

HISTORY OF LIBERTY, MAINE

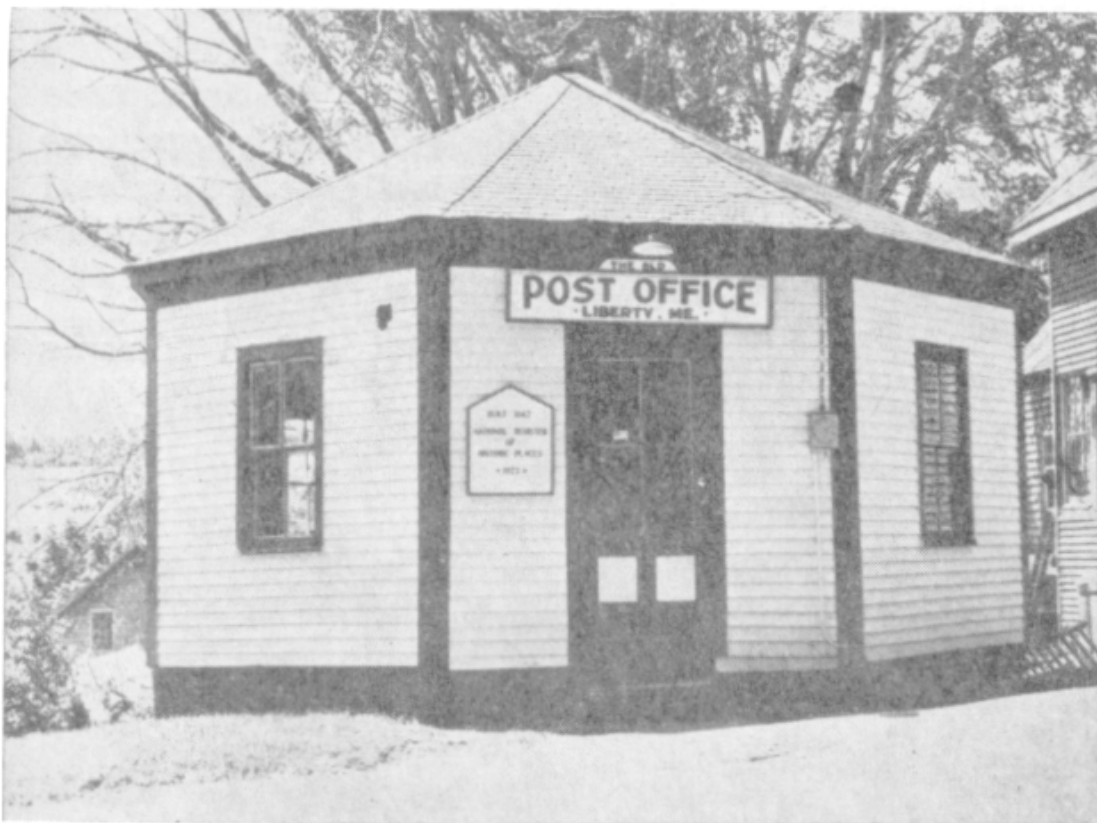
1827 - 1975



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Alfred Hurwitz

PREFACE

In 1976 many towns, including Liberty, will be celebrating the 200th year since the signing of the Declaration of Independence. A great deal of effort and enthusiasm has been engendered to acquire knowledge of our rich heritage. In 1977 Liberty will celebrate the sesquicentennial of its incorporation as a town.

When I delved into old documents obtained from Massachusetts Archivist Office, the many interesting facts were brought to light. The original name given to this area was Davistown, named after a Presbyterian clergyman, James Davis, who came here from Massachusetts in the latter part of the 18th Century. Between the years 1805 and 1807 many petitions requesting that Davistown be called Montville were received by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Some petitioners preferred to have the town included in the County of Lincoln rather than the County of Hancock. Others, who lived in the First Grand Division, petitioned to be included along with their neighbors of the Second Grand Division in the township of Montville.

The next important milestone in the history of Liberty was its incorporation, approved by the Governor on January 31, 1827. On February 21, 1828 an act to establish the lines of the Town of Liberty was approved by the Governor. In that act, Liberty was designated as a part of the County of Waldo.

The third major event in the history of Liberty was the culmination of the struggle between Montville and Liberty concerning its dividing line. Finally, in 1876 a new line was drawn which passed over Haystack Mountain. An interesting flyer titled "Montville and Liberty" is included in this book. I am sure that the reader will be fascinated with its "Statement of Facts".

Finally, your present historian gleaned a great deal of pertinent information from those who labored in writing "A Brief History of Liberty" on its centennial

in 1927. I should like to repeat the last sentence of their history, a quotation from Macaulay — “Those who do not care to know anything about their remote ancestors will never do anything worthy to be remembered by their remote descendants”.

EARLY HISTORY

In 1630, two grants were made, known as the Ligonnia or the Plough Patent, and the Muscongunus or Waldo Patent. The latter was called Muscongunus from an Indian name mentioned in the patent and "Waldo" because in the eighteenth century Samuel Waldo became owner of most of the land granted by the patent and did much for its settlement.

Waldo Indenture

This indenture* is an agreement between the heirs of General Samuel Waldo, who died intestate, as to the division of certain lands situated in Lincoln County, Province of Maine. The instrument is dated the 19th of March 1768, and is actually indented or scalloped at the top. It is called an "indenture quadripartite", but there is nothing to show to which of the four parties it belonged. The lands distributed are part of the Waldo Patent, sometimes designated as the Muscongunus Tract. The heirs who inherited the lands in common were the four surviving children of Samuel Waldo - Samuel, Francis, Lucy Winslow and Hannah Fluckner. Under the law of inheritance in force at that time the elder son, Samuel, was entitled to two-fifths of the land and the remaining children to one-fifth each.

(The above facts appear in the document itself. The following are gleaned from collateral sources.)

The Waldo Patent

In 1606 a grant was made to the Plymouth Company of the northern part of the territory claimed by the English. About 1630 serious apprehensions were entertained that the Council of Plymouth would be dissolved. Laboring under this fear the Council made various hasty grants, among which was the grant, March 23rd, 1630, to Beauchamp and Leverett, called the "Lincolnshire or

*Presented to the State Library by Warren W. Creamer

Muscongus Patent". Its extent was from the seaboard between the rivers of Penobscot and Muscongus to an unsurveyed line running east and west, so far north as would, without interfering with any other patent, embrace a territory equal to thirty miles square. It included nearly all of the present Counties of Waldo and Knox, and a portion of Lincoln. The grant was made to John Beauchamp of London, and Thomas Leverett of Boston, Lincoln County, England. No price was paid for this tract; it was thought that the settlement of this section would enhance the value of others.

After the death of John Beauchamp, Thomas Leverett, by rights of survivorship, succeeded to the whole patent.

In 1720 John Leverett, President of Harvard College, a grandson of Governor Leverett, had become proprietor of the Muscongus patent. He associated himself with others and they were known as the "Ten Associates". Subsequently twenty more, including Jonathan and Cornelius Waldo, were admitted into the company, under mutual obligations for procuring settlers.

In 1731, the claims of the Thirty Proprietors being disputed, Samuel Waldo of Boston, who had secured by purchase or inheritance from his father, Jonathan Waldo, a considerable interest in the Muscongus Patent, was sent to England to effect an adjustment. He succeeded so well that, on his return, the Thirty Proprietors joined in surrendering to him for his services, one half of the Patent. Subsequently he acquired title to the whole region, which thereafter was known as the WALDO PATENT.

In 1759, during the French-English war, a force was sent up the Penobscot to take possession of the river and surrounding territory. Governor Pownall, who accompanied the expedition, selected a site on Fort Point in the present Town of Stockton Springs for the erection of a strong fort to be named Fort Pownal. As soon as the work was begun Governor Pownal and General Waldo, with a strong guard, ascended the river to near the head of tide

waters and went ashore on the east side. General Waldo took great interest in this expedition under the supposition that the Waldo Patent extended to the point they were then visiting. The story of his death rests upon a widely current tradition. It was to the effect that, after landing, General Waldo withdrew a few paces and, looking around, exclaimed "Here are my bounds!" then instantly fell dead of apoplexy. This occurred on May 23rd, 1759, supposedly in what is now the City of Brewer. The body was brought down the Penobscot to Fort Point (Fort Pownal) and buried with military honors. In July the body was removed to Boston and interred in King Chapel Cemetery. The inconspicuous tablet marking his grave may be seen near the city hall side of the enclosure.

On the death of Samuel Waldo in 1759 the land descended to his four children, Samuel, Francis, Lucy and Hannah. The last named became the wife of Thomas Fluckner, Secretary of the Province. Fluckner afterwards purchased the shares belonging to Samuel. Lucy died without children. Fluckner and Francis Waldo were Tories and their property was forfeited to the State. In 1774 Henry Knox, afterward a Revolutionary general and the first Secretary of War, married Miss Lucy Fluckner, daughter of Thomas and Hannah (Waldo) Fluckner and the grand-daughter of General Waldo. After the Revolution, General Knox purchased four-fifths of the whole Patent; the remainder was the property of his wife. Thus in his own right and the inheritance by his wife, he became sole Proprietor of the Waldo estate.

After peace was declared, General Knox, by the rights of his wife and by purchase, effected a consolidation of the different shares, which, however, were alienated before his decease. The only portion of the patent which remains intact is an island of seven hundred acres in Penobscot Bay. It is safe to assert that the enterprise and perseverance of General Waldo hastened the development of the Penobscot Valley by at least a generation. He found the patent a wilderness: he left it

containing ten flourishing plantations. A county and two towns perpetuate his name, while one of the loftiest hills within sight of his earthly resting-place is named for him, Mount Waldo.

In 1650, a new and formidable claimant to a part of Maine appeared, the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. Massachusetts had annexed the New Hampshire settlements because of the anarchy into which they had fallen and she now claimed that her charter included all the settlements of "Maine" and "Ligonia". Inhabitants of many towns, e.g., Kittery, Cape Porpoise and Saco, felt the need to have a strong, settled government and therefore accepted the authority of the Colony of Massachusetts. She clung to Maine tenaciously despite the unrest and dissatisfaction exhibited by its inhabitants.

In 1665, King Charles II sent an agent, the grandson of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, bearing a letter from the King commanding the people of Maine to restore the government to Gorges or "without delay show reason to the contrary". These directions were delivered to Massachusetts authorities but they took the stand that since it was not directed to them, they had no reason to adhere to it. Unrest prevailed between the two colonies from 1665 to 1668 when the General Court of the Province of Maine called on its people to submit to the laws and government of Massachusetts. They sent commissioners to hold a court in York. The Commissioners, accompanied by a military escort, reestablished the Government of Massachusetts. This uneasy alliance persisted for one hundred and fifty years until Maine, with the consent of Massachusetts, became a State of the Union in 1820.

DAVISTOWN BECOMES MONTVILLE

Early in the nineteenth century the inhabitants of Davistown (named after James Davis, a Presbyterian clergyman originally from Massachusetts) petitioned the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for a new status. The original

petitions emphasize the controversial state of affairs existing at that time. In one petition (February 15, 1807) the following appeared: "that the plantation heretofore called Davistown lying partly in the County of Lincoln, partly in the County of Hancock — being the second Grand Division of the Twenty Associates lands and agreeable with the inhabitants thereon be incorporated into a town by the name of Montville." At about the same time, another petition objecting to the incorporation of Davistown with Green was filed. The sensitive and questioning spirit of some of the inhabitants of Davistown is revealed in an excerpt from the 1806 petition to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts: "The Subscribers, Inhabitants of the Plantation of Davistown and the vicinity, beg leave to represent that, whereas a Petition is before the Legislature for the incorporation of said Davistown and the annexation thereof to the County of Hancock, we are of opinion that it would be impolitic and inconsistent with the public good to annex the same to said County of Hancock, because the County of Lincoln is already small and because the plantation aforesaid, is more conveniently situated to do its business in the County of Lincoln; we therefore pray that the same, if incorporated may be established as a part of the County of Lincoln and as in duty bound will ever pray....."

It became apparent to some of the inhabitants of the First Grand Division that they would be placed in an awkward position if the petition for incorporation into the Town of Montville was limited to those living in the Second Grand Division. The petitioners' independent and thoughtful attitude is well depicted in this excerpt: "We the subscribers, assessors of the Plantation of Davistown beg leave to inform this Honorable Court that the petition of Samuel Mooers and others sent in a private way and was not agreeable to many of the people in this plantation, that an incorporation of a town comprehending only the second grand division of the twenty associates land, so-called, will be extremely in-

convenient to the greater part of the people who, now are considered as inhabitants of said plantation the reason of which is, a considerable number of respectable citizens who belong to this plantation live on the first grand division of said 20 associates land and cannot with any convenience belong to any other town and by excluding those on the first division it will make our centre at considerable distance from the county road leading from Augusta to Belfast that their assessors forward this petition to have the second together with a part of the first grand division of the twenty associates land incorporated into a town."

INCORPORATION OF LIBERTY

From the Private and Special Laws of Maine, the following was obtained:

AN ACT to Incorporate the Town of Liberty.

Sect. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Legislature assembled, That the Plantation called and known by the name of Montville, in the County of Lincoln, bounded southwestwardly and northwestwardly by the northwardly line of the Town of Washington, and the southeastwardly line of the Town of Palermo, continued till they meet; northeastwardly by the Town of Montville, and southeastwardly by a line from the southwardly corner of said Town of Montville to the northwardly corner of said Town of Washington, be incorporated into a town by the name of Liberty.

Sect. 2. Be it further enacted, that until a new apportionment of Representatives, said Town of Liberty shall, for the purpose of choosing a Representative in the Legislature, be classed with the Town of Montville in like manner as before the passage of this Act.

(Approved by the Governor, January 31, 1827)

In February, 1828 the following Act was approved by the Governor:

AN ACT to Establish the Lines of the Town of Liberty.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That from and after the passing of this Act, the boundary lines of the Town of Liberty, in the County of Waldo, shall be established as follows, viz:- southwestwardly and northwestwardly by the northeastwardly line of the Town of Washington, and the southeastwardly line of the Town of Palermo, continued till they meet; northeastwardly by the Town of Montville; and southeastwardly by the lines between proprietors lots numbered three and four of the first great division of the twenty associates land, so-called; thence to the first mentioned bounds, instead of any other lines or boundaries heretofore established as the boundary lines of said town.

(Approved by the Governor, February 21, 1828)

Apparently the original boundaries of Liberty as described in the Act of its incorporation on January 31, 1827, were contested and new lines were described in the February 21, 1827 Act. It should be noted that during this period, Liberty changed its allegiance from the County of Lincoln to the County of Waldo where it has remained up to the present time.

SETTLEMENT OF A NEW LINE BETWEEN LIBERTY AND MONTVILLE

The impropriety of the preexisting line between Montville and Liberty is borne out by the following "Statement of Facts" which was published in 1876:

STATEMENT OF FACTS

1st. The territory to be set off from Montville to Liberty is about two miles long, and varying in width from one-half mile to ten rods.

2d. It has upon it forty-six inhabitants and twelve voters, or about four per cent. of inhabitants, and four per cent. of voters.

3d. Its valuation is about \$10,000, or five per cent. of the whole valuation of Montville.

4th. Montville has seven large and expensive bridges. This territory takes one, or one-seventh, of the large bridges.

5th. The territory to be set off, takes a very expensive piece of road across a bog about eight or ten rods wide.

6th. The line between Liberty and Montville, as it now runs, passes through Liberty Village, and within ten inches of the stores and buildings on the Montville side, so that in stepping into a store from the street, you pass from Liberty to Montville.

7th. The new boundary asked for is a natural one, passing for about one-half mile down the middle of the St. Georges river, and up the Kingdom Stream, and thence all the way over the centre of a very high mountain called "Haystack Mountain," which is about 1,000 feet high.

8th. The town house in Liberty is within ten minutes walk from the center of the village, while the town house in Montville is six miles from the center of said village and over a hilly road.

9th. This territory is now united with Liberty in school districts, and in religious and charitable organizations.

10th. W. H. Hunt and William Hurd, two of the petitioners, do business in Liberty to the amount of about \$80,000 a year, and pay taxes in Liberty from \$200 to \$350 a year, while their dwelling houses are in Montville.

11th. A. D. Mathews does business in Montville to the amount of about \$20,000 a year, and his house is in Liberty.

12th. Seven of these petitioners reside in Liberty, and their farms are partly in Montville.

13th. Three of the voters residing on this territory, and persons representing about two-tenths of the valuation, remonstrate against the set-off, and assign for a reason, that they prefer to have Montville divided into two towns.

14th. Montville is now paying interest on a debt of \$13,000, because, for several years after the war, she

repudiated her war debt, and voted not to pay it.

15th. Montville has a valuation of \$389,444, according to the records of the State Treasurer's office. Her citizens have large amounts of U. S. bonds, and money in savings banks and other places, secreted from taxation.

16th. Montville has a town farm and personal property upon it, worth about \$3,000; and money assessed and in the treasury, amounting to about \$4,000. These amounts taken from the amount of their debt, (\$13,000) leaves \$6,000 unprovided for.

17th. The bill provides that N. H. Hubbard and Bidfield Plummer of Winterport, and Jason Estes of Troy, shall be commissioners to settle and adjust all the equities in the case as to roads, paupers and debts, and that the persons and valuation set off shall pay all they find just for them to pay.

18th. These twelve voters in going to one town meeting in Montville will travel 144 miles.

To two town meetings, 288 miles.

To three town meetings, 432 miles.

To four town meetings, 576 miles.

To five town meetings, 720 miles.

They had five town meetings last year in Montville.

These same voters in going to one town meeting in Liberty, would have to travel three miles.

To two town meetings, 6 miles.

To three town meetings, 9 miles.

To four town meetings, 12 miles.

To five town meetings, 15 miles.

A difference of 705 miles.

Montville has 360 voters; only 160 remonstrate against the set-off. The selectmen do not oppose it.

The average amount expended per mile on roads in Montville a year is \$62, and the amount on the territory set off is over \$100.

Finally on February 21, 1876 the following Act was enacted:

An Act to set off part of the Town of Montville and to annex the same to the Town of Liberty

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Sect. 1. All that part of the town of Montville lying southwestwardly of the following line: beginning in the middle of Georges river, below Stevens' mill, at a point where the town line between said towns now crosses said river; thence northerly, down said river to where the Kingdom stream empties into said river, and across said stream to the north-easterly bank thereof; thence northerly, to the north-easterly end of the abutment of the Great-works bridge, and meaning to include the whole of said bridge; thence north-westerly, to the south corner of Jacob Norton's farm; thence north-westerly, on the line between said Jacob Norton's farm and the farm now owned by the heirs of John B. Clough, deceased; thence, same course, over Haystack Mountain, to the north corner of Alfred Knowlton's farm, thence on a line, to the easterly corner of Betsy M. Doty's land; thence, on a line between said Betsy M. Doty's land and land of Joshua Sprowl, to and across the road leading from Liberty village to McFarland's corner; thence, on the westerly line of said road, southwesterly, to the line between the towns of Montville and Liberty, is hereby set off from the town of Montville and annexed to the town of Liberty.

Sect. 2. Twelve polls and ten thousand dollars of the valuation of the town of Montville for the year eighteen hundred and seventy, are hereby taken from the valuation of the said town, and the same are hereby added to the valuation of the town of Liberty; and the state and county taxes are hereafter to be assessed according to the number of polls and valuation of said towns as hereby fixed,

until a new valuation shall be established according to law.

Sect. 3. The several inhabitants and the estates of the territory hereby set off to the town of Liberty shall be holden to pay all taxes which have been legally assessed upon them by the town of Montville, and the several collectors of taxes for said town of Montville, are hereby authorized and required to collect and pay all taxes to them already committed, according to their respective warrants.

Sect. 4. The inhabitants of the territory hereby set off from Montville and annexed to the town of Liberty, are required to pay their proportion of the corporate debt and liabilities now existing against the town of Montville, and N. H. Hubbard, Bedfield Plummer, of Winterport, and Jason Estes, of Troy, are hereby appointed a commission, and authorized to apportion and assign to said inhabitants their proportion of said debt and liabilities, and to adjust all matters in connection with the same upon equitable principles, and shall meet for the purposes indicated in this section at some place in the village of Liberty, within thirty days from the passage of this act, notice of which shall be given by serving notice on the town clerks of the towns of Montville and Liberty, through the mail, seven days before the meeting.

Sect. 5. It shall be the duty, and the assessors of the town of Montville are hereby authorized, each year, to take from the list of polls and from the valuation of the town of Liberty, the number of polls, and the amount of each person's taxable property, real and personal, then residing on, and then existing in the territory so set off, and shall assess one-tenth part of the amount the afore-said commissioners appointed by this act, shall find to be due to the town of Montville, and shall commit the same to the collector of said town of Montville to collect and pay to the treasurer of said town until the whole amount is collected. No part of the present indebtedness of Liberty

shall be assessed upon said territory and inhabitants, unless said town of Liberty shall assume the liabilities of said inhabitants to the town of Montville, as herein provided.

Sect. 6. The town of Liberty is hereby authorized to assume the liabilities imposed upon the inhabitants so set off from Montville, and pay the same to the treasurer of Montville, in such sums and at such times as the commissioners shall determine.

Sect. 7. This act shall take effect when approved.

Approved February 21, 1876

Alfred Hurwitz

REMINISCENCES OF LETA YOUNG

My family names of Young and Crie certainly bear out the words of Psalm 16:6: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; Yea, I have a goodly heritage." Old Rowland Young was one of the first settlers in York, Maine, arriving there before 1640. I visited his resting place in the old York cemetery. My grandfather, Tolman Young, of Matinicus Island and Liberty, was the seventh generation from Rowland. The Crie name is of a more modern time. My ancestor was a young Scotch lad walking the streets of Glasgow when he was impressed into the British Army in 1778. He served at Castine and was honorably discharged on December 24, 1783. My sister, Hazel Young Grinnell, recently presented the certificate of discharge to the Portland Historical Society. This young fellow was given his choice of returning to Scotland or remaining here. He became an American citizen and founded the Crie family of Rockland. Uncle Hiram Crie, who owned the Crie ship chandler's concern, was my grandmother Young's brother. My father, Samuel T.

Young, when he was seven years old, moved to Liberty where his father, Tolman, owned the big farm on the upper road parallel with today's Route 3. That was one hundred and seventeen years ago. My memory goes back only about seventy-five years. Gone is the kitchen ell of the old house with its spinning wheel and dye pot, the smoke house, the big barn, the pink mallow flowers in the flower garden. The "new" house is minus the kitchen ell where the grandparents lived. A summer person has expanded the kitchen window into a wide glass-enclosed porch, and on the front doorsteps are two white cement or stone-like figures of animals. They are supposed to bid you welcome, but they turned me away from the old house. Grandfather Tolman Young was a seafaring man when he lived on Matinicus Island. I had his brass compass and two wool sheets woven by Grandmother Crie Young. These wonderful mementos I gave to the last Young. I should like to recall them and place them in the Liberty Historical building.

My mother was Lizzie Estelle Thompson from Unity, Maine. Grandfather, Eben Thompson, was a cattle buyer or drover as they were called. Every week he took a load of cattle to Brighton, Massachusetts. He first lived on Unity Plantation where he and some of his relatives owned a mill. He bought a farm on Windemere Lake in Unity, which was mother's home. This Maine lake, Windemere, was named for Lake Windere in England and is really a close rival to it in beauty. My father met my mother in Unity. He, a young man, came to Unity to visit or live with his sister, Mrs. Billings Rice. Mr. Rice was a harness maker and postmaster in the Unity office. My father learned the harness maker's trade and became friendly with some young men who were enthralled by stories of the West, especially the Black Hills. Three of the young men — my father, Fred Hunt and Stillman Berry — determined to make the trip west. Their trunks were at the station and they were waiting for the train to Burnham. Young Sam Young had just become engaged

to Lizzie Thompson. Only moments before the train whistled into Unity, he said: "Boys, I am not going with you." The baggage ticket was pulled from his trunk and he bade the two friends bon voyage. What a lifetime of events can be changed by a quick decision! Stillman Berry became a very rich sheep man in the Dakotas. Fred Hunt returned and married my mother's sister, Lucita, and was always a favorite relative of mine. Sam became my father some years later. He must have been born with a trader's instinct. Soon after his marriage to Lizzie Thompson he opened a little general store at East Palermo. Before long he was postmaster there. Later he moved to Liberty and opened a store in the Lowell Block next to the Sanford House. For a time he was First Selectman of Liberty.

Sam Young's house, my home, was to my way of thinking the best place in the village until Mr. Walker rebuilt his house. I wish I knew the exact early history of our house. A notice in the local paper said Samuel Young had leased the Ayer place. There was evidence of an older part which had become our laundry, storage pantry and privy. The main house, later purchased by my father, was two and a half stories, with eight large square rooms and a large kitchen of one story attached to the back. The front door had a deep set-in effect with double doors. On the right of the front hall was the sitting room. The light yellow carpet was a warm tone for Mamma's dark piano. Under the mantel was a hot air register where we used to gather. Near one of the two windows was a roll-top mahogany desk which I used until I came to Portland. In this room was the tall floor clock with the famous wooden works. A stuffed bluejay sat on the topmost point of the clock. This decoration I thought was terribly out of place, but Austin Crockett liked the effect when he refinished the case, so Mother Crockett let it remain. Across the entrance hall was the parlor, seldom used — never in the winter, for the

iron register was always turned off. This room had the ubiquitous marble top table and uncomfortable parlor set. The sofa was done in red crushed plush and the four chairs were done in blue, gold, chocolate brown and green. The crowning glory was a hanging lamp with huge pond lilies on the globe. Back of the living room was the dining room. It was painted in bright red and, to make the shine more brilliant, a coat of varnish had been applied. The cupboard doors were blinding but efficient for they opened into the kitchen for serving. The back stairs of the house were next to the kitchen door. At the top of the back stairs was a large landing or room which was my playroom. Later, I understand, it became an upstairs bathroom. There was a window which opened, led out to the roof of the kitchen at the back. Every spring this was the place for airing rugs, bedding and clothes. Our down stairs bed room back of the parlor had two beds and in the winter my sister, Hazel, and I slept in this room with Mamma and Papa. There was a big closet with a window back of our bed room. I imagine that in after years this became a down-stairs bath. The old parlor, bedroom and big closet made a very spacious waiting room, private office and laboratory for the various medical doctors who lived there in later years.

The kitchen was the heart of the house. The front part of the room with two windows was like a minor living room. There were two big armchairs and a double-leaf table where the family meals were served. The black iron and nickel decorated stove gave us double service, for cooking and for heat. Near the back door there was a woodbox which was filled every night. There was a nice plank platform leading to the roll-up door of the shed. The pump in the kitchen sink was our water supply. A pipe from the pump led through a hole in the wall to the old laundry room where pails transferred the water to tubs and a boiler on a stove, all of which made the perfect set-up for the Monday morning ritual of the family wash. Mamma really felt she had a very convenient

laundry room. Papa always started a brisk fire in the laundry stove early in the morning and the copper boiler would be boiling by the time Mamma had finished breakfast and was ready to start the process of cutting up the Fels Naptha soap into the steaming boiler for the white clothes, tablecloths, and sheets. The two big wooden tubs in which we all had our Saturday night baths were now put on the wringer stand, one on each side of the rubber-rolled wringer which turned with a big crank. One tub had cool rinse water and the other one slightly warmer water to receive the clothes from the boiler. The transition was made by winding the boiling hot clothes around the forked "clothes paddle" which also served as a plunger to see that all the clothes in the boiler got the proper amount of boiling and soaping. A full sized sheet, wound around the clothes paddle and lifted from the boiler to the tub, would stagger a present day housewife, accustomed as she is to pushing buttons on a modern washing machine. There was still more heavy lifting when after having been twice through the wringer the clothes dropped into the big wicker clothes-basket with handles on each end. Such a basket filled with wet clothes had to be carried to the clothes lines out in the back yard. The routine of baths on Saturday night, church, Sunday school, and very often prayer meetings on Sunday evening, followed by clothes washings on Monday morning, make it easy to understand how our ancestors felt that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness".

At the bulkhead to the cellar large chunks of wood, cut furnace length, would be unloaded every fall. In the cellar was a closed room for vegetables, canned fruits, jellies and a mince meat jar; also the pork barrel. The furnace was an ideal place for popping corn with an extra long-handled corn popper. Papa always did this, especially on Sunday evenings when he would be free from the store.

There was a very high bank back of this house. Papa had built a retaining wall and planted bushes and shrubs

to cover the bank. We had tubs of planted flowers along the wall. The driveway led around the house to the three story stables. The lower floor was at the right of the house and a cleated horse ramp led to the second floor. **Water could be pumped to the second floor.** The first floor had several horse stalls and back of the stalls was a pig pen. The second floor, level with the roof of our kitchen, was where the big box stalls were. We always had good horses. Page, named for Page Cain, his first owner, was a big white horse; Buckskin was a light yellow, trained for racing. Once Mother went to the Unity fair with Buckskin. The race atmosphere got into his blood and Mother drove through the village at a 2:40 clip before she could manage him. The yellow carryall with lanterns on each side, the rubber-tired buggy, and the delivery buckboard were kept on the first floor. The hay on the third floor could be pitched down to the second and first floor through hay chutes worn smooth and shiny by the sliding hay. Such a nice set up!

Our side door had a platform where Les Hurd left a quart of milk every morning. It was five cents per quart! All around the side of the house and the side of the ell or laundry we had flower beds. I remember so well the tiger-lily bed and the red rose bush which climbed the wooden frame. It bore a large red rose without a bit of scent to it, but the clump of heliotrope made up for the rose in fragrance. In the long dining room windows Mother always had many indoor plants one of which was a famous night-blooming Cereus. Mamma had nearly a hundred visitors the night that blossomed. That must have been most of the inhabitants of Liberty.

I was three or four years old and was quite ill with the stylish La Grippe the night of the great fire. I was in the big downstairs bedroom next to the Dennis House. I think it must have been eight or nine o'clock that winter evening when the church bell rang and there were shouts of "Fire"! The room was brighter than with sunlight. Mother took a big, dark blue blanket and pinned it over

the entire window. A neighbor came running with the message: "Hattie Clough says for you to wrap Leta in a blanket and bring her over there to stay". My father had been quite ill and it was his first day out of the house. The whole north side of the village street was in flames. Papa's competitor's stores were burning. He opened his store to receive salvaged goods. He and many other men climbed on roofs and hurled pails of water on the burning buildings, but the entire business block burned. A valiant effort saved the white Dennis house. After the fire had died down several men were in our kitchen drinking gallons of hot coffee when the good Dr. Porter, without being called, came out to visit all his sick patients and all those who had worked so hard and dangerously for their neighbor's, and friend's, welfare. I shall remember that night! I recall that after I recovered Mother and I went up town and walked along the side of the street where the stores were all in ashes. Of course I do not remember the individual stores, but know that Leal Prescott, who used to work for my father, had a store, probably on the site of the Prescott Block. I think A. D. Mathews, Tom Pitcher's father, had a store here. Tom later went into business with my father.

Our childhood activities included a millinery venture on the front lawn. Bright autumn maple leaves were fashioned into hats with streamers in the rear and visors in the front. We made Dutch bonnets fashioned after those worn by Mrs. Pulsifer from New York and Dorothy and Daphne Gunby, Mr. Walker's nieces, taught us Maine milliners that horse-tail grass made lovely willow plumes. Our milliner's shop was based in the chair swing. Today's little girls would call it a "boutique". At about this time my sister, Hazel, and Ross Berry set up a still for making red wine from soaked red rags and paper. This concoction was bottled, but when they started to peddle it one Sunday morning as people were going to church, Mother called a halt. The space back of the stable where the carriages were kept was the mud pie kitchen. Ladders

hanging on the wall made fine kitchen cabinets. I was very interested one spring in making May baskets and decorating them with paper flowers which I was learning to make. I was apt to eat the candy myself, so the baskets were often sparsely filled. Hanging them and then running away, pretending not wanting to be caught, didn't compare with the fun of making the baskets.

We had both adult and moppet retainers. The adult retainers were Page, Buckskin and Maud the horses; for moppet retainers there were Smut, or "Fut", and Jake. Jake, the pug dog, did not mean to steal, but the day after my father's funeral, perhaps sensing that the family must be provided with food, he came home dragging a Daisy ham which he had stolen from the store.

Our school house was a primitive, old, shabby building. The first floor was the primary school, so-called, but included all grades. The high school on the second floor was far from a high school. My first day at school I got there on time, but on returning after dinner I was very late. Rita Cox's father, Warren Cox was working in the school entry when I arrived. I was wearing a striped velvet cape which I could not unfasten and he had to come to help me and usher me in to the teacher, Louis Boynton, who wore carpet slippers. One day the boys nailed his slippers to the floor.

Frank Ayer and I always sat together in school. She was a very bright child. She could answer the question which the School Superintendent, Cela Nelson, asked us: "What is interest?" Isn't that a searching question for an erudite man to ask a first grade pupil? We always went home to dinner at noon. I can't remember that Mamma ever gave me a lunch to take to school. Frank and I sometimes stole Flo Sherman's lunch. She had a lunch box with a leather bail which fitted exactly into the toe of our shoes. A mere jerk and the lunch box could be examined and looted, but Flo never told the teacher on us. Chester Greeley did tell the teacher on us when

we jabbed him with pins in the toes of our shoes. He grabbed our legs and the teacher punished him but not the two innocent little girls.

The best teacher I ever had here was Nellie Carroll from Southwest Harbor. She introduced me to the Bible. We loved the psalm reading in the morning. Another skillful device was her ten questions a day, sending us to the weekly papers and magazines. I remember some of the men in the village would dodge us at 4 o'clock because we hounded them for answers to these ten daily questions.

My first music teacher was Emma Cargill, the wife of Gus, the harness maker and telegraph operator, who had taught his wife to send messages to the eight-sided office. The click-clack of the machine interested me more than the scales. The teacher told Mother my fingers were a bit crooked and indeed they still are. My next teacher was Mabel Pentecost. She was the daughter of Elder Pentecost at McFarland's Corner. I really could play quite well by the time we moved to Pittsfield where I studied with Mrs. Taylor, the school music teacher. But my musical education was retarded by the many other studies and social interests.

When Mamma used to go to the Eastern Star meetings she would ask either Mat Palmer or Edith Chapman to stay with us. Will Sanford was such a good friend to children! Often he would say to our mother: "Bring the kids in here to the hotel living room. I'll look after them". I recall he taught us some card games and we thought we had a "whist club". The game of whist was very popular with our mothers. I recall a party Mother had, for which Mrs. Cargill had her son, Walter, make some score cards. Walter Cargill was a college graduate and taught in our school during one term. Willy Cargill, the younger son, became a dentist and later lived and practiced in Pittsfield.

Sunday School I always loved but not, I am convinced, from any religious fervor, rather for the pleasure of being with my companions. Our Sunday School teacher

was usually "Tin" Cram, Stella and Genevieve's mother. She trained us for the concerts and Christmas Tree evenings, and she ushered us to the cemetery to decorate a grave of the Sunday School's founder, a Miss Hunt. The dance called the Cake Walk she taught us to do; but some looked askance, for we "Cake Walked" in the Baptist Church aisles. "Tin" said it was all right and did no harm, and it didn't either. For the concerts we were curled, combed and brushed, then bedecked with huge hair ribbons, starched petticoats and white dresses. Rita Cox always came out ahead in June for Linda Cox, her step mother, covered her white dress with tendrils of creeping ivy. Linda was a lovely mother to little Rita, but was very medically minded. She made Rita drink quarts of thoroughwort tea and large doses of that detestable sulphur and molasses.

A happy shout we often heard was: "Here comes Harrison Berry with the logs!" A long, high pile of hemlock logs drawn by two or four big horses coming into the village meant a ride on the topmost log to the tannery. Harrison was always careful to perch us children in a safe position, but I fell off once and showed my drawers when I landed. The kind man laughed, but I was not hurt, just mortified. The logs would be stripped of the bark which was used for tanning the sheep skins.

Frank and Mildred Ayer's father, John Ayer, the proprietor of the Waldo Hotel, had a big farm in North Palermo. Every fall he would fill a hayrack half full of hay and pile us children in for the "punkin' ride". When we reached the farm garden, we all helped gather the pumpkins and store them in the hay. It was surprising how two big pumpkins would make a cozy nest for the twelve mile ride home. Sometimes Mr. Gill Bryant would entertain us for the night and the next morning we would go beech nutting in his woods. The little three-sided black nuts were superior for candy making, but horrible nuisances to shell.

The night the Waldo Hotel burned Father and Mother were called away, but arranged for our best friends, Frank and Mildred Ayer, to spend the afternoon with us and we were to make molasses candy. We were to decide which kind we should make: either butter-scotch, hard and brittle, or the "pulled into a rope" kind. It crackled beautifully and was very successful for its suckable quality. The church bell rang! We four youngsters dashed into the road. "The hotel is on fire!" was the cry. A boy came running down to call: "Mrs. Ayer says for Frank and Mildred to stay with you and not come home yet". We would venture out to the road and look up the street. It was a terrible fire, for all the barns and sheds were burning too. The hotel went first. Late that night Mr. and Mrs. Ayer, wild-eyed and dropping with fatigue, took the two children by the hands and went to bed in our two spare bedrooms. It had been such a fun day that morning and afternoon, but a night of terror.

My cousin, Pearl Young, Uncle Joe's daughter, was to be married. I must have a new dress. My father had a bolt of beautiful white brilliantine in the store, a material not suited for children's clothes, but my aunt Mame, a fine dressmaker, made a masterpiece. It had a big bertha with silk lace and folded white satin ribbon, a tucked bodice and lined skirt. It certainly would have been becoming to Queen Victoria or even Queen Katherine of Russia at the age of eight or nine. My little friend, Frank, had lost all her clothes in the Waldo Hotel fire, so my father gave her the material for a dress just like mine. Liberty had another fine dressmaker, Mrs. Meserve, and she said, "I will gladly copy the dress for Frank". So Frank and I appeared at Sunday School concerts and school parties dressed alike. As I look back on that dress I realize it certainly led a very peregrinating existence. It was always kept with all the family's best clothes in the closet under the front stairs in the Liberty house. It certainly moved to Pittsfield and Waterville with us.

Then, valued as a semi-antique, it was stored in Grandfather Thompson's attic in Unity. When Hazel and I had the summer home on Matinicus Island, for some reason it found its way out there. It was in the big attic storeroom in Newcastle, Maine. I am in a quandry as to where it met its demise.

I have recently been reading *Fraternity*, the letters of Bert McCorrison, edited by Ben Ames Williams. Mythical *Fraternity* is the village of Searsmont, a few miles below Liberty. I remember but faintly the village, big hall and post office, though I well remember the old hotel. My father was having a new tailor-made suit, but his tailor lived in Camden. Father could not spare the time to drive to Camden and the tailor could not take the time to come to Liberty, so for the crucial fitting the Searsmont hotel was selected. I waited in the hotel parlor while Father had his fitting. The name Searsmont had meant for me the village near the Quantabacook Pond where the fishing was superior, the Witcher swamp where the birds and moose were plentiful, and where the famous Ruffingham meadows supplied tons of hay. Not that I enjoyed these experiences, but I listened while the men talked. I do myself recall the huge loads of hay coming into Liberty from the Ruffingham meadows.

Perhaps my favorite Adonis at the age of four or five was my cousin, Guy Hunt, who lived in Unity. He was bold too. He would dare to get up in the night and rob the clothes line. I would slip out and help him stuff the nice clean clothes full of hay and in the morning these mannequins would be swinging on the clothes line. Guy had a pet goat too and a cart large enough for the two of us. Many a trip we had on the Windemere Lake road. Another cousin, Clair Stone, had a pet sheep and cart, but the goat was by far the better steed. Another Adonis to me was Don Walker. When I fell off a double-runner sled into a pile of fresh horse manure and Don brushed me off, I certainly fell at his feet in worship.

Leal Prescott and his wife, Hattie, were very kind to my mother when she was left with my sister, Hazel, and me. He went often to Portland to buy for his store. He told my mother that he would like to take me to Portland, the big city. We left Liberty very early in the morning and drove to "The Branch" railroad at Week's Mills. We took the little narrow gauge train to Wiscasset. Here we took the Maine Central to Bath where we spent the night with Mrs. Prescott's sister, Mrs. Morse. Bernice Morse was the dancer of the skirt dance when the summer folks gave their annual show. The next morning we took the train at Bath for Portland, but what was so strange to me, the train ran on to a big boat, a ferry which ferried whole trains across the Kennebec River. Years later the wonderful Bath Bridge followed the slower but more picturesque ferry-boat ride. I was old enough to select a suit in one of the big stores. Then we went to call on a merchant friend's family while my host did his business errands. The two young girls of the family took me to an open-air theater, my first visit to one of those 1900 fun spots. We then took the trains, small and big, back to The Branch and then home. It was a visit to the city which ranks in enjoyment to the first visits to European and to Eastern cities.

After Mother sold our house to Dr. Hoit she sold my father's half of the business to his partner, Tom Mathews. We remained in Liberty about two years after my father's passing, and lived in the Mathews house. Dr. Porter had moved to Pittsfield to continue his profession and educate Minnie and Amy, the daughters, at Maine Central Institute. Mother bought the so-called Deacon Lothrop house on Chester Street in Pittsfield, and we moved there late August. It must have been 1903, for I am sure I graduated with the class of 1906, having entered as a Sophomore. I loved this house, but at first the bouts of homesickness were terrible. Flora Sherman had come from Liberty to enter the Institute with me. She remained for two terms and then decided to teach. What awful educational crimes were committed in the early days!

ADDITIONAL REMINISCENCES OF LETA YOUNG

Some citizens felt a need for more cultural development in Liberty and one of the front rooms on the second floor of Father's store (the Lowell building) was fitted with a long table, some chairs and book cases. A few books, some magazines and an encyclopedia were available. Only a few young people took advantage of this attempt at a reading room. Blanch Moody, Millie Norton, Ed Mitchell and Mrs. Carrie Ayer were frequent visitors, but it was soon abandoned and the reference book was sent to the school house. One winter a lecture course was undertaken. People seldom went abroad in those days, especially women. There was a young woman from Belfast (it seems to me by the name of Crosby) who gave a lecture on her trip to Europe. There were lectures by visiting ministers and professors. My father's cousin, Anson Crie, and his wife, Ida, from Rockland suggested their very eloquent Baptist minister for a lecture. I remember we entertained the two couples and the next morning they were taken on a trip around St. George's lake by steamboat. This was quite a large excursion boat, powered by a steam engine, owned and captained by Henry Cook.

How could the rural village of Liberty have the slightest association with glamorous Hollywood, California? Well, Jeff Donnell, the popular movie actress of twenty-five years ago is the daughter of Mildred Ayer Donnell. She was the little Mildred of the "Punkin Rides" and Haystack picnics. Do you remember the little bouncy comedian, George Goebel and his wife, Alice, who delighted radio audiences for many seasons? Alice was Jeff Donnell. Her grandmother was Carrie Marden Ayer, a relative of Wes Marden, the Liberty man with the famous long beard. She was the wife of John Ayer, the proprietor of the Waldo Hotel and in the eyes of the children the best man who ever lived. John and Carrie

Ayer were the father and mother of my best friend, Frank.

In the early days the village connection with the outside world was by telegraph. The telegraph operator was Gus Cargill, the harness maker and later postmaster. The telegraph would chatter madly, Gus would put down his awl or government letter stamper and take the message. His wife, Emma, my first music teacher, could also take a message. I might be in the midst of scales or the "You and I Waltz" and Gus might tap out a message that the stage had just arrived with "those summer folks".

The first public telephone installed was in my father's store. There was no private booth, no privacy whatsoever. I recall the indignation of one of the ladies who was making her first telephone call when the Belfast operator said: "Just put the phone to your ear, speak into the mouth-tube and the monkey will do the rest".

At the head of the stairs on the second floor of the Crockett Block, was the new village barber shop. I remember going up there with Father. Comfortable chairs in front of the windows gave the waiting customers a fine view of the street. A big barber chair in front of the mirror had a snow white coverall for the customer. On either side of the big mirror was a cabinet of little niches and in each niche was a decorated mug with brush and a fresh cake of soap. I had just learned to read and when I saw one of the mugs with my father's name on it, Sam Young, I felt very proud. With my present day knowledge of running hot and cold water, faucets, and electric shaving kits, I wonder how those old mustaches and full beards ever had a chance. But they did, and the nice clean faces of our fathers at the beginning of the century were certainly neater than the befurred faces of 1975.

I certainly thought I was going to see the end of the world! It had been predicted for a certain Sunday night.

The end was to start at the top of Haystack Mountain. I shuddered at the thought of what the end might be: earthquakes, fire, or falling heavens! I remember how shocked I was when Father came in and in a jovial voice said, "Well, the end isn't yet!" The many neighbors who had taken their stock and much of their household goods to the top of Haystack to await the event came trudging back the next morning with mixed feelings of relief and disappointment.

The octagonal building housing the Liberty Historical Association was the village harness maker's shop. In a glass case a model horse wearing a fine plaid blanket was the center of attraction. The harness maker was "Gus" Cargill, who in after years became the village postmaster. The building was used as a post office until the new U. S. Post Office was built. This new building is on the site of the Howe Photography Salon. I wish the old harness shop could produce the little brown water jug which "Gus" desired to have filled with fresh water every morning. The youngster who got there first was paid one cent. My sister, Hazel, four years old, was always in competition with Raymond Hurd, another four year old, for the penny payment.

At the age of four Hazel knew her mind. She wanted to make a cake. Mother would not be bothered but Mrs. Mathews let her make one and she did. The magic of food sent her to Colby College, Yale and Columbia. The chemistry, merchandising, teaching, and writing about food interested her. You used to read her writing every time you took a General Foods product and read the printed directions. She was their Food Editor for many years.

Her sister, Leta, never cooked a thing - except mud pies in her "kitchen" on the cellar bulkhead. But at the age of sixteen in Pittsfield, bored by a long vacation from Maine Central Institute, she undertook the task of making

a gingerbread. The mixture was ready and placed in the oven for the proper time, but when it came out it was only one-eighth of an inch thick. She had forgotten the Calumet Powder. Mother must not see it. What to do? Mother was upstairs and would be coming down the back stairs to the kitchen, but by the time her hand was on the kitchen door knob, the gingerbread was all eaten by its cook.

The articles for Town Meeting were posted on the outside door of St. George Hall. I think no one stopped to read them as published in the paper. They preferred to stage disputes over them when gathered in the hall. The village street was crowded with farm wagons and buggies with staid old horses or frisky colts. The Sanford House stable yard would also be full. Town Meeting day was the one day everyone came out. The meeting was held in the hall on the third floor, and a layer of sawdust was placed around the many spittoons. The morning hours were quietly spent in friendly visiting but as noon approached men filed down the stairs and things suddenly erupted. In groups of two or three they would gesticulate and shout, sometimes shaking fists under noses. I once heard Mr. Morse, the constable, announce: "I represent the law here. I want this fighting stopped!"

The dinner arrangements were varied. Some ate crackers and cheese around the store stove, some went into the hotel dining room for a real meal, and I distinctly remember the Ladies Relief Corps furnishing dinner in the hall across the street. Our friend, Mat Palmer, was one of the ladies helping with the dinner. Notwithstanding the strife and noise, I expect the town business was honestly and fairly completed.

I remember the following shops and industries operating in Liberty:

The Mathews-Young Grist Mill.

The Knowlton Tin Shop.

The Will Knowlton Bed Spring Factory and Furniture Shop.

Allen Iron Foundry.

Hunt-Walker Tannery.

Hurd Axe Handle Factory.

The "Hen" Cook Saw Mill.

The Stevens Saw Mill.

Fish Hatchery.

Peabody Shoe Repair Shop.

L. C. Morse - Job Shop - Coffins and Caskets.

Elden Rowell - Bootmaker

Gus Cargill - Harnessmaker

RECOLLECTIONS OF MARJORIE SEWELL

In August of 1927 the Town of Liberty celebrated its one-hundredth birthday with all-day festivities and the publication of "A Brief History of the Town of Liberty" printed by Newell White in Montville in the same print shop now operated by Alden Hutchins and his brother's widow. Those responsible for the gathering of a great deal of interesting material on the early settlers and their families were Mrs. Ella Grinnell, Mrs. Jane E. Mathieson, Mr. Donald H. Mathieson, Mrs. Meda Harriman, Mrs. Ida Q. McLain, Mr. J. W. Greeley, Mrs. Lolie A. Powell, Miss Grace Cox, and Mr. Arthur Boynton. For many years after 1927 a copy of this book was in almost every home in town and many families could refer to it for information about their ancestors. Now - fifty years later - copies are difficult to find. Fortunately the Maine State Library has three bound copies and no doubt there are still a few in Liberty homes. Generally though, when one asks the answer is: "We had a copy for years, but I've no idea what became of it". There will be no attempt in this short record of life in Liberty to repeat the data on the many families recorded in the Centennial book, but with the remarkable memories of some of the older

citizens we may see something of the changes since a big beautiful lake and rushing streams attracted venturous pioneers - often equipped with just an axe, a gun, and a dog - built log cabins in the wilderness, then a mill at the outlet of the lake, calling the spot "Copp's Mill". A little later, out of admiration for the many rounded high spots in the area, it became Montville Plantation, and finally this was broken up into settlements: Montville, Palermo, Washington and Liberty.

One of the Liberty families which has been traced back to English nobility, entitled to a "Coat of Arms" is the Boynton family. William and John Boynton first settled in Rowley, Massachusetts, in 1637. The first Boyntons to come to Liberty were Asa and James, in the year 1814. Many of their descendants, living and dead, are mentioned in the 1927 History, but I could find no reference to the first Liberty citizen to show a warm and welcoming spirit toward our family when my husband, our two young sons and I came to make a home in the shell of an old mill in The Kingdom, once a busy industrial section of what later became Liberty. This was David Boynton, though it was a few days after meeting him that we learned his name. There was no introduction; he simply appeared on the site when we were frantically tamping cement in forms for the basement of Elizabeth Crawford's stone house. No "ready mix" on this job - just two women, one man and two small boys so busy mixing, toting, and tamping that we hardly looked up when a little old man picked up a long handled tamp and joined us. He left as silently as he had come, but was back very early the next morning. At noon when we sat down for lunch he sat down too with his own tin lunch box containing just tea and biscuits. Only then did we learn that he was Dave Boynton, once known as "The King of the Kingdom". We also learned that he had lived in the house which once stood on the foundation we were remaking to again hold up a home. "Ay-uh, I spent the happiest and the saddest days of my life right here!" This was

what had made him walk the two miles from Liberty village, where he was living alone in a little camp, to see what kind of people had come to his Kingdom.

We had been attracted to the site by the beauty of a waterfall with a pool at its base where trout often flashed in the sunlight, and where we had hopes of generating our own electricity along with enjoying the seclusion of the wooded area. As our friendship with Dave grew, he told us of the early days when this part of Montville was the center of much activity, due largely to the energy and ability of one remarkable man, Ira Cram. Only after the stage road was changed to go through Liberty and hotels, stores, and shops sprang up there did the mill-minded men, including Ira Cram, see that the outlet of St. George's Pond was a more dependable and forceful source of power than the Kingdom Stream. A series of mills, cooper shops, even a hat factory and a tannery started moving out of The Kingdom to set up their wheels along the roaring outlet stream back of the stores and hotels in Liberty. The ruins of many dam abutments are still in evidence along that stream - culminating in the ruins of the old tannery which for many years was Liberty's main industry.

After the various mills in the Kingdom had been abandoned, spring freshets swept away the small dams and most of the wooden debris. One building which had been Frank Bennett's machine shop, later Volney Follett's blacksmith shop, and now our home, remained standing, straddling the brook when it was at its highest pitch, but high and dry most of the year. Dave told us this structure, badly wracked by years of neglect, was the one building that survived the last big freshet - when what remained of seven other little industries had all gone down stream. With the departure of the industries went the school houses, the stores, the post-office - and gradually the people themselves, until there was little life left in The Kingdom. Our only neighbors were descendants of early settlers. the Penneys and George and Oscar Davis. The

Davis brothers were of the Davis family who settled the area called Davis Town.

Dave Boynton never ceased to regret that we had not come to The Kingdom fifty years earlier than we did. He was sure we would have fitted into the busy little community and maybe even saved it from disappearing. He failed to take into account all the factors that brought about the changes. For Dave, new life in the Kingdom revived vivid memories of his active participation in the varied kinds of work that went on here when he was a young man. His friendship, his stories of the "olden days", his knowledge acquired through long years of experience with such tools as saw and hammer, pickaxe and maul, crow-bar, scythe, wheelbarrow, and block and tackle, eased the way for us to adapt to the primitive life we had chosen. The first three years of our living here he trudged the long journey from Liberty many times, feeling "needed" as he hadn't for many years; and we looked forward to his coming and his help. When Pearl Harbor struck the country Ed Sewell took his marine engineering experience to sea and Elizabeth Crawford became a WAC. Only the mother and the two boys were left in the Kingdom. Dave felt he should be nearer. We never really knew by what magic he had his little camp moved onto a nearby knoll. There he spent many hours making it more attractive, painting and trimming it with many feet of gingerbread border. He went into the woods and chose a tall straight tree of thirty feet, built a sturdy jointed foundation so that it could be raised and lowered, and kept the stars and stripes flying every day until the war ended.

Somehow David had never acquired fame or fortune for himself, and from his stories we came to understand that for almost all his life he had been somebody's "helper". He told with pride of having held a kerosene lamp many times while Dr. Hoit delivered a baby. He had been called out on dark stormy nights to hitch up Dr. Hoit's horse and drive through heavily snow-drifted

roads to help some child through a siege of frightening croup. He felt he was the only man who really understood Ira Cram's team of beautiful draft horses and prided himself that he had carted big lime-casks from Kingdom cooper shops to the Rockport lime-kilns and been on the road every hour of the day and every hour of the night. He knew just where and when to rest and water the horses so that they were never too tired on the journey. He knew how to "pick" a millstone, which was to sharpen the grooves at just the angle which made them grind most efficiently; he was practically a magician with a crow-bar and any heavy, seemingly immovable object - cautioning us "use your *head*, not your *back*. Your back might drop a stitch, but not your head" as he carefully placed the fulcrum stone in exactly the right spot.

Most of the men and boys who worked in the stave mills of those early days had at one careless moment or another lost a finger, a thumb, or even half a hand. That seemed understandable as Dave took a straight piece of wood to demonstrate the leger-de-main that went with sawing out a stave. Each stave was curved on both edges and in order to accomplish this the operator had to flip the stick by a deft twist of the wrist and put it up to the saw first on one side, then on the other - completely reversed. Hard to describe, but harder to do. Yet even with gnarled old hands, Dave would do it with such quickness that the eye could scarcely follow the action. After such a demonstration he would hold up his hands with great pride. "There they are - all ten of 'em. I never gave a saw a single bite." This same kind of skill was used with a set of black ivory "bones", and many times the boys and I would ask him to flick them more slowly so we could see how it was done. We soon gave up and enjoyed hearing Dave shake out a lively rhythm to the tapping of his feet, almost always followed by a few light steps of tap-dancing recalled from the happy days of "dancing schools" of his boyhood, when he was the "pest" of the instructor during lessons for square dancing.

He explained that the music would "so git into me, that when it come to the set and the turn, I'd always break down into a jig".

Apparently Dave spent little time in the District school, but he took on an almost defensive attitude toward his education. He felt well-versed in the Greek language since old Dr. Hoit had taught him the Greek alphabet during some of the long drives to make house calls. He could start off well with "Alpha, Beta....., rattle on to mumbling indistinguishable sounds which he assumed we would accept as the alphabet, and wind up with "Omega"! He was also equipped with some remarkable quotes from the *Bible* which he always prefaced with their exact location in the great book - chapter and verse. *Revelations* was his favorite source, for there he found explanations for everything that had come about, from automobiles and airplanes to the changes in society and, of course, the end of the world. One of his quotes we most enjoyed was, Dave told us, from *Leviticus* I, Chapter 3, 10th verse: "Let him what has gut two coats give to him what haint gut henny". After relating a few such quotes, Dave would say - "Send me any one of your college-learnt ministers and I can twist him up in no time with what I've learnt myself from the *Bible*". He also would reassure himself with the remark: "I've learnt more from harkin' around than most men do in four years of college". In the various practical skills of the industrial era of his early years, his "harkin' around" and his actual participation, along with a great supply of intelligence and ingenuity, made this true - with some limitations.

As Dave had made many references to the family coat of arms, we thought it would please him to have a copy of it made from a book in the State Library. When he saw that the Boynton insignia was a prancing goat, in great disgust he tossed it aside and it never appeared with other treasured pictures on the walls of his little camp. One of these pictures was of the great John L. Sullivan with whom Dave had more than a speaking

acquaintance. It seems that John L. used to come to a remote Liberty farm to build up his muscle for title bouts by splitting logs with six and eight pound mauls and wedges.

When the now famous Haystack Mountain School of Crafts was founded and the buildings went up on the property which had been Ira Cram's orchard, Dave thought the Kingdom had been revived. As students came from distant cities they found delightful entertainment in Dave's recounting of the different way of life of fifty years back and he enjoyed the excitement of the new kind of life - ridiculing good-naturedly the modern approach to wood-sculpture, painting, weaving, and pottery. When the Haystack School decided to replace one of Ira Cram's old dams and restore the pond for recreational purposes Dave came very much to the forefront. He had the know-how to construct a plank dam and became the "clerk of the works" supervising his big muscular son-in-law, known as "The Giant". When the dam was completed and the pond filled to create a beautiful sheet of glistening water reflecting the wooded shoreline, it seemed to those connected with the craft school - none of whom really knew the history of the area - that it would be fun to name the pond officially "Dave's Pond", a simple matter of requesting the name change from a Legislative Committee. It had been designated on maps as "Cram's Pond", "Kingdom Bog" and Lily Pond". With some pomp and ceremony Dave was taken to the State House to witness Governor Burton Cross signing the bill and to receive the goose-quill pen with which it was signed. This was a big day for Dave and his forced aplomb as he shook the hand of the young Governor brought out the remark, "Glad to meetcha! The only Governor ever see me before was on a steam engine". With the departure of the Haystack Mountain School to Deer Isle when a new State road threatened to be too close to the buildings for the privacy desired, the dam passed to new owners and after some years it was rebuilt much more substan-

tially, the work being done this time by a direct descendant of Ira Cram. It became apparent that the change of name had never been accepted by local people. "Cram's Pond" it is and will remain - officially or not - in memory of the many years its waters turned the mill wheels of Ira Cram. The name of Liberty's *Haystack Mountain* has **stuck with the craft school** which had its first four years here, and is now widely known as a center for study with some of the world's finest craftsmen.

Marjorie Sewell

ELDEN ROWELL

Elden Rowell, at the age of eighty-six, has vivid recollections of the Liberty of his youth, which hummed with industry. Its dancehalls, small stages for "traveling shows", hills for sliding in winter, and ponds for skating parties made it possible for comfortable, happy and satisfying lives to be lived and with little need to travel much beyond the expanded boundaries of the village. One church in the village, one at McFarland's corner, and one in South Liberty were all well supported and attended. At one time three hotels with stabling accommodations for horses were kept busy with the many "drummers" as traveling salesmen were called. They came through the town frequently, taking orders to keep the stores well stocked. From Liberty they could drive out to the small general stores in operation all through the adjoining areas, coming back to a hearty supper and a comfortable room at The Sanford House, Hotel Waldo, or Knowlton's Inn. People traveling long distances by stage-coach found Liberty a convenient and pleasant stopping place with interesting shops to visit before traveling on to Belfast or Bar Harbor. Sometimes the salesmen would stay several days, rent a "rig" and cover their many miles of route around the countryside.

Bernice Cram recalls the traveling shows that were such fun for all, especially the very young. In preparation for a week in town a fore-runner would come with posters, tickets and offers of prizes for the one who could sell the most tickets. He would engage one of the three or four halls available. Sometimes it would be the third floor of Mathews Store which offered a fine dance floor and an adequate stage with curtain, or the dance hall in Knowlton's barn, or the one down by the river. The last such show Mrs. Cram remembers was a wonderful "Pony Show" held on the third floor of Mathews Store. Getting the performing ponies up the two flights of stairs and down again was a big part of the show. She recalls seeing the attendants hold the ponies by their tails as they nervously descended. Another feature of the show was the selling of patent medicines at the close of each performance - or sometimes before the show would start. After such an entertainment, some energetic ticket seller would be sporting a sparkling "diamond" ring or an "emerald bracelet"; every home would be well stocked with colorful and potent liquids and pills - "good for man or beast", and for weeks many of the children would be setting up their own shows complete with uncooperative cats and dogs and even colored water in old bottles.

Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Pink Pills for Pale People, True's Elixir, Gumbolt's Caustic Balsam, Balm o'Gilead Ointment, and Snake Oil were popular items and many other so-called "patent medicines" were manufactured and bottled in Augusta by Kinsman's Pharmacy, and in Hallowell by "Dr. Clearwater". Bottles were made in Belfast and local dumps have yielded many collector's items in recent years. Both of the medicine producers from Hallowell and Augusta dropped out of sight with the advent of the Pure Food and Drug Act, but not before having acquired considerable fame and fortune - and doubtless brought much comfort and relief of pain from the power of suggestion through the convincing and comforting printed matter and the "shows" - aided, of course by congenial and entertaining salesmen.

Many of the small towns in Maine which grew up and prospered around water-power, declined rapidly as gas-powered engines, steam engines and electricity came into use. New road construction found ways to shorten distances between cities and seldom did these new routes follow the old paths and trails made by the pioneers, for a new age, moving at a different pace, was taking shape. That was hard on the village of Liberty.

Hunt and Walker's big tannery remained the center of industry after most of the small shops - cooper shops, stave and heading shops, grist mills, blacksmith shops, etc. had given way to more centralized activity. The tannery went through the accepted cycle of processing: first just cow-hides, making the fine heavy leather needed for bootmaking in cobbler shops, large and small, that dotted the country; then sheep-skins which had to be purchased in Boston and the finished product returned by rail and boat from Belfast to the many big shoe factories that were rising along the banks of New England rivers, calling for more refined leathers than the original cowhide of the early hand-made boots. Almost every farm had its seemingly inexhaustible supply of hemlocks to furnish the bark for the tannery and the lumber for the building boom of the early 1900's. Much of the lumber was processed in the sawmills of Liberty and hauled to Belfast by oxen or horses to be shipped to distant ports by schooner, or taken directly to the shipyards that dotted the coast of Maine. The bark mill was a shed-like building that stood beside the big tannery. The open yard by the bark mill was often filled with hundreds of cords of stacked bark. The young men working in the tannery vied with each other to see how much of the heavy green bark could be piled on an oversized wheelbarrow and wheeled up the ramp to the grinder: It was a matter of great pride and a traditional sport to see who held the record for wheeling the heaviest load. Elden tells of one load piled so high that none of the young men could lift the handle-bars. John Wellington,



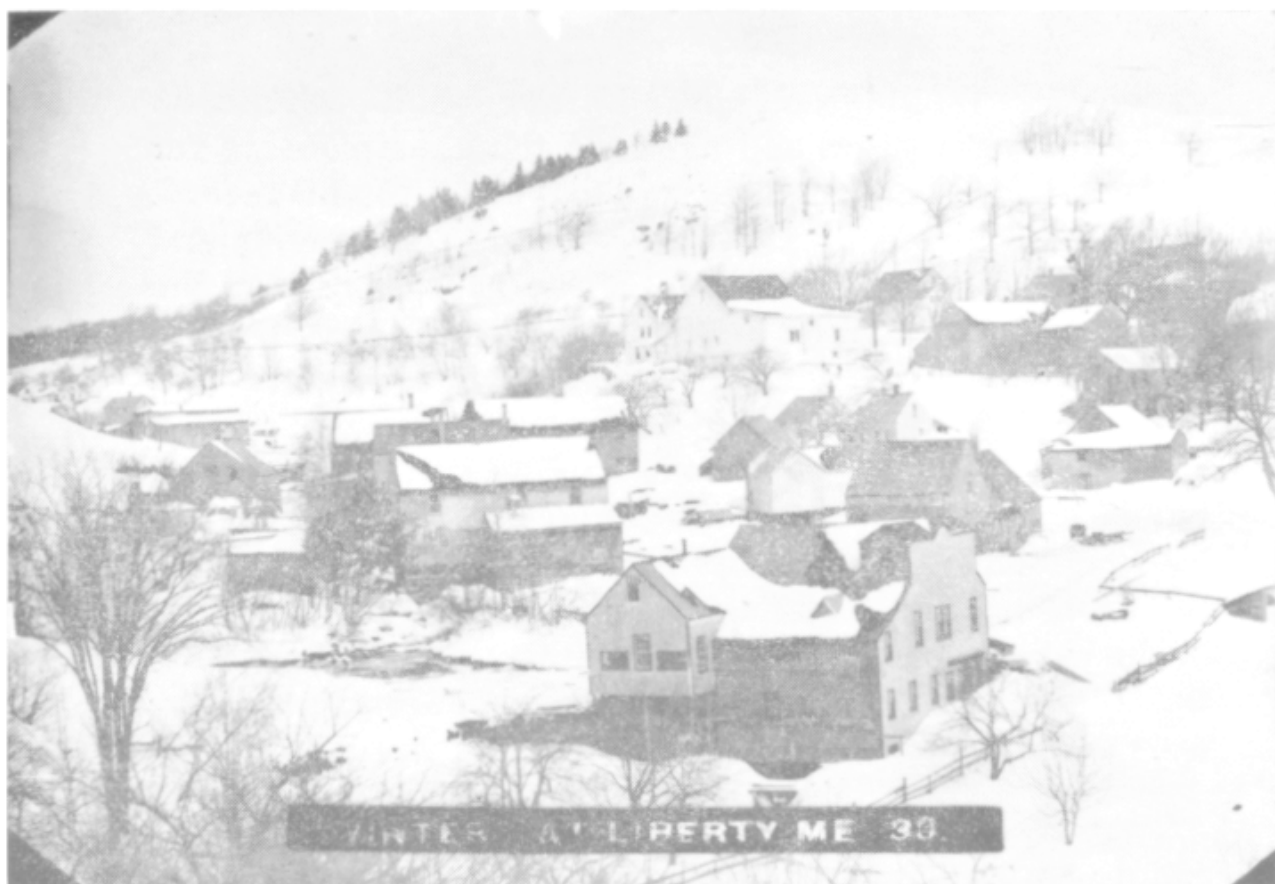


LIBERTY AT JUNCTION OF ROUTE 220



LATER ALGER PARMENTER'S IGA STORE





(Theodore Wellington's grandfather) had worked in the tannery for years and had held the championship for strength until some younger man had out-lifted his record. When he glanced up from his work at the grinder and saw the boys taking off some of the bark to lighten the load, he couldn't resist a chance to recover his title and stepped up to the wheelbarrow with the demand that they not only put back the strips they had removed, but add some. He then grasped the handles with his powerful hands and his great muscles bulged with the exertion. Nothing budged! Once more he used all his strength to lift the load, but the sturdy oak handles snapped at the body of the barrow and with disgust he walked off still gripping the handles. He went directly to the boiler, opened the door and tossed the handles in - without a word.

Don Walker, long time owner of the tannery, did not acquire his wealth in that business, but through the family investments in Manhattan. He became a great benefactor for the needy town, trying hard to see that it did not show its decline too much. He established special bank accounts with titles like "Old Pastures" and "Woods Roads", and checks from these accounts went into homes where he thought they were needed. He used other more direct methods too, such as repairs for the Community Hall, the building of a fine brick building for a Walker Memorial High School, with a comfortable dormitory opposite for students from outlying areas. He spent considerable time in his modest home in the village even after he had moved to New York, and he came to depend on Inez Harriman to let him know when his money could be of assistance to some Liberty resident. His greatest gift to the area was in the form of scholarships to the University of Maine for students from Liberty and many outlying towns. He also left a fund to allow needy residents to have hospital care without expense, and he was a big contributor to the building of the Waldo County Hospital. Elden Rowell was a long-time friend of Don Walker and understood the motives behind some

of his behavior which seemed "eccentric" to others.

With the coming of the automobile, Liberty went through the same changes that took place in other towns. The hotels and livery stables gradually became empty, small stores and shops disappeared or were converted into automobile repair shops with gas stations - later to be full-fledged garages. Carol Banks had the first agency for Fords in a garage down near the Monmouth Cannery, later moving to the main street.

A general store was operated continuously in the A. D. Mathews building until the last owner, Alger Parmenter, found he could no longer compete with the easily accessible super-markets in Belfast, Augusta, and Waterville. A few feeble attempts have been made to activate the building, but have soon failed. At this time a big sign on the side of the store, ANTIQUES, would indicate there may be some summer business going on there, though it is rarely open to customers.

The Monmouth Canning Company was the last establishment with a payroll for more than four of five local people. This was a seasonal business, but there were jobs for nearly all who wanted to work, beginning early in August with the blueberry crop, then on to beans and corn through October, and some packers and labellers were busy into November. Early spring brought work for many of the men as the blueberry fields had to be "burned over". Before the oil-burning jet-machines came into use this was done with large crews of men who started fires at strategic points and controlled the burning of many acres. Now and then the wind would unpredictably whip the flames out of control and volunteer fire departments from all the nearby towns would be called into service to keep the flames from getting into the woodlots. It was because of this hazard that the State Forestry Department had the tower on Frye Mountain manned as soon as the snow began to leave the slopes. On a still

night in early spring the sky was often aglow from big "burn-overs" on Haystack Mountain, Twitchell Hill, Bolan Hill, and Hog-back Mountain. In the factory men were employed as mechanics, firemen, night-watchmen, loaders, etc., and women worked as sorters, inspectors, labellers and office workers. It was the center of social life for the women too, and a great leveler of status - for no woman in town considered herself "above" working in the factory. As the youngsters returned to school in the fall, most of them came clad in new clothes of their own choosing and with special pride because they were purchased with the money that had been earned "rakin".

Two more severe blows were struck at Liberty's prosperity - the canning company sold out and left town, and the main Highway No. 3 was rerouted, by-passing the village entirely. Town meetings in March became somewhat bitter and depressing at it grew more difficult to get qualified people to take the town offices. A brief spurt of activity took place when a bold and energetic stranger came to town and thought he could revitalize the place. At first he and his family lived in the Dr. Leyenborg house where well-built, practically designed row-boats began to appear on the lawn FOR SALE - \$100. They sold readily and it was thought that a boat-building shop might develop in the big barn back of the house - but not so. Mr. Ralph Roberts and his capable son and daughters soon built a large structure on the edge of town resembling some of the quickly constructed buildings of the early Western towns, and opened a well-stocked "Roberts General Store". The novelty of shopping right in town did not last long, but was boosted again when the same Mr. Roberts opened a restaurant with a soda-fountain counter. Situated as it was near both the store and the school, this had the look of success for a short time, and customers were impressed with the quality of good cooking that Mr. and Mrs. Roberts produced in the restaurant kitchen. Next came a recreation

room with juke-box and dance floor. Feeling that he had the confidence of the citizens by this time, Mr. Roberts made his big thrust. He called a special meeting of the citizens to offer a mysterious proposition for development of the Town of Liberty. It was a time when people were desperately hoping for something to take place in town to offer employment to those who had always lived in Liberty and wanted to stay, and so the Community Hall was crowded with hopeful and curious people eager to hear what Mr. Roberts had to say. The audience listened attentively while a future for Liberty was described as a real Utopia; activities to involve everyone in town, a library, improved school facilities, a recreational hall, new modern homes, etc. After the momentary enjoyment of these encouraging scenes, the question was asked - HOW was all this possible? The answer was that the citizens should sign the entire town ownership and management over to Mr. Roberts and trust him implicitly to accomplish it all. This response, with absolute refusal to explain how it could possibly be done, was just too much to convince a group of predominantly "Yankee" descent - no matter how desperately they felt the need for community salvation. From then on Mr. Roberts devoted his boundless energies to private enterprise. He built a modern home for his family on the new Route 3, then a large and impressively appointed restaurant, followed by a building for a garage. The restaurant enjoyed a brief period of popularity, but soon all three structures were sold and the hard working Roberts family developed a group of small homes on land bordering the outlet of St. George's Lake - remarkable testimony to the efforts of an energetic and determined man. One wonders what would have happened to Liberty if the townspeople had succumbed to the tempting plans and taken up the "pig-in-a- poke" proposition.

The big Roberts Store building became Jacques Bettencourt's popular clothing outlet, where for ten years people came from miles around to browse through

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the racks and bins filled with some used and some new clothing, purchased by Mr. Bettencourt in big city "close outs" and sold by him at whatever price he thought the purchaser could afford. It was a lesson in human relations to watch customers, lined up with arms loaded with chosen items, waiting to lay them on the table in front of "Jack". They would often point out some of the defects with the hope of lowering the price, then listen to him assess the cost, piece by piece, always with an eye to the need of the customer. Parents of large families went home with a car-load of warm clothing and a feeling of great relief as they recounted the expense as compared to what it would have been in an ordinary store. Women in Liberty and adjoining towns wore clothing with labels such as: "Bernhard Altman" "100 % Cashmere", "Kimberly", "Abercrombie & Fitch", "Made in Italy" or "Made in Scotland". The original Roberts restaurant which had changed hands several times now flourished with the influx of customers at Jack's, who would celebrate their bargains in clothing with a special treat in the restaurant. The reputation for bargains was spreading to more distant localities and larger and larger crowds were coming each week-end, when it was all suddenly and tragically stopped one stormy week-end by the ruthless robbery and murder of both Jack and his quiet little wife. The tragedy went undiscovered for several days. After more than a year the vicious criminals have not yet been brought to trial, nor have the circumstances of the murders been explained. The store, the Bettencourt home, the restaurant, and two store-houses loaded with unopened cartons are now abandoned and boarded up - grim reminders to all who knew and admired that quiet couple who had become real benefactors to the Town of Liberty and to all who enjoyed the benefits of their hard work.

In 1975 little remains of the industries that once maintained the Town of Liberty. Elden Rowell's remark-

able memory recalls how it was in the late 1800's and the early 1900's. When first approached with the idea that he could contribute something of great interest to the story of Liberty, Elden was skeptical. "Nobody cares about all that now, and I don't see how I should be the one telling it. Good Gawd! when I come back to Liberty after being a 'roustabout' with the Sparks Circus and travelin' all over the United States, I was about the worst drunk in town - and it took a lot of rum to hold that record. I'd been the harness-man for Sparks and they had some beautiful rigs on those big horses that pulled the big parade wagons, and then there was the fancy get-ups that the performin' horses wore in the ring. There was always lots of liquor around after workin' hours and I had my share. I set up a little cobblin' shop right here on the spot where my grandfather had made boots for years and had all the work I needed to buy food and more liquor, but one mornin' I woke up and all I wanted was some pure alcohol. That set me to thinkin' about some of the no-goods that hung around the circus lot beggin' for a swig outa someone's bottle and I made up my mind I'd drunk my share. I bought a bottle of gin and one of rum, set 'em down on the bench and every now and then I'd take out the cork and smell of 'em - but I never took a swaller. That was a good sixty years ago and them bottles are up there in the cupboard today. Lot'sa times somebody'll say, "Oh, come on, Elden, take a little drink just for friendship's sake". I say if I gotta take a drink to be a friend, I'll be somethin' else, but it makes me laugh to think anything I can tell you today will get into a book!"

We started by the little shop where Elden had worked on shoes for many years. "My father had a cooper shop right across the road - Charles M. Rowell. Henry Daniels lived in the next house where Oxton lives now, and Otis Wing built the next one and he had a cooper shop too. On the left side there was a big slaughter house. Skidmore and Baker owned it one time, but it kind of

went along with the butcher shop up-town and belonged to whoever was running the shop. They'd take a wagon load of beef and pork out to the country once or twice a week and maybe get paid in potatoes, turnips, or something - or maybe make a deal for the next critter that would be ready to slaughter. Most of the farmers had their own smoke-houses, so some of the pork would go back to the fellah that raised it to be made into hams and bacon - or even smoked beef strips that would keep a lot longer than fresh meat. Everybody had a big crock full of salt-pork or maybe corned beef. A kid playin' around a barn barefooted would run a rusty nail in his foot now and then and his ma would tie a strip of salt pork on it before he went to bed and by mornin' the poison would all be drawn out. Salt pork was awful good for fried potatoes and for makin' milk gravy too. Cut up little squares of salt pork, fry 'em out real brown and crisp, brown a big spoon of flour in the fat and then smoothen it out with milk - a little at a time - pepper it a little and put it on hot biscuits. With a bowl of apple sauce you've got a supper to stand by ya. I'll bet you could go into fifteen houses in Liberty now before you'd find a piece of salt pork as big as ya thumb.

"You could go past that slaughter house any time of day or night and there'd be twenty or thirty critters hung up there in an open shed. Nobody ever touched 'em. Skidmore lived in the house across the road from the slaughter house - right where Neal Skidmore lived later. Dave Boynton built a nice little house right on the corner there and lived there with his first wife. Hardly a pleasant night in the winter, but you'd see a big bon-fire on the Bog Pond and kids hollerin' and skatin' around having a great time. Never was any trouble to get it shoveled off - no matter how deep the snow. Kids was kind of used to workin' for their fun in them days. Where that road goes down past the old tannery was called Hunts Corner, and the Hunts lived in the house that's where the minister lives now, but was Don Walker's home after he

had moved to New York and just used to come back now and then. That neat little building on the corner was the office of the tannery where everybody got his pay on Saturday nights. It's just about all that's left of the tannery besides that old stack that's hung up in the big trees. Up the hill towards the village was the big Walker house where Don's sister lived. That was the finest house in town for many years. Some folks say that Don was pretty mean to have it set out in his will that the house should be torn down and the land turned over to the birds. Some even thought it was because he was mad with the Town of Liberty and warn't goin' to have taxes paid out of his estate after he was dead, but I know better. One time Don thought he'd like to go down to Kentucky and see the home where his father grew up. He'd heard about what a fine place it was and had some memories of having visited there as a kid. He hunted up the property and was dumbfounded to find it made over into cheap tenements and it was so run down that he could hardly recognize it. - old junk all around the dooryard where he had remembered the flower gardens. He made up his mind that wasn't goin' to happen to the nice house in Liberty - so he made plans to have it torn down, and now there's just half a millstone there with a bronze plate which says it's a bird sanctuary. Seems as though the birds can't read, 'cause they don't appear to browse around there as much as around the houses where people live.

"Deacon Hunt lived where Doctor Collins lives - and this whole hill was called Hunt's Hill - still is. One day when the sleddin' was good George Smith went up to Will Knowlton's and gutta big keg of cider and lashed it onto his hand-sled. When he come to the top of this hill he got astride the keg and thought he'd ride it down. Maybe he'd sampled the stuff before he bought it. Anyway he couldn't hold the sled in the road and he smashed into the flag pole in front of Hunt's. The bung flew outa the keg and he lost most of his cider before he could dig

himself outa the snow bank. The next Sunday he gave ten dollars to the church, which I guess he figgered squared him with the Lord.

"Gus Cargill lived where Tedo Wellington lives now and his partner in the harness business lived upstairs. Then come all the stores. That building right next to the harness shop (old Post-office) was a shoe-factory one time. As many as fifteen women stitchers worked there. The old Sanford House was where the fire-house is - and Hotel Waldo was where Raymond Banks lives. There was a big barn right beside it with a lot of good drivin' horses and now and then a trotter for the fair races.

"When the big tannery first started Hunt built that road up along the river just to haul shavings from Ivan Davis' shovel-handle shop to run the boilers in the tannery. Then Briggs Turner built a blacksmith shop where young Ivan Davis' house is. Charles Marden had a big house 'bout where the cannery is. He had five or six youngsters - two little boys. One got drowned in the millpond and in the next day or two the other one died. 'Twarn't long before his house and barn burnt and he lost seven horses. A fire was a terrible thing in those days. The church bell boomin' out in the night would be the signal for every man to grab a couple buckets and run. Almost always the fire would be well enough along to light up the whole sky so you didn't have to wonder which way to run. Barns was the worst, 'specially if there was horses. Horses are the craziest things in a fire. If a man had time he might get in the barn, throw a laprobe or a gunny-sack over the horse's head and lead him out, but unless you got him far enough away from the barn and hitched him up solid, he'd be likely to bolt right back in.

"Tom Mathews had one of the biggest grist mills around, down there by the river. There was four sets of stones, and farmers brought wheat and oats to be ground into feed and flour. Sewell Meservey ran it for a while too, and whoever was runnin' the mill lived in a house they called the millhouse. There was a little house back

of the Community Hall built for a broom factory and Geogianna Knowlton made brooms there. William Hurd had an axe and horse-fork factory just to the left, and that had a trip-hammer run by water power. Isaiah Neal had a two-story house where the Community Hall is, and there was a foundry at one side of the building and a bed-spring factory on the other side. Old Ivan Davis made coffins, shovel handles and dowels, and there was a dance hall upstairs over his shop. Lucius Morse built caskets in quite a big shop (his son was a big lawyer in Belfast, Ralph Morse). Lucius Morse himself come to Liberty with nawthin' but a shot-gun and a dog, but it warn't many years before he built a nice house - that one with the funny roof right opposite the new post office - and he had a big business going in the casket factory."

We came then to the big buildings deserted by the cannery, now occupied and considerably remodeled by a relatively new resident of Liberty, David McLaughlin, operating the Liberty Salvage Company. Here Elden gave a curt command - "Drive in there". Supposing we were going to hear detailed recollections of the cannery activities, I had a feeling there wasn't time for that before dark. However, Elden was obviously pleased to surprise me by affectionately greeting a young woman who lives in one of the upper lofts in the simple manner now popular with well educated young people who come to this area for "a good life". I would have assumed that Elden would look on these young people as useless, but on the contrary he appears to be very hopeful that they will be the ones to bring Liberty back to "amountin' to somethin'". "That David fellah is a damned good workman, and he ain't for throwin' everything away just because it's old. He'll make some use of almost any old thing, and I never see a man work up iron any better'n he can. It's a good thing to see a young man workin' here in these buildings, and there's a lot of good stuff here for him to work with. I hear he's had a college education, but it don't seem to have hurt him any. Now he's

educating his hands and that'll go well with what he's already got in his head. He made a big wood stove outa one of them big retorts and it was as good or better'n the ones they used to make right over there in the foundry years ago". The young lady was as glad to see Elden as he was to see her and the friendly call took the rest of that afternoon.

The next morning we started with the Sanford House on the left side of the street going west. "Ed and Will Sanford had a good business there, mostly with the drummers. After the hotel business went out, what was left of the buildings was torn down and they built the new fire-house. Jim Knowlton had a little store and tin-shop on the corner down to the back road. Sam Young and A. D. Mathews had big stores on the right side before Mathews moved across the road into his new big store. Austin Crockett lived in that little house just before Banks' garage. There was four little stores right along there on the right side - they all burned up in about 1892. One of 'em was a nice jewelry store - Lovejoy's. There was a house on the left where Ralph Wing lives, and Jim Knowlton lived there. He was as good a tinsmith as there was around. Sometimes a tin-peddler would stock up his whole wagon with pails, tin dippers of all sizes, pie plates, and even on special order there might be two or three dinner pails made in three layers with a long bail and a cup fitted on the top of the cover. With a dinner pail like that a man could have a whole hot meal out in the woods in the dead of winter just by sittin' his pail down beside the fire they usually built to heat up wedges and cold hands. There was usually tea or coffee in the bottom section and that would keep the meat and potatoes hot in the next layer and if there was a pie, cake, or cookies in the top they'd be just warm enough to taste good on a cold day. If the coffee didn't stay hot enough just settin' by the fire, all he had to do was hang the bail over a green stick and get it boilin' over the fire. There was usually hooks or shelves by the boilers in the tannery

and some arrangements in the other shops and mill for these handy dinner pails made right in Jim Knowlton's shop.

"Jim made a lot of those 2-quart dippers with hollow handles on the side too. Some kitchen stoves had hot water tanks on one side and those that didn't usually had copper-lined tanks sittin' on the back lids of the stove and those tanks was filled and emptied with the big dippers that hung on hooks near the pump at the sink. Saturday nights folks would get out the big wooden tubs women washed clothes in, put 'em in front of the stove and open the oven door for extra heat. Mothers knew just about how much water could go into a tub so that it wouldn't spill over when the kids sat down in them, two at a time when they was little enough, and the big dippers came in handy for takin' out a little cold and puttin in some hot so as to keep the temperature about right - then a couple of dipper fulls would rinse the suds off the kids and have 'em ready for a week's worth of heavy underwear.

"Tin-knockin' was a skillful craft and Jim Knowlton worked well at it. No younger men seemed attracted to the trade and the little shop with all its special tools stood idle for many years after Jim gave it up. The two Knowlton brothers lived in the house just opposite the shop, and for many years after it closed they bought their simple staple groceries at Alger Parmenter's store, often payin' for them with the big, over-sized one-dollar bills that were the common currency when they were making tin-ware, but had been out of ordinary circulation for many years."

As we drove on: "The big Hotel Waldo was right there where Raymond Banks lives, and Fred Gilman lived in the old dormitory. His wife drowned herself in the channel. Dr. Porter lived across from the school and had a nice lookin' set of buildings there. The Gilman house where the school is now, burnt. Dan Baker lived in the next house to the Telephone Company, and Ira

Davis' father built that little brick house. They brought the bricks across St. Georges' Lake on a barge and one load sank to the bottom. Enoc Hatch, a one-armed, Civil War veteran, lived on the right. He was hit by what they called a 'mini-ball' that ripped his arm right off. Joel Pearce, the first stage driver, lived where the Edgecombs live now, and Jim Armour had a house next to him. Percival Clark had a house right on the corner of the road that goes to Thorndike and they called that Clark's Corner, and the next corner in on that road was McFarland's Corner. There was a church, stores, and a Post Office at that corner. Liberty Inn on the left was the place where all the summer folks started comin' to the lake. After comin' to the Inn for three or four summers they begun to buy lots around the shore and build up cottages. Look at it now! More folks livin along there than there is in the whole village, but of course most of 'em come jest in the summertime. Lately, though, some of 'em has been fixin' up their places to stay through the winter. Claude and Flora Archer ran that place for years and their boarders come to be some of the best people we ever had around. Most of 'em didn't have to make a livin' here so they thought it was a pretty fine place.

"A lot of different people have lived up there on the hill where the Feingolds are now. It was a summer hotel for a while too but the one I remember livin' there longest was Bridge Sherman. He had a blacksmith shop over on Sherman's Corner and his brother ran the store there. Bridge walked back and forth to the shop and was the best blacksmith around, specially when it came to heavy iron pieces. Once there was a big circus goin' on in Belfast and they broke some big piece on one of the heavy wagons they used in the parade to show off their lions or tigers. Nobody in Belfast would even try to mend it, but someone said they had seen Bridge Sherman on the street in Belfast and if anyone could fix it, he could. They found him and he warn't sure he could do anything about it anywhere but in his own shop, but he'd try. So they took it to the

best blacksmith shop in Belfast and all stood around while Bridge het the piece up to jest the right heat color he wanted and then two men on each piece held them while he whammed 'em together, then doused 'em with cold water, and when the steam cleared away - there it was - all in one piece and the men cheered. That was before arc-weldin' and a man had to know his business to weld iron. Old John Roy who had that little shop over in Montville was good at it too, but if you went there to get a little job done you had to stand around for hours listening to him run on about his 'plan for peace', and some folks thought he was crazy. He was about right though when, after the second World War he said. 'They tell us on the paper the peace is here, but the blood he run on the ground all over the world'".

At Sherman's Corner we turned around and on the way back he told of the big farms whose buildings were down by the shore of the lake. The road used to run between the buildings and the lake and the fields and woodlots extended way up over the hills above the present Route 3. Seela Nelson and Will Hays both had big farms on property that is now the State Park. Herbert Towle had a farm where Lyman Boynton lives. When I asked if the land around there was mostly wood lots in those days, Elden was shocked: "Gawd, No - they was most all mowing fields, planted to wheat and oats and good Timothy". Every farm had its own ice-house and usually in February, when the ice was at its thickest, plots would be staked out. Then with big, long, special saws men would cut the glistening blocks, sometimes more than two feet thick, and stack them up to be hauled off on big sleds by powerful horses with bells jingling under the thills or on the heavy collars. The many lumber mills provided plenty of sawdust to pack around the ice cakes and keep them intact for use all summer. Two or three of the open-topped ice houses still stand along Route 3 by the lake, with birches and alders growing from the rotted sawdust. Lyman Boynton still cuts and stores

enough ice to last him and some of his neighbors through the summer, and skaters know that big square marked out with bare brush may be just skimmed over after Lyman has harvested his ice.

Marjorie Sewell

THE LIBERTY LOCAL

In the search for memorabilia of the early days of Liberty, one of the members of the Liberty Historical Society came upon a tattered copy of a newspaper called *The Liberty Local* published in 1882. Little could be learned about this publication from people living in the village, but Dr. Alfred Hurwitz did some research at the Maine State Library and Archives and found copies of the complete set of issues covering a period of one year. George F. Hunt was the Editor and it was published by C. J. Burgess & Company. Correspondents from Belfast, Searsmont, South Montville, Montville, and Vinalhaven, sent in their local news well flavored with comments. In a column titled "Chat with Correspondents" the paper itself is described in these words:

The LOCAL is a family paper, non-political, and devoted to the interests of the home circle and home business. You can get it regularly in your house for one dollar per year. To be sure, there are other papers very much larger and containing more general news for that sum, but none that will give you the "true inwardness" of home life and home institutions. You might take the BOSTON POST a score of years and not find anything in it during that time regarding the affairs of your neighbors and those in whom you are most interested.

In the issue of May 3, 1882, the items under LIBERTY showed considerable diversity. The following three items appear in this order :

The country had scarcely dried its tears over the grave of Longfellow, when the final summons came to his brother poet and philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Within a few years, Bryant, Taylor, Holland, and Longfellow have gone, and to the number is now added the name of Emerson. The history of these men and the work they have done, will live as long as English literature is known to the world.

Considering the very bad travelling, no better time has been made for a long time, between this village and Belfast, than was made last week by Fred Knowlton's mare of the *shank* species. Fred started from Belfast with this mare half an hour after the stage had been laboring through the mud, and reached his home in this place, about the time Ezra's wheels were rolling in and out of the "honey pots" on the "Ridge". Score one for the mare, if these things be so.

K. J. Knowlton, of Belfast, formerly of this place, is now introducing in this county and state a handsome family record, the design of which, was suggested by his well-known skill in the execution of such work. Mr. Knowlton made the original of these records with his pen, and has become an acknowledged master in the art of writing. The record contains, in German text, the Lord's prayer, with embellished space for family photographs, marriage certificates, and family record. They serve as a useful and handsome ornament for every home. Sold for one dollar.

This last item illustrates clearly a change in the attitude of editors. Current news items are combed

thoroughly to see that nothing in the least resembling advertising creeps into them. Advertising is big business in all publications and a sharp line is drawn to avoid a hint of it in the unpaid columns.

In the May 3, 1882 issue the following items appeared under *South Montville*:

T. J. Peavey is reshingling the roof of his blacksmith shop.

Mr. Wm. Wentworth and wife of Belfast, have settled with us at No. 2 Water Street. Mr. W. is engaged in C. V. Follett's stone mill for the season.

The demand for oxen, horses and cows is increasing. More selling and buying the last few weeks than was ever known by the "oldest inhabitants" for the same length of time.

We understand there is to be considerable building in our vicinity this season. Shall be glad to see it. Our village has been at a "standstill" for some time. Some outsiders have said: "The bottom had dropped out". But we think if our church people will give us a good, wide-awake minister, and some of our monied men will invest a little capital in building two or three houses, a shop or two, we may yet "live and do well". A shoemaker is wanted, who'll pool in and build a shop, and chance for the family and help build up the place.

I know one that would
Had he the Dosh,
Do lots of other good
That's Uncle Josh.

In the December 6th, 1882 issue under *Belfast*:

Steamer Katahdin was storm-stayed on her trip up Wednesday, not arriving in Boston until twelve o'clock Thursday night. Leaving next morning at five, she arrived here about twelve Friday night. There is no fun running a steamboat on this route in the winter season.

and:

Roller skating seems to be all the rage. The Franklin Street Theatre Rink, at Peirce's Hall will be open on Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings of this week. A private class of Ladies use the hall on Tuesday and Saturday afternoons, and a private class of Gents and Ladies will be started Tuesday evening, December 12th. Those wishing to purchase new skates can find them at the Dollar Store.

A few other items have been chosen for the glimpse they give us of the life in Liberty in 1882.

Miss Madge, the little daughter of J. J. Walker, fell into one of the wheel pits at Hunt's tannery recently, going completely under the liquor. She was rescued by Mr. J. J. Brown who happened to be standing near.

Mrs. J. J. Walker swam from the Point to Jenny's Island, a distance of 150 feet, in one minute and 30 seconds.

Cider mills are grinding their "cud".

The sound of the big trip hammer at the axe factory is "Hurd" on our streets frequently of late.

(The factory was run by Mr. Hurd - thence the pun)

The report that F. A. Lovejoy will resign his position as postmaster at this office has not been contradicted that we are aware of. The LOCAL would be pleased if Mr. Lovejoy would retain his office and keep the location where it is. We have never had such a convenient and attractive office as during Mr. L's incumbency. If the office is moved, where will it go? Perhaps Mr. G. H. Cargill might be induced to take it and run it in connection with the telegraph business. It would go very well with that and possibly make up for the loss he must necessarily endure by the time given to the telegraph business.

Mr. J. J. Walker's little son, Don, who is just beginning to walk, fell a day or two ago, and striking his head on the andiron, inflicted a sharp cut over the eye. Dr. Porter dressed the wound and Don is now as lively as ever.

George Palmer of this village has slaughtered this season about one hundred hogs. No Jews in this section.

Mrs. John Esancy, formerly of Appleton, opened a millinery store in the Douglass building and is now ready for business.

We note that our post office is a great place for the congregation of U. S. Males about 7 every evening.

The busiest place in town last week (Feb. 22) during the blockade of slush and snow, was at G. H. Cargill's harness rooms, where a nice telegraph office was being fitted up. This office is very comfortable and handsomely arranged and would be a credit to a city much larger than ours.

Does Liberty grow? Come over and see for yourself. 50 years ago only 3 houses existed where now stands our beautiful village with its 15 manufacturing establishments, 10 stores, telegraph office, telephone exchange and a prospective railroad! How is that for prosperity in so short a time?

Narrow escape:- Mrs. Ebenezer Stevens came very near being burned to death lately. Standing before a very hot open fire, her clothing caught from the intense heat and blazed up, nearly enveloping her in flame. By vigorous efforts on the part of several ladies that were present her life was saved. Open fires are very cheerful to look at, but rather dangerous if you get very near them.

"Show up:" — It is said Jay Hubbell collected for the last campaign about \$400,000. We see it is reported that his secretary says only about \$30,000 have been expended. Wouldn't it be a good thing to oblige the old fellow to "show up". Honest republicans are ashamed of such robbery, and are as anxious for an explanation as honest democrats, and we have heard that there are both kinds of people in this country.

The many advertisements that appeared in this paper indicate what an active, industrial community existed at that time. Some of the names of merchants were: A. D. Mathews, Apothecary and Mercantile; Dr. J. W. Clough, Dentist; G. H. Cargill, Harnesses and Saddles; Mrs. A. L. Norton, Millinery; Mrs. J. F. Esancy, Millinery; Fred Knowlton, Proprietor of Stage House - All kinds of produce taken in exchange for goods; F. A. Lovejoy, Jeweler; W. J. Knowlton, Heading, Shingles & Staves; L. C. Morse, Job Shop - Coffins & Caskets.

Marjorie Sewell

ILLUSTRIOUS PREDECESSORS

In 1897 the Biographical Review Publishing Company of Boston published a very handsome and expensive set of volumes, leather-bound and gold embossed, resembling the family Bibles of earlier generations. Volume XX* contains "life sketches of leading citizens of Sagadahoc, Lincoln, Knox, and Waldo Counties". Three hundred and sixty-nine "Earnest workers in various fields of useful toil and high endeavor" were chosen from these four counties to be recorded, with some short accounts of their accomplishments. Just three women seem to have qualified and in the accounts of their lives most of the credit is allowed for special deeds of their children. This speaks clearly for the standing of women in that era. Large families were very much in evidence, but it would appear from these accounts that only the hardy survived. One marriage is spoken of as "a fruitful marriage which union bore fourteen children, four of whom attained maturity". In the accounts of the men, some reference was always made to politics, such as ".....was originally a Whig, and cast his first Presidential vote for William Henry Harrison in 1840; but he later joined the Democratic Party, and has since voted that way". Mr. is a liberal supporter of the church, and in politics he acts with the Republican Party. He has always been a strong advocate of the cause of temperance." "Mr. cast his first Presidential vote for General Zachary Taylor in 1848, and has been an earnest supporter of the Republican party since its formation." "Casting his first Presidential vote for General Grant in 1868, Mr. has been faithful to the Republican Party ever since."

In many of its sketches it is easy to read between the lines some of the hardships and adventures that went with the pioneering of the hardy people who were somehow chosen as outstanding citizens of the mid-and-late

*This book was made available by Mrs. Bernice Cram.

1800's. Many references are made to the limitations of schooling, of the few who went beyond the so-called "common school". Some furthered their education at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary in Kents Hill, a chosen few attended Bowdoin College, or Eastern Maine Normal School at Castine. Most of the sketches are of successful farmers, merchants, shipbuilders, or sea-faring men.

There are twenty-eight reproductions of portraits in this volume and two of those so honored are former residents of Liberty. Ira D. Cram is given a very special account, as is Samuel G. Norton. Samuel Norton's record indicates he was an important man of Belfast, but his son, Ambrose L., is recorded as a resident of Liberty and his father's story reads this way:

"Samuel Norton who was born in Montville, Me. in 1812, lived in that town until he was eight years of age, when his parents moved to Palermo. His schooling was so limited that he could scarcely read, and as he went to work when quite young he soon forgot what little he did know. However, being naturally intelligent, and having much force of character, he became a leader in the community. He was very successful in farming. He owned about three hundred acres of land, part of which now forms a portion of his son's farm. Sheriff Putnam appointed him Deputy Sheriff at a time when the Sheriff was an appointee of the governor, and he afterward served for twenty years in that capacity. At first he declined the appointment, telling the Sheriff of his lack of education, but that gentleman replied that nature had fitted him for the office; and with his wife's aid he learned to read and write, and was a success as an officer. He was subsequently Sheriff for four years, and he represented Palermo in the legislature."

Many of Ira D. Cram's descendants still live in Liberty and his name stands high in the list of men who contributed to the growth and prosperity of the town of Liberty when it was at its height of industry. Much more

will be said of Ira Cram, but the *Biographical Review* of 1897 gave this account:

"Ira D. Cram of Montville, Waldo County, who is extensively engaged in farming and manufacturing, was born in this town, August 26, 1837, son of Jesse and Martha (Dutton) Cram. His grandfather, Smith Cram, a native of New Hampshire, came to Montville with a man named Harriman, and was one of the first settlers here. He acquired a tract of wild land in the locality of Moore's Ridge, and thereon cleared and improved a farm. The first puncheon of rum brought to this town was said to have been hauled by him upon a sled from Belfast. He was a Revolutionary soldier, and he lived to the age of ninety-six years. With his wife, whose maiden name was Harriman, he reared a large family of children. One of his sons, Smith Cram (second), who became quite a noted man in the mechanical world, built the first dry-dock in New York City, and constructed the first steam-boat that ran on the Kennebec River. The original tract of land owned by the grandfathers was divided among his sons.

"Jesse Cram, who was born in Montville, settled upon his share of the homestead. He was for many years engaged in manufacturing lumber upon the Penobscot River. He always resided in Montville, cultivated his farm with profit, and was a member of the Baptist Church. He died at the age of sixty-four. His wife, Martha, who was a native of Vassalboro, Me., became the mother of six children: Mary, Mehitable Ann, Smith and John (twins), Ira D., and Marshall. Of these, Mary, John, and Marshall are no longer living.

"Ira D. Cram, after receiving his education in the district schools engaged in a mercantile business and farming. He later became identified with the lumber industry, producing and dealing in all kinds of material for building purposes, and subsequently with other enterprises. He now owns and conducts what is claimed to be the largest mill property in this section, and carries on

a machine and blacksmith shop, and operates threshing machinery and a cider mill. He owns six hundred acres of land, which he cultivates extensively as a general farmer and nurseryman.

"Mr. Cram wedded Etta E. Philbrick, daughter of Elijah and Melatiah G. (Mansfield) Philbrick, of Hope. Her only child, Eva, married Frank P. Bennett, of Sears-mont, and now has two children - Beatrice and Bernice. Mr. Cram is a charter member of Liberty Lodge, F. & A. M. and a communicant of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In politics he was formerly a Republican and he cast his first Presidential vote for Abraham Lincoln in 1860. He is now a Populist. One of the most active and successful business men in this section of the county, he is highly esteemed. His several enterprises are very beneficial to Montville."

"*Daniel M. McFarland*, who conducts a thriving general mercantile business in Montville, Waldo County, was born in this town, March 25, 1861, son of A. P. and Rosetta (Walker) McFarland. One of the first settlers of Montville was Elder Moses McFarland, Mr. McFarland's grandfather, who acquired a large tract of wild land, embracing the entire section known as McFarland's Corner, a part of which he cleared for farming purposes. He was a Baptist minister, but in his latter days he became a Universalist. The house which he erected is still standing, and he died there at a good old age. He reared several children, of whom Mr. McFarland was the youngest.

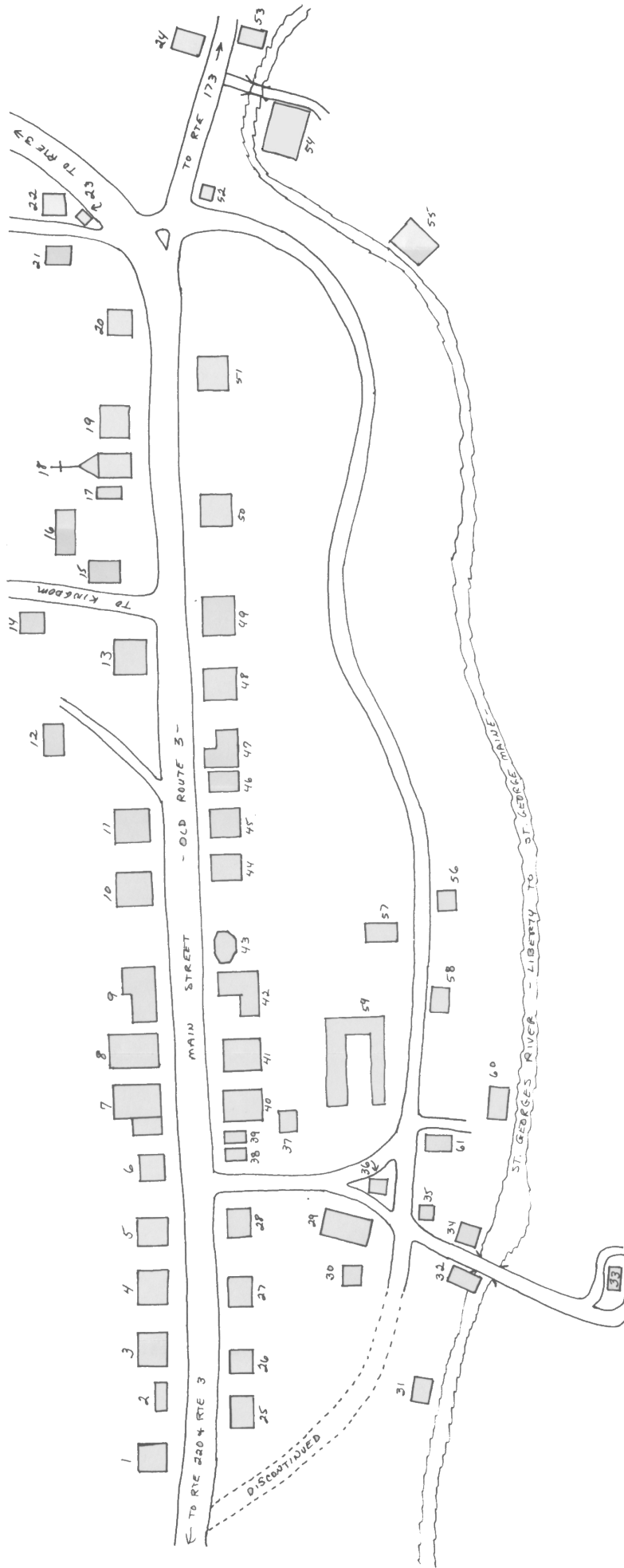
"A. P. McFarland was born in Montville in 1819. After reaching his majority, he engaged in a mercantile business in this town and carried on a flourishing trade until his death, which occurred when he was sixty years old. The store is now owned by his son. He was an active supporter of the Republican party, and was Postmaster of Montville for thirty-five years. His wife, Rosetta, who was a daughter of Charles Walker, of Liberty, reared two children, namely: C. S. McFarland, who is now a

commission merchant on North Market Street, Boston; and Daniel M., the subject of this sketch.

"Daniel M. McFarland received his education in the district school, the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill, and the Yarmouth Academy. He subsequently took a business course at a commercial college in Augusta, Maine. Then he bought his brother's store in this town. He carried on business for a time, and then sold out. Three years later he resumed the proprietorship of the store and has since continued to do a large and profitable business. He carries a varied line of merchandise carefully selected with the view of meeting the demands of his patrons, with whose wants he is perfectly familiar. The steady advance which his business has made under his direction speaks well for his ability as a merchant and his popularity with the general community.

"Mr. McFarland wedded Josie Atkinson, daughter of Daniel Atkinson. She died in 1886, leaving one son, Aaron. In politics Mr. McFarland is a Republican, and he cast his first Presidential vote for James G. Blaine in 1884."

Marjorie Sewell



BUILDINGS LOCATED ON MAIN STREET
LIBERTY, MAINE

1. Formerly Henderson Moody; Ed Mitchell a stage driver to Belfast. Later owned by Will Sanford; owned later by Annie Collins; now owned by Thomas Oppen.
2. Trailer moved in in past few years, by Annie Collins; owned now by Thomas Oppen.
3. Formerly Leland Cox; later owned by Carol Banks; Anna Banks lives there now.
4. Will Hurd. Then owned by Henry Abbott who was an elder. Later Charles and Minnie Abbott ran a boarding house; later Carl and Hazel Adams ran a boarding house; later sold to Pollack; then sold to Albert Lindsay who now lives there.
5. At one time there were two apartments there. Families by names of Harriman and Worthing lived there; later sold to Barzell Harriman; later owned by James Burkill; now owned by Walter Lamont.
6. For many years this was the Town Office of Liberty. then it was sold to the Woman's Club when the Town Office was moved into the new fire house. Now owned by Georges River Grange.
7. Leal Prescott Block. Now owned by Carol Banks. At one time the Liberty Lodge, No. 111, AF & AM met in the third floor hall. When the new Masonic Hall was built, meetings were moved there. Town Meeting dinners, put on by the Eastern Star were held here. The second floor has several apartments.
8. Crockett Block. This was a general store. The building was torn down, for many years this lot was a parking lot owned by Carol Banks. Many can remember Hudson automobiles and White Trucks

being parked in this lot. This is now occupied by Carol Banks Mobil service station.

9. Hazen Dennis was first owner. Austin Crockett and his sister Ada Bachelder; later owned by Fred and Renee Millay; then by George Palmer and his sister, Kate Hannum. Reggie Davis bought it from Carol Banks.
10. Formerly Samuel Young; later Dr. Hoit; later Dr. Franz Leyonborg; Herman Paulson bought this house from Ralph Roberts, then owned by Richard Simpson; now owned by Donald Turnbull.
11. The new Liberty Post Office, originally site of barbershop run by Lewis Tuttle. Arthur Sprague was the first postmaster in this new office. Currently, Raymond Banks is the Postmaster. Lucilla Wyman served as acting Postmistress in the interim between Sprague and Banks.
12. Formerly Bert Bradstreet; then the Bonney residence; Clayton Bowden; and now owned by Madeline Bowden Bartlett.
13. Formerly Marshall Ayer; later Frank Bennett; later Raymond Worthing who sold it to Vera Sayer; now owned by Russell and Ruth Grant.
14. Formerly Binnie Mitchell; later owned by Sherman Cram; now owned by Keith Cram.
15. This is a relatively new building; Ben Edgecomb built and ran a garage and repair shop here for several years. Now used for storage and personal business.
16. Formerly Sophie Lowell; later John Sanford; now owned by Ben Edgecomb.
17. This trailer was moved in in the past few years. Is now occupied by Lucky Skidgell.
18. Liberty Baptist Church. The old, tall spire was re-

- placed several years ago and the newer short spire put up in its place.
19. Formerly Dr. Clough; later owned by Barzell Harri-
man; now owned by Margie Skidmore.
 20. Formerly William Hunt; now owned by the Liberty
Church and serves as the parsonage. Occupied at
this time by Rev. Andrew Halko.
 21. Formerly Albert Skidmore; later owned by Neil
Skidmore; now owned by Margie Skidmore. The
house was gutted by fire while Ronnie Hall was
living there and has not been occupied since.
 22. This is the Skidmore barn across the road from the
Skidmore house.
 23. At one time there was a small store here run by
Skidmore. Later Skidmore was to move into Liberty
Village.
 24. Formerly Carrie Ayer; later owned by Alonzo Ken-
ney; Amos Hall; Hiram Batchelder; and now owned
by Sewell Colby.
 25. Eliga Norton - burned around 1907 or 1908. A new
house was built by True McCurdy. Raymond Banks
lives here now.
 26. Raymond Banks built this building and ran a
variety store here for several years. This building
was used by the Ambulance Service as its garage
for several winters. Raymond Banks now uses this
as a garage.
 27. Sewall Meservey then Marlton Knowlton; Ralph
Wing; now owned by Van Thames.
 28. Formerly James Knowlton; later owned by Van
Thames; now owned by Ralph Wing.
 29. Liberty Community Hall, built in 1923. At one
time the George's River Grange operated this build-

- ing, but later the Town of Liberty took possession and it is now maintained by the Town.
30. Formerly Fred Chapman; now owned by Ivan O. Davis, Jr.
 31. Ax Factory. This building is no longer standing, having fallen down many years ago.
 32. The Foundry. This building is no longer standing, having fallen down many years ago.
 33. Will and Lizzie Knowlton owned this home; also Will owned the store where Carol Banks is. This was sold to James Burkill and Carol Banks. Later Carol bought it from Burkill. The house - No. 33 - Percy Knowlton, son of Will lived here; later Desmond Knowlton. Now Richard Knowlton lives here.
 34. Morse Saw Mill. Later owned by Ivan O. Davis. Destroyed by fire.
 35. Morse Casket House. Later occupied by Arthur Adams. Occupied by Jon Adams at the time it was destroyed by fire, the same fire that destroyed Davis Mill.
 36. Dennis Blacksmith Shop; later Banks and Burkill Garage. Most recently used as Town Garage. Recently torn down to make parking lot.
 37. Formerly S. Murray; later George Knowlton; now owned by Ed. Nickerson.
 38. Jim Knowlton Tin Shop. Torn down by Alger Parmenter to make parking lot for Parmenter's Store.
 39. Formerly Albert Skidmore Store and Post Office. Later owned by Melvin Knowlton where he ran a small store. Torn down by the Town and made into parking lot.
 40. Formerly Samuel Young; later Will and John San-

ford. Alger Parmenter ran a general store there for years; now an antique shop.

41. Sanford House Hotel. Later used by Alger Parmenter as storage. Then sold to Town of Liberty. It was torn down and the Fire House was built on this lot.
42. Formerly George Palmer; Kit Hannon; Clayton Howes; Emma Nichols; Velma Eastman; now owned by Margaret Deutsch.
43. The Old Liberty Post Office, the only octagon-shaped Post Office in the United States. Originally housed a Harness shop and later functioned as a Post Office until 1961. National Register of Historic Places - 1973.
44. Celia Nelson ran a meat market; Albert Skidmore; then Worthing's Market; Coleridge Dickson has a TV repair shop now.
45. Formerly the Thomas Matthews residence; later Richard Edgecomb lived here. Now owned by Cliff Sharp.
46. Celia Nelson; Artie Crockett; Harold Linscott; Minnie Abbott; now owned by Egbert Whitcomb.
47. Formerly Twitchell residence; later Laura Skinner. Now owned by Ora Foye.
48. Formerly the L. C. Morse residence; later Eurania Bennett; now owned by Linda Miller.
49. Formerly G. H. Cargill residence. Later Clayburn Wellington. Now owned by Theodore Wellington.
50. Formerly the J. O. Johnson residence. Later Edward Vose. Now owned by Dr. Meldon Collins.
51. Joel Walker residence. This building was torn down upon the death of Donald Walker and made into a bird sanctuary.

52. Walker's Office. This was used as office headquarters for the Tannery operation.
53. Walker Dry House. This went with the Tannery operation.
54. The Walker Tannery. Multiple operation facility.
55. Upper Tannery. This was later used for storage for the Tannery operation.
56. Formerly Daggett residence; later Percy Knowlton.
57. This building was built new by Monmouth Canning Company at the height of their operation in the canned food processing business in Liberty.
58. Formerly Luellen Post; later owned by Tom Mathews. John Sanford and family lived here; later sold to Harry and Beatrice Wyman. Now owned by Christine Messer.
59. Several people lived in a residence here - Ambrose Cargill and Charles Marden. Then the house was torn down and the Factory, as we know it, was built. Monmouth Canning Company operated here for many years. Then A. L. Stewart purchased the property from Monmouth Canning and operated it for a few years. They consolidated their operation and closed the Liberty plant. Owned now by Dave McLaughlin.
60. Formerly the Grist Mill; later the Bennett Machine Shop. Owned at the time it burned, along with Davis Mill and Casket House, by Ivan O. Davis.
61. This, at one time, was a Blacksmith Shop. Later remodeled into a house and occupied by Ivan O. Davis. Owned at this time by Davis.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE LIBERTY VOLUNTEER AMBULANCE SERVICE, INC.

The summer of '68 was destined to be one of change for the residents of Waldo County and the State of Maine. On July 31, 1968, Maine's funeral directors were going out of the ambulance business. The reasons given for this action were the cost of the operation and the very poor return in payments from those using the service. Thus, the citizens of Liberty were destined to be without this greatly needed service previously provided by the two funeral homes in Belfast, Coombs and Rackliffe Funeral Homes.

Under the direction of George Sprague, then Fire Chief of Liberty, the Liberty Volunteer Ambulance Service was born. A group of volunteers agreed to man a volunteer ambulance service for Liberty and the surrounding area. These people, men and women, were not to be paid and, in fact, were asked to donate not only time, but money and materials to get this service into operation.

These volunteers were asked to attend a Red Cross First Aid Course. They attended two in the first year. The courses were given by Lloyd Drinkwater of Belfast who volunteered his time to help get the Liberty Ambulance Service started. There were twenty active members in the first year.

In 1968 the Service purchased a 1955 bright red Cadillac ambulance. Many thought that it would not even make it to the hospital, but it did — and many times over. The Service answered fourteen calls for aid from June 27 to December 31, 1968. The vehicle traveled 780 miles. The first call for aid came on June 27, 1968 at 9:20 P. M. The first person transported was Desmond Knowlton of Liberty. He was taken to the Togus VA

Center. That year the family subscription rate was \$4.00 per family.

Money donated by Dorothy and Edward Rousch of Liberty was used to purchase a multi-level ambulance cot. This was purchased in the memory of Carrie Schweinberg. This cot is still in use today in the new unit. Oh, yes! That red 1955 Cadillac? The last time we heard about it, it had made the trip to California.

In 1969 the Service purchased a 1960 Cadillac combination unit: a hearse-ambulance unit. It was black when we first acquired it, but was soon turned into a bright red by volunteer labor and with donated paint. Raymond Banks did the painting and his donation of time was greatly appreciated. This unit was called upon on May 14, 1969 to transport two patients to Waldo County Hospital. This was a first for the Liberty Ambulance Service. The patients were Mr. and Mrs. James Robbins of Searsmont. The Service responded to sixty calls for aid and traveled 3,586 miles. The family subscription rate was still \$4.00 per family.

In March of 1970 it became obvious that it would be of great advantage to have the Service incorporated. Thus, on March 8, 1970 the members of the Service met at the residence of John Harrison in Liberty and started the necessary papers to incorporate as a non-profit organization under the laws of the State of Maine. Those in attendance were: John Harrison, Douglas Banks, Sewell Colby, Darleen VanDuysen, Reginald Andrews, Herbert Cram, Edward Rousch and George Sprague. The following officers were elected to serve the Corporation: President, George Sprague; First Vice President, Douglas Banks; Second Vice President, Sewell Colby; Clerk, Sewell Colby; Treasurer, George Sprague. The Board of Directors were: George Sprague, Douglas Banks, Sewell Colby, Darleen VanDuysen, Reginald Andrews,

Herbert Cram and Edward Rousch. On March 11, 1970 the papers were recorded and reviewed by the Attorney General's office. The papers were filed with the Waldo County Registry of Deeds on March 11, 1970 and recorded in the Secretary of State's office on March 20, 1970. We were now firmly established as a provider of ambulance services to the residents of Western Waldo County. The Service responded to fifty-seven calls for aid in 1970 and traveled 3,038 miles. The family subscription rate was still \$4.00 per family.

In June of 1971, the Service purchased its third vehicle, a 1971 Cadillac combination unit. This was also black and again volunteer labor and donation of time by Raymond Banks transformed this unit into bright red. This was to serve until the purchase of its new unit in 1973.

On July 22, 1971 the Service received two calls at 5:00 P.M. One was an emergency call to the Frank Sprague residence on Route 220 in Montville. Mrs. Sprague had suffered a suspected stroke. The second call was to meet a plane from Boston at Bangor International Airport in Bangor. Robert Peters was to be transported to his home. His father is Franklin Peters of Searsmont. Mrs. Sprague was transported in the 1961 unit to Thayer Hospital in Waterville. Peters was transported in the 1961 unit. Peters had undergone back surgery in Boston and could ride only in an ambulance. Both patients were transported without incident. The Service responded to sixty-five calls and traveled 3,358 miles. The family subscription was held at \$4.00 per family.

The year 1972 could be classified as routine. The Service responded to fifty-four calls for aid and traveled 2,001 miles. The drop in mileage reflects a new policy adopted by the Service. In line with Medicare, only patient miles are now logged.

The year 1973 was to see a big change in the Service when it purchased a new Superior conversion van unit on a Chevrolet chassis. This new unit was capable of carrying three patients and three attendants. The unit allows ample space for all attendants to render life-supporting aid. It was a great improvement over the previous units which were limited to one patient. The inside headroom of this unit is 61 inches and it meets all Federal requirements as to size and equipment. The first two calls this unit responded to were automobile accidents. The first call involved two patients and the second call involved three patients. This unit was purchased in June, 1972. The Service responded to seventy-two calls and traveled 1,854 patient miles. The fee for family subscriptions was increased to \$6.00 per family because of the increase in costs.

In 1974, the Liberty Volunteer Ambulance Service, Inc. applied and received a loan from the Farmers Home Administration under the new Small Business Loan program. This loan was used to re-finance the vehicle and to build a badly needed garage.

Jessie Sprague donated a piece of land on Route 173 for the new garage. A. R. and L. Builders of Belmont constructed the building and Waldo Electric did the electrical work. The new building is electric heated and provides the much needed storage space and vehicle housing. The building was completed and the vehicle moved into it in the late fall of 1974. The size of the building is 20 x 30 feet. Prior to moving into this garage, the ambulance units had been housed in space donated by Raymond Banks and in the old town storage building on the sand pile lot across from the Bettencourt residence on Route 173.

The year 1974 also saw a member of the Service become one of the only two Registered Medical Techni-

cian-Ambulance rating holders in Waldo County. George Sprague attended Eastern Maine Vocational Technical Institute in Bangor. He took his EMT-A Registry Exam at the Eastern Maine Medical Center in Bangor as well as his in-hospital training. Sprague placed in the top third of his class. The second EMT-A is Alden Graffam of Belfast. Graffam is associated with the Belfast Ambulance Service and works with the Liberty Ambulance Service as a training officer. Both Sprague and Graffam were certified to conduct the course in Cardio-Pulmonary Resuscitation for the Maine Heart Association. Also, they were re-trained in the new Red Cross Advanced First Aid and Emergency Care courses as instructors.

Due to the rising costs of operation, the family subscription rate was increased to \$8.00 per family. Mileage was increased to seventy cents per loaded mile. This was an increase from the fifty-five cents that the Service had maintained since its start in 1968.

The Ambulance Service participates in community affairs, provides a unit in the local parades and is always eager and willing to aid those in need of its services. Payments have been satisfactory to date. However, with unemployment and the financial situation as it is today, the future is uncertain. It is extremely important that those who use the service pay their bills when submitted. It is the only way that this Service will be able to continue to provide the much needed services to the residents of Liberty and the surrounding area.

A reminder! When you see the white with orange stripe Liberty Ambulance, or any ambulance, responding to a call, yield the right of way. Minutes - and even seconds - do count. It may be carrying a member of your family!

THE OLD OCTAGONAL POSTOFFICE

In 1867 Rufus A. Carter bought a small parcel of land on the main street of Liberty from J. W. Knowlton for \$75.00. The original deed read as follows:

"That I, J. W. Knowlton, of Liberty in the County of Waldo in consideration of the sum of seventy-five dollars to me paid by Rufus A. Carter of Liberty aforesaid, the receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge, do hereby give, grant, bargain, sell and convey unto the said Rufus A. Carter, his Heirs and Assigns forever, the following described parcel of land situated in said Town of Liberty and bounded as follows, to wit—

"Beginning at a point in the southwesterly side of the street in Liberty Village leading from the Stage House to the Tannery and one hundred and eighty feet southeasterly from the lot on which Samuel Knowlton's tin shop now stands; thence southwesterly at right angles with the street aforesaid thirty feet; - thence south easterly and parallel with the street aforesaid thirty feet; — thence thirty feet to the street aforesaid and parallel with the first described line; and thence north westerly on said street to the place of beginning containing nine hundred square feet.

"Waldo ss. March 22, 1867. Personally appeared the above named J. W. Knowlton and acknowledged the above instrument to be his free act and deed. Before me, A. P. Cargill"

Rufus Carter built the octagonal building to house his harness repair equipment and to placate his wife who objected to his cluttering her kitchen with his paraphernalia. Later it served as both a postoffice and a harness shop for Gus Cargill who owned the building from 1872 until 1917.

The owners of this unique building, in chronological order, were:

Rufus A. Carter 1867-1870,
 Martha B. Hemenway 1870-1878,
 Gustave H. Cargill 1878-1917,
 W. D. Sanford 1917-1939,
 Raymond S. Worthing 1939-1946,
 Jessie & Arthur R. Sprague 1946-1962,
 Jasper A. Rawley & Van A. Thames 1962-1972.
 Dorothy & Alfred Hurwitz 1972 till present.

Since 1972 the exterior of the building has been completely renovated. Some townspeople are presently assisting in the painting and wallpapering of the interior. The aim is to establish this historic structure as a museum which will contain many old photographs, newspaper articles, illuminated slides and artifacts depicting the history of Liberty. It is planned to open it to the public several afternoons a week in 1975.

Recently the octagonal postoffice has been the center of revived interest and the recipient of important awards. On June 19, 1973 it was included in the National Register of Historic Places. On May 10, 1974, the Liberty Historical Society received an award from America the Beautiful for "helping to protect the beauty of our nation".

It is most gratifying to see the transformation of this old, unused building with its fragmented sills and shingles and drab interior into a graceful, renovated structure. The old postoffice has come into its own. It has been the subject of many newspaper articles since 1957.

THE KNOWLTON ROAD*

Unrecorded, unrenowned,
 Men from whom my ways begin,
 Here I know you by the ground,
 But I know you not within—
 All is mist and there survives
 Not a moment of your lives.

Names are vanished, save the few
 In the old brown Bible scrawled;
 There were men of pith and thew,
 Whom the city never called,
 Scarce could read or hold a quill,
 Built the barn, the forge, the mill.

From "Forefathers"
 By Edmund Blunden

The history of no town would be quite complete without some reference to its highways by which it gained and later maintained contact with the outside world. The Indian trail over which the hunter and trapper once roamed in search of game, became in turn a bridle path, cart road, post road and highway along whose none too straight course of early days the pioneer settlers built their homes. While this is true of almost every Maine community, the town of Liberty is perhaps unique in having within its borders a road settled by three members of one family or its descendants and with one house in which the seventh generation was born and still lives—the Knowlton Road.

As late as 1820 the territory in Maine stretching inland from the coast was a vast wilderness through which the traveler to Davistown Plantation must journey on foot or horseback. Judge then what it must have been in 1794 when Ezekiel Knowlton, axe on shoulder, struck out from Nobleborough to build himself a log cabin on the shores of Georges Great Pond, which it is called in old

*This section appeared in "A Brief History of the Town of Liberty, August 25, 1927."

deeds, close to a spring still bubbling fresh and clear. To this log cabin in 1795 he brought his wife (who was his second cousin) Mary, called Polly, Knowlton and their infant daughter, Abigail. This temporary home was soon replaced by a frame dwelling which boasted of two fireplaces. From Nobleborough also, about 1805, came John Knowlton, a cousin, whose wife, Sally was also a cousin to Ezekiel's wife. While John's house was being built the two families shared the new frame dwelling, the two rude fireplaces making it possible for each family to have some measure of privacy, although it is related that Sally strongly objected to Polly's hens attempting to occupy the room from which they had been ousted on the arrival of the new tenants. In 1801 when he was eighteen years old, Samuel Knowlton joined his brother and cousin and in 1811 built him a house to which he brought his bride, Lucy Knowlton, a sister of John's wife, Sally. There were then three families of Knowltons clustered in the vicinity of the "lane" on which Samuel Knowlton had built his house. None of these dwellings are now standing.

Let us try to visualize the Knowlton Road as it appeared when the second generation had grown up, married and founded homes of their own, say between 1835 and 1850. The village centered about the junction of the road which now leads from Belfast to Augusta, and the county road to Washington. It was composed of a fulling mill, a grist mill and a saw mill, a smithy, the ruins of the old "Potash", the Post Office in William Sanborn's house while he was postmaster, about where Allan Knowlton's house now stands, the Capt. Meores Carr house, now for many years the home of Walter Knowlton, the old Peabody house later occupied by Lot M. Knowlton, son of Samuel and fallen into decay some years since, the William Reeves house, now Mrs. Sylvester's, and Joseph French's store between the Carr house and the Sanborn house. Further along was the school approximately where the High School formerly stood.

The church occupied the site of the present Lamson house. Samuel Knowlton's saw mill was further down stream on the site of the Walker tannery.

Seventy-five years later the mills have disappeared but all of the houses on the Knowlton Road are still standing and increased by two. Leaving the bridge behind us let us walk up the road. At the right is the old Copp homestead, built about 1840 by Benj. F. Copp to replace the former home facing the old road, which had been recently re-located to the east, leaving the first house with its back to the road and the old well high and dry by the roadside—a silent reminder of the past to one little girl who lost her shoe in it some eighty years ago.

Nearly opposite is the house built by Edward P. Knowlton, son of Joseph Warren Knowlton, the "Judge", and later owned and occupied by George F. Knowlton, son of Samuel the original settler, for a quarter of a century. It is now owned and occupied by George A. Sprague.

Next to Mr. Sprague's house is the one built by Joseph French, a Quaker, on land bought of Benjamin F. Copp in 1833. The ridge pole in this house came from Samuel Knowlton's saw mill and it still retains most of the original window panes, chair rails and old latches which make the charm of the Colonial home. After Joseph French's death his son-in-law, David Longfellow, who had a half interest in the property occupied it and in 1852 it was sold by Joseph French's widow, Mary, who had acquired whole interest, to Joseph Warren Knowlton, son of Ezekiel, who with his children and later some of his grandchildren occupied it until his death. After another brief ownership it was bought in 1906 by Mary Kent Davey, a granddaughter of Samuel Knowlton the original settler and in 1927 it passed into the hands of Brooklyn people for a summer home. One of Joseph French's daughters, Susan, married David Knowlton (son of John) who built the house in Liberty village which was later the home of the Mathews family. This house with

its fine columns, the only one in Liberty with Colonial columns, has for its next neighbor a small house owned by the Twitchells which David Knowlton built for his mother-in-law and her daughter Angie.

From now on up the road every house was originally built or originally occupied by a Knowlton. Just below the old Judge Knowlton place is a small house formerly the home of the Reynolds family. Mrs. Reynolds (Maude Place) was a granddaughter of Samuel Knowlton and the house was moved there for a home for her parents, James and Sarah Place, from the Greeley farm, and set on land given Sarah Place by her half-sister, Lucy, wife of William Sanborn. The sugar maples in front of the house were set out by Sarah Place herself and in their beauty now stand as a silent memorial to feminine persistency, James Place being what is euphemistically called "slow".

The Herbert Moody house which is the next above on the same side was built by Judge Knowlton and occupied by him until he removed to the French house which he bought in 1852. This house corners on the "lane" where further stood Samuel Knowlton's house on what is still known as the "Old Farm" now owned for many years by W. J. Knowlton, grandson of John. Here Samuel Knowlton, lover of green things growing and especially of trees, planted his nursery of apple trees which formed the nuclei of many of the old orchards. Six apple trees, to mention only one transaction, were sold to Francis Chapman, on April 23, 1836 for thirty-six cents. (Francis Chapman lived in what is now the old Sanford House near the present post office). After Samuel Knowlton's death in 1845, the house was torn down and his widow removed to a smaller house on the 25 acre farm which was all that was allotted her of her husband's broad acres.

Nearly opposite the lane stands the homestead of Claudius B. Knowlton on the original Ezekiel Knowlton, (his grandfather's) place. The present house replaced

the second home (the frame dwelling above referred to) and the children of Mr. Knowlton's son, Claudius, are therefore the fifth generation living on the land cleared by their great-great grandfather. Here may still be seen the spring beside which stood the log cabin, the site of the second dwelling and on a breezy knoll the last resting place of Samuel Knowlton's first two wives, Lucy and Mercy, sisters to Sally, John Knowlton's wife and cousins to Polly, Ezekiel's wife.

Further along on the left is the Ludwick farm, the house built by John Knowlton and today occupied by the sixth and seventh generations in direct line. With the ever increasing restlessness of the age when so many children can have no recollection of "the house where I was born", it is a priceless heritage to live in the house built by one's great-great-great grandfather, to roam the fields he first tilled, to see the orchard he planted and tread the same road over which he must many times have passed on foot, by slow-moving ox-teams or later in the family carryall.

Continuing on the left is the Frank Brown house built by Freeman Knowlton, son of John. It is interesting to read in an old account book that Samuel Knowlton, Freeman's uncle, assisted in the framing and raising on this house on July 22, 1836 and that on August 30 of the same year the well was "dug in". The original solid front door with its fan light and door blinds was the best Colonial door in Liberty, but has now largely disappeared. (The house in the village now owned by Marlton Knowlton was built by Freeman Knowlton and occupied by him until his death).

Next above is the A. Moody house built by George Knowlton, son of John, who left Maine about 1852.

The last house on the right is the Ann Brown house, built by John Knowlton and occupied by his daughter Ann, who married Dr. Joab Brown. It is still owned by a Knowlton descendant.

W. J. Greeley's house, the last on the left, marks the end of the Knowlton Road. This was the old home of John C. Knowlton, son of John and sister to Rosanna who married James Grant. One of their daughters, Mary Ellen, affectionately known as "Mary El" married David Greeley. At the age of twelve Mrs. Greeley came to Liberty with her father and mother to live with her grandparents, John and Sally Knowlton who had recently taken home to live with them Sally's father, known as "Grandsir Joe" of whom a word in passing may not be amiss. Joseph Knowlton of Ipswich married Martha Wheeler of Gloucester in 1776. He fought in the Revolutionary War, was wounded in the battle of Bunker Hill, was awarded a pension and after the death of his wife came from Nobleborough to live with his daughter Sally. He died in 1846 at the age of 95 and is buried in the Liberty graveyard. His cousin Colonel Thomas Knowlton, intimate of Washington, fell in the battle of Bunker Hill and other Knowltons fought in the same battle where their prowess was such that tradition says that the password the day after the battle was the single word "Knowlton". Of the Liberty Knowltons, descendants of Lucy, Mercy and Sally, Joseph's daughters are all eligible to membership in the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, a privilege and honor few have claimed. The fact that a real soldier of the Revolution walked these streets for many years and left numerous descendants is a matter for local pride.

I know few more interesting walks than one along the Knowlton Road, both for scenic beauty and for local interest, and few more charming vistas than from an upper chamber window in Mr. Greeley's house where the whole road lies mapped out before one, its ten snug homes dotting its borders and guarded by Haystack to which clings the white walls of Walter Knowlton's house, fittingly the home of a grandson of one of the early settlers—Samuel Knowlton.

Who were these three Knowltons, who a quarter and a century ago, high of heart and valiant in spirit wrested from the wilderness homes for their families, pastures for their cattle and a living for the many children who clamored for food around their tables? What was the Great Adventure they sought?

A study of old records reveals that about the middle of the eighteenth century the Province of Massachusetts Bay in an endeavor to encourage settlements and raise some much needed money began selling off lands in what is now Maine to speculators who bought large tracts which they disposed of in parcels to suit settlers. Every newcomer had his choice, at one dollar per acre, of 150 acres anywhere upon the rivers and navigable waters or 100 acres elsewhere, if he would but clear 16 acres in four years. Perhaps this lure of great land holdings explains why some fifteen years later before the outbreak of the Revolution, Captain Samuel Knowlton of Ipswich, Massachusetts, sold all his possessions there and with his family sailed in his own vessel for the part of Massachusetts which in 1820 became the State of Maine. Shipwrecked on Cape Elizabeth and losing nearly all their household belongings, Capt. Knowlton and his family finally settled in Nobleborough at what is now called Damariscotta Mills. There he built a house still standing and owned by his descendants. In 1778 he was followed by his son Jeremiah, who had recently married Anna Pierce of Manchester, Massachusetts and he, too, built a house near his father's which, also, is still standing and owned and occupied by his descendants. It was two sons of Jeremiah Knowlton and Anna Pierce, John and Samuel, who followed their cousin Ezekiel to Davistown Plantation and became the first settlers of the Knowlton Road, Ezekiel being the second settler in the town of Liberty.

The publication of the "Knowlton Ancestry" in 1897 when I was living abroad, contained much garbled information, (which was not corrected in the Supplement and

Errata), pertaining to the Liberty Knowltons. After much difficulty, the book being then out of print, I was able to purchase both books and in 1914 entered into correspondence with Mrs. Wm. Marland, who assisted in compiling the Supplement. Mrs. Marland proved to be a descendant of Capt. Samuel Knowlton through his daughter Salome, sister to Jeremiah, my great-grandfather, and the data collected by her was entrusted to me after her death, and has been used in compiling a genealogical sketch of the Liberty Knowltons from which I have selected only such matter as would be of general interest.

I am also indebted to Mr. Claudius B. Knowlton for the unforgettable trip over his farm when he pointed out to me the site of the log cabin and that of the second dwelling built by his grandfather, Ezekiel, and the graves of Lucy and Mercy, my grandfather's first two wives; to Mrs. Greeley who first told me of the new location of the county road which a perusal of old deeds verified and most of all to my mother, Mrs. *Samuel F. Davey, whose accurate and retentive memory has furnished the clue to many otherwise puzzling problems of location and ownership.

I have already signified my desire to place a tablet on a boulder or in some other permanent position to commemorate the settlement of the Knowlton Road. The town authorities now have this under advisement awaiting the line alterations which may follow the work on state roads. It is hoped that this article may stimulate interest in marking other sites before they are forgotten, there being a wealth of material available.

The question has often been asked me, "What is the good of all this delving into the past?" Some who read this may ask the same question and in answer I will quote in substance a reply made to a similar query of the great historian, Macaulay—"those who do not care to know anything about their remote ancestors will never do anything worthy to be remembered by their remote descendants".

MARY KENT DAVEY BABCOCK
Marblehead, Massachusetts.

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1892
1893
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