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Commemorating the 200th Anniversary of Hannibal Hamlin's Birth

Editor's Note: On August 7, 2009, the Bethel Historical Society's annual Hall Lecture was presented by H. Draper Hunt, Ph.D., Emeritus Professor, University of Southern Maine. His talk was entitled "Abraham Lincoln, Hannibal Hamlin and the Civil War Vice-Presidency." Lincoln and Hamlin were both born in 1809.

The 200th anniversary of the birth of Hannibal Hamlin, who was born at Paris Hill, Maine, on August 27, 1809, the son of Cyrus and Anna Livermore Hamlin, was officially commemorated last summer, at an observance at Paris Hill's Baptist Church, not far from his birthplace. Hamlin, who was President Abraham Lincoln's Vice President during his first term, was also a Maine governor and long-time U.S. Senator. His father, who studied at Harvard, was a medical doctor who combined that profession with farming; he was also the holder of numerous offices during his lifetime. Hannibal Hamlin was educated in the local schools and prepared for college at Hebron Academy until a change in the family fortunes made it necessary for him to try his hand at printing, teaching school and land surveying, before he decided to follow a career in law.

It was his good fortune to begin studying law under Samuel Fessenden, one of the leading barristers in the State of Maine and a fervent anti-slavery advocate. Admitted to the bar in 1833, Hamlin soon settled in Hampden (near Bangor) where he lived for a good part of his life and developed a large legal practice. Initially a Jacksonian Democrat, he represented Hampden in the Maine House of Representatives and later became Speaker, where he established a reputation as conservative and cautious in his mindset. In 1842, he ran successfully for the U.S. House, where he served without particular distinction for four years. Here he was decidedly anti-slavery, but like many of his contemporaries regarded that institution as beyond the legislative authority of the federal government. To his eternal credit, however, he opposed any attempts to suppress free discussion. Elected to the U.S. Senate in 1848 to serve out the term of John Fairfield, he eventually became dismayed with the Democratic party and in 1856 became a Republican. That same year, he was elected Governor of Maine, but soon resigned to accept a new term in the U.S. Senate, where he became increasingly prominent in the anti-slavery crusade. This helped him attract the attention of Lincoln and was useful in making him the President's running mate in 1860. As Vice President he presided over the Senate with ability and dignity and identified with the Radical Republicans.



Hamlin took a strong interest in the developments of the Civil War, actually serving while Vice President as a Private at Fort McClary in Kittery during the summer of 1864. After being dropped for a second term on the ticket, he was engaged as a collector of customs in Boston, and a railroad president before going back to the U.S. Senate, where he served from 1869-1881.

Hamlin's professional career concluded with an appointment as Minister to Spain, 1881-1882. He died in Bangor on 4 July 1891 and is buried there in Mt. Hope Cemetery. Hamlin was married twice, first in 1833 to Sarah Jane Emery who died in 1855 and, second, in 1856 to Ellen Vesta Emery, a half-sister of his first wife. He had five children with the first wife and two by the second. Personally, Hamlin had many attractive qualities that allowed him to retain a large group of admirers. He was described as a "born Democrat," and an engaging conversationalist who was an inveterate card player and dedicated smoker. A man of stocky and muscular frame, he bore such a swarthy complexion that there were rumors in the 1860 campaign that he possessed African-American ancestry. He was also an expert rifleman and skilled fly fisherman. It is also said of him that

he wore "a black swallow coat" and "clung to the old fashioned stock long after it had been discarded by the rest of mankind."
— S. R. Howe

THE DIARY OF EDGAR HARVEY POWERS

Editor's Note: This transcription, which concludes the series, follows the punctuation and spelling of the original Powers diary. The full diary is available on our website: www.bethelhistorical.org.

