he died Nov. 8, 1890, and was buried at West Leeds.” He was 80 years old.
HYATT IS A FAMILY NAME known in Wayne since about 1910, when Dr. Thaddeus P. Hyatt arrived with his friend and fellow dentist, Dr. Albert Stevenson, to spend their time fishing and live in a tent pitched on the shore of Androscoggin Lake. Only a few years passed when the Hyatts were well established at what eventually became a family compound near the same location. They named it Camp Naidni — “Indian” spelled in reverse — and here each summer Dr. Hyatt, his wife, Elizabeth M. Hyatt, and their children and grandchildren came and were among the several “Down the Lake” families who by all accounts gave a uniquely distinctive character to the area called Lincoln’s Point.

As a family forename, Thaddeus was a tradition. Dr. Hyatt’s son was named Thaddeus, familiarly known as “Thad” and who eventually made Wayne his permanent residence. Still in Wayne are family descendents, and connected to Wayne but only through family descendents is yet another, an earlier Thaddeus who was Dr. Hyatt’s father.

On Saturday, July 27, 1901 appeared in The New York Times an obituary which reads, “Thaddeus Hyatt, an inventor and at the time of the anti-slavery agitation in this country was an ardent abolitionist and close friend of John Brown, died Thursday at Sandown, Isle of Wight, England.” From a more recent source comes further description:

“Affluent, flamboyant, inventor and committed abolitionist, Thaddeus Hyatt came to Kansas in 1856 as president of the National Kansas Committee, one of the many groups that raised funds for anti-slavery immigrants to the territory. In 1859 he raised money for John Brown’s widow after the raid on Harpers Ferry, and in 1860 he again led a national campaign to help Kansas settlers whose farms had been virtually destroyed by a two-year long drought. Hyatt’s extraordinary investigative report on the drought combined statistics and eyewitness accounts with strong rhetoric, inspiring President James Buchanan to contribute $100 to the relief fund, insuring its success. Hyatt later served as American consul to La Rochelle, France.”

It is description that accompanies a photograph of Thaddeus Hyatt, the original today in the collection of Harvard University’s Fogg Art Museum. As identified, it is a photograph dated 1857, “probably made in January of that year when Hyatt and the National Kansas Committee met...
for the first and only time in New York City.” It was made by Mathew Brady, whose numerous photographs during the Civil War have placed him among the giants in the history of American photography.

For a career which to say the least, was unusual, it is description that barely touches the surface, for in 1860 Thaddeus Hyatt in a memorable way came to national attention:

“THADDEUS HYATT IN WASHINGTON JAIL”

“On March 12, 1860, by order of the United States Senate, Thaddeus Hyatt of New York and Kansas was imprisoned in the common jail of the District of Columbia.” These are the headline title and opening sentence of an extensive paper that in 1940 was published in the Kansas Historical Quarterly. The author was Edgar Langsdorf, with the article a carefully documented account drawn in large part from original sources in the Kansas
State Historical Society. In it is revealed a particular moment in the nation's history that in retrospect seems nearly as bizarre as it was extraordinary.

"A prosperous New York manufacturer, the inventor of translucent paving glass which is still in common use, an enthusiast in aerial navigation experiments, a structural engineer who made significant contributions to the use of reinforced concrete in building, he was also an author, philanthropist and advocate of worthy causes... He was a vigorous supporter of the Free-State party in the Kansas territory. It was through this phase of his activities that he became acquainted with John Brown, the nation's most militant Abolitionist, and he had more than once supplied money for the work of freeing slaves."

In 1859, on the night of October 16 according to published accounts, John Brown and 21 men set out for Harpers Ferry. Walking all night in heavy rain, they reached the town at four in the morning. Cutting telegraph wires, they then captured the federal armory and arsenal, which housed a large supply of the guns that Brown badly needed for his growing "army." Held hostage were 60 prominent citizens of the town, with the certain expectation that their slaves, armed by Brown with the freshly seized guns, would join his men in the fight for slavery's abolition. None came forth.

The failure was total: Men were killed, including Brown's two sons, and Brown himself was captured by federal troops and subsequently hanged for treason. Alarmed, the U.S. Senate appointed a special committee to conduct an investigation "into the facts attending the late invasion and seizure of the armory and arsenal of the United States at Harpers Ferry, in Virginia... and whether any citizens of the United States, not present, were implicated therein."

Because, as Langsdorf writes, "Thaddeus Hyatt was known to be an active anti-slavery man as well as supporter of Brown, and because it was reported that his name appeared on more than one paper in Brown's famous carpet-bag, he was summoned to appear and give testimony." Hyatt's connection with Brown was closer than it would appear, for his obituary notes, "whenever Brown came to New York he made his headquarters at Mr. Hyatt's Morton Street home."

Langsdorf continues: "His first decision was to cooperate, then he changed his mind and said he would appear but not testify. When he finally arrived in Washington on February 1, 1860, he was so ill he was confined to his room." Delays ensued, weeks passed, with Hyatt responding that "he was in Washington as a courtesy to the committee, and he might, he said, decide to testify under protest, without protest, or he might refuse to testify at all." Leading the investigation was James Mason, Senator from Virginia.
then a slave state, and who was determined to force Hyatt to testify. Hyatt was adamant, "contending ferociously that the Senate had no power to compel either persons or papers in a purely investigative inquisition." With equal vigor Mason insisted that it did.

"In addition was the further question of whether the Senate had power to punish a witness who defied it. Hyatt wrote on February 21 that he would test the whole procedure in a state court, and on the same day the Senate, at the request of the committee, ordered his arrest. From Boston, where he had gone to consult counsel, Hyatt informed the committee on February 24 that any process be served on him through his attorney... and he said that he would return to Washington in early March to await the Senate's course. These gentlemen, however, were unimpressed by Hyatt's courteous individualism."

Hyatt returned as promised, and the lengthy wrangle was finally brought to an end when on March 12, after much debate and by affirmative vote of the committee, Thaddeus Hyatt was led off to jail.

"Hyatt remained in jail until June 15, more than three months. He himself never made an objection, nor any attempt to free himself, and he refused his consent to proposals to secure his release by means of habeas corpus proceedings. Instead he prepared himself for a lengthy stay. He converted his cell into a comfortable apartment, elaborately furnished and decorated, screening off a part for his bedchamber. He mailed 'at home' cards to friends and politicians in Washington, and even had a supply of blank checks printed with his new address, 'Washington Jail,' spread across the top in large type. The entertainment of visitors occupied much of his time, and it is said that his visitor's book soon began to read like a roster of the North's political and social elite."

"Between callers he busied himself with various humanitarian endeavors... and if busy and content where he was, those interested in his welfare were anxious to have him freed. His health was poor." His brother Theodore "in a letter to a friend wrote, 'My good brother still remains in Washington jail and appears to enjoy his condition exceedingly... I take it if the Senate knew of his happiness they would expel him very soon.' On May 20 [Theodore] wrote to Thaddeus, 'I am very glad to hear you are so comfortable, but how your staying in that dog-hole is the best service you can render the unthinking world I confess is beyond my limited comprehension.'"

Theodore, however, was "regularly sending him cider, books, peaches, candles and various oddments to make his stay in jail more comfortable." Meanwhile, the Senate committee continued pursuit of the investigation,
and news reports continued to appear in the daily press. Other witnesses were called, many of whom also failed to testify. Further wrangling took place, and at length, the case "at a virtual standstill, the inquisition was closed." The special committee was dissolved, and Thaddeus Hyatt was released from jail, "a free man once more [who] wired friends in New York, 'Have been kicked Out; will be home tomorrow.'"

"The end of the Hyatt case" Langsdorf concludes, "was also the end of the Harpers Ferry incident. John Brown was dead and those of his followers who still survived were scattered throughout America and abroad." For Thaddeus Hyatt, however, it was not quite the end. For in August of 1861, some months after the outbreak of war, Hyatt was sent to France as American consul at LaRochelle, and while there he received the following letter from Theodore:

The greatest latest sensation is the arrest on board of an English mail steamer of your old friend Senator Mason with Slidell of Louisiana, the one as ambassador to England the other to France. They had run the blockade of Charleston and reached Cuba in safety. From there they sailed in the steamer but our consul [in Cuba] informed Capt. Wilkes of the steam frigate 'San Jacinto' of the matter and he sailed immediately determined to take them over.

Which he did – "Of course, the British Capt. made great fuss."

Mason is now confined at Fort Warren in Boston Harbor. If you could only be here long enough to call on your old persecutor and see him through the bars or under guard, you might ask him if he remembers making your acquaintance before under somewhat similar circumstances.

Hyatt remained as consul until 1865, his appointment signed by President Lincoln, and a post he may have received in part as recognition of his very considerable anti-slavery efforts as well as ability to raise funds for various related causes. His time in France, however, was hardly uneventful, for "on one occasion while in Paris, Hyatt was arrested as being Garibaldi, the Italian patriot to whom he bore a close resemblance." Giuseppe Garibaldi was the astute army commander who only a few years earlier had successfully led the "Risorgimento," which eventually turned his country into a unified Italy. In the international geopolitics of the day this was a move aggressively opposed by France, and given Hyatt's prior history which was surely known to the French government – and like John Brown, Garibaldi
more than likely had a special appeal for Hyatt -- speculation suggests there may have been a good deal more to the story than a "close resemblance."

And indeed there was. Some fifteen years earlier another Hyatt was serving as American consul in Tangier. T. Hart Hyatt as he was known -- his forename not Thaddeus but Thomas -- in 1850 received a letter from Garibaldi with an appeal for permission to sail a commercial vessel under the American flag, as protection against his French and Italian political enemies and their respective navies. Along with everything else in his life Garibaldi was a seaman, but the vessel was not American owned, nor was Garibaldi an American citizen. By law the appeal had to be refused, but T. Hart Hyatt was more than sympathetic and otherwise did whatever he could on Garibaldi’s behalf.

The episode led to protracted attempts by Garibaldi to obtain U.S. citizenship. Soon he turned up in New York, and although living quietly with a family on Staten Island, publicity attended his arrival and he attracted the enthusiastic attention of everyone for whom the word "liberty," equated as it was with "abolition," had special meaning. And few more so than for Thaddeus Hyatt, at the time back and forth between Kansas and his home in New York, and who it is entirely likely had some personal contact with the already legendary Garibaldi. And with the same surname, though direct family relationship so far remains uncertain, T. Hart Hyatt may in fact have served to introduce one to the other. In any event, the "close resemblance" of Thaddeus Hyatt to Italy’s famous hero seems under these circumstances an altogether disingenuous explanation for his arrest by the French authorities while on an innocent visit to Paris.

Thereafter, Thaddeus Hyatt “divided his time between the two continents, crossing the Atlantic 43 times before his death. It was in England that Hyatt became a pioneer in the cement business, building what was said to be the first concrete house in London in 1874. In the later years of his life he resided in the United States.” Although he retained his London home, in this country Hyatt led a busy and productive life, continuing an interest in new technologies, and acquired his patent for reinforced concrete in 1878. Probably Hyatt’s earliest patent was for cast-iron vault lights, called “Hyatt Patent Lights,” adapted for use when the New York subway system was constructed many years later -- “to light the underground spaces for subterranean passengers.”

There were many patents, although his obituary chose to note but one: “Mr. Hyatt invented the bullseye glass lens, used as a means of increasing the light in vaults under street sidewalks, and his invention made him wealthy.”
Thaddeus Hyatt’s earlier adventures may have left their mark, but if so, he withstood them well, for when he died in 1901 he was 85 years old.

HIS SON, born in 1864, was Thaddeus Pomeroy Hyatt. Samuel Clarke Pomeroy was Agent for the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company, a Senator from Kansas as well as the elder Hyatt’s close friend and sometime business partner. In nearly every respect it would seem father and son led altogether different lives. Thaddeus P. Hyatt became a prominent dentist, shared offices on New York’s Fifth Avenue with Dr. Albert Stevenson, whose descendents are also well known in Wayne, and subsequently became Dental Director of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

Throughout, Dr. Hyatt was a pioneering advocate of preventive dentistry, with a vigorous emphasis on proper dental hygiene in the home. In 1906 he published *The Teeth and their Care*, with “sound teeth make sound bodies” both a point of departure and principal theme. Children were especially vulnerable studies showed, and written especially for children was his booklet *Care of the Teeth - a peep into the future*, published by Metropolitan Life in 1920.

Prevention of disease continued a particular concern, and published a year later, in the *American Journal of Public Health*, was “A Study in Dental Prophylaxis,” followed in 1922 by “Dental Work as a Prophylaxis in Improving the Physical Condition of Employees.” Both were specialist in nature and written not for a lay public, but for colleagues in dentistry as well as those in professional fields relating to public health.

Equally sober in tone and with a much longer title, but entirely unrelated in content was a still later publication — *A Checklist of Some of the Books and Authors Quoted or Referred to in the Two Volumes of ‘The Secret Doctrine’ by H. P. Blavatsky*. It was published in 1940, and for Dr. Hyatt it was an opportunity to render judgment on a subject that for decades had had a passionate attraction for a devoted public, and at the same time had been scorned and repudiated by others as the height of charlatanism.

Described as “one of the most extraordinary and controversial figures of the 19th century, Madame Blavatsky stands out as the fountainhead of modern occult thought. The Theosophical Society, which she co-founded, has been the major advocate of occult philosophy in the West. . . and the originator and/or popularizer of many of the ideas which have a century later been assembled within the New Age Movement.” These are descriptions that in 1991 appeared in a journal titled *New Age Almanac* published by the Blavatsky Study Center.
From other sources comes similar description, which at the same time reflects a different picture of HPB as she was commonly referred to within the “movement.” “Criticisms of fraud and plagiarism continued to hound Blavatsky. William Emmette Coleman, writing in the early 1890s, claimed to have uncovered some 100 works from which Blavatsky had clearly stolen material while crediting it to her spiritual teachers on the ‘other side.’”

Earlier, in 1884, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky had been the subject of investigation by the London Society for Psychical Research. Known as the “Hodgson Report,” it claimed to have testimony identifying “individuals who helped Blavatsky contrive her ‘supernatural’ theatrics, [including] sliding panels, a dummy head and shoulders, spring-loaded openings in the ceiling,” and more. Undeterred, later Theosophists claimed “extreme bias” in the Report, and dismissed Coleman as “a Victorian crank.”

Into the vortex of all this was drawn Dr. Hyatt.

“In the number for November, under the above title, Fate includes some incidents, one in particular of which is of special interest.” The writer is Katinka Hesselink, the date is 1953 and Fate is identified as “one of the several new journals which specialize in the ‘occult.’ It is not particular as to documentary substantiation, but in the main the incidents related seem authentic by internal evidence... as well as by the laws of the occult world set forth in Theosophy. (As to facts, the meanings given them are often something else).” As “above title” is “Astral Journeys,” and what follows is the “incident” of special interest:

“Some years before the turn of the century, the late Dr. Thaddeus P. Hyatt, then an eager young dentist and later a man of considerable distinction, was strolling in lower Manhattan when he noticed two older men walking slowly and engaged in serious conversation. He recognized one of the men as a fellow member of the Theosophical Society. The other was a stranger.

It developed that the stranger, a Mr. Everett, had financial problems with people in Buenos Aires, and had need of knowing what they were doing, unknown to them. The Society member (whose name is not given) it appears was quite a hypnotist. He proposed to hypnotize Hyatt and send him astrally to Buenos Aires to look into the matter. Omitting unnecessary details, the narrative continues:

With no effort whatever, Dr. Hyatt told me over a half century later, he passed through the walls of the building and found himself in a large room, where several people were in serious conversation. Every detail of the room was reported to Mr. Everett exactly as the doctor’s astral senses saw and heard them. Satisfied with the information, the hypnotist was asked to
return Dr. Hyatt to his physical body and awaken him. . . . He barely had started homeward when a sense of dread swept over him. He felt impelled to look backward. He saw, directly behind him, a menacing black cloud that appeared to be overtaking him. Frightened, Dr. Hyatt increased his speed. Again he looked back. The black cloud was roiling angrily and seemed to have increased its speed in an intense effort to reach him. Panic-stricken, the doctor frantically put on an enormous burst of speed to reach the safety of his physical body in New York before the unknown horror could catch up with him.

Shaking and sweating, as from a terrifying nightmare, Dr. Hyatt awoke on the sofa beside his friend and Mr. Everett, and told them of his race with the evil-appearing black cloud.

Mr. Everett thanked the two men warmly for their service because, he said, the information obtained was sufficient for him to act upon. He then cautioned them to keep secret all that had transpired.

It was several days before the nervous shock of his terrifying experience wore off, Dr. Hyatt told me.

On the ninth day following his journey through space, Dr. Hyatt was surprised to receive a letter postmarked in England, and dated the same day as that on which he made his astral visit to Buenos Aires. In growing amazement he read the astonishing letter that was brief and to the point, and which went something like this, as best I can now remember the doctor's oral quotation:

"Dear Sir, What you have just done is a most foolish thing. Only by the narrowest of margins did you avoid suffering the occupation of your physical body by an evil entity which, had it been successful in taking possession before your astral body returned safely, would have left you in disembodied anguish. Do not, I beg of you, submit yourself to such peril again."

I am, etc. H.P.B.

Dr. Hyatt was dumbfounded. He carefully examined the letter and the envelope. There was no doubt of it. It had come from England and had been dated the day of the astral journey. But how? Who had informed her? Shaken, he brought his hypnotist friend and Mr. Everett together and showed them the strange letter. Each was amazed and each swore he had not revealed to anyone the happenings of the hypnotic experiment. The only conclusion they could reach was that the leader of the theosophical movement had physically observed the adventure. Dr. Hyatt sat down and wrote a letter of thanks to the great woman, and promised to avoid further
participation in dangerous experiments. It was in Honolulu, Hawaii, shortly after World War II broke out that Dr. Hyatt told me of his astral experience.

Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, circa 1880-85
Source: Blavatsky Study Center

We are not disposed to argue the authenticity of the incident. These things happen: they happen in the manner described. H.P.B. would probably have wished to comment, because it was a member of her own Society, going against her own strict policy, who got Hyatt into danger, and she had a keen sense of responsibility in these matters. . . . Hyatt himself was in triple jeopardy. He had allowed himself to be hypnotized, a dangerous proceeding under any condition, he was on an astral projection, also dangerous, with or without hypnotism; and he was mixing up the occult and the financial, a powerful bid for trouble in any language.”

Born in 1831 in the Ukraine, where at an astonishingly early age she already exhibited paranormal tendencies, HPB after three months of an unconsummated marriage fled to Constantinople. From there began a continuing saga of travels around the world. “According to her own tales, she
had been a circus performer, a concert pianist, an opera singer’s mistress, and a soldier in Garibaldi’s army.” In 1867, during the battle of Mentana where Garibaldi -- at stake was the fate of the city of Rome -- suffered a rare defeat at the hands of the French, HPB had been “wounded and left for dead.”

After Italy HPB turned up in Egypt, where “at one point she worked as a fortuneteller in Cairo with another woman as a medium, but was put out of business amidst charges of fraud.” On to India where she met the Mahatma Koot Hoomi, a “Master,” and successor to the Master Morya with whom at an earlier date she had “long conversations” in London’s Hyde Park. Then Tibet, where after failed attempts to enter the “forbidden” land she eventually succeeded, reportedly “in disguise,” and spent time in a Buddhist monastery, where, as claimed, she had access to ancient Buddhist texts, and where she learned many of the innumerable “secrets” incorporated in her subsequent writings. Chief among them are *Isis Unveiled* published in 1877, then *The Secret Doctrine* eleven years later.

Off and on she lived in London, in France and Germany, in each befriended by fiercely loyal supporters of the “movement.” In 1873 HPB was in this country, once again, for eighteen years earlier she had reportedly “crossed the Rocky Mountains in a covered wagon.” Now in New York, where at first she lived in a tenement and worked as a seamstress, she quickly became known and admired in literary circles. Through them she fortuitously met Henry Steel Olcott, a well respected news reporter and student of the paranormal. It became a relationship that two years later, in September of 1875 after a brief spell at a farm in Vermont they called “the lamastery,” resulted in the founding of the Theosophical Society.

“Unconventional” seems far too tame a word to describe such a career, but HPB was certainly that, and almost as unconventional was a lady whose name became equally synonymous with theosophy – Annie Besant. She was English, married early in life to a clergyman whose orthodox religious views she came to abhor, moved on to a new life in London where she was an active supporter of numerous causes from women’s rights to the socialist ideas of Sidney Webb and the Fabian Society. By 1890 she was deeply committed to HPB and involved in all the affairs of the Theosophical Society.

In December of 1891 Annie Besant was in New York, where “she attended a meeting of the Theosophical Society at The Astor House.” HPB had died earlier in the year, and under discussion were “phenomena occurring since her death.” Her death had left the Society in some disarray, and Annie Besant found herself in charge of “damage control.” Only four others were at the meeting, one of whom was Dr. Hyatt. A report of the
meeting states: "All four of these gentlemen, all well-known Theosophists of unblemished repute, testified that Mrs. Besant had justified her arguments in her ongoing quarrel with others. . . ."

Forty-nine years later, when Dr. Hyatt published his Checklist, he noted as conclusion that The Secret Doctrine "is not the dogmatic presentation of any one religion, or any one philosophy, or of any one science." Astral journey notwithstanding, Thaddeus P. Hyatt saw the movement for what it surely hoped to be, and for him and others of like mind, theosophy offered a satisfying path in pursuit of the complex "meaning of life." And clearly in honor of its founder he named his daughter Petrovna.

However different the lives they led, Thaddeus the father and Thaddeus his son had two things in common: Each was a close match to the other in the realm of adventures far beyond the limits of ordinary experience -- adventures which can hardly fail to capture a reader's immediate attention. And central to the life of both were their equally outstanding achievements; for one a string of inventions of critical importance in the history of structural engineering, and for the other a lifetime given to the advancement of a scientific approach to everyday good health. As achievements they, too, were more than ordinary and in the long run of a considerably greater significance.

Note: Grateful thanks are owed to George E. Ault, whose initial searches discovered the surprising wealth of sources available on each of the several aspects of the subject, and which he has generously shared in full detail with the result a collaborative effort throughout.
EVERYONE LOVES A MYSTERY, so they say, and this is a mystery that first came to light in 1997, and in 2001 it appeared as a historical society Research Paper under the above title. Since then new information has also come to light, calling for a fresh appraisal of the subject with conclusions that extend beyond those reached in 2001. As written then:

"Of the town of Wayne’s several historical mysteries few can match in complexity the circumstances and still unresolved questions surrounding the picture titled View of Mill Stream and Wayne Woolen Mill, circa 1898. The picture is among the works of art acquired over the years by the Cary Memorial Library, all by gift or bequest, and was reproduced on the cover of Wayne’s 1998 Bicentennial Calendar. It was also sold during the Bicentennial year as an enlarged color print, with many no doubt framed and now found on the walls of numerous homes throughout the town. The original picture remains at the library, and with others in the collection on permanent public display.

In 1990, when each of the library’s works of art was examined and catalogued, the then untitled work, a painting in oil on canvas, was given the title it now bears, and which was listed with this title in A Guide to the Cary Memorial Library Art Collection prepared a year later. Information in library records notes that the work was given to the library in 1954, and although the picture is unsigned, that it was 'painted by Mrs. S. Moulton.' On the reverse side of the picture, on its wood stretcher is inscribed in pencil the name of the donor, Amah Coolidge, a Wayne lady now deceased but then resident in Livermore Falls, and the identification ‘Wayne Woolen Mill.’ Determination for a date when the picture was painted was dictated by the presence of the woolen mill, which when the catalogue was prepared was thought to have been destroyed by fire sometime around the turn of the century. Since then has been learned that the mill was destroyed by a fire in early May of 1892, somewhat earlier than previously thought.

But who was Mrs. S. Moulton? Moulton was a familiar name in Wayne at the time, and a search of town records revealed four ladies – Sarah, Sadie, Sophia, and Mrs. Sumner Moulton – as possible candidates. Sarah and Sadie turned out to be the same person, wife of James Moulton, who when they married in 1879 was a promising young man among town business-
men, and son of Jonathan Moulton, a long established merchant in Wayne village. Both town and private records are about evenly divided in references to the lady under one name or the other, with 'Sadie' evidently an affectionate substitute for the more formal 'Sarah.' Sophia, four years younger than Sarah, who was born in 1855, lived in North Wayne with her husband, Walter Moulton. Census records list Walter Moulton's occupation as 'farm laborer,' perhaps working for Sophia's father, identified as a farmer and who lived nearby. In 1890, probably the earliest year to consider for the painting's date, Sophia was the mother of three young children with a baby on the way, and soon they were a family of six, all living at home. Mrs. Sumner Moulton was of an earlier generation, and died in 1887 at age sixty-nine. Of the four initial candidates, there were by 1890 only two, with Sophia, in North Wayne at considerable distance from the scene pictured in the painting, and preoccupied with raising a family, a less likely possibility than seemed Sarah.

Investigations led to Sarah's origins in Danforth, a town near the Canadian border south of Houlton, although her family, the Stinchfields, were from Leeds and among the town's first settlers. In Wayne, she and her husband on the death of Jonathan Moulton in 1887 were bequeathed a residential property in the village, a lot then vacant on the east side of Main Street directly opposite the present-day post office. Nine years later, in 1896, they built on the lot a large house which they subsequently operated as a summer hotel called The Mansion. It later became the Maureda Inn, which survived until 1943 when it was destroyed by one of the town's ever recurring fires. During the 1880s James Moulton continued his early promise, and on his father's death he also became proprietor of the largest in a row of four stores that lined the west side of Main Street. Both locations afforded commanding views of the scene depicted in the painting, a scene with which Sarah by 1896 must have already had a long and intimate familiarity. Given these several circumstances, Sophia as well as Mrs. Sumner Moulton was eliminated altogether as a possibility, leaving Sarah the single remaining candidate.

Investigations then focused on when and where Sarah could have acquired the artistic training needed to produce a work so accomplished that it gives her a stature beyond the ranks of the average amateur artist. Schools she might possibly have attended, among them the private academies where courses in art were more apt to be part of the curriculum, were contacted. None had any record of Sarah as an enrolled student. None of the towns or cities in which private institutions were available could at any point be connected with Sarah's presence. Present-day family descendents were
traced, to a great-granddaughter in Connecticut, then to her elderly aunt in Portsmouth, with a result entirely negative. No possible clue was found, and investigation was abandoned.

The *History of Wayne* published in 1898 remains the town’s first source for description and information relating to the town’s earlier history, and in one of its chapters is described Wayne village as ‘so quiet and peaceful, basking in the yellow August sunshine. . . . The lights and shadows here on a summer day, could they be transferred to canvas, would ensure everlasting fame.’ Described in particular is the mill pond ‘with its overhanging willows and clear reflections.’ No other description is needed for the scene captured on canvas by the elusive Mrs. S. Moulton.

![View of Mill Stream and Wayne Woollen Mill, circa 1898](image)

She was a very gifted artist, meticulous in rendering of detail, each leaf on each tree and bush painted with infinite care, a radiant summer sky, and choosing the time of day for best advantage in depicting light and shadow. In black and white photograph it is a picture that reproduces poorly. While the compositional arrangement is defined, it is difficult to “read,” and there is no hint of the painting’s visual radiance and subtlety of tone.

How much was painted outdoors, the artist sitting in the same spot for how long at a time, over what span of days, or how much may have been completed indoors at home, is open to speculation – not every summer morning offers the same visual opportunities. A photograph of the mill,
discovered in the town’s Historical Collection, that was taken about 1875 from almost the same spot portrays in part the same scene.

Photograph of the scene taken about 1875

It is a view too similar not to wonder how much in the painting is owed to the photograph. The painting, however, pictures a broader view, a view in which structural features of homes along the street, not included in the photograph, are depicted with an accuracy of detail still recognizable today. Yet for the two mill buildings, their appearance in both photograph and painting is close enough not to rule out the possibility that the photograph, at least for portrayal of the mill buildings, served as source for the painting. It leads to further speculation that leaves open a date for the painting, a date possible even after the mill’s destruction in 1892.

Portraying the same subject in exactly the same compositional arrangement is a second painting, in nearly every respect an identical twin to the first. Owned by a family in Leeds, the picture has been in the family’s possession for at least two generations, and has led the secluded life usual for such items long a familiar part of the household. For Wayne the picture’s existence became public in December of 1997, when its owner with considerable surprise recognized the family’s picture on the cover of Wayne’s Bicentennial Calendar. Although a fact unremembered in Wayne, this second picture had been exhibited at one of the Great Wayne Fairs held during the 1970s.

How, by whom, and precisely when the picture had been acquired by the family are all questions on which the family can only speculate. One possibility suggests it may have been bought by a family member known to have been a frequent buyer at local auctions. Another early family member
had at one time been a popular teacher in Wayne, and the picture may have been a gift or in some other way passed into her hands. Still another account, a story which further compounds the mystery of the two paintings, is that at some unspecified date there had been an offer on the part of someone in Wayne to buy the picture. The offer was refused, but the work was lent to the unidentified, would-be purchaser for the purpose of having it copied.

Subsequent to its discovery, or rather rediscovery, the Leeds picture was brought by the family to the library in Wayne for side by side visual comparison and technical examination. Both are the same size with but two inches difference in width. On the stretcher of the Leeds picture are two incised inscriptions, which read ‘Johnson’s Woolen Mill, Back Street,’ and ‘On lower west side of Mill Stream, About 1890.’ Close visual comparison soon recognized differences between the two, subtle and seemingly minor but nonetheless real, and which offer a basis for considering a likely relationship of one picture to the other. In the Leeds version, while identical in composition, is perceived a shade less precision in rendering of detail, and a slightly less exacting sense of perspective in portrayal of the two mill buildings. Brushstrokes in the Leeds picture are generally broader, and indicate use of a brush other than the narrow sable brush favored by experienced artists, and a brush most probably used by the painter of the Wayne picture.

To an observant eye the Wayne painting conveys no sign it is a copy—the copy alluded to in the story of the Leeds picture’s loan for the purpose. Copies of paintings are seldom if ever done other than in the studio, and in the case of a landscape, most often without reference to the actual scene. As a consequence, they rarely manage to capture the spontaneity which normally marks the original work of art. Neither do they usually produce a work that shows a technical proficiency equal to or beyond the original. Is, then, the Leeds picture in turn a copy, painted at an uncertain but early date, with the Wayne picture the original? Both, however, show the spontaneity of an original work. Was Mrs. Moulton the painter of both works, with the Leeds picture perhaps the first effort, an effort repeated not long after as she gained in confidence and expertise? Still another, more likely possibility is that they are companion works, both painted at the same time by two artists, friends, or one a pupil of the other serving as mentor.

Outdoor painting during this period in Wayne’s history seems to have been an unusually popular activity, reflecting an enthusiasm among amateur artists owing in part to the then recent availability of pigments in tubes, which greatly eased the artist’s task. From this period are four other works,
also painted by local artists and in 1970 displayed in an exhibit at the Town House during celebrations of Maine’s Sesquicentennial. Today remembered only in photograph, all are scenes of Androscoggin Lake, each most probably by a different hand, and with each a slightly different view from the same spot, a location on or near Millett’s Point not far from the Yacht Club.

A fifth painting, a view of the east side of Morrison Heights, is now in the library’s collection and, as chance would have it, on display next to the picture of the woolen mill. It, too, dates from close to the same period, and suggests a loosely organized group, a local artists’ club or an informal painting class, perhaps taught by an off-duty faculty member from Kents Hill School, then known as Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Women’s College and which offered special courses in painting and drawing. Or taught by Mrs. S. Moulton, who if indeed she was Sarah, had no identifiable connection with the school, but who emerges as the most accomplished of these several artists in Wayne working at about the same time, and whose painting offers considerably greater visual rewards. But who she really was, how, when, or where her special talent was nourished, exactly when the picture was painted, who painted the twin picture now in Leeds, was it in fact copied, and if so, is there yet a third picture waiting to be discovered? All are questions that seem destined never to be answered.”

IN THE HALF DOZEN YEARS since this was written, Sarah Moulton has become somewhat less elusive, with facts now known about her life that in 2001 had yet to be learned. Furthermore, unexamined at the time was the role of Amah Coolidge, who in 1954 gave the painting to the Cary Memorial Library.

Jim and Sarah Moulton’s summer hotel, The Mansion, with considerable advertising and suitable publicity opened on June 1, 1899. On the same date Jim Moulton opened the Sans-Souci Island House, a hotel on what is today Androscoggin Island and billed as “Maine’s Latest Summer Resort.” Jim undoubtedly spent a large share of his time and energies at his island resort. And undoubtedly it was Sarah who took daily charge of the The Mansion, which from the start appears to have been a successful venture, of considerable elegance, and which also served as family residence. The island resort, for whatever reasons, proved short-lived and in 1902 the entire island and everything on it was sold. Six years later, at age 49, Jim Moulton suddenly died.

Sarah, left with four children and The Mansion to run, continued on for another few years, but by 1911 she appears in town property records
still as owner but non-resident. It was then that she may have returned to Danforth, to live with or near her family and where in 1926 she died at age 72. The Mansion remained as a hotel, but under whose management is unknown, then in 1914 it was sold and ceased operation as a hotel. Entirely likely is that among contents left behind in the hotel was the picture in question, and in 1914 disposed of, sold outright or perhaps at auction.

Into this hypothetical equation now enters Amah Coolidge, who in 1914 was a 30-year-old housewife. Born Amah Wing, she had married Rutellius Coolidge eleven years earlier, and it was in 1914 that she may have acquired the picture, for their home in town on what is now named Coolidge Road. Inscription on the picture's reverse reads "Given by Amah Coolidge," an inscription undoubtedly added in 1954 for purposes of identification of donor at the time it was given to the library. It was forty years later, and the donor's memory recalled only where it had come from – the former hotel and residence of "Mrs. S. Moulton." But with the probable assumption that she was also the picture's painter, and which in good faith found its way into the written record as confirmed fact. But if not she, who?

An ever fertile source for information is the town's Historical Collection, and in it is a news account about Wayne, overlooked in 2001, that in 1957 appeared in The Lewiston Journal Magazine Section. It is a rambling account, a feature story that describes Wayne village in 1887, and among its nuggets of obscure detail is comment on the family who lived next to the village school, then located on the site where now stands the Cary Memorial Library -- a family named Chandler which included two daughters. The younger of the two was Alice May, unmarried at the time and who "lives at home with the old folks." The writer further notes that Alice May "paints beautifully in oils; she really is quite gifted."

Alice May's mother, Eliza, was a daughter of Holman Johnson, the town's major industrial tycoon at the time, who in the early 1870s built the woolen mill and took an active interest in its operation until his death in 1879. They were a close family, and Alice May was surely well aware of what her grandfather considered his crowning industrial achievement in Wayne. Who better than the "gifted" Alice May Chandler to be now identified as the artist who painted the picture today in the town's library?

The case for Alice May was suddenly strengthened when less than a year ago, during the summer of 2007, came still another unexpected surprise. From the onetime barn of what had been the Chandler family home was brought to our attention another picture, altogether different in subject but like the library's picture and its twin in Leeds, painted in oil on canvas.
Unsigned but with the date "'95" painted in the lower right corner, it is a landscape scene drawn it seems entirely from imagination. Examination indicates brushwork similar to that seen in the library’s picture, with a similar use of a fine, probably sable brush. Further comparison extends to rendering of detail -- the well defined trees with a similar care in the depiction of foliage, and a broad cloud-specked sky.

The newly discovered landscape

In 1895 Alice May Chandler was 28 years old, but already as reported with a reputation as one who “paints beautifully in oils,” a talent very likely acquired at Kents Hill. The “Maine Wesleyan Seminary Female College,” which Alice May attended in the mid 1880s, included an Art Department which a catalogue at the time describes as “very popular.” And among courses offered is listed “Painting in Oils and Water Colors.”

The picture’s details, however, lack some of the precision shown in the twin paintings, with their exacting portrayal of identifiable structures, configuration of the millpond, and the placement of then existing trees and shrubbery. Nonetheless, as an imaginary scene this is understandable, and probably cannot be used to measure her artistic talent, nor to assign a relative date for either version of the twin pictures, leaving this particular question still without answer.

While Alice May Chandler would seem without doubt the artist who painted the view of the millpond and her grandfather’s woolen mill, still unanswered are all the other questions surrounding the identical paintings, and a continuing mystery that gives every sign of a long lifetime.
WAYNE'S JABEZ BESSE FARM
By Theresa Kerchner

FROM THE VANTAGE POINT of the 21st century, it seems remarkable that farmers, working with only hand tools and animal power, converted over half of New England's forests to fields in the 18th and 19th centuries. This period was one marked by transitions -- even as woodlands were cleared for croplands and pastures, farming practices responded to varying markets, family values and natural resources. In Wayne, the Jabez Besse Jr. family history, recorded in agricultural documents, farm journals, landscape artifacts and current ecological conditions, is one chapter in this northern New England story.

Jabez Besse Jr. and his family moved from Wareham, Massachusetts to inland "unimproved" forested regions of the District of Maine in the late 18th century. The family's journey to Wayne was part of a southern New England migration that was driven by post-Revolutionary war economics, population growth in southern New England's old towns, and natural resource depletion. The unsettled regions of Wayne held the promise of yeoman status, economic independence, and the opportunity to pass along land to future generations. For 125 years, from 1788 to 1913, five generations changed rocky, forested land into cropland, hayfields, and pastures. Even with mid-19th century cultural and economic changes, and a decline in population that began in the region in 1850, farmers in Wayne and Kennebec County, including the Besses, continued to shape the landscape until the latter part of the 19th century.

Geology

Harrowed in NE field and got off stones Weather — warmer (13 June 1906)
Maurice (Maxim) has worked today they have mowed small field, some in field opposite house and beaderock piece in back field A fine hay day. Got in one load back of house. Besse Farm Journal, 6 July 1910.

The topography at the former Besse homestead is similar to many areas in upland interior Maine. The land is irregular, hummocky in places, and boulders, rocks and till cover a large portion of the land. The stone walls that delineate the former farm fields and property boundaries are evidence of a ground moraine that was deposited when the last glacier melted over 14,000 years ago. Farm journals reference an identifiable bed-
rock outcrop, known as “Indian beadrock” and the ever present glacial till. “Indian beadrock” is the bedrock in this region of Wayne, a metasandstone of the Sangerville and Waterville formations, which formed during the Silurian period 440 to 410 million years ago. Soil derived from metasandstones is nutrient poor with the exception of those formations that contain limestone.

The earliest aerial photograph of this site, taken in 1939, clearly shows that the cultivated fields on the farm were on the ridge at elevations between 400 and 420 feet. The drainage class in these upland areas, where most of the cultivated land was located, is a Marlow, well drained sandy loam.

Pre-history

Wayne, (ormerly New Sandwich Plantation) (114th town) of about 9,400 acres . . . is bounded westerly by Great Androscoggin Pond. The first settler was Job Fuller who made improvements in 1773. . . . In Great Androscoggin Pond is an Island, in which there is a burying ground of the natives; . . . William Williamson, History of the State of Maine, 1832.

Archaeological excavations within a mile of the Besse farm and in several other locations in Wayne indicate that there were native people in this geographical region from 8,500 B.C (10,500 BP) to 1500 A.D. (500 BP), during the Paleo-Indian, Archaic and Woodland periods. The lakes and streams in the Wayne region were known to be a crossroads between the Kennebec and Androscoggin River watersheds and their use by native people has been well documented:

This grant (the original Kennebec Purchase grant) embraced ‘all that tract of land .from the utmost limits of Cobbiseconte, alias Comasseconte, which adjoineth the river Kenebeck, alias Comasseconte. . . .This large tract of land, known to be rich in fur and fisheries, was occupied by the numerous and powerful tribe of Cannibas Indians (in 1757). The Anasagunticookes, who originally inhabited the banks of the Androscoggin, still viewed the country as their own, and often visited it . . . . Williamson, History of the State of Maine.

The estimated population of Abenakis in this territory in 1600 A.D. (400 BP) prior to the introduction of European diseases was believed to be in the range of 26-29 per 100 sq. km. Post-epidemic figures in 1650 A.D. (350 BP) suggest that the Indian population was close to 6-7 per 100 sq.
km. Most members of the Cannibas and the Anasagunticook tribes in the Kennebec and Androscoggin valleys had left the Wayne region by the time the earliest white settlers arrived in 1773.

The Pre-Settlement Forest

(Job) Fuller (First white settler in New Sandwich, and a southerly neighbor to Jabez Besse Jr.) had lived in the forest but a short time when other families, many of them old neighbors, came in and settled around him. S. L. Boardman, “Agriculture and Livestock” in Kingsbury & Deyo, Illustrated History of Kennebec County, 1892.

Since the melting of the last glacier approximately 14,000 years ago, forests have shaped the natural and cultural history of New England. The species composition and structure of the region's woodlands have been influenced by natural disturbances associated with climate change, fires, wind storms, pathogens and hurricanes as well as the more recent human disturbances related to the intensive agricultural era of the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries.

In 1789 when Maine surveyor Ephraim Ballard corrected the western boundary of the Kennebec Purchase, his records from New Sandwich [now Wayne] included a number of tree species in what was then still largely the pre-settlement forest. Ballard's notes suggested that forest composition influenced soil fertility and the suitability of a given site for farmland:

... began W side of Crotched Pond & run by the side of the pond & found the places where a course S 34°W from the end of the 15 miles from River came out of the pond 1 1/4 mile at a red oak tree & spruce tree... 2nd mile a maple good land 3d mile a hemlock tree by a path and alder meadow 4th mile a hemlock tree by old Mr. Wing's field pretty good land 5th mile a white oak tree white oak land... “Survey Notes of the Western Line of the Kennebec Purchase Company, Wayne,” 9-10 November 1789.

In the decades following settlement, forest stands in Wayne and Kennebec County reflected demands for timber and fuel wood rather than natural disturbance cycles. When Wayne was initially settled in the 1770s, Maine was 92% forested; a century later, in 1872, after decades of intensive farming and lumbering, only 53% of the state was in woodland. Most farmers harvested their woodlots to supplement their incomes and in many towns lumbering was as important as farming. In interior Maine ship
building industries in tidal towns, including nearby Hallowell, created a steady demand for white pine and white oak. By 1872, the percent of board feet cut in the Kennebec River Valley out of the total in all of the river valleys in Maine was second only to that of the Penobscot Valley.

**Meadowlands**

*Meadow, grass land for mowing. In this country the word is seldom used to signify upland mowing ground, but that which is low and moist, and seldom or never ploughed.* Samuel Deane, *The New England Farmer or Geographical Dictionary*, 1797.


During New England’s early agrarian era, as forests were gradually converted to hay-fields and pastures, meadowlands adjacent to brooks, streams and ponds were often used as pastures and as a source of native hay. Even though meadow hay is coarse and nutrient-poor compared to upland hay, these inland wetlands were invaluable resources for early farmers. The historical record about meadows, many of which were abandoned beaver flowages, sheds light on pre-settlement geography and ecology, and early settlement patterns as well as farming practices. The May, 1777 Town Meeting minutes for Winthrop suggest that in the latter part of the 18th century, the value of meadow hay was approximately half of that of upland hay:

> Agreeably to the powers given to us, the subscribers, Selectmen and Committee of Correspondence of the Town of Winthrop, by an act, entitled an Act to prevent Monopoly and Oppression, have thought to set the following prices on the following articles, which are to be the prices until the 1st day of March, 1778. . . . Good English hay @ 1/7 (19 pence) per cwt. Meadow hay in the meadow @ 9 1/2 (pence) per cwt.

The Besse meadow, at the south end of a swale on the farm, was part of their one-mile common boundary with Job and Elizabeth Fuller. The Fullers migrated to the District of Maine from Sandwich, Massachusetts in 1773 and were the first settlers in New Sandwich:
Job Fuller, like the first settlers in most of the towns in Maine skirted with lakes and ponds, was forcibly impressed with the advantages to be derived from natural grass meadows, which in summer furnished grazing for stock, and hay for winter sustenance. History of Wayne, 1898.

The historical use of the twenty-acre Besse-Fuller wetland is referenced in property deeds: “... by a stone wall to land now or formerly known as Besse farm; thence continuing easterly by said Besse land to a corner in a meadow... thence turning and running southerly by said Besse land... to land now or formerly owned by one Davenport... at a ditch or gully.” To the north of the Besse farm, neighbor’s deeds also include references to meadowlands: “Also a piece of meadow land bounded on the north by meadow land owned by heirs of Elias Prince...”

Aerial photographs taken in 1939 and later in 1989, clearly show that the Besse-Fuller wetland had been ditched to improve the drainage. This farm practice was actively promoted in New England and patterns of ditched wetlands are still visible in many coastal and interior locations in Maine. Two native grasses that are common in this wetland -- rattlesnake grass (Glyceria canadensis) and blue joint grass (Calamagrostis canadensis) -- were known for their forage value. The agricultural importance of these species, and other meadow hay grasses was described in 1884 in the 28th Annual Report of the Maine Board of Agriculture:

(rattlesnake grass) -- “...this species grows in wet meadows and swamps, ... Hon. J.C.S. Gould says that cattle eat it very well in pasture and when made into hay.” (blue joint grass) -- “... It is greedily eaten by stock in the winter, and is thought by those who have used it most to be as nutritious as Timothy. It seems to be a very desirable grass to grow on wet, boggy lands which are not drained.”

Besse farm journals indicate that the family was still harvesting meadow hay into the early 20th century:

Milton (Besse) and Harl (Manter) went up to Mother’s meadow mowed all day... Milton and Harl went up to meadow again... A fine day. Milton and Harl have been on the meadow all day, raked it all up and bunched it. Each brought home a load, nearly dark when they came... Besse Journals, 26, 27, 29 July 1910.

Farmers in the Town of Leeds harvested meadow hay on wetlands adjacent to Androscoggin Lake and the Dead River until 1930, and pastured on this same meadow until approximately 1950. The ecology and
history of this region in Leeds, referenced in some deeds as “the Pond Meadow,” is associated with the reverse flow of the Dead River in Leeds and Wayne:

As reported: “The hay crop was good in 1900 as this picture taken at Leeds Center attests. This was near the Maine Central Railroad tracks looking towards Androscoggin Lake on a site now marshy and covered with alder bushes. The land was bought in 1960 by S.E. Waite of Leeds from the Central Maine Power Co. Driving the oxen is Willard Lothrop, who owned and operated the property now in the possession of Guy Buckley. S.E. Waite recalls that as a young boy it was difficult to find a spot to change into a bathing suit as there was not coverage. The scene is much different today.”

So delicate is the adjustment that the opening of the dams at the Rangeleys, near the head of the Androscoggin, is sufficient to reverse the current in the Dead River and to raise the lake many feet, even when conditions are otherwise normal. . . .

If, as sometimes happens, the Rangeley dams are opened after the grass is well grown upon the meadows of the (Dead River) delta, the grit collects upon the blades in sufficient amount to play havoc with the farmers’ scythe. H. T. Burr, “A Drainage Peculiarity in Androscoggin County, Maine” in The American Geologist, 1899.

Farmers who relied on meadows for pasture and hay often came into conflict with local mill owners when streams, lakes and rivers were dammed for water power. Dams changed the shape of ponds and wetlands, altered water levels, and in many cases, flooded farmers’ meadowlands. In 1880,
Wayne farmer Cyrus Stevens sued a Monmouth mill owner in Kennebec County Superior Court to recover damages based on the “Mill Act”, R.S., c. 92. Although Stevens lost three acres of his farm meadow due to changes in water levels on Wilson Pond, he was defeated in Superior Court in 1884. The court transcript includes details about two meadow hay grasses that Stevens mowed: red top (Agrostis gigantea) and foul meadow grass (Poa-palustris or Glyceria striata). Both of these species were included in the 1884 State of Maine Agricultural report that summarized the forage value of native and introduced grasses.

Improvement: Muck and Peat

In light of these facts, the committee thinks they are justified in saying that muck can hardly be applied to our soils amiss, and in urging farmers everywhere to put whatever deposits of muck they may have, under the highest contributions, to add to the manure heap in particular. We deem the farmer who has an ample deposit of muck, has a mine of wealth that will prove more productive under proper management, than any of the diggings of California or Australia. D. Forbes, “Report on Treatment and Value of Muck,” 1858.

By the early 19th century, many of New England’s families, farming communities, and agricultural associations were addressing critical issues regarding declining rural populations, Midwestern market competition, and soil productivity. In Maine, the practice of harvesting muck for bedding and fertilizer was one proposed solution for improving run-down, nutrient poor, cultivated fields and mowing lands. Many farmers used the terms muck and peat interchangeably when referring to organic material that was dug from peatlands and used for stable litter and fertilizer.

Although the work of harvesting and hauling muck was time consuming and challenging, farmers were encouraged to take advantage of the muck in their communities in order to maintain productivity on fields and pastures. This farm practice was described in 1856 in the first “Agricultural Report of the State of Maine,” and in the 1917 report, “The Occurrence of Peat in the Livermore Quadrangle” by Wayne resident and State Geologist, Freeman Burr.

Burr explains how Wayne dairy farmer, Harvey Lowell, harvested and used peat. Burr describes the peat used by Lowell:

as . . . excellent peat running to depths of 20 feet. . . . This seems to be the only instance of the present use of peat in the quadrangle (Livermore) . . . although it
is true that years ago some was hauled directly to the fields from several of the boggy areas.

Burr’s report suggests that Harvey Lowell (who lived on Morrison Heights about one mile from the Besse farm’s wetland) was likely harvesting peat from the twenty-acre meadow on the Besse-Fuller boundary:

The peat is dug with an ordinary shovel...and the material is dumped in a convenient place near the barn, in the open air... allowed each lot to remain in the horse stalls until it is thoroughly dampened.

"Farm of Mr. Harvey Lowell, Wayne. A load of peat on the way to bin in the barn"
F. Burr, “The Occurrence of Peat in the Livermore Quadrangle”

Old Towns

Jabez Besse Jr. was born in Wareham, Mass., October 31, 1765, and died Oct. 6, 1833. He came to Wayne in 1788 and purchased 200 acres of land.... Seven of the sons of Jabez Besse, Jr., sang at the dedication of the first Methodist meeting house in Wayne. History of Wayne, 1898.

In 1635, Anthony Besse, Jabez Besse’s ancestor, sailed from London, England to New England and first settled in Sandwich, and then Wareham in Plymouth Colony. One hundred and forty years later, his descendants
Jabez Sr. and Jr. served in the American Revolutionary War. In 1788, Jabez Besse Jr., his wife Patience, and their son Woodin, moved to New Sandwich Plantation in the District of Maine. The Besse family's homestead was 200 acres of forest and meadowland near several of their former Massachusetts neighbors.

When the first United States Population Census for New Sandwich Plantation was taken in 1790 it listed sixty-three males who were over sixteen, including Jabez Besse Jr. One of the earliest survey maps of this region, by John Jones and Jedediah Prescott, dated December 14, 1795, includes Lot 170, the land that Jabez Besse Jr. settled on in 1788 and purchased in 1798.

Jabez's deed was examined and entered in Lincoln County, which at the time included much of what is now Kennebec County, in 1798 -- ten years after his family first arrived in New Sandwich and the same year that the Town of Wayne was incorporated. This land had been identified as a "proprietor" lot and the Besses sought ownership at a time when there were relentless conflicts between proprietors and settlers in the District of Maine. The backcountry resistance movement that was opposed to payment for proprietor holdings included neighbors of the Jabez Besse family and other settlers in Wayne. The timing of the signing of the deed suggests that after ten years of improvements to their land, the Besses, unlike a number of their Wayne neighbors, chose payment over continued negotiations with representatives of the Kennebec Proprietors. Jabez Jr. and Patience Besse paid $2.75 per acre for their 200 acres, a price far higher than the $1.00 per acre many settlers believed was fair payment for unimproved lands. The price likely reflected the change in value of land after ten years of farming.

1809 Inventory or Valuation of the Town of Wayne

The story of Wayne is in these respects the story of Maine, or of the smaller rural towns of Maine... agriculture has always been the chief occupation of the people. Wheat, barley, oats, rye and corn were the leading grains. Nearly every farmer supplied himself with flour from his own wheat and such a thing as buying corn, meal or other feed for his stock had not been heard of. At the present time, and under present conditions it is cheaper to buy flour than to raise the wheat from which to grind it. History of Wayne, 1898.

On June 6, 1809, over twenty years after Jabez Jr. and Patience Besse moved to Wayne, the earliest "Inventory or Valuation of the Town of
Wayne” was compiled by the Assessors of the Town: Mark Stinchfield, Wooden Norris and Cyrus Foss. At the time of the 1809 valuation, Patience and Jabez Jr. had eleven children, six sons and five daughters: Woodin, Edmond, David, Samuel, Mary, Wager Lee, Curtis, Eliza, Ruth, Patience and Catherine.

The 1809 inventory lists one hundred and four Wayne families on 8,180 acres who had at least one acre in one or more of the following categories: tillage land, mowing land, pastureland, or unimproved land. At that time the average number of tilled acres per farm was just over two, the average acres in mowing land was almost seven, and the average number of acres in pasture land was near six. The valuation numbers document the progress of many of the earliest settlement families including the Besses, Atkinsons, Dexters, Fullers, Jennings, Manters, Perrys and Wings. Since these families had arrived in Wayne in the late 18th century, many had a higher than average number of improved acres. The valuation per acre in each of land use categories was the same for each of the farms in Wayne. Twenty years later, in 1829, Maine surveyor Moses Greenleaf published “A Survey of the State of Maine in reference to its Geographical Features, Statistical and Political Economy.” The land values for Wayne in 1809 were at the high end of the values given for Kennebec County in 1829. Greenleaf's much lower value for wooded or unimproved acres in 1829 likely reflects the loss in value of woodland after lumbering and grazing, and abandonment to second growth.

In 1832, forty-four years after moving to Wayne, Jabez Besse Jr. deeded portions of his original settlement lot to sons Woodin, Samuel and Curtis. Three years later, Curtis Besse sold his part of the family farm to his oldest brother, Woodin, and left Wayne for work in the cotton mills in Lowell, Massachusetts.

1850 to 1880 - Wayne and Kennebec County

Whether the superiority, here indicated as to the average fertility of the county of Kennebec is owing to superior natural fertility of the soil or to a higher state of cultivation will not here be decided... the county possess many enterprising and intelligent gentlemen, who have devoted more attention to the science as well as the practice of agriculture, than perhaps may be found in any other part of the district. Moses Greenleaf, “A Statistical View of the District of Maine,” 1816.

In 1851, as agriculture was reaching its zenith in interior Maine towns, Maine artist Mary Stanton House painted an exceptional representation of
Wayne and Leeds and the surrounding landscape. The painting, reproduced on this book’s cover, captures the region at mid-century when Kennebec County was rising to a position of prominence in Maine. At this time, influential leaders, included the Vaughans in Hallowell, Dr. Silvester Gardiner in Gardiner, Samuel and Elijah Wood and Ezekiel Holmes of Winthrop, with Holmes the founder and longtime editor of the newspaper *Maine Farmer*. These individuals, and others in the region, promoted agricultural associations, practices to improve crop production and cattle breeding, and were likely influencing farmers like the Besses.

During this period, many towns in Kennebec County, including Wayne and North Wayne, were recognized for both their productive farmlands and for home industries and factories that relied on waterpower and forest products. Dirt roads, such as the Old Wayne Road (now named Old Winthrop Road and on the western border of the Besse homestead) connected villages and farmers to tidal cities, including Hallowell, on the Kennebec River:

> The circumstances attending the laying out of the OLD WAYNE ROAD were such to be worthy of extended notice . . . the road . . was . . nearly fifty years the great thoroughfare by which the inhabitants of Wayne, Livermore, and the upper Androscoggin were connected with tide water at Hallowell. At the Hallowell crossroads, now Manchester Forks, we have seen when the sleighing was good in the winters of 1814, ’15, ’16, ’17 whole lines of teams and pungs like an unbroken procession, moving into Hallowell, laden with wheat and other farm products. Samuel Boardman, “The Agriculture and Industry of the County of Kennebec, Maine with Notes upon its History and Natural History,” 1867.

**Population Trends**

The United States Censuses for Agriculture as well as Population in the second half of the 19th century documented production on individual farms and community demographics. Detailed information about the number of improved acres, quantities of crops grown and numbers of farm animals were compiled for 1850, 1860, 1870 and 1880. It is not possible to accurately compare all of the agricultural data over this time period due to differences in the categories on the census forms, but overall trends are discernable.

In 1860 there were 55,698 farms in Maine; the average farm had 103 acres with 49 acres in fields (improved acreage). This typical Maine farm
had 3 cows, 8 sheep, 1 horse, 2 oxen and produced 210 pounds of butter, 32 pounds of cheese, 26 pounds of wool, 17 tons of hay, 28 bushels of Indian corn and 5 bushels of wheat. In Kennebec County in 1860, there were 5,591 farms, the average farmer owned 81 acres of which 51 acres (63%) were improved. Agricultural production was fairly close to that of the typical Maine farm. In 1860 Wayne had 120 farms, including the Besse farm, which at the time was owned by William Granville Besse.

The average Wayne farm was 89 acres with approximately 62 improved acres. In many ways, William Granville Besse’s farm looked like a prosperous version of the average farm throughout Maine, Kennebec County and Wayne during this era. On 130 acres (80 improved) the Besses produced 450 pounds of butter, 400 pounds of cheese, 50 pounds of wool, 25 tons of hay, 90 bushels of Indian corn, 7 bushels of wheat, and pastured 5 cows, 16 sheep, 1 horse, and 2 oxen.

By 1860 four generations of Besses had lived and worked on the same land that Jabez had purchased in 1798, with more than one generation always on the farm at the same time. Higher than average farm production could have been a function of the Besse’s access to labor from their large, extended family, a critical resource in a successful mixed-husbandry farming system. This pattern of multi-generational farming on the same land, with its associated economic independence, was a deeply valued cultural ideal in the post-Revolutionary War era.

By 1870 when the number of farms peaked in Wayne and Kennebec County, population decline in interior towns was a recognized demographic pattern. Wayne’s population decline began in 1850 and continued there and in many bordering agricultural communities including Greene, Leeds, Monmouth and Turner throughout the second half of the nineteenth century. A number of factors contributed to this population decline including expanding opportunities for employment in rapidly growing New England mill towns, and the declining economic viability of New England farms due to Midwestern agricultural competition. However, despite the pronounced decline in population in Wayne, the number of farmers and the number of improved acres stayed approximately the same until the end of the 19th century, thus the mid-century population decline in Wayne did not translate into farm abandonment:

While Wayne, like her companion towns, throws a mournful glance into the brilliant past, and laments her depleted population ... she has not like many towns of Kennebec, to deplore run down farms and dismantled buildings which
many of our Maine towns present. Boardman, in *Illustrated History of Kennebec County*, 1892.

Those farmers who chose to stay in Wayne could have been influenced by the farm improvement era that was promoted by Maine agricultural associations in the latter part of the 19th century. The Population Census data for 1850 to 1880 in Wayne indicates that roughly half of the families, approximately 130, identified themselves as farmers during this time period. The number of improved acres in Wayne was also relatively stable during these forty years with an average of 7,000 improved acres out of 11,000 total farm acres (64%).

The percentage of improved acres in Wayne for the second half of the 19th century is consistent with patterns in Kennebec County where roughly 5,500 farms had approximately 291,000 out of 465,000 acres (63%) of the farmland in improved acreage. The proportions of improved versus wooded acres in Wayne and Kennebec County were also consistent with data collected in a forest inventory for the Tenth Census of the United States. This report outlines the status of wooded lands in Kennebec County in 1880 and documents the impact of lumbering in this region in Maine:

*Four tenths of this county is reported covered with woods, largely second growth. Merchantable spruce and pine have been everywhere removed. Considerable acres are again covered with pine and the wooded area is increasing. Next to Penobscot this [Kennebec County] is the most important lumber manufacturing county in the State.* C.S. Sargent, “The Forests of the United States” in Tenth U.S. Census.

Besse farm agricultural production in the later part of the 19th century reflects trends that were common during this era of farm improvement. Diversified mixed farming and lumbering were followed by a period of market farming, including orcharding and dairying.

**Farming, Family and Conservation – 1876 to 1998**

*Milton G. (Besse) resides in Wayne on the farm that Jabez Jr. reclaimed from the forest.* History of Wayne, 1898.

In 1876, William Granville Besse’s land was included in a list of eight farms that were being considered as possible locations for a Wayne town farm. The 1876 report, although brief, describes the condition of the farm
almost one hundred years after Jabez Besse Jr. “reclaimed” it from the forest:

We the undersigned a Committee chosen at a meeting held by the Town of Wayne for the purpose of purchasing a farm for the use of said Town on which to support its poor having attended to that duty beg leave to make [the] following report:

Your committee received eight proposals and viewed seven farms; 1st. W.G. (William Granville) Besse’s contains 100 acres of land which is offered for the sum of $2800, it is a very good farm of good strong land quite well fenced; a considerable portion of which is stone walls, it has a very good wood-lot - a good orchard of old and young trees a considerable portion engrafted good farm buildings in good repair, if anything is lacking it is the necessary amount of pasturing.

When William Granville Besse offered the family farm for sale it was one year after his father, Woodin Besse, died. His mother, Betsy Kent Besse, had died three years earlier in 1872. The 1876 Town Farm report notes a shortage of pastureland on the Besse farm -- a condition that was widespread in older New England agricultural towns.

Woodin, Jabez Jr.’s son, grew up on the family land when ownership of farmland in Maine was associated with family independence. By the time of Woodin’s death, Wayne’s early agricultural tradition, with its origins in the late 18th century, had changed in response to shifting cultural values and economic conditions. The influence of these social and market trends, and the decline in and the quality of the farm’s pastures, could have influenced William Granville’s thinking about future family ownership of the land.

Thirty years later, in their 1906 and 1910 through 1912 journals, Milton, William Granville’s son, and his fourth wife, Annie True Besse, documented their daily farm and community life in Wayne. The journals provide a clear and vivid record of the seasonal patterns that defined this Maine farm in the early 20th century. Milton and Annie Besse were the last of Jabez Jr.’s descendants whose daily lives resembled those of Maine’s early farmers. They grew many of Maine’s traditional crops -- barley, potatoes, oats, Indian corn and vegetables, raised beef cattle, chickens and hogs, and sold apples, butter and hens to markets in Boston and sweet corn to local corn canneries. Their journals detail planting, cultivating and harvesting, and the seasonal patterns of house chores, hauling wood and manure, repairing pasture fences, mowing, and moving stones. The daily entries document their active community life, births, marriages, deaths, and neighbors’ visits, their civic responsibilities in the town and church, and the
ways that they generated income outside of farming. Journal details about repairing fences and moving cattle to and from a pasture that was not connected to Milton and Annie’s land reinforced the observations recorded in 1876 about the scarcity of pastureland on the farm.

In 1911, Milton’s mother, Elizabeth Courier Besse, died at the age of ninety in the family farmhouse.

*Grandma passed away at ten this AM. . . Grandma’s funeral at 1pm. . . some stormy. we are alone and it seems very quiet. .*. Besse Journals, 18, 21 and 22 March, 1911

Two years later, in 1913, Annie and Milton sold the farm to Earl Hutchins, the first non-Besse owner in one hundred twenty five years. Milton and Annie’s decision to sell the farm after Milton’s mother died was similar to the inclination that Milton’s father, William, had in 1876. These parallel patterns suggest that at a time when the economic viability of farming in New England was decreasing, the passing of a generation could influence family land ownership patterns.

In 1916, Earl Hutchins sold the Besse land again, this time to Milton’s nephew, Frank Besse. Frank, Elizabeth’s grandson, began to buy back the original family land, beginning with the farmhouse. Eighty-two years later, Albion Besse, Frank Besse’s son, and Jabez Besse’s great, great, great
grandson, donated a portion of the original family homestead to the Kennebec Land Trust with the stipulation that it would be an unmanaged forest preserve: "I would like the forest to go back to what it was like when my ancestors first arrived in Wayne." Albion also deeded a three-acre parcel to one of his own sons, William, the eighth generation Besse to own this land.

Albion Besse with his mother, Florence, at the farm; circa 1918
Besse Family Collection, donated by Albion Besse to the Town of Wayne Historical Collection

Forest to Field to Forest Again

In the mid-19th century as agriculture reached its climax in New England, Henry David Thoreau, Massachusetts's renowned naturalist and writer, took note of the widespread pattern of farm abandonment and reforestation that was occurring in his home town of Concord. Thoreau's timely observations about secondary forest succession patterns and their relationships to prior agricultural land uses in Concord informed later research in New England.

Thoreau's observations and the questions he pondered about the relationships between agricultural practices, land uses and ecology have been reexamined by many historians and ecologists over the last century. Complex and confounding issues have been addressed -- in particular that agricultural land uses were often predetermined by soil type, slope, and hydrology, and that these environmental variables, as well as cultivation,
pasturing and woodlot harvesting, have influenced vegetation patterns in New England.

These studies suggest that historical factors influence vegetation patterns for long periods of time, and that agricultural disturbances can cause changes in soil nutrients, changes in site conditions that favor new species, and or influence factors that relate to seed dispersal or colonization that are species specific.

**Vegetation Patterns and the Besse Farm**

In 1997, the 132-acre former Jabez Besse farm was wooded with the exception of a three-acre hayfield and a one-acre homestead site. Since there had been minimal timber harvesting since the early 1900's, the woodlands and property boundaries were defined by mature forest stands.

A survey of the former farmlands suggested that there could be a relationship between historic land uses and current vegetation patterns. In several areas, distinct botanical patterns were only separated by short distances, (10-20 feet) and did not appear to be related to environmental variables. Even though historic agricultural land uses on this farm were likely partially a function of varying physical conditions, the vegetation patterns on the farm showed a number of distinct boundaries that did not appear to be related to environmental conditions. These botanical patterns were visible both on the ground and in aerial photographs and were the basis for a case study that examined the influences of known historic agricultural land uses on plant species composition.

A study area of thirty-seven acres where there were four known historic land uses was designed and included: cultivated fields/hayfields, a wooded pasture/woodlot, a sparsely wooded pasture and a permanent woodlot. The vegetation analysis focused on the relationship between these four identified agricultural lands uses and plant species in the tree and herb layer (plant species less than three feet tall). The influence of environmental variables, including soil chemistry, slope and aspect were another part of the study.

The areas on the farm that were formerly in cropland or hayfields have reverted to even-aged stands of white pine and red maple with an understory dominated by common herbaceous and shrub species. At the other end of the land-use spectrum, one of the farm's former woodlots has an uneven-aged stand of northern hardwoods [mostly red oak, white ash, red maple and sugar maple] and conifers [mostly white pine and eastern hemlock] and more true woodland species. The vegetation results in the
other two land uses, woodlot-wooded pasture and open pasture, demonstrate that small variations in topography, bedrock, hydrology or soils can create unique micro-site conditions that likely influence plant species composition.

Conclusion and Conservation Implications

Albion Besse pictured in the woods at the Besse Farm, 1977
Photograph by Ross Conley

*This life of incessant flitting is unfavorable for the execution of permanent improvements of every sort, and especially of those which, like the forest, are slow in repaying any part of the capital expended in them.* G. P. Marsh, *Man and Nature or, Physical Geography Modified by Human Action*, 1864

The practices and patterns of New England’s settlement families left cultural and ecological imprints that are still discernable on abandoned 19th and early 20th-century farms. Many of New England’s woodlands have developed on these former farmlands and still have recognizable physical features that are connected to historic agricultural land uses. This case study focused on the 200-year history of the Besse farm in Wayne, and the influence of land use history in a forest of complex ecological variables. The Besse homestead, with its botanical imprint, ditched wetlands, stone walls and remnants of barbed wire, is an incidental legacy of the cycle that commenced with the clearing of New England’s pre-settlement forest and ended with reforestation.
The Besse's 200-year family history with this land also underscores the connections between long-term land ownership and conservation values. Albion Besse's donation of the Besse Historic Conservation Area suggests that this land bears the imprint of post-Revolutionary War agrarian independence, and at the same time, a contemporary New England land conservation ethic.

Note: With the title "Perspectives on the Improved Acre: A Case Study," an expanded version of this account served as the author's research for completion of graduate studies at the University of Maine at Orono, and for which she received the degree of M.S. in Ecology and Environmental Science. It is based on the author's long and intimate familiarity with the Besse farm and, unique for the University's curriculum, presents the subject from the point of view of both science and history, each interacting with the other.

Omitted here is certain technical description along with the minutiae essential for academic purposes — notes and tables which offer further explanations to the text as well as full documentation of sources. Under its original title it is being published this year in Maine History, the professional journal of the Maine Historical Society.
A WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOUSE
By Linda Rogers McKee

THE EIGHT BUSIEST YEARS of my life were spent serving in the Maine House of Representatives for District 79 (Fayette, Wayne, and Winthrop) during the years 1996-2004. When my four terms ended, I could have then run immediately for the Senate, in keeping with term limits law, but instead, I chose to retire from politics. It had been a remarkable eight years, and I was proud of what I believed to be significant accomplishments. Although I had lived life abundantly during those eight years, had walked and worked in places I never dreamed I would, and had experienced the most interesting challenges of my life, I was ready to resume a slower pace of life. And, yes, finally, to get some sleep. It had been both a memorable and demanding experience.

When the Kennebec Journal reported in late 1995 the announcement of my candidacy for the open seat in the district, few were surprised. The seat had been held for the previous eight years by Wendy Ault, who had reached term limits, and now offered an opportunity for anyone interested. I had been teaching at Winthrop High School for many years and was well-known both there and in Wayne where our family had lived since 1972. We had raised our four now-grown children there and had been active in many church and community activities. I had served on both local and community school boards, served on the town planning board, volunteered at the grade school, taught Sunday School, had helped start the Sunday Afternoon at the Ladd arts series, had written a book about a Wayne native, and even served on the Shade Tree Commission in the early '70s after we had lost our stately elms, and planted scores of new deciduous trees. I had taught piano after school to local children while our family was young, and had worked as a freelance writer for state newspapers. Civic involvement was then and always had been an important part of my life and my family's life.

So, yes, I was qualified, and, yes, I was interested. But what was it that I thought I could contribute to this office? First, I believed that my work ethic, coupled with my background, would serve the district well. My campaign slogan, "No one else will work harder for you than I will. You can count on that," reflected what I believed was a reputation for hard work. Furthermore, I really enjoy working with people and making things happen, both of which would benefit constituent work. And, very impor-
tant, I really wanted my students to see firsthand that participatory democracy means more than simply voting on Election Day; we also must speak out, we also must serve.

The way many people perceived politics and politicians, I must admit, was troubling to me, and this filtered down to my students. Cynicism and jokes by folks I met on the street were common: “Why would a nice person like you want to be a politician?” Their implication that politics was somehow a dirty job in a sleazy environment riddled with scandal, lies, and power-hungry, self-interested people -- a stereotype to be sure, but sadly tinged somewhat with reality, at least at the national level. This was not the image I wanted my students to have. I knew Maine politics would be different, and I wanted to show them how important it is that good folks run for offices. My own background had certainly paved my own way toward positive views of government.

Born at the beginning of World War II, I was one of six children, and both my parents worked in the cotton mills of Easley, South Carolina, where they had migrated after being forced off farms during the Depression. Seven cotton mills dotted the seven hills of my small hometown, with almost every family’s life revolving around just four things -- family, work, church, and community. We were what we now call “working poor,” but nobody I knew talked about being poor except in front-porch humor. We were thankful for jobs that sustained our livelihoods, and I rarely heard folks complain. The mill hills were filled with steady church-goers with large vegetable gardens in their backyards and extended family close by, folks who were bound by common values and friendship at the mills and in the churches. A strong work ethic had emerged in most mill families, and as children, we quickly learned early the importance of hard work and the value of a dollar. If you wanted good things to happen, our parents reminded us, you had to make them happen. It was a good foundation for future success.

Education was especially important to my parents. My father had left school after third grade, still unable to read or write with success, to help his father on the farm, and my mother had gone to work at the end of seventh grade. It was she who began to sow the seeds of the importance of an education in our family. Every morning over breakfast she read the local newspaper out loud to my father. As we devoured our hot biscuits with molasses, along with our grits and eggs, we children were also fed the national events of the day, the local news of our area, the births and deaths, and the latest scores of games. Whether it was post-war American issues or the latest prices for cotton, or the specter of unions coming to the South,
we were attentive to the sound of our mother's voice. Little did I realize just how much these early morning "lessons" would inform my future paths.

Throughout school I was a good student and loved history especially, a love that gradually evolved into a strong interest in government and politics. Democracy fascinated me. As both a high school and college newspaper editor, as well as working part-time for a local newspaper, I learned how public opinion was shaped by newspapers, and I enjoyed the role of writing about myriad issues. Opportunities for girls and women in church had also bred in me confidence and strength, and opened my eyes to leadership roles and career paths for women. When I graduated from Winthrop College, South Carolina's state college for women, in 1963 and became the first member of my family to graduate from college, I knew it was my parents I had to thank the most.

Because journalism seemed the most logical use for my interest in writing, I majored in English and planned to work for a city newspaper. But as a student at a women's college, everyone -- and I mean everyone -- was repeatedly encouraged to "get a teacher's certificate": "You never know when you'll need it," we were exhorted. (Read: "You'll probably get married right away, have children, and want a schedule that suits the family!" It was 1963).

And, bless Pete, if those old matrons weren't right -- at least for me. Within a couple of years I was happily married to a handsome Air Force lieutenant, and we very quickly started a family. That teaching certificate would prove to be a lifesaver as the children grew older and two incomes were necessary. By that time I found that I actually loved teaching, and it would become a career to which I would devote myself for most of the remainder of my working life.

In 1972, after husband Bob had served in Vietnam, received his master's degree, and paid back the Air Force for the education, we decided to move to Maine. He had spent summers here and wanted to return someday, and as one who had scarcely left Pickens County in South Carolina growing up, I was ready for such an adventure. The seventies had marked the beginning of the "Back to the Land" movement across America, and farms and farmland were readily available and affordable. Hippies, flower children, young families -- Maine suddenly was full of them. We quickly located an old farm in North Wayne, a place we would call home for the next 35 years at this writing.

Though not natives, it was clear, nevertheless, that we had adopted Maine as our lifetime home. Our new tiny hometown and our neighbors
had, thankfully, welcomed us warmly, embraced us, and shared their knowledge of farming and self-sufficiency, getting us off to a positive start.

With that background, I set out on my first campaign. I never expected the race to be a cakewalk, and not one of them then or later was. In fact, even before the first one got underway, I had to face the unfortunate news that one of my dear friends had been planning to run also. In opposing parties, neither of us was aware of the other's interest. A long walk and conversation followed, and my friend ultimately decided not to run. But one of the concerns he had expressed about state government stayed with me, and I promised to myself that I would do what I could to address it. In the early 1990s an important panel that had oversight of governmental accountability had been eliminated, opening state government up to waste and overspending. Little did I know that I would become one of the earliest legislators to call for what would become the Office of Public Evaluation and Governmental Analysis. It was the beginning of learning how to respond to the needs of a district.

As much as I did not want to run against a friend, I felt I had come too far to drop out. From June of 1995, when fellow Democrats began to inquire of my interest, until December of that year I had undergone an intensive evaluation of my possible candidacy, but once the decision had been made, I wanted to move forward. With 151 members of the House of Representatives, only a small percentage were women, a disproportionate number that made me realize how important it was that women run for public office. Furthermore, one of my old friends from college and the Maine League of Women Voters planned to run for Speaker of the House, and I wanted to be there to help her. If elected by the House, Elizabeth "Libby" Mitchell, longtime representative from Vassalboro, would make history: She would become the first woman to serve in that important role.

But first I had to win the District 79 election. Having talked with women who were currently serving and having read books on women winning, I plunged into becoming more informed about the issues of the day. My husband and I, both strong Democrats, were avid readers and throughout our married life had maintained a lively daily interest in government and politics. With his support and my school board's willingness to work with me to facilitate a part-time position during the sessions, I felt I could start campaigning.

Campaigning was at once both extremely tough and extremely rewarding. From the time I signed those first papers in January to the primary in June to the general election in November, my life moved into high gear. Up by 5:00 in the morning to prepare for the day of teaching, on the road after
school by 3:15 p.m. every day to knock on doors until 8:00 p.m. or attend a night event -- selectmen’s meetings, meet-the-candidate gatherings, fund-raising calls, strategy planning sessions. A late supper prepared by my supportive husband followed by answering phone calls or responding to e-mail, correcting papers, and in bed by 11:00 if possible. The schedule was nothing but brutal, but in truth it prepared me for what was to come after the election. Long days filled with constant challenges would become de rigueur.

But all was not difficult. One aspect of campaigning was especially rewarding -- meeting potential constituents. I’m basically a “people person” and enjoy meeting and talking with folks. So with town maps and voter lists in hand, I began to knock on doors to introduce myself, discuss my candidacy, and to learn more about folks who lived in the three small towns I would represent. Here I would discover how I could best meet the needs of the district, for wherever I went, I met interesting people with stories, complaints, advice, suggestions -- all of which I would find useful as I tried to represent their concerns and needs. These people, I knew, would provide me with my marching orders should I be the winner in the fall election.

I talked with farmers heading off to feed their cattle and heard about low milk prices forcing dairy farmers off the land. I watched as elderly couples sorted out bottles of prescription drugs and talked about difficult choices they had to make on limited fixed incomes. I sat at kitchen tables with citizens, young and old, who wondered if they’d be able to hang onto old family homes and land with increasing property taxes. I stood quiet as anti-government radicals shouted their displeasure about politicians as they railed from open doors. I learned about identity theft, payment to businesses with meaningless checks, pollution to lakes and waterways, consumer education needs, the need for affordable housing, forestry issues, and the incarceration of prisoners with mental health needs. I rode with folks over badly eroded highways and roads and heard harrowing stories. I got a first-hand glimpse of the faces of poverty too in smoky, drafty old apartments where both parents struggled to make ends meet on the minimum wage.

But I also came to know the district personally and culturally. I chatted with children everywhere, on their bikes or holding balls in their hands, walked through orchards and fields with sunburned veteran gardeners, toured homes and yards, learned dozens of names of new-to-me shrubs and plants, and ate more cookies, pies, and cakes than I ever dreamed I could (though I shed a dozen pounds as I pounded the pavement for six months). There were suddenly streams and ponds I didn’t know existed, old students I hadn’t seen in years, and amazingly interesting people and friendly pets
everywhere. A nice senior citizen who enjoyed a brisk business in trash collection invited me in for a Pepsi and informed me he wanted a large sign for one of his pickup trucks. A group of guys playing poker on a late Saturday afternoon invited me to join them and have a drink, but after I politely declined, they offered up some great politician jokes I would smile about the rest of the day. And the dogs, dogs, dogs -- they were everywhere. Mostly friendly ones, but the 25 lb. bag of doggie treats was always ready, and I distinctly remember inadvertently dumping almost all of one bag into the ferocious face of a probably just playful Rotweiler. I never got bitten once.

In the process I also attended dozens and dozens of community events -- meetings, football games, fairs, public suppers -- and met just about every leader in the three towns and heard their expectations for representation. Oh yes, and there was that issue of money. Although Maine voters ushered in the Maine Clean Election Act in the fall election that year (1996), it would be 2000 before candidates could apply for public financing. So for the first two terms it was “Dialing for Dollars,” and each cycle I had to raise $7,000-9,000 to cover the costs of the campaigns. Maine was the first state in the nation to introduce clean elections and try to get money out of politics, and my third and fourth terms as a participant made me an ardent supporter of public financing.

To be fair, there were some uncomfortable moments. A few slammed doors in my face. One man railed and railed to me for so long that my husband, who was waiting in our idling automobile, almost stormed to my rescue. But I had learned to handle such people and knew how to put my hasty “get-out-of-Dodge” strategy in action. I also met people who said they had never voted for a Democrat and never would. I always smiled and replied, “That’s okay. But if I’m elected, I will be your Representative, and I want you to know me and know you can call me.” Overwhelmingly, I made a slew of new friends. I also developed a very thick skin which would serve me well against the slings and barbs of public life.

I knocked on my last door at 8:30 p.m. on Monday night before the November 1996 general election. The startled woman who greeted me that rainy evening shook my hand at the door to the polls the very next morning. She smiled warmly and nodded in affirmation. I knew she had listened and would be voting for me.

At 9:00 that night, I was home grading papers and averaging my students’ first-quarter grades, too cautious or superstitious to await the results at some “victory party.” But my husband, our sons, and our daughter -- all of whom had worked hard for my election -- waited patiently at the
polls. When all the votes were tallied, they told me I had captured 54% of the vote and would become the first Democrat to be elected to the Legislature from the district. My campaign slogan about promising to work hard would now be tested. But I was ready for the challenge.

On December 4, 1996, I stood with 150 other newly elected members of the House of Representatives to take the oath of office administered by Gov. Angus King. Flanked on the left and right of the chamber by crowds of relatives and friends and with a balcony filled with other visitors, we took our seats for our first order of business: the election of legislative officers.

Then I heard for the first time: “The Chair recognizes the Representative from Wayne, Rep. McKee.” Rising to speak for the first time on the first day within minutes of the oath, I was awed, but fully prepared to speak. I had been asked to second the nomination of Elizabeth “Libby” Mitchell to become the first woman Speaker of the House and to make a speech in her behalf. It was a historic occasion and a proud moment for me, and I had worked hard to find words worthy of the honor. She was elected. Now the rows and rows of black and white formal photographs of Speakers over the past 175 years in the hall outside the legislative chambers would contain something new: the image of a woman. If she could do it, more women would be inspired to do it.

When the First Regular Session of the 118th Legislature opened on the first Wednesday of January 1997, it began with a formality I would grow to greatly appreciate. The National Anthem sung by invited state musicians, the recitation of the Pledge of Allegiance, and a prayer by a member of Maine clergy -- this would be the daily beginning to sessions and signaled the dignity with which we would conduct our business. Next came the sound of the opening gavel by Speaker Mitchell and the first item on the table. Suddenly, almost simultaneously, I heard the lightning-quick staccato of Clerk Joe Mayo’s strong voice of authority underscoring the Speaker’s words that would also become a familiar refrain every morning. Talking at the same time on what I soon learned were simply pro forma items, I realized very quickly that I would have to pay very close attention to the Calendar agenda. As the Speaker and the Clerk followed Mason’s Rules of Order which would govern the session procedure, their words became the familiar cadence that would provide the backdrop for almost every move we would make.

Seated in the elegant and historic, but drafty old convening chamber with uncomfortable chairs, tiny old desks, and an antiquated sound system, we began -- a citizens’ legislature of representatives from myriad walks of
life, all having taken on the biggest "part-time" job of our lives. And the pay? $10,000 for the two-year term, but with compensation for meals, lodging, and mileage added, thankfully. Almost all of us had to squeeze in part-time work with our old employers to piece together a livable salary.

For me it meant that with the Legislature's opening bell usually at 9:30 a.m., I could teach two classes at Winthrop High before I left for the Capitol each morning, at least for the first four years until I became a Chair of one of the 17 committees in my third term. That meant once again early rises in the morning to prepare for class and some additional late night paper work. The First Regular Session took place from early January to late June, and the Second Regular Session usually ended by mid-April, and I was grateful to my school board for their support. (The jobs of teachers in Maine are protected by state statute, and any teacher elected to state government office must be allowed to serve and know that his or her job is secure.)

I was pleased to receive two committee appointments, both in which I had indicated an interest: Natural Resources and Agriculture, Forestry, Conservation. As a teacher, I knew I could still stay involved with the Education Committee issues and represent the concerns of schools in my district, but I really wanted to take an active part in the development of environmental policy that could affect the lakes district of Central Maine, as well as make a difference for generations to come in our state. Little did I know that I would serve four years on Natural Resources and six on ACF, four of which I would serve as House Chair. It was a steep learning curve, but I realized quickly that success comes only with preparation, and so I devoured everything with the passion of a college student preparing for exams. My old high school chem class suddenly proved useful as my committees tackled highly scientific issues. It paid off. With extensive reading and close attention to the marathon committee hearings, it was possible to make a decision I could live with. For one who had thought two-hour meetings were torture, suddenly four-, six-, and eight-hour hearings became regular occurrences. Like it or not, the life of the legislator was largely sedentary.

During that first session the Natural Resources Committee dealt with a number of environmental concerns -- for example, the proposed use of flash from waste incinerators in highway construction (a tough battle against a group that had lost the fight in every other state they had tried to introduce it because of the leaching of toxics into water supplies), the gasoline additive MTBE (contamination of wells in Southern Maine), and the presence of dioxin in Maine rivers and one Maine lake (Androscoggin
Lake. The last was of great concern. It was enough that mercury had contaminated Maine waters to the extent that very little fish could be consumed, but the dioxin produced by Maine paper mills' use of chlorine to bleach paper was even more troublesome. I learned very quickly just how powerful the paper lobby was, but I was heartened by the growing numbers of Maine citizens who believed that there was a better way to do business in the state: eliminate the use of chlorine in the process. Although the effort to ban the use of elemental chlorine failed, the law did set guidelines for paper mills over the next few years to reach a non-detectable use of the chemical.

By my third term the Androscoggin Lake Improvement Association (ALIC) had become a force to be reckoned with at the Capitol. Refusing to accept that nothing could be done to rid the lake's water of dioxin, ALIC began a concerted effort to force the state to protect the lake from the toxic influx of flood waters from the Androscoggin River via the Dead River. After a year of trying to persuade the paper companies and the Department of Agriculture to assume some responsibility for the condition of the Dead River Dam, the association had no recourse but to seek help from the state. Led by President Molly Saunders, Martha Hoddinott, Jack Mahoney, and others, I submitted a bill that was ultimately accepted and sent to the Appropriations Committee -- that is, after days and days of lobbying committee members with Saunders and Hoddinott and burning the midnight oil in the committee room as they deliberated the budget. The dam would be repaired, and the paper companies would share in the responsibility.

With more than 2,000 bills every two years, it was an awesome task to stay on top of every one that finally made it to the floor of the House. Our tiny cubicles were crowded with heavy three-ring binders filled with bills, committee amendments, and daily agendas to accommodate the final dispensation of legislation. As committee work was completed toward the end of the session and the daily calendar was clogged with items awaiting action, members worked furiously to draft floor speeches and amendments, to rally support for bills, and — yes, to stay awake. Late nights would become regular events.

Committee work, however, is really the backbone of legislative work. Here members of the Committee -- determined by the percentage of Democrats, Republicans, Independents, and Greens in the Legislature -- conduct hearings in 17 Joint Standing Committees on bills that pertain directly to a committee's jurisdiction. Citizens, lobbyists, government agency representatives, and other interested persons flood the hearings to offer testimony supporting or opposing the bills, and then the committees
deliberate and make a decision on the future of the bill. Bills moving forward then are considered on the floor of the House and the Senate and a final vote taken.

While committee work moves slowly and carefully, with almost every possible facet and viewpoint considered and discussed, the work on the floor in both chambers, on the other hand, moves very swiftly. So swiftly, in fact, that if members are not fully familiar with Mason's Manual for legislative procedures, as well as House or Senate by-laws, they may find successful passage of bills very elusive. Freshmen are told repeatedly to study the rules, pay attention, stay in seats, and keep quiet. Every word we uttered in the middle of debate, we learned, would appear in a colossal record book at the end of each session, although I must admit that was the last thing in my mind when a good debate got started. Roll call votes were also recorded and made available to the public at the end of each session.

Amazingly, what could have been mayhem never was. In fact, just the opposite, earning the Maine Legislature accolades across the country for civility and order in the way it conducts its business. With no lobbyists or guests allowed on the floor during business, and the sergeant-at-arms running a tight ship as to who enters the doors, legislators are able to complete their work without distractions or interference. With 151 representatives working together, the Speaker of the House and the Clerk of the House must lead the consideration of each item with great authority, respect, and good will; otherwise, little would be accomplished. Although debate can sometimes be heated, it can never be rancorous or disrespectful, and the Speaker conveys that message both with words of caution and with a forceful gavel, a few of which are broken every year.

I can honestly say that all four Speakers under whom I served -- Libby Mitchell, Steve Rowe, Mike Saxl, and Pat Colwell -- were gracious, capable, affable leaders for whom I had the greatest respect. Libby helped me as I stumbled through my first awkward moment as a bill was flying through the chamber one evening when I needed to stop the bill and have it held for further consideration. As I struggled to recall the exact words I was supposed to use, she slowed the pace down immediately as my colleagues and I consulted the rule book. By the time I had reached my third term, I was the one helping others and even began to serve as Speaker Pro Tern on a couple of occasions.

Floor debate was my favorite part of the session. A few bills were debated as the session went along, but the lion's share of them fell upon the chamber during the last six to eight weeks of the session. By this point committees had generally finished most of their work, and it was time for
debate on divided reports. Some could be resolved quickly, but there were always “hot button” issues that touched our partisan, regional, or cultural roots. Sometimes these debates went on for hours. Education, environment, agriculture, children, women, equal rights, fair pay, and privacy, among others always piqued my interest, and I greatly enjoyed witnessing and participating in these debates.

I was known as a strong -- and sometimes, I was told, fierce -- debater. I tried, however, to avoid quick reactions to issues, subscribing to the adage, “If you feel like you’ll bust if you don’t stand up, stay seated.” Usually, I took notes as a debate of interest unfolded and only stood when I could add something to the debate or wanted to offer a new direction. But everyone knew I was not faint-hearted when it came to something I had worked hard on. One such issue produced rousing laughter.

It was barely past 9:30 when I arrived at the State House from Winthrop High one morning in a windy spring downpour. Knowing that the jet ski ban I had worked so hard on for my district was coming up sometime that morning, I did not even bother to remove my raincoat or drop my umbrella and book bag as I rushed through the doors. From the speaker system throughout the halls I could hear a member of the Inland Fisheries and Wildlife committee already speaking loudly on the floor in opposition to the bill, his voice almost bellowing into the microphone. He sat down just as I approached my desk, and without a moment’s hesitation as I stood dripping wet, I leaned into the microphone and announced, “Mr. Speaker!” The House erupted in laughter. Here was the legislator’s arch rival on this issue, and she was sure to provide some morning entertainment. I did not let them down, nor did I let my opponent off the hook, carefully recounting a whole year’s process working with district lake associations that had been determined by his committee. We had followed the letter of the law and were now simply asking for approval. If he wanted to continue to battle, I was ready. Ten minutes later, the bill passed.

But there were many other more memorable debates -- fingerprinting for teachers, equal rights, laptops, budgets, elimination of chlorine from paper making, forestry changes, renovations to the Capitol, minimum wage increases, preservation of wilderness, property tax’s homestead exemption, and others.

Of course, some bills never reached the floor for debate because the committees killed the bills beforehand. One of the toughest places to make change was in the Inland Fisheries and Wildlife committee -- a place where it seemed to me “the good old boys” ran the show and liked to have “business as usual.” Bear baiting and coyote snaring were two such
practices that the committee simply refused to halt, and despite repeated public pressure to repeal the practices, the committee turned a deaf ear. "The Champion of Noble Lost Causes," one journalist joked to me one day in the hall, referencing my ongoing reluctance to give up the fight. Despite the coyote bill's failure, it was determined later that, due to the protected lynx being endangered by these snares, the federal Endangered Species Act had successfully prevented further use of the coyote snare. Maine remains one of the few states in the country to continue to allow bear baiting.

But many of the bills I sponsored or co-sponsored led to success: prescription drugs for the elderly, a plan for a Citizens Center at the Capitol, sustainable forestry, improved water quality for lakes and rivers, consumer protection, agricultural needs, environmental safeguards, and personal privacy, among others.

Outside the halls of the State House, constituent work consumes a large part of any legislator's work day, and mine was no different. Pink slips with messages from constituents stacked up on my desk every morning, and phone messages and e-mails awaited my attention at the end of a long day when I arrived home. All demanded immediate attention. Some were easy to respond to; others went on the To-Do list for the next day, which meant further investigation or problem-solving would be necessary. The caller's need or problem could be anything from the failure of a government agency to come through with information, or the need for help with heating oil for the winter or the problem of stolen identity. Parents called with pleas for help with their children who were in prison and were being unfairly treated or suffered from mental illness. Occasionally, a call set off a search for resources through a maze of bureaucracy, such as an eighty-year-old widow's plea for help with a well that had failed, a search that found success in a little known federal program for the rural elderly. Some just needed to know about a new law, others wanted to know how to participate in the discussion for a new law. Daily newspapers fueled many of the calls: "I just read in the paper that..." the caller would begin, and the concerns were varied. Three calls in particular are examples of situations that would take me on a long road toward both legislation and resolution.

When one parent sadly recounted her concern for her relative in prison who was mentally ill and increasingly despondent, I was shocked to learn that there was only one psychiatrist for the entire prison system and it would take a very long time for the young man to be seen. When I then suggested that the young man see the prison chaplain, she replied sadly, "I tried that. There is none."
I was shocked. Certainly, the young man needed to see the one psychiatrist, and I’d do what I could to make that possible. But if a prisoner is having a difficult time coping with incarceration -- let alone mental illness -- then surely he should have the opportunity to talk to someone who could provide some form of hope. After all, chaplains were required for accredited prisons, as these persons facilitated religious freedom rights for the prisoners. But the relative was right: There was only one full-time chaplain, at the Maine State Prison in Thomaston at the time, in the entire prison system. Most had some form of volunteer system but nothing available on a day-to-day basis.

It would take many pages to describe the next year of addressing this situation at the prison in Windham. After bringing together a task force of some 20 volunteer clergy, Maine Council of Churches, a former prison superintendent, social service workers, and others, we were finally successful in reinstating a full-time chaplain at the Windham Prison after an almost 10-year vacancy. During that time I visited and toured prisons, studied the regulations, met with the Commissioner of Corrections, talked with prisoners at length, and even spent an afternoon behind bars hearing complaints from a half-dozen long-term prisoners who had been displaced and relieved of their prison industry program. Needless to say, I am a changed person after this experience and have become a strong advocate for access to religious freedom opportunities, substance abuse counseling, anger management counseling, prison industries, vocational rehabilitation, and prison-to-community programs. Our task force also concluded that until the public is aware through, perhaps, a media documentary about Maine prison life, voters simply are unconcerned. Build a facility, yes. Lock ‘em up. Forget about them. Crime doesn’t pay. They get what they deserve. I’ve heard it all. What the public fails to realize, however, is that one day most of these prisoners will leave prison. Then what?

The second constituent issue that turned out to be an extremely important request was the lack of potable drinking water in a mobile home park in Winthrop. As I campaigned for the very first time in Pineland Forest off Route 202 in East Winthrop, person after person invited me in to see, smell, and (try to) taste their water. Pale brown water that soiled their laundry, wasn’t fit for tea, never mind drinking water, that corroded their pipes. And there was an even more dangerous situation: the annual winter breakage of sewer pipes that were laid alongside the drinking water pipes which were corroding also. And despite repeated warnings by the Department of Health’s drinking water program to boil all water before drinking, the owners of the park had done nothing to make meaningful
changes. Too poor in most cases to move their mobile homes and simply struggling every day to make a living, they reached out to me for help. One resident catapulted me into action.

Widowed, elderly, diabetic, wheelchair bound, and the primary caregiver for his physically challenged son, the tenant struggled each day to provide meals, keep his home warm, and to shop for food and pick up water each week at the Winthrop Fuel Company water supply -- 32 gallons a week, sunshine, rain, snow, or ice. Something had to be done.

Over the next few months I persuaded the Department of Health to move into action. Locating a federal grant to extend the Augusta Water Department’s system into the mobile home park, the Department then threatened the owner with a suit unless he forked over the money to provide approximately a third of the total cost of the project. Although it took months for every piece of the process to be completed, by the following spring new pipes were carrying the water to the park.

The third example involved multiple calls one early spring from citizens of Fayette regarding the unbelievable condition of Route 17. Seems the Department of Transportation wasn’t planning to do anything for a few more years, but they told me they had a serious situation. A kid had just gotten hurt when a school bus hit one of the many killer potholes as the driver tried to navigate a mine field of them on one stretch. I had heard that roads would be a big concern for all legislators, but little did I know just how effective one State Representative can be when it comes to such problems. My husband and I drove over to the highway and, sure enough, it was just as bad as they had said; in fact, I had never driven over such a terrible road. I was on the phone within minutes talking to the Commissioner.

“We just don’t have the money, Rep. McKee,” he started. But did he know just how really, really awful the road was? I questioned. He said, yes, he did, but I could tell I was getting nowhere. Money had already been budgeted the previous year, and the project would just have to wait.

Well, I didn’t have to wait. Springing into action, I began The Campaign to get the road repaired. Citizens flooded the Department with calls, the town fathers added their support, and I, meanwhile, made sure I saw the Commissioner every day to find out if anything could be done. Finally, one day he said to me, “Well, I guess we’re going to have to do something, or you’re never going to stop coming around here!”

At that point even the Governor threw in his support. The story goes that he was out riding his motorcycle home from the mountains by way of Route 17 when suddenly he hit the Mine Field. Others told me that the Commissioner took him to see the road. Regardless of which story is true,
The Man in Charge had decided this road needed immediate attention. And it got it. It was included in that spring’s budget, and the work began in early summer. During my next campaign for reelection, I traveled over the smoothest stretch of highway you ever saw.

Outreach and education about the Legislature was an obligation we lawmakers shared. The more our constituency knew about how government works, the better informed voters they would be. And so, as a teacher, this duty was a pleasant one. Each year I ushered hundreds of young and old through the halls of the Capitol -- school groups, business leaders, senior citizens, clubs, and organizations, as well as district citizens being honored with Legislative Sentiments. Meeting first in the Welcome Center, I explained how a bill becomes law and the legislative process and acquainted them with the history of the State House. From there we toured the building, noting the portraits and paintings, stopping to observe the fossils imbedded in the granite floors. And, finally, an hour or so in the gallery of the House to watch the proceedings. For many the experience was the first time they had ever visited the State House, and they never left without kind words for a place they now felt very proud of.

It was a particular pleasure during my last two terms to lead tours of the newly renovated and refurbished State House. A dream long in the making, the project addressed a series of safety and health problems related to the old musty, damp tunnel connecting the state office building to the State House, as well as a complete redesign and renovation of the West Wing. The state-of-the-art passageway was now bright with skylight, and the granite walls were etched with words from the three main historic peoples of the state -- Wabanaki, English, and French. The wildlife dioramas created by Klir Beck that once enthralled thousands of Mainers every year in the old museum were moved to the new tunnel, restored and preserved for the future. Best of all, legislators could now work in a comfortably warm or cool environment with a sound system that ensured that every speech or remark could be clearly heard. New committee rooms accommodated hearings much better, art from Maine artists dotted the walls, and the building was finally safe and secure.

Some have inquired if serving in the Legislature was “fun” or if we were “having fun.” Maybe I’m a little more serious than some, but truth be told, the word doesn’t fit. Oh sure, there are times when it’s fun -- especially in the caucus lounge or during the long final nights of the session when almost anything will make us laugh. Sometimes we stood around a piano on the third floor with Rep. Elaine Miller, who led us through dozens and dozens of old favorites as we endured the interminable “breaks” as we
waited for ends to be tied up. Or as we sat half-awake, half-asleep in our seats well after midnight as we talked quietly in small groups. Or the time I took my first trip down the Allagash Wilderness Waterway to learn more about the federally designated waterway in order to understand bills that were coming before my committee. Friendships were built not only on our legislative work together but also with our social events as well.

But I certainly would not include the hundreds of receptions, after-work dinners arranged to acquaint legislators with organizations and businesses of the state, the fund-raising dinners, and the myriad other gatherings which required the public servant to smile, engage in light conversation, and consume yet another hors d’oeuvre, canapé, or casserole. Most of all, at the end of the day I wanted nothing more than to get to Wayne as soon as possible, have dinner with my husband, and hit the sack.

Public service is, indeed, hard, hard work. But it is enjoyable, engaging, interesting, and rewarding. I am proud to have served the towns of Wayne, Fayette, and Winthrop for eight years, and I will never forget the experience. My attic is filled with boxes and memorabilia from the four terms, and I have been forever changed by the events saved in those boxes.

A woman’s place is, indeed, in the House – and in the Senate too!
FIRST THANKSGIVING
By Linda Rogers McKee

Anyone who attended the North Wayne School while Edna Wallingford was the teacher never forgot her. For some twenty years she commanded the respect of her students through her ability to manage a one-room classroom of students from sub-primary to grade eight, ranging in age from five to fourteen. She was tough and firm, kind and gentle, smart and quick. In short, she endeared herself to a generation of North Wayne children in the 1930s and '40s.

And no one remembered her more poignantly than the late Ralph Dana, a former governor of the Passamaquoddy Indian tribe in Washington County, who shared the following story with me. Our paths met in 1994 at his home near Perry at Pleasant Point -- or "Sipayik," as Ralph called it -- one of Maine's two Passamaquoddy population centers, the second at Indian Township in Princeton. I had received a yearlong sabbatical from my teaching duties at Winthrop High School to accept a national Teacher-Scholar award by the National Endowment for the Humanities to study Maine's four Native tribes and the connections between the stories of their oral tradition and their distinct world view. My interviews included tribal elders, tribal leaders, artists, musicians and educators. When I interviewed Ralph, I was surprised that he knew about Wayne. He said he had lived there once as a boy and he had attended the North Wayne School.

"I will never forget what happened in that school, and I will never forget the teacher," he said as his eyes began to mist." L.R.M.

RALPH WAS TEN YEARS OLD when he arrived on Lovejoy Pond in North Wayne in the mid-1930s with his mother Mary to live with Simon Gabriel, a fellow Passamaquoddy and friend. Simon made and sold baskets made of sweet grass and ash splints and peddled them from his canoe to summer folks on the pond. Living in a tent at water's edge, the three began to construct a small rustic cabin with neighbor Nelson Rankin's help, using logs they felled on his nearby farm.

Young Ralph Francis, as he was known then, was happy to come to North Wayne with his mother, Mary Dana. For several years the boy had been living at Pleasant Point with his maternal grandparents, Frank and Elizabeth Francis, while Mary worked in a distant city after graduating from the Carlisle Indian School in Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

Now she was an educated, strong, independent woman, and she had decided it was time to come home and live with her family again. At first,
things went well as she settled back into the family. It was good to be home again and to return to St. Ann’s Catholic Church for worship.

But soon old wounds began to gnaw at her. Ever since the church had been established and Indians had embraced Catholicism there, no Indian had been allowed burial inside the fence of the church cemetery. Instead, they were laid to rest outside the fence, a practice Mary and others found particularly unacceptable and offensive. When her disagreement with the current priest became particularly heated, she decided she had had enough of the prejudicial treatment. She would leave the Point again, but this time young Ralph would go with her.

But he did not look forward to changing schools, even though his experience at the Beatrice Rafferty School at Pleasant Point had been anything but pleasant. Having been forbidden to speak his native Passamaquoddy language, the child had struggled to find meaning in what he had been taught by the school’s Catholic nuns. He said he had simply memorized a lot of catechism in English without really understanding what he was saying.

However, when he entered the two-story, one-room schoolhouse at North Wayne, he knew immediately that it was a place where he wanted to stay. Mrs. Wallingford, his new teacher, was different.

“She seemed to understand. No Indian had had that response, that welcome,” he remembered about his first day there. “I was introduced as a special person,” he said, and his class of eighteen pupils, following her lead, accepted him immediately.

As for grade placement, Mrs. Wallingford was clear about where he needed to be. “When I left the Catholic school, I was in sixth grade, but Mrs. Wallingford said I belonged in fourth, and so I was put back,” he said, recalling his lack of preparation at that point.

Finding new friends — Ezra Smith, Merle Davis and others — he adapted quickly to his new surroundings. Ralph became “Weegee” or “Luncas” and amazed the boys with his outdoor skills. They especially liked his “pick,” an Indian sled which was propelled by two sharp “picks” made from wood. During the winter Ralph would slide quickly to school over frozen Lovejoy Pond to the North Wayne dam, just a stone’s throw to the school.

At recess the boy and his new friends played hopscotch or marbles on the front playground or baseball across the street from the school or slid in winter on the long clear hill behind the school. In the spring Mrs. Wallingford sometimes took the children to the dam for a picnic, and during the
afternoons they might practice plays on the stage in the large sunny room upstairs.

School, which lasted until four o’clock each day, always broke for an hour for lunch, and children who lived nearby ran home to eat. Others brought their lunches. But if a child had nothing to eat, Mrs. Wallingford would cross the road and go up to her home in front of the North Wayne Church to find something for the child to eat.

And though Ralph was quite happy at the school, there was precious little money for clothes, and the boy experienced many bitterly cold mornings as he walked to school before the ice froze. Luckily, the folks at the neighboring farm, the Rankins, noticed his situation and helped out. Cora and Nelson had no children of their own and took quickly to the little Indian boy. “I loved animals, and they’d let me feed them,” Ralph said. “They were very kind.”

Soon the kind couple began to invite him to stay for supper, and they asked if he would like to spend the night there. Then they surprised him with a coat and sweaters for Christmas and skates not long after.

But it was just before his first Thanksgiving at the school when Mrs. Wallingford said something that made an indelible impression on the young Indian boy, and changed forever his personal image of himself.

Mrs. Wallingford had started the day as usual with the ringing of the old school bell at eight o’clock. Mid-November, it was already cold, and the children rushed in to warm their hands over the iron grate registers in the floor where the hot air from the wood furnace rose into the classroom. As always, Joe Wallingford, North Wayne’s postmaster and Edna’s husband, had arrived much earlier that morning and started the fire, and the older boys had gone to the basement to add firewood and bank it for the day.

Ralph settled into his desk in the middle of the classroom among his friends. The younger students sat up front close to the teacher and the older ones in the back. After attendance was taken, everyone rose to recite the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag and the Lord’s Prayer. They took their seats quietly. It was time for learning.

Mrs. Wallingford began to talk about the Thanksgiving holiday and activities that would be coming up very soon. She spoke of the first Thanksgiving when Indians supplied food to the new colony of Pilgrims, without which the colonists would surely have perished.

Then she announced very seriously, “You know, there is only one true American in our school.”

Students became suddenly very quiet. Merle Davis, a retired clock and watch repairman, recounting that morning fifty years later from Nichol-
son’s Nursing Home, remembered vividly his own shock at the announce-
ment. “We were astonished. What did she mean?”

Upset by the words, some students began to cry. But the teacher con-
tinued.

“The only true American,” Mrs. Wallingford explained, “is Ralph
Francis.” All eyes fell on Ralph.

“That really touched us all,” said Merle, wiping a tear from his eye.

For young Ralph it was a pivotal moment in his life. “I had never felt
so proud in my life,” he said, remembering her kind words about Native
Americans. To a boy who could not get a haircut in a white barbershop,
who had suffered tauntings as a boy, who had known pain, poverty and
prejudice his whole life, that day was important. The way she had regarded
him would be the way his fellow students would regard him, and he knew
she had made an important statement. He could feel pride finally as an
Indian.
“Mrs. Wallingford was the best teacher I ever had, parochial and public. She was compassionate, and she had a loving, iron hand. I will never forget her,” he said.

After three years at North Wayne, Ralph spent one year at the Mount Vernon school before returning to Pleasant Point. There he assumed his mother’s name and became Ralph Dana and entered Eastport High School. But World War II interrupted his education when he was a senior and took him as a member of the Navy to the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the South Pacific. He returned to Maine in 1946 and graduated from Eastport High.

In 1951 he married a Passamaquoddy woman, Hazel Bassett, a nurse, and they moved to Massachusetts in order for Ralph to attend the Franklin Technology Institute where he studied tool and dye-making. Upon graduation, he spent twenty-two years at Raytheon Corporation outside Boston. During this time the couple had four children – Glen, Marilyn, Ralph, and Sheila – and at the time of the interview, they had nine grandchildren.

Ralph was elected the Passamaquoddy Governor at Pleasant Point after he and his wife moved back to Pleasant Point for retirement. He died in 2002.

Note: This story in its original form, “Passamaquoddy Indian Recalls Life in Wayne” by Linda Rogers McKee, first appeared in The Mainer July 15, 1994.

Historically, the town of Wayne has been blessed with teachers who in the best sense of the word can be termed memorable, and among them Edna Wallingford by all accounts ranks among the most memorable. Elsewhere in this book, in the story titled “A Simpler Time” by Betsy Connor Bowen, Mrs. Wallingford also appears in the narrative accompanied by a poignant photograph of her taken in 1922.
OCTOBER 18, 1941: “Lila Gale Lincoln; The Town of Wayne, having lost its Town Clerk by resignation we do in accordance with the laws of the State of Maine hereby appoint you Deputy Town Clerk within and for the Town of Wayne until a Town Clerk is duly elected.” The appointment was signed by the town’s three selectmen; Ernest H. Brown, Maurice T. Newcomb and Malcolm M. Soule.

This is the way Lila Lincoln began her many years of service in the town of Wayne. Mrs. Carol Burgess, the then Town Clerk was in poor health and wished to retire. After Lila’s appointment it was called to the attention of the Town Office that Lila was not yet 21 years of age, and therefore could not legally serve as the Town Clerk, but could assist Mrs. Burgess with her duties and in turn learn the responsibilities of being Wayne Town Clerk. At the March 9, 1942 Annual Town Meeting, Lila was elected Town Clerk, and she continued to serve in this position until 1974.

December 19, 2006: “Lila Gale Lincoln, 86, died Saturday, Dec. 16, at her home in Winthrop.” This begins her obituary which on the 19th appeared in the Kennebec Journal. It notes details of her career along with her many civic and social activities during her longtime residence in Wayne, and named are members of Lila’s numerous family including four great-grandchildren. Finally, near the obituary’s end is noted “A memorial celebration of her life will be held at 11 a.m. on Thursday, Dec. 28 at the Wayne Community Church.”

On the 28th cars began arriving early. They soon filled the church’s parking area, then for a considerable distance cars were lined up along both sides of Old Winthrop Road. Well before 11 o’clock the church was already packed beyond capacity. They were people from Winthrop as well as Wayne and elsewhere who had known and loved Lila most of all simply for the person she was.

Earlier that Fall it was suggested that for the collection included in this book I write a paper about Lila and her years of service in Wayne. I was pleased. I have always admired and respected this lovely lady, her knowledge, her caring, her sense of humor, what a person!! With a tape recorder in hand, I soon began what I hoped would be a series of visits at her home in Winthrop, each time for a conversation that would bring out memories
of her life as a town official in Wayne, and especially of the period when she first became Town Clerk.

I guess I didn’t myself see how fragile Lila’s health had become. I knew she was receiving dialysis three times a week and that isn’t a simple thing, but she seemed so nonchalant — like it was nothing. She would go for dialysis one day and the next day she would be out for lunch with the Red Hat Girls! One day I called to see if I could stop by; “Oh, goodness, I’m having women in for lunch and play bridge!” she replied.

Almost exactly a year earlier Lila had been featured in a news story in the Kennebec Journal titled “Democratic Tradition.” It was accompanied by a staff photo of Lila which captures perfectly her remarkable spirit.

“Lila Lincoln laughs as she puts an ‘I Voted Today’ sticker on a voter’s hand.”

Kennebec Journal, November 9, 2005: staff photo by Joe Phelan

Lila had been living in Winthrop for some time and was a volunteer Ballot Clerk for the town. “Election Day for Lila Lincoln is more than just voting on state and local issues,” the article begins. “Like Thanksgiving and Christmas, Election Day is one day Lincoln just can’t miss. And for 65 years she hasn’t.”

“After casting their votes Winthrop residents received a sticker from Lincoln, 85, who worked the polls Tuesday, her 65th Election Day in a row. According to the Secretary of State’s Office, Lincoln is among Maine’s top
three most experienced poll workers, whether as a town employee or volunteer at the polls.” The article continues, describing Lila’s election history as beginning in Wayne “with her first position as a deputy clerk. But it was not her intention to become an election clerk when she first started. Actually, she said, it happened kind of by accident”:

The Town Clerk (in Wayne) was ill and lived across the street from my father-in-law, and she asked me to fill in for her after I said I knew a little bit about being a clerk since I had a girl-friend at the Winthrop Town Office.

“When it came time to actually help run the election, Lincoln needed help herself. She drove from Wayne to Winthrop to ask officials there about election procedures. Other than that, she doesn’t remember much. ‘I was too nervous to pay attention to anything else. I was so scared that I was going to mess it up. ’”

Lila grew up in Winthrop, helping her mother operate the Winthrop Hospital. She did the laundry, helped with the cooking, changed beds, scrubbed floors. Lila knew how to work. After her high school graduation Lila Gale and Tink Lincoln were married, living in a small apartment in Tink’s grandparents’ house on Wayne’s Back Street. Tink was soon off to serve in World War II and Lila, along with her Town Clerk position, worked at the Crutch Factory in Wayne where she operated a drill press. Also during the war years Lila served veterans in the local Red Cross chapter, and was part of the town’s Aircraft Warning Service and the Emergency Feeding Program.

My visits with Lila continued but were limited to the days between her trips to the hospital for treatment. She spoke of moving the files from Mrs. Burgess’s house to Lila’s tiny desk in her tiny apartment. All the records were in old cardboard boxes, along with a good batch of spiders and bugs! Mrs. Lincoln, Tink’s grandmother, knew how to solve that problem and on a nice sunny spring day all the records were hung on the clothes line for the sun to cleanse and heal them.

In 1950 Tink was elected to the Wayne Tax Collector position and held this position until 1954, when he was appointed Postmaster for the Wayne Post Office. At the next Town Meeting Lila ran for Tax Collector and was easily voted in. She now combined the two positions and continued to work out of her home on Back Street. She posted her office hours; however, we all know folks knocked on her door at all hours of the day or night wanting that fishing or hunting license – we never plan ahead!
Lila began to see many changes in the state and town governments and felt it was time to give up the Town Clerk position and center on the Tax Collector duties. At the 1974 Town Meeting Diane Lee was elected Town Clerk and held that position for two years.

In 1975 Lila asked if the town would give her additional help. Audrey Goucher was elected Deputy Tax Collector. Audrey and Lila worked out of Lila's house until 1978 when a building in North Wayne was turned into the Wayne Town Office. However, things weren't quite what they had hoped for – they had NO running water and only a small electric heater for heat – but they managed. Lila and Audrey both laughed at the fun times they had working together, even with no water. I think perhaps that no water was not as big a problem to them as the mouse problems were!

Lila retired in 1981. For her retirement, Wayne held a Lila Lincoln Day at the year's Great Wayne Fair and a grand retirement party for her at the Yacht Club. As her obituary notes, "Lila was active in the Wayne community in years past. She taught Sunday School and the Methodist Youth group of the Wayne Community Church, and was involved with the Scouts. She was past Matron of Order of the Eastern Star, Anthony Wayne Chapter, an officer in the Wayne Yacht Club, and a member of the Wayne Friday Club. She was active in the state Republican Party, Wayne Library Association Board, school PTA, National Active and Retired Federal Employees Association, and Wayne Athletic Association." And most recently Lila had been a much valued "History Helper" at the Wayne Elementary School.

From her obituary we also learn that "She was most proud of being one of 13 people to complete an 11-week seminar in management practices for Maine towns and cities from the University of Maine at Augusta. She and Ruth D. Ault were the only females to finish the course out of 32 men and women in the class." Mrs. Ault was on the Board of Selectmen for many years. It was a time when women were rarely to be found in town government, and she and Lila shared in the knowledge that "petticoat government" could be suspect in the public's mind.

For 66 years the Town of Wayne was blessed with a rare gem, in the diminutive form of LILA LINCOLN we were very fortunate to have such a special person. The memories of Lila and her smile will hold a warm spot in our hearts for many years to come.
Note: In 1976 the author herself was elected to the office of Town Clerk, a position she held until 1989. Her admiration for her predecessor is best expressed in a personal note she writes at the close of this memoir: “Lila — you will always be my hero. I only hope, should I have to endure what you have faced, I will be half as brave as you. Thank you Lila for giving so many years of your life to the Town of Wayne and all its people.”
SUMMER DAYS GONE BY
AND OTHER MEMOIRS OF WAYNE
By Susan Jane Sies

In loving memory of Maurice J. Roderick and his wife Edith — without whom we children might never have come to know Wayne; and Dale H. Sies and his wife, Dorothea Hansen — my mother and father — who made it all possible.

CHILDREN ROLL IN FREEDOM across the two-tiered lawn in the warm summer evenings. Croquet mallets click against wooden balls as visitors challenge one another in this game of skill. Later evening finds the three-sided porch a haven for card games, reading and music. The tall rockers, located in convenient nesting places, render quiet and ease to the reader. The bridge tables are arranged and the guests welcome this diversion.

Music wafts over the porch, emanating from the second parlor, the music room. The ancient wind-up Victrola hosts Enrico Caruso singing his famous arias, and an old-fashioned upright piano beckons those guests with nimble fingers and a desire to sing. "Juanita soft o'er the fountain" is played and heard nearly every evening.

Across the hall from this room, guests lounge before a corner fireplace, mantled and elegant in its simplicity. Facing it, a low comfortable horsehair sofa cushions weary travelers and guests. Elaborate woodwork, framing the doorways and windows throughout, is reflected in the mirror over the fireplace, creating a three-dimensional effect. Everything is old and lovingly polished in this room. The high oak French doors sealing it from the rest of the house allow peace and quiet to reign undisturbed.

It is 1941, and I am a child in this household, this grand old structure with its wrap-around porches and lots of places for children to run and hide, and we do. In the barn, under the porch, up into the trees and out into the fields behind. It is a child's dream to have this kind of room, to play and laugh and make noise. We are expected to dress for dinner, a ritual that seems unnecessary and entirely too proper. We are children, after all, and children jump and climb and run and play and get dirty. But we are considered young ladies and gentlemen. So we do as we are told, and we visit with the guests and wait patiently for the after-dinner hour to come to a close, so that we might prepare for our next adventure. A trip to the general store for licorice or penny candy, perhaps; or better yet — a journey into the darkness of the night to catch fireflies in a jar.
This place, so lovingly tended by my Aunt Ede and Uncle Maurice, holds a special kind of welcome for us; it is a safe haven from the city and a place where we can, literally, reach for the stars they seem so near. They have sighted German U-boats in Long Island Sound, and the decision is made to move to Maine where we will be, it is hoped, safe from any hostile attack. My father continues his work as a businessman, his territory now stretching along the entire eastern seaboard. We see him every third weekend or so, when he brings food, coffee, and gas rations for his growing family.

The shelves in the pantry stretch high up in the ceiling, and I am fascinated by the mangle that is in the room off the kitchen, to press the sheets and other linens used by the guests. We have chores to do in the morning – to empty the chamber pots in the upstairs bedrooms, and to change the sheets and make up the beds in all of the other guest rooms. The boys help Maurice with other projects and we girls hurry through the morning dishes and washing up.

But when our chores are done, we are free to whisper our secrets to the wind, and to give the sunshine and the rain a chance to help us grow. We are children to another time, in a time that celebrated radio and reading, politics and good conversation. We are well fed and well loved. And because of this, our fears are few and our plans for the future, big. It is a time too good to last.

AUNT EDE

AUNT EDE WAS A PLUMP LITTLE SPARROW: not that she wasn’t beautiful in her gold tinted stockings and green silk finery; just that she was short.

Mostly I remember her in flowered coverall apron preparing breakfast and dinner for the guests. She was married to Uncle Maurice, a lean dark-haired man with the elegance of a prince and the agility of an Indian.

Nights he organized card games, checkers and croquet for the guests. Days, he guided them fishing – I guess I am the only one privy to his secret fishing spots on Lake Pocasset.

My warmest memories of Wayne in the 1930s was being hugged by Aunt Ede and being given pennies from the tin can bank she kept in her dresser drawer. I would run to the little ice cream parlor in the middle of the village to buy the long paper candy they stocked. Then I would sit,
contentedly, on the lush green front lawn of the inn – popping the sweet pink, yellow, blue and white confections into my mouth.

Usually this was a real treat at dusk; fireflies were beginning to congregate, and I had close beside me my glass jar with the nail hole lid to confine them. Some lucky nights as many as twenty lit up the jar like a fisherman’s lantern.

While I was chasing fireflies, guests were cracking croquet balls, jostling each other and joking about missed shots.

It was a time of wonder for me, mellow summer evenings, gentle laughter, stars flickering on the horizon.

Jet planes fly the heavens now, space craft venture beyond. But my heart returns again and again to these two people, and to the inn I loved in a tiny village in Maine.

December, 1989. This piece originally appeared in the Wayne Winthrop Mainer.

FRIENDS
Another tale of the Maureda Inn as told to the author by her sister, Sally Sies Green

WHILE I WAS A YOUNG CHILD of six or seven, a man as black as the high ebony boots he wore, sat across from me at a small table and laid before me a well-worn checkerboard, a relic of the Maureda Inn. Patiently, he proceeded to instruct me in the fine art of checkers.

I believe his name was Mr. West, however I heard him referred to simply as a “boy from the south.” He was a man-in-waiting for the renowned Governor from Pennsylvania, Governor Brumbaugh, one of the many returning guests my Aunt Ede welcomed every summer. Governor and Mrs. Brumbaugh, and their chauffeur, Mr. West.

They arrived early in the summer and left late in the fall. I stayed with my parents in a large downstairs bedroom and Mr. West lived over the barn. I was aware only of this kind, gentle man who brightened the early evening of a small, shy child.

His graceful hands placed the red and black tokens on the musty board.

I wanted to ask him, what color was the polish he had shined those gentle hands with?
They gleamed in the firelight of my Aunt Ede's parlor. I was mesmerized; the logs in the fireplace blazed up and created a dancing reflection of he and I in the mantled mirror over the hearth. He as black as the darkening sky, and I as white as the daisies in a field.

Our hands touched as we moved these pieces over the board, and I wondered if some of that rich black color would run off on me. Wistfully, I hoped that it might— I felt so white, so very unfinished. If only I could be placed back in God's oven for another ten minutes or so, in order to be truly baked proper.

It was not until the other guests came away from supper to the parlor and by a nod, he folded the board and we quit our game.

They patted me on the head with comments, "Such a sweet child."

I turned and my mentor at the checkerboard had quietly and efficiently exited himself from the parlor.

It was the 1930s and I was color-blind.

Summer, circa 1935

SPACES

Years ago, in a small New England village
there lived two old women.
One in a weatherworn, ramshackle Colonial
home in the center of town.
The other in a green-shuttered tidy English
cottage at the other end of town.

As a child, I would watch for the Colonial lady as she made her daily pilgrimage to the "general store."
Dressed in a tired winter coat covering a faded housedress, her oversized galoshes squishing as she walked thru the melting snow.
She carried on her arm a small aged wicker basket.

Then approaching the store myself, I would see the English lady, wrapped in a warm mackinaw with two black
Scotties tethered to her small gloved hands.  
Greying hair, done in two small pigtails, bobbed as she made her way thru the slush to the store.  
She, too, carried a wicker basket on her arm.

In her house, there was a small bedroom.  
And in that bedroom, a tiny door as high as children are high.  
Beyond that door, painted on the walls, all the creatures of Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland, and Alice.  
She had allowed village children to view this room, if you were very quiet.

How I wish these two wicker-basketed ladies and I had shared a Tea Party those many years ago.

September, 1987

Note: These and other pieces appear in a short book published in 2006 by the author’s daughter Amy under the title Fireflies and Penny Candy. As introduction Amy writes:

Susan Jane Sies is the author of numerous poems and short pieces that explore life ‘the way it used to be’ in a small New England town called Wayne, Maine. Susan’s love of literature, writing and nature’s gifts — wildflowers, birds, and woodland creatures — often serve as her inspiration. She takes genuine pleasure in the simplest things in life — good conversation, a bit of laughter, kindness, gentleness, and hope. It is with great pleasure that I present her work to you, not only as her daughter, but as her lifelong student.

Built in 1896, The Mansion as the inn was named at first, is described in the History of Wayne published only two years later as “an ornament to the village.” Located directly opposite Wayne’s present-day post office, the Maureda Inn was destroyed by fire in January of 1943. All that remains is the onetime stable, long since converted to a private residence.
IT IS A VERY SPECIAL PRIVILEGE for me today to pay tribute to Helen Filene Ladd — distinguished alumna, longtime benefactress of Skidmore, and a cherished personal friend.

How fitting it is that Skidmore's memorial tribute to Helen Ladd occurs in conjunction with the Alumni Recognition Ceremony, an occasion for celebration and public acknowledgement of contributions made by individuals to the College Helen affectionately called her “other home.” Seventeen years ago Helen herself was the recipient of this public acknowledgement, receiving both an honorary doctorate and, within the same year, the first Alumna Award Medal, in recognition of her dedicated support of Skidmore, a support that had been visible from the time of her enrollment in 1918.

And, indeed, how fitting it is that today we concurrently honor George Ladd, Helen’s beloved husband and friend for over 60 years. It is almost impossible to speak of one without the other, because they were truly partners in all of their undertakings, each anxious to credit the other for deeds accomplished and success achieved. So often I would call Helen and George to report glowingly and gratefully on some activity in the Music Department which had been made possible through their personal generosity, coupled with the generous support of the Filene Foundation. Helen, on one line, would respond: “Well, you know that George is really responsible for all this.” George, on the other phone, would immediately contradict: “The credit goes to Helen; this is all Helen’s doing.” I, of course, knew the truth — that Helen and George were both dreamers, dreamers capable of turning dreams into realities which have benefited the lives of so many of us here today.

As I was preparing this tribute, I reread several articles that had appeared in local newspapers at the time of Helen’s death. One headline, in particular, seemed to summarize my thoughts. It read: “HELEN LADD LOVED TO GIVE, HER FRIENDS REMEMBER.” We don’t have to look very far to find evidence of Helen’s material gifts. Those of us who teach and study in Filene Music Building, to name but one example, are reminded each day of our good fortune in being able to work in surroundings that are aesthetically pleasing as well as functional and practical. But Helen’s dream didn’t stop there. With George, she envisioned
a program that would attract talented music students to the Liberal Arts College she so believed in. This at a time when national funding to the arts was waning and business-related programs seemed to be growing in importance. The result of this dream—a proposal to the Lincoln and Therese W. Filene Foundation, who believed in us and made the dream come true. How much this meant to Helen can be seen, I think, so clearly in the look on her face as she hugged one of the Filene scholars after the concert last fall. You perhaps saw this picture in the Skidmore Scope.

I could, of course, refer to so many other examples of Helen’s beneficences, not only to her alma mater, but additionally to Bates College and to her own community in Wayne, Maine and, I’m sure, to places I don’t even know of. Of equal, if not greater, importance to these material gifts, however, were the spiritual ones. Reading the articles that appeared about Helen in her hometown’s local newspapers, which quoted friends and acquaintances who had known her over a lifetime, one is struck by the repetition of such phrases as “personal concern for others,” “thinking of other people,” “always time to talk to you and give you a little love,” etc. I didn’t really need to read these phrases; I could have written them, as could have our faculty and students, in whom Helen always took a special interest. The Filene scholars, in particular, were greatly impressed by the fact that Helen wanted to know them individually, was concerned for their welfare, and was so anxious to share the joy of their debut concert last fall that she endured a four-hour delay at the Boston airport.

Yes, as the headline stated, Helen Ladd loved to give. And I doubt that Helen was aware of many of the gifts she gave us: her joyous, buoyant spirit, her infectious vitality and enthusiasm, her trust and confidence, her warm hospitality, her thoughtful and loving concern. These are the gifts her friends remember and for all of them we are most grateful.

Quoting excerpts from Ecclesiastes (3, 1-5):

There is an appointed time for everything . . .
A time to be born, and a time to die . . .
A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance.

We have wept and we have mourned. Today, at this Alumni Recognition Ceremony, we laugh, we dance, we sing, we play—in all we celebrate the memory of a valiant woman and share the joy of her family in this honor that will be bestowed upon her husband, George.

Isabelle Williams
Note: In 1972, Hattie Harwood, a longtime and much beloved summer resident on Androscoggin Lake, was honored on the occasion of her 90th birthday with a special celebration in the Wayne Community Church Fellowship Hall. Among guests at the celebration was Helen Ladd, seen here in a snapshot photograph greeting Hattie seated at left. It captures, in a way no formal photograph could, Helen Ladd’s “joyous, buoyant spirit.”

In Wayne. Helen and George Ladd are remembered for numerous gifts, with chief among them the Ladd Recreation Center. Less familiar are others, including a major gift for a much needed expansion to Wayne’s Elementary School. Other “material” gifts remain to this day unknown, gifts to less fortunate townspeople in time of need, and who most often never knew from whom they came.

Helen Ladd died in 1983, on a dark afternoon in November, struck by a pickup truck as she was crossing the street in front of her home on Wayne’s Main Street. George Ladd lived but three years longer when in 1986 he, too, passed away.
IT IS NOW JANUARY, 1994. I want to reflect on school days in my home town of Wayne, Maine, from September, 1923 until June, 1930. I remember my brother, Ford Berry, went to school three years ahead of me. He seemed to enjoy going off daily to school and therefore, I looked forward to the time when I, too, could go to school.

At that time children entered the first grade of school at the age of six. My birthday was in June, and I started school in September of 1923. We traveled by horse and wagon in the Fall and Spring and in a pung in Winter. We lived on a farm on the plateau, near Gordon Cemetery on Berry Road, and it was a good three miles or so to get to school.

Actually, the trip to school was longer than the direct distance from my house because we took a rather circuitous route to pick up other students. We went up Berry Road to what is now known as The King's Highway, then on to what is now Route 133. If students lived along that route toward the north, we turned right, then down the hill to what is now Tucker Road. Then around Beech Hill, and eventually we came to the School building on Old Winthrop Road. This was a pleasant experience because on pleasant days we could enjoy the beauty of the skies, see animal tracks such as deer, mouse, rabbit, fox, and bird. After some snow falls, the snow would be exceedingly beautiful as it sparkled in the sun. Sometimes, the snowflakes were unusually large and we enjoyed looking at their shapes as they fell on our coats, blankets, or robes.

In cold weather, we would take a soapstone which our mothers had heated on the stove at home, wrapped in newspaper to keep our feet warm. We had buffalo robes to wrap ourselves in, robes made from the skin of the buffalo from the western part of North America. On the way home, our soapstones now cold, we had no heat to keep our feet warm. We went to school unless we were sick. I remember only one day that the weather was so cold, snowy, and with such high winds that caused heavy drifting, that my parents allowed me to stay home.

Maybe this is a good place to describe the pung which we used in the Winter. It replaced a sleigh which would not carry many people. It was like a long box atop two sets of wooden runners, curved up at the ends with metal strips on the bottoms. There were two runners in the front and two in the back, with three bench-like seats across the box. Winfred Walton,
Evelyn Randall’s father, or her brother Warren drove the one horse that pulled the pung. One of the horses was named Lady May. I think Mr. Walton had two horses which he used alternately so that one could rest. In the Fall and Spring, wherever the roads were level and smooth, the horse might trot along. Otherwise, the horse walked. It was hard work especially when the roads were muddy or drifted. The roads were rolled in winter, not plowed as they are today, and the men had to shovel the big drifts by hand. At times, we could go up and down the drifts, and sometimes the pung runners would scrape along bare ground where the snow had blown away and sparks would fly when we passed over certain rocks. This kind of travel was tiring for the horse. The driver and horse would return home, and come back at the close of school to pick up students and take them back home.

Later, I think it was in the Fall of 1926, we had a school bus that was made in Thomaston, at the State Prison. We entered through the rear door which was divided vertically and had a narrow window in each door. The seats, like benches, were made of wood and were placed along each side of the bus. There were windows high above the seats, and I think the bus held about 15 maybe 20 students. Sam Jowett, who operated Jowetts Garage in the village, was the bus driver all during my school days and even years later when our children attended the Wayne School. At first, due to the road conditions, the bus was not used during Winter months nor during the muddy season. Of course, we had a major vacation during the Mud Season in March or April, as the roads were impassible even with a horse. Other than vacation days and holidays, the only time we had off were the days for Teachers’ Convention, which occurred once a year from noon on a Wednesday through Friday in October.

The school building we attended was made from the former Free-Will Baptist Church. It was located between what is now Cary Memorial Library and a house on its north side, a distance I think of no more than four to six feet. Of course, the distance is a child's-eye memory. But, it was very close, and where the Library stands now was a good part of our playground. Pictured above is a postal card view of the building as it appeared during this time. The exterior of the school was painted white. It faced the street with the rear half fitting the shelf-like contour of the land with one classroom in the back basement, and a wood storage area under the building toward the road. At one time, this building included the Wayne High School. I know because my mother was graduated from there.

When I entered First Grade, the classroom was located in the basement with three outside walls, with two windows overlooking the
millstream, and two half windows in the adjacent wall which allowed us to look out on our playground. At the front of the classroom were two large slate blackboards separated by a window which was always closed by shutters. On the wall above the closed window was a framed print of Millet's "Feeding Her Birds," and elsewhere a portrait of George Washington, and our wind-up clock with Roman numerals on its face, and fancy hour and minute hands. It was a pleasant room. The First, Second, Third, and Fourth Grades were all in this one room.

We had Miss Maude Bridges, from Wilton, as our teacher. She was a gentle lady and a wonderful teacher. She printed just beautifully -- I can still see her lists of phonetically rooted words, spelling words, or arithmetic facts we had to learn, all on the blackboard. We really had a wonderful education. My mother said Wayne was fortunate to have Mr. Herbert Chase as our Superintendent of Schools. He was innovative, forward looking and dedicated to better education, and he insisted on an in-depth curriculum. Unlike most school officials today, he lived in Wayne, in a big white house on Pond Road. We had pencils, rulers, crayons and plenty of paper to use, and I do not recall any criticism of our generous use of them. My reading book was the "Progressive Road to Reading." I remember the day I really learned to read. We were reading about Dickie Dare. As Dickie Dare walked to school, he met many different animals. One day, he met a cow. That impressed me. The cow said, "Moo." And there it was in print!

We had rows of stationary desks and seats -- not chairs but seats that were attached to the desks in back of each of us, seats that were hinged and
flipped down. Each desk had a little ink well built into the surface in the upper right hand corner, with an attached sliding cover to close it and keep the ink clean and to prevent it from drying up. The desks had wrought-iron scroll work for side closures, and inside the desks we kept our books and essential school equipment. Whenever we had to recite, we went to the front of the classroom and sat in front of the rows of seats to read or to be taught as a grade. As for other students, it was a temptation to listen, especially to listen to grades at a higher level.

We did not have what is known today as “work books.” In the Primary grades, I remember little printed numbers and signs on paper squares that we had to put together, 1+1=2 and so forth, with all the basic math facts in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. We put them together on our desk tops and Miss Bridges would come around and correct our work. Sometimes we would have a Spelling Bee, but not too often.

From the first day of school, our teachers read stories to us every day after lunch for about 15 minutes. The time we spent in school I recall was from 8:30 to 12:00, an hour for lunch, a 15-minute recess in mid morning and again in the afternoon. School was over at 3:30.

In Winter, we had hot lunches that Miss Bridges prepared to supplement our lunch box food. She would make a kettle of corn chowder, a pot of baked beans, beef stew, or tomato soup. She would cook it right there starting early in the morning on the stove which heated the classroom, a stove with a pipe that went up and along the ceiling.

At recess, we would go outside to play on comfortable days, while on rainy, stormy, or very cold days we played in the classroom. Indoor games included “Squirrel and Nut,” “Magic Carpet” (with music from the Victrola), or we played singing games or wrote on the blackboard. When we went outside, we played under the trees over by the corner of the lot where now stands the Library. As of this writing, two of the same trees are still standing there. We used to draw outlines in the dirt for the rooms of our houses, and called it playing house. The girls would play there and the boys would play games of ball elsewhere. Sometimes we had organized games, singing games such as “Farmer in the Dell,” “Ring Around the Rosie,” “London Bridge,” and “Go in and out the Windows.” Other games were “Hide and Seek,” “Red Light-Green Light,” “Mother, Mother May I?,” “Hop Scotch,” and various kinds of Tag and Jump Rope. I do not remember exactly what year, it might have been the Sixth Grade, but when we returned in the Fall we had a beautiful new playground. There were three swings, two or three teeters, rings, and a trapeze, again in the area of the big trees. This was very special equipment for those days.
When I was in the Third Grade, we seemed to have extra time. So, Miss Bridges thought it would be a good idea to have us make a quilt. Each of us embroidered a stenciled shape of an animal on a square of muslin and sewed our initials onto the square. A parent would take the finished squares and make it into a quilt. I have one somewhere in my house that we made that year.

We had music and art appreciation. We used “Perry Picture Prints of Art,” and could order prints for a penny each if we wanted to. We also had a Victrola with flat records to provide music. I would like to explain this in more detail because it was the first such music I had been exposed to, since in our home we had only my mother's piano, which she played on a professional level. We had no records, radio, tapes or television. The music from school was my first introduction to instrumental music. The Victrola was about 18 inches square and 8 to 9 inches high. It was made of wood and had a metal crank on the side for winding it up. Records were put on a turntable with a needle suspended in a weighted arm from above, which was placed on the outermost groove and spiraled toward the center as it produced sound. We had a respectable supply of records to use for this class as well as for indoor physical exercises, folk dancing, and singing games. For pleasure, I recall two records, “Hunt in the Black Forest” and “The Clock Store.” Introduction to instruments was memorable: Different sections of the orchestra would be introduced, one section at a time -- “This is the violin” — “This is the viola” — “This is the cello” — “This is the double bass.” Each instrument's introduction was accompanied by a solo to indicate the range and timbre of the instrument, with each section of the orchestra presented in the same manner.

We had hearing tests. Miss Bridges had a watch that ticked. She would stand in a certain place, a measured distance from where each student would stand to be tested. She held up the watch asking “Can you hear this?” Then the student would turn his other ear toward her and she would ask the same question. Vision tests were also given once a year. We held a piece of paper over one eye at a time and read a line of letters from a chart.

When I was in the Seventh Grade, school vaccinations were started. Dr. D.F.D. Russell, from Leeds Center, came to administer the vaccine. He took each student, one at a time into a closet, and it was frightening because we had never had “shots” of any kind. No one wanted the vaccination. It seemed painful even if the needle only scratched the skin.

When I was in the First Grade, there were two small, old buildings built against a board fence along the edge of the playground which had been previously used as privies. But by the time I entered school in 1923,
Chemical toilets had been installed in the basement near our classroom. There was no running water, thus no drinking fountain. Instead, in the hall outside our classroom was a shelf, upon which was a covered pail of drinking water. We each had a metal drinking cup, collapsible like a telescope, which I never enjoyed using.

We studied reading and math as our main subjects until we reached Third Grade, when we were issued a social studies book. I remember studying about breadfruit (unheard of before by me) with an illustration of it. It was from the tropics, and it was owing to breadfruit that I recall learning about Hawaii. In the Fifth Grade, (Evelyn Walton, Roger Stinchfield, and I skipped the Fourth Grade) we had more books; history, geography, arithmetic, English, and, of course, a larger reading book. The history book was an unusual shape, quite small but very thick with lots of pages. There were no pictures, only lots of words and dates! Now we had homework assignments and took our books home.

From the time we commenced our education, until we were graduated from Grade School, every morning our teacher read to us from the Bible. Then we recited the Lord's Prayer and sometimes the Twenty-Third or the One Hundredth Psalm. The children who went to Sunday School knew them better than I did, because I didn't get to church often as it was too far to travel by horse from our house. Following this, we sang a patriotic song such as "America," "America the Beautiful" or "The Star Spangled Banner."

By the Fifth Grade we were upstairs in the school building. We had a beautiful view of the millstream from the windows on the west side, and could even see as far away as Mt. Pleasant Cemetery. Another window looked out on our playground. We now had a new teacher, Miss Sally Hinds, from Livermore, who taught Grades 5-8, and we were as fond of her as we had been of Miss Bridges though she stayed but one year. The next year, Mr. Milton Knowlan came as our Sixth Grade teacher, and who later married Sally Hinds. At some point, he moved to Derry, New Hampshire, where one of his students was among the first U.S. astronauts, Allen Shepard.

During the Summer vacation, between my Fifth and Sixth Grade, the school building was renovated, converting the old High School Classroom into a classroom for the Seventh and Eighth Grades. Aside: My mother had been a High School student in that room, under Mr. Guy Healey. She always spoke so highly of him as a teacher. He taught Astronomy, Latin, Philosophy, and Advanced Math, besides English and Science.
Beginning with these years our education was broadened. It was felt we were not well versed in America's musical heritage. We began to learn folk songs, sea chanties, Negro Spirituals, Stephen Foster's songs. Each of us had a book titled "Twice 55 Plus." We sang these songs each morning as part of our opening exercises. Also at this time we had a special music teacher who came once a week and introduced Music Theory. I have never had such a clear presentation of this subject as she provided.

In the Sixth Grade we had a new Superintendent of Schools, Loren C. Day. He was a statistician and introduced standardized tests. Testing in school became similar to testing today: Questions were posed and we provided only the necessary responses. He also thought it important to know how Wayne students compared with State and National student scores, and I suspect our curriculum was dependent on these results.

History and Geography were taught as separate subjects, and for Geography our texts were the "Atwood Thomas Series." Maps were stressed, and we always made our own traced map of every country we studied. There was a large rectangular box above the blackboard which held several rolled up maps on rods which had springs like a window shade. A map could be pulled down or rolled up anytime, a system that also held many a prepared quiz to be used during the day. We studied Maine History in the Eighth Grade, again with many maps.

Every year we celebrated Valentine's Day. In the classroom, we had a Valentine's box, a regular box covered with pretty paper -- maybe crepe paper and cut-out colored hearts. Sometimes the paper was twisted, fringed or ruffled red and white paper. We put our Valentines in a slot at the top of the box, then someone would deliver the Valentines to our desks. We usually had some sort of play, poems or story, and always something to eat that our mothers had made, cupcakes, cookies, and candy. It was always fun.

The teachers had to put on a program at least once a year for the classes they taught. Years later, when I went to Farmington to study to become a teacher, we had to study how to put on these same programs. A program followed almost the same pattern then, in 1937, as it did when I was in the Third Grade in 1925. We would have an introduction, a series of recitations, or a play and end with songs. It was for the general public's appreciation and did not necessarily reflect the curriculum.

Photocopy machines had yet to be invented, and all reproduction of materials was by hectograph. The programs for entertainments, tests, pictures, maps, or anything to be duplicated were made on the hectograph. It worked as follows: The teacher would purchase a certain fluid that she
would pour onto something like a cookie pan with low sides. After it jelled, she would write whatever she wanted with a special hectograph ink on paper or a stencil. This would be pressed onto the jelled surface, smoothed over by hand or roller, then the paper lifted from the surface with a print. This process could be repeated to get the number of copies needed up to as many as 25 or so. As the copies were pulled, the prints eventually became dimmer and finally too faint to use. The ink would slowly sink to the bottom of the pan so another print could be applied to the surface. In time, the jelled surface would become worn and a new batch of fluid would have to be prepared. Far easier are today's means of reproduction.

In the Fall of 1928, I entered the Seventh Grade in the renovated High School Classroom, with Mr. Fullerton as our teacher. All went well until February of 1929, when the building was destroyed by a fire that started during the night. It was believed that the fire started in the wood storage area in the basement. A spark may have flown out when the fire was tended the evening before, since it was discovered only later that night. As far as I know, there was nothing suspicious about the fire. And, as far as I know, no one smoked at school then.

After the fire, students in grades 5-8 went to what was called the Grange Hall, next to the millstream on Main Street and near the bridge which crosses the stream. I don't know where the Primary students went but it may have been to the Methodist Church. Now we had the Fifth and Sixth Grades on the one side of the room, with a partition separating them from the Seventh and Eighth Grades on the other side. We worked at tables with about six students to a table, and at recess time we played in the street! I recall bouncing a ball against the granite retaining wall across the street, a wall still there today.

During the Summer of 1929 a new school was built, with more controversy about the location than there was about the cost. There were two locations suggested. One was the present site and the other was diagonally across the road, a field next to Pocasset Lake, but it presented a question of safety. The site of the present building was a gift to the town from Ellis Lincoln. The building was later expanded through a gift from Mr. and Mrs. George Ladd, with subsequent renovations and additions in more recent years.

It was exciting to go into a brand new building. I recall the sensations accompanying the new concrete, paint, and wood. To this day I can still smell in the cellar area the same smell of concrete that we smelled in 1929. The facilities were all modern for that era, toilets with a chain flush, sinks with cold running water, so we could wash our hands downstairs.
We had a new teacher, Mr. Clinton C. Nichols. He was a very young man, probably 19 and we were only 12 and 13. Mr. Nichols taught Grades 5-8, and he started an active Parent Teacher Association. He was an inspiring teacher, and we were very serious about our education. Mr. Nichols thought that we should understand the function and order of a Town Meeting. He arranged for the Eighth Grade Class to attend one of Wayne's Town Meetings, in the forenoon of a day in 1930. We were required to take notes and later that afternoon, at school, we had to conduct a town meeting of our own, using some of the ideas that we had observed first hand earlier in the day at the official Town Meeting. It made a lasting impression that stayed with us throughout our adult lives.

Class of 1930 Graduation Picture
Back row: Roger Stinchfield, Mr. Nichols, Donald Wright, Wilfred Paradis
Front row: Priscilla Berry, Edna Gott, Evelyn Walton, Bertha Manter
Photograph: Town of Wayne Historical Collection

Mr. Nichols also thought we should have a dignified graduation from Grammar School. It was really important because we had no High School in Wayne then. This would be the last time our class would be together, since for our High School education we went separately to Livermore Falls, Kents Hill or Winthrop. We planned it very carefully, with Class motto of "Ever Onward, Ever Upward." Our Class Colors were cerise and silver and our Class marshal's baton was a wand covered with a braid and streamers of
satin ribbon in these same colors. A Class song was composed. We had a Processional and a Recessional March, Class speakers and even a Class picture, with the girls in white dresses seated in front, and the boys in suits standing alongside Mr. Nichols.

Wayne has been greatly affected by its summer people. As a youth, my brother was very much interested in playing baseball, and it was they who helped form a summer baseball league. It was important to Wayne's youth at the time and did much to broaden their acquaintances. My mother was particularly interested in flowers and specialized in gladioli. Summer people would come to see her flowers, became interested in our family and invited us to join in some of their activities, or just to visit with them. This had a tremendous influence on our lives, both as school-age children and as adults -- a window on the outside world so to speak.

Note: Interviewed on the subject just prior to 1994, the author later prepared from a transcript of the taped interview a written account in narrative form, of which this is an abbreviated version. The full text is on file in the town Historical Collection.

With memorable teachers in the intimate atmosphere of a small-town schoolhouse, Priscilla Berry's life bore a lasting imprint of the varied experiences she describes. For she, too, became a teacher, first in South Portland, then on to Massachusetts where she taught in both Lynnfield Center and Arlington. Returning to Maine, she taught briefly in Wayne, then for a much longer period in Winthrop. It was a dedicated career which endured after her marriage to T. Douglas O. Stevenson, and which she shared with her husband, for he, too, became a well remembered teacher.
IN PURSUIT OF "THE AMERICAN DREAM"
By W. Dennis Stires

IMMIGRANTS FROM EASTERN EUROPE, especially Russia, came to America in the 1880s and '90s in what seemed a mass migration. Leaving their unrelenting hardships behind, they came in pursuit of a better life — "the American Dream." A hundred and more years later we can see the results of their energy and perseverance in the story of a particular family, a story that for us begins in Wayne. Myer Sharraffiski and his brother Joseph had come to Maine from Boston, their port of entry to America, to begin life as pack peddlers.

The life they had left behind is epitomized in the famous 1964 Broadway musical "Fiddler on the Roof," a memorable success with over 3,200 performances in New York alone, and any number of revivals. The "Fiddler" in the musical's title is described as "a metaphor for survival, through tradition and joyfulness, in a life of uncertainty and imbalance." Set in Tsarist Russia in 1905, it is the story of Tevye the milkman and his family, and is based on earlier short stories written by the noted author Sholem Aleichem. At the end, Tevye is seen as the Fiddler, and he and his wife are saving their money to emigrate to America.

Few, however, will know the story of Myer Sharraffiski, a Russian Jewish man who arrived in this country as an immigrant in 1882, so records state, and soon found himself in Maine. In a feature story that in 1957 appeared in the Lewiston Journal Magazine Section, Rena Leadbetter McIlroy wrote a two-part description of Wayne village in 1887. In it, Myer Sharraffiski is observed in the village in front of the Wayne Hotel — the hotel that was renamed Pocasset House a few years later:

Oh look! There's Myer Sharraffiski, the little pack-peddler. He won't call here. The Howards (proprietors of the hotel) would object -- their guests are hardly the type to patronize him. He's Russian -- very polite and speaks English well, considering the time he's been in this country. How the children are crowding around! Just a few pennies will buy trinkets. He often gives to those who haven't any. (A few years later Myer drove through town in a shiny new vehicle filled with merchandise -- a boon to busy stay-at-home housewives. A few years later still, the Sharaff Bros. were doing a thriving business in a shiny store in Livermore Falls. Now, instead of Myer going to people, they came to him, remembering his courtesy and kindness of earlier years.)
Rena Leadbetter grew up in Wayne, and later when married lived in Winthrop. In 1887 she was eight years old, and in writing her account may have relied on her memory of Myer the pack peddler. Other pack peddlers were not unknown to the town. In a diary kept by Stillman Howard, proprietor of the Wayne Hotel which the author cites, he notes one day in 1878, “Russian peddler to dinner.” Again, in 1883, “A Russian overnight, a pack peddler.” Each time, the pack peddler pays for his keep, part in goods and part in cash – as noted on the second occasion, “pd 25 combs, 25 cts to me & suspenders to Ward 25 cts.” Ward was Howard’s son who managed the hotel’s stable, and payment to him may have been for a horse the peddler was fortunate to have, and the horse, too, fed and housed overnight.

It is easy to wonder, records notwithstanding, if one or the other of these earlier pack peddlers might not have been Myer Sharraffiski.

Pack peddlers were a phenomenon of the period, usually associated with those who like Myer Sharraffiski were also newly arrived immigrants from eastern Europe. And usually penniless, speaking little or no English, they were an everyday sight – except on Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath – in such places as New York’s Lower East Side and Boston’s North End. Up and down the streets they went, hawking their wares to similar immigrants who lived in the multi-story tenements which still exist today. In New York at least, the pack peddlers’ successors became one of the city’s advertised traditions. With their fully loaded push carts or from tiny ground-floor shops, they made for a bustling Sunday afternoon on Orchard and Hester Streets. Now becoming a chic area of boutiques and art galleries, Orchard Street as they knew it is but a memory of time past.

Some were able to move on, become famous in their trade, and such is the story of Levi Strauss. Arriving in this country in the late 1840s, Levi had come from Germany, began life in New York as a pack peddler but who quickly realized he could have greater success with less competition if he took his trade to the countryside – which he did, in what is today the city suburb of Pelham. In a book titled Mr. Blue Jeans; A Story About Levi Strauss by Maryann N. Weidt and published in 1990, is told the tale of Levi’s humble beginnings, with “a fifty-pound pack on his back” and each night to sleep where chance took him. By the 1870s Levi Strauss had become a household name all across the country, the well known manufacturer of the highly regarded blue jeans with their hallmark copper rivets.

The Sharraffiski legacy is Livermore Falls’ largest business block. The surname is subject to various spellings – Sharraffski, or whichever it was it later became, as given in Rena McIlroy’s story, Sharraff. By then, as she
relates, Myer had settled down in Livermore Falls where he and a brother, Joseph, established what became the "Sharaf Bro's"; a successful store which advertised a line of "Dry Goods and Millinery." It was located where the senior apartments are today. Sharaf is the name by which all later family members are identified.

Brother Joseph we know from Archie P. Richmond who spoke about the 1880s in letters written in 1953 and '54, which appeared in Reginald H. Sturtevant's _A History of Livermore_ published in 1970:

_I can remember Joe Sharaf before I was three years old. At that time we lived in Livermore (west side) on the Prince Hinds place. Mr. Sharaf came along with a pack on his back, and my mother bought a red checkered table cloth of him. I have got it now, and it is in very good condition._

By 1898, in space rented from John Lamb of Lewiston, Sharaf Bro's second store was located on the corner of Depot and Main Streets, with three floors of merchandise to select from.

A present-day Sharaf family historian is Joan Starkman, of Newton, Massachusetts, who has provided a wealth of useful information for this story. She has shared major insight into the life of Israel Guy Sharaf who in the mid 1890s arrived in Livermore Falls to become manager of the family's business. As Joan Starkman tells it, he was "born in Kovno, Russia about 1868. Arrived in Boston in 1882 and was naturalized in 1889." With him came his father, Gershon, and on their naturalization papers each is identified as "peddler."
In Livemore Falls Israel Guy Sharaf was among the town’s most highly respected citizens. His name repeatedly appears in various early newspaper accounts as well as in Sturtevant’s history of Livermore.

Like Wayne at the time, the town fell victim to fires that were both destructive and frequent. In 1898, on September 10 appeared as headline in the *Lewiston Evening Journal* “TOWN SWEPT BY FIRE.” Beneath is the subhead, “Livermore Falls Village in Danger of Being Wiped Off the Map.” In spite of firefighter help from Lewiston, Auburn and Farmington, the fire raged on, and in days following every detail was covered in depth by the newspaper’s reporters. On the first day was noted “The dry goods store owned by Sharaf Brothers is in flames,” as was nearly every other building in the center of town. The fire is described as making a clean sweep down the south side as far as Depot Street, “on the corner of which stood the Livermore Falls branch store of Sharaff Bros. of Boston.”

Boston, which Israel and Myer entered as immigrants in 1882, was evidently where the family first established themselves in business, a dry goods store which by 1898 was large and successful enough to have what was called a “branch” in Livermore Falls.
Events around 1900 in Livermore Falls were devastating to businesses along Depot and Main Streets. Israel Sharaf estimated his loss in the 1898 fire at $10,000 in merchandise. In the same year a large wooden store was built on Main Street, intended as a temporary structure until a large six-story building could be constructed. “Within less than a year,” Sturtevant writes, “on June 21st, 1899, came a second bad fire, which completed the destruction of the Town’s main business section which the first fire had begun nine months before. It was a discouraging outlook, and yet at the same time, a golden opportunity to replace all at once a village of flimsy wooden stores and factories, with new, larger and more substantial masonry structures.” Photographs of the fire show no remains of Sharaf’s third store.

Plans for the new brick building were completed and Sharaf store #4 soon became reality in 1900. At the time, the Lewiston Evening Journal commented, “As one passes through Livermore Falls, he is impressed by the fine, new blocks going up to replace the old ones that were destroyed by fire. Notable is the five-story building on Main Street, called the Sharaf Block, which will contain the Bank, Post Office, Opera House, Court Room, and large stores,” and among the stores was Sharaf Bros. George Coombs, a prominent architect of Lewiston (now Harriman Associates of Auburn), designed the structure as well as other business blocks and private homes in town.

As Sturtevant describes the Opera House, “The new ‘Music Hall’ in the Sharaf Building was indeed an ambitious design for a small community.
With its large balcony extending around three sides, it could easily seat twelve hundred people; and its vast stage reached up another story higher, to accommodate the raising and lowering of stage sets and scenery. The seats on the main floor were removable, to leave a clear floor for dancing or roller skating.”

“We are always ready to please you with our line of

Dry Goods and Millinery

Goods are always as represented and one price to all

SHARAF BROS.
LIVERMORE FALLS, MAINE.

Advertisement, Livermore Town Register, 1904

“Along with the physical changes,” Sturtevant further notes, “a new generation of young, ambitious and able men were emerging as the new leaders.” Israel Guy Sharaf was among them.

In 1906 the Lewiston Evening Journal announced a wedding in Brooklyn:

Livermore Falls, Me. June 18 (special) – Mr. I. G. Sharaf of this place and Miss Emily Morse of Brooklyn, N.Y. were united in marriage Wednesday evening at the home of the bride’s sister, Mrs. Spitz of Brooklyn. . . . The bride comes from one of the best families of New Jersey, and is a most charming and cultured young lady, while the groom is one of Livermore Falls’ best known citizens. . . .

John Guy Coolidge, who grew up in North Livermore, at first worked in Israel’s dry goods store, then purchased the business around 1908, a business which continued throughout the 1900s in the same location.

The town’s citizens awoke on Friday, May 13, 1910 to hear shocking news. Sharaf’s store #4 was on fire! The Lewiston Evening Journal reported on that day, “the ‘beautiful Sharaf Block,’ towering above every business block at Livermore falls, and from which the business life of the entire community seemingly pulsated, was almost completely gutted by fire, with a loss of $150,000.”

The building had occupied 126 feet along Main Street, was 92 feet deep on Water Street, and was 100 feet high. As seen in the above photograph, the six-story section at the right contained the Music Hall and two-story storage area for stage scenery. The total cost: $70,000. As the Lewiston Journal’s news report of May 13, 1910 notes, “The first story of Sharaf block contained the Post Office, J. Guy Coolidge’s dry and fancy goods store,”
along with three other stores as well as “the banking rooms of the Liver­more Falls Banking and Trust Company.”

“Mr. I.G. Sharaf, the owner, is in Boston, and what his plans are for the future the Journal can only guess. That he or someone else will rebuild is quite probable; but that Sharaf Block will ever again be reproduced in all its grandeur and architectural beauty, no one dares hope nor expect....”

Sharaf sold the remains to the Bank, which rebuilt the structure, omit­ting the Music Hall.

Israel Sharaf immediately embarked on a new and different venture; he took over a failing local business that manufactured suit cases and trunks. As Sturtevant relates, “the business was taken over by I.G. Sharaf, under the name of Standard Suit Case Company, making light weight dress-suit cases. Sharaf employed ten persons and produced two hundred cases per day, using matting imported from Japan. He occupied, in this business, the entire second floor of the factory building and, according to The Lewiston Journal of May 11, 1912, the business was showing constant increase.” Israel, however, soon returned to Boston, where he lived until his death in 1933.

Today, as Livermore Falls’ largest building, the restored structure con­tinues an integral part of the community. Donations of over $12,000 were gathered to restore the building’s town clock made by Seth Thomas. Initially, in 1903 at a cost of $1,200, the funds to purchase the timepiece had been donated by the Oliver P. Thompson family of Jay. It was installed by Davilla S. Thompson, clock salesman, jeweler, and optician, who had developed a unique machine to make and grind eye glasses. The new Board of Trade gathered donations to restore the clock once again after the 1910
fire. This campaign was led by Oliver's brother, Aaron Smith Thompson. The present-day "clock doctor," James Bryant of Wayne, restarted the historic timepiece at a special celebration on Friday, January 11, 2008, an event which had extensive news coverage in the *Lewiston Sun Journal* and the town's weekly *Livermore Falls Advertiser*.

The building and clock are an integral part of the community. At the same time, they are visible reminders of what once stood on the same site, brought about by the Sharaf family whose ingenuity and enterprise made it happen. Myer Sharraffiski and his brother Joe, like Tevye the milkman, undoubtedly knew their share of "uncertainty and imbalance," but they, too, survived. To Israel Guy Sharaf, who it appears was their nephew or cousin, they were able to hand over a local business which after the humblest of beginnings was reaching a pinnacle of success, ending up in the "beautiful Sharaf Block."

Of Myer Sharraffiski, whose appearance in Wayne begins this story, there is little further trace. In 1900, however, the U.S. Census identifies a Meyer Sharafsky, still another variant spelling of the family surname, who with his wife Rose and two sons were living in Brooklyn.

Israel Guy's father, Gershon, is believed to have been a brother or uncle to Myer and Joseph, and of Gershon and his family a great deal more is known. In 1888 after the family's arrival in Boston, the entire family posed for the studio photograph below. Seated in the center are Gershon and his wife Bertha, surrounded by their seven children.
They were a large family, and of the children, David, the eldest, became the grandfather of Joan Starkman. Morris was the grandfather of Justin Sharaf, a successful Certified Public Accountant and Tax Advisor now living in Raymond, Maine. Israel’s grandson James graduated from Harvard, and later he became an attorney for Harvard College. Ralph’s daughter Irene is no doubt the family member best known to an American public.

Irene Sharaf became famous for her award-winning costume designs for both Broadway stage and Hollywood film productions. Her five Oscar awards included “An American in Paris” 1952, “The King and I” 1957, “West Side Story” 1961, “Cleopatra” 1963, and “Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf?” 1966. Other awards came to her, and in 1993, the TDF/Irene Sharaf Lifetime Achievement Award was named in her honor, and she was its first recipient.

From Sharraffiski to Sharaf, beginning as pack peddlers and moving on, as a family they achieved in full what they came for -- the promise of “the American Dream.”
A happy abundance.
A COLLECTION OF MORE THAN THIRTY PIECES, SOME SHORT, OTHERS LONGER, AND ON THE BROADEST IMAGINABLE RANGE OF SUBJECTS. . . . IT IS TRULY "A HAPPY ABUNDANCE"