1864

August 10: Did not wake up this morning till eight of the clock. Went down to the Point. Met H. P. Bessey. He wants me to drive cattle for him tomorrow. Called into Milton Roberts and took tea. He and wife have gone on a visiting tour to be gone two or three weeks. Enjoyed myself first-rate. August 11: Went to Newry, and got a drove of cattle for Bessey. Paid Mr. Reilly \$170. Drove them to the Point. Let Bessey have two pigs. He paid me five dollars for them and one dollar for driving cattle. Mother and Theresa come down from Newry with Letitia. Cooler today. August 12: Went up and helped Augustine today. Carried my boots up to have Charles mend them. Theresa rode up with Matilda. Went down to the Post Office. Received a letter from Mary E. Lampher. Pat helped Straw this afternoon. Looks like some rain tonight. August 13: Went up to Augustines and got a load of clay for Mrs. Williams. It has been mighty hot this afternoon. Lauiston got home from Lewiston tonight. Mother has got a bad headache. We have had a nice thunder shower this evening. Loch stays with me tonight. August 14: Went up to Newry to Meeting. Sermon by Rev. Mr. Hoyt. Text forenoon Matt. 28. Chap. 7 Verse. Afternoon Galacians 6 Chap. 7, 8, 9, 10. Verses. Rev. Dr. Weeks delivered the lecture at 5 o'clock. Text: Hebrews, 2 Chap. 3 Verse. Went down to the Post Office. A beautiful evening. August 15: James G. Roberts and I have been fixing the graves of Father, Galon, Grandmother Powers, and Unkle Nathan, and Stella Roberts. We did not get them done. Mother and I called on Rev. Mr. Walcott. He was away to preach a funeral sermon, but got home just as we come away. August 16: Mr. Roberts and I have been fixing the graves today. We have finished them. Went up and got Charles. He stays here tonight. Walked down to the Deacons. He told me of a Scripture story. Phylantha, Julia Stearns, and Sarah Roberts heard it. There are now some city boarders to Cyrus Bartletts. August 17: Have been to work for Mrs. Williams today. Charles and I have been down to Henry Howes [Henry N. Howe, son of Col. Eli Howe] to a circle. Had a splendid time. We played sharades. George Holt and I were chosen as captains. We acted the words, Punch Croock-back and Here-after. They acted words, Shakespeare and Castdown. My side did the best. August 18: Worked for Mrs. Williams this forenoon. Her

chimneys draw first-rate. Charles is going to fix our arch kettles tomorrow. He, Mother and I have been down to George E. Smiths and spent the evening. That is fine family. Bought a watch of Selina Williams. August 19: Charles fixed our kettles today. Mowed one piece of oats on the Gibson piece. Sold a cow to Freeborn Smith for \$33. Carried Charles things up to Newry. Took supper there. Went over to Neds. They have gone over to John Surls (Searles). Mother went up to Lucelia Browns. Mrs. Straw called here today. August 20: Bought a bbl. of flour. Paid \$12. Sold Oneal Hastings two lambs for three dollars apiece. Paid the Colonel (Eli Howe) \$1.35 for carding wool. Paid Rosette Stearnes two dollars for raking after the cart. Went up to Newry and staid to Edwins all night. Helped raise a corn barn for Joshua and Preston (Howard). August 21: Come down from Newry this morning. Edwin and Theresa come down with me. Went to church. Text: ____. I helped them sing this afternoon. Augustus and Matilda, Edwin and Theresa took supper here. She is going to stay all night. August 22: Cloudy. Killed a calf. James G. Roberts cut his head off. Sold half of him to F[r]y Hutchings. Let him have a gallon of maple molasses for two of West India. Carried half of it up to Ithiel Smith. He paid me \$4 which was 10 cts. a lb. Ned went up with me. Staid to his house all night. August 23: Come down from Newry this morning. I planned to stay at Augustines last night, but they not act very glad to see me, so I did not stop. I hope to God, I shall not get such a wife as Gust has got if I ever marry. Have been fixing up round the yard today. Pat helped Straw a little while this afternoon. Cut a few alders back of the house. August 24: Got three loads of oats. Got out four loads. Hauled them down to the island. Unckle Gideon [Powers] called here today. Paid for the Maine Farmer till July 10, 1865. Mary Matilda Willis and Elvira called here. Unckle Orson is digging a cellar under his horse stable. August 25: Have got a horrible cold, and my head aches bad tonight. Mother and I went to see Walter. He is sick with dysentery. Augustine went down after the doctor. Mother went to the Circle. I went down and stopped a little while. Enjoyed myself very well. It has been very hot today. August 26: Took the corn I sold to Freeborn Smith down to the Point. Mr. Eames came down to look at our steers. He took dinner here. My cold is not much better. Pat has been helping Mr. Straw this afternoon. It has been pleasant today and part of the time very warm. Augustine and Nahum Frost went down to settle with Holt. August 27: Got out eight loads of manure on the island. The wind has blowed hard from the nor'east all day. Got James express wagon and went up to Newry after a bbl. of flour. It rained so I did not come home but staid to Charles all night and slept on a new feather bed. August 28: Come down from Newry this morn. Took James wagon down and Gene wanted me to carry she, Hannah S. Kenney and Sarah Roberts up to the grave yard. Went down to Joseph Staples, and made a call. Ceylon Russell stops with us tonight. It has been a fine day. August 29: Finished mowing the oats today. It has been showery.

Ceylon Russell went up to Mr. Eames this morning. Mr. Bessey and son stay here tonight. He and I went up to Newry. He wanted to see Asa Stearns. Hannah S. Kenney and Gene Roberts staid at Neds last night. Gene asked Theresa how folks could help having children. According to appearances I guess she ought to know. She did not find out. August 30: Unckle Hosea Huntress and wife stay here tonight. Their youngest girl is with them. Unckle Eli Howe and wife, Mrs. James Roberts and Mrs. Ezekiel Jewett have been here visiting today. Rode down to the village with Lauriston tonight. Four weeks ago last Sunday I gave Elizabeth Roberts a ride. I took out my gloves and said put them on. She told I said, I do not think to wear my gloves half of the time. It is by word all about. If I had a mind, I could injure her very much, but no, I desire to injure no one. If she wishes to injure me, she can do so, but hereafter our friendship ceases. What she should wish to injure me for I cannot tell but I am not the only one who carries two faces with. August 31: Looks like rain, has been cloudy all day. Got two loads of oats. Carried mother down to Galen Howes to the circle. Carried Charles up as far as Charles Bartletts, then went down after Mother. James Estes stays here tonight. They did not stop in the evening at the circle. Have been mowing india wheat. September 1: Has been very pleasant all day. Mother has been down to Cyrus Bartletts visiting this afternoon. Sold the oxen to James G. Roberts for \$125. He is not going to take them till Monday. Mrs. Straw and Sylvania Williams called down here today. September 2: Got out six (6) loads of manure. The cattle laid out last night and they lay out tonight. Went down to the Point and got a lantern, a lb. of tea, and fish. Paid for all \$3.74. Ball B. Willis called here this evening. Liz, Gene & Almeron called in here last evening. Abby Rowe died yesterday and was buried today. Elvi, Philantha & Gene went up to the funeral. September 3: Went up on Mt. Orson [the mountain on his uncle's farm] after the cattle but could not find them. Sent Pat after them and he found them. Went down to the Point and got the colt shod. Got a hogshead of C. A. Kimball. Paid him 75 cts. Went up to Neds and staid the night. Plowed some in the afternoon. Has been cloudy all day with some rain. September 4: Have been up to Neds all day. He and I went over to Charles and stopped for an hour or two. They have had the babies picture taken. Sarahette gave me one. Hannah Black come home from Bethel Hill sick last night. I called to see her. It has been rainy all day. Brother Lufkin did not have any meeting today. September 5: James come up to give me his note for the oxen but I would not take it. Put a half hogshead in the yard for the cattle to drink out of. Went down to the Point. Thales school commenced at the village today. Mother and I called into A. Kimballs this evening. They are very agreeable folks. September 6: Plowed this afternoon. This forenoon hauled out four loads of manure. The cattle lay out tonight. Mother and I called into Mr. Straws and spent the evening. The colt went over on Miltons island to night and I had to

go down and take his great boat to get him. A very fine day. September 7: Went over the river to see if I could get Mr. Russell to work for Mrs. Williams. Gathered apples up in the opening. Mother went up to Aunt Julias visiting this afternoon. Lauriston has been here this evening. We sung some and read old letters. He took two of the letters he wrote me to burn. September 8: Got out four loads of manure. Gathered apple up under the mountain. We got about fifteen bushels. Mother went up to Edwins with Selina Williams. It has been a fine day. Went to the lecture in the village this evening. Col. Wm. Wort addressed the audience. Also Judge E. W. Woodbury. September 9: Ceylon Russell staid with us last night. Have been plowing today on the Gideon piece. Took oxen down to James tonight. They are going to meet me at the village tomorrow evening to organize a Lyceum. September 10: Election is near at hand for Governor. I have been trying to post myself in regard to political matters for a few weeks past, and I have come to the conclusion that it is my duty to stand by my country. It is not mere party that we should look at, but we should look at the matter calmly on both sides with unbiased minds and act as our judgement and conscience dictates. September 11: I shall take my duty, and if I err, I shall have a clear conscience of all intent of doing wrong and therefore have nothing to reflect upon, although I may regret. Carried Charles up last night and stopped with him. Went to the meeting at the Corner. Sermon by Rev. Mr. Lapham from Bethel Hill. September 12: The cows lay out last night. I went after them this morning but could not find them. Went to town meeting and voted for Samuel Cony for Governor. It has rained steady all day. Pat went after the cows but could not find them, so they lay out again tonight. Carried Charles and Capt. [William] Barker out to Silvers. Theresa and Edwin have been down today. Have been hunting for the cattle most all day, but could not find them. Went down to the village with Lauriston. It has been rainy all day. Called into James G. Roberts. Mrs. Roberts had just got the cream in the churn. I brought the butter. September 14: Went up to Newry. They counted votes at Fessenden Stearnes [Samuel Fessenden Stearns, son of Sumner]. I took dinner there. Pat found the cows back of the mountain in woods. Called into Aunt Roxys. Have got a severe headache tonight. I carried the returns from Andover up to Newry. September 15: Went up to Bethel Hill to get a stove for Mrs. Williams. Theresa and Rock Lane and Sewell Lanes wife stay here tonight. Eugenia and Sarah Roberts called up here. Rock gave Eugenia a ride. Went down to the village to a Lyceum with Hervey S. Hastings. I expect a surprise party tomorrow night. [No entries for September 16 through the 20th] September 21: Went up to Mrs. Williams this forenoon, and done some plastering. Mrs. Williams is quite sick. Mr. Williams come down and helped me cut corn in the afternoon. We cut most of the piece on the island. Loch cut their corn on the island today. It has been quite comfortable weather. September 22: James come up with his four cattle and helped me haul corn

up from the island. I put our steers on and hauled up eight loads. It has been quite warm today. Theresa come down from Newry afoot. She and I went down to the village, and then I carried her up to Newry. September 23: Have been shocking corn back of the barn. Ned Lane was drafted from Newry. He and Theresa have been down. Went up to a "paring bee" at James. We staid till about eleven. I had just got home when James called for me to go up and see what we could do about getting Ned free. We decided to go down and see Dr. Bartlett tomorrow night. The rooster was crowing for morning when we come home. It was half past three. We met some fellows going to Canada. September 24: Have been helping James this afternoon. Went up and got Ned and Theresa and carried them down to James. He and James started for Dixfield about eight this evening. They took our wagon. Brought Theresa up and then took James home. It is showery tonight. It has been quite warm today. September 25: James and Edwin got home at eight this morning. Dr. Bartlett came up to Dr. Roberts today, and they both made out some certificates for Ned. I went down to the Point to get Lawyer Rawson to administer the oath to Milton, James, Cyrus and the Deacon on Ned's account. He come up but it would answer, because it was Sunday. September 26: Carried Ned and Theresa up last eve. Mary Matilda come down this morn and told me Mrs. Williams was dead and wanted to go up and get Mrs. Mason. I went up and got her and we went down and told Emaline. Mother went up to Newry with the Deacon. Elvira, Eugenia, and I went down to Mary Matilda's room at George Smiths and rehearsed our dialogue. Milton, James, Cyrus, and the Deacon went down to Rawsons and took the oath, and I took the papers and carried them up to Ned, got there about one of the clock in the night. Eugenia was the girl who knew where I had gone. September 28: Hauled in some corn with the steers. One of them was sick tonight, but is better. He ate to much. Went down and got the grist, and went up to Newry to see if Edwin was drafted. He had not got home. Oneal Hastings and Joel Foster went down last Monday and got exempted. Have been husking this evening. September 29: Have been digging potatoes today. Edwin got home today. He got exempted. He and Theresa and Mother come down from Newry tonight. Went to Lyceum. Liz, Elvira, Tillie, Eugenia and I had a dialogue. I hit Liz about "gloves." I was on the Question, but did not say much. Very dark, and some rainy. September 30: Have been husking corn. It has been rainy. Philip C. Hoyt called today. Mother and I called in to see Sylvania this evening. Gideon Straw and Ball B. Willis called in while we were there. Aunt Ruby Mason was there. She is deaf as an adder. October 1: Dug twenty five bushels of potatoes. Mother went down to see the Deacon and got about fifteen bushels of apples. Mother went down to see Julia B. Foster. She has got a slow fever. Helen Staples is Editress [for the] next Lyceum and she wants me to be her Editor. Loch has been here this evening. Has been quite pleasant today. October 2: Has been rainy all day. Have

written four letters. Went down to see how Julia was. When I come up met Ceylon Russell. I took him in the gig and carried him down to Galon Howes. Called into Milton Roberts. October 3: Dug forty five bushels of potatoes. Went up and helped Loch husk corn in the evening. Got home at half past ten. Mrs. Straw and Aunt Sally called and spent the evening. Some fellows went down feeling pretty good. We halloed after them when they went by the barn. October 4: Cut the corn before the house, and got it in. Got the pumpkins up from the island. Went down to mill tonight. Mother went down to see Julia B. Foster. They turned their cattle into the fields below here today. Had a curious dream last night. I guess it will not amount to anything. October 5: Turned the cattle into the field this morning. Dug forty five bushes of potatoes. Has been quite pleasant today. Nickerson Willis is quite sick with typhoid fever. October 6: Took Loch and went up to dig Charles potatoes, but Mr. Moore had dug them. We come down and finished digging ours. Leander changed work with Pat. Loch took his colt and we went down to the village. Got my thin boots, that Ceylon Russell made. October 7: Helped Loch today. We gathered their apples and then husked corn. Mrs. Ellingwood and daughter was there visiting. Aunt Hannah and cousin Stephen Andrews come here this forenoon and are going to stay all night. Mr. Bessey took dinner here today, and he come back here tonight. October 8: Went down to East Rumford with Bessey driving lambs. Saw Florett and Delia Abbott. Took dinner at Mr. Knights. I took Besseys horse and come up to the Point and drove twenty four lambs down to the Center. Theresa stays here tonight. Bessey did not pay for his keeping. October 9: Carried Theresa up to Newry. Ceylon and I went up to Mr. Luther Eames. We stopped for tea. Aunt Hannah and Stephen went up to Aunt Julias yesterday and come back here today. They stay here tonight. I had a good sing with Stephen. It has been very cold today. October 10: Carried Mother down to Unckle Elis visiting this morning, and went after her tonight. Carried Helena Eames, and Miss Kilgore out to Calvin Howe [resided in Rumford on present Route 5] to a party this evening. When we come back Ezra Smith stopped his horse sudden and run my colt into another wagon and broke a holdback iron. I was very careless. October 11: Carried Mother and Aunt Julia down to Gilbert Howes visiting this morning and went after them tonight. Have been husking today. Pedlar Stevens was along today. It has been quite cool. Charles is to work for Webster Holt. He carried some cane seat chairs home tonight. October 12: Have been husking corn. Augustine was down to mill today. He stopped here to dinner. Orin Fosters girl is quite sick with diphtheria down to Jonathan Virgins. Pat went up with Augustine to help. Edwin, Loch and Leander [Leander Power, son of Orson] come down and helped me husk this evening. Loch stays with me tonight. October 13: Husked corn in the forenoon. Went down to help Helen [Staples, daughter of Joseph Staples] arrange the paper. It rained so

hard they did not have a Lyceum tonight. Unckle William come over this afternoon and is going to stay all night. Ned and Hervey come down to the Lyceum. October 14: Helped Loch most all the forenoon. Carried Unckle William over to Unckle Tim Ayers. Went up and paid Selina for the watch I bought of her. Loch come down this evening to help me make a dialogue, but Freeland Moody come down after him to set up with Nickerson Willis [possibly Octavius N., son of Jonas Barbour Willis]. Diphtheria has broke out again in this town. George Holt [George L., son of Timothy Holt] has got it. October 15: Helped Lauriston chop wood in the forenoon. In the afternoon Loch and I went down and dug potatoes for Jonathan Virgin. Loch come down to help make a dialogue, but we did not do much about it. We was so sleepy. Shot a squirrel up in the pasture on a maple tree. October 16: Brother Lufkin preached up to the old meeting house today. Edwin and Theresa, Charles and Sarahette was down here today. Carried Walker down some maple molasses. Called into Mr. Straws. Went down to a lecture at the school house by Rev. Mr. Walcott. Saw Flora Bartlett [Flora E., daughter of Elias Shaw Bartlett]. She come up to the Deacons yesterday. October 17: Husked corn most all day. Went down to Lyceum. Carried Mother and Elvira. I have a declamation entitled "the dying soldier." Elvira and I wrote a piece entitled "Chronicles." It was a firstrate paper, and the best Lyceums we have had. Cloudy tonight. October 18: Went up to Newry and got Ned and Theresa to come down and help while the threshers are here. They set up their machine about noon and threshed 90 bushels of grain in the afternoon. 20 of it was india wheat. We went down to the Deacons and spent the evening. Had a first-rate time. October 19: Elhanan went home with Elvira. They finished threshing about noon. Had 137 ½ bushels of oats. Carried some grain to the mill. Carried Ned and Theresa home tonight and staid all night. Mary E. Smith was there and spent the evening. I went home with her. A fine day. October 20: Ned, Theresa and I went up to Bethel Hill to the Fair. Did not see anything to interest me much except the "horseback riding" and "trotting match." Also, catching the "greased pig." Come down to Neds about sick, vomited on the way. Staid there all night. Cost me \$1.25. October 21: Come down from Neds this morn, and have been husking corn all day. Went up and helped Unckle Orson's folks on their apples this evening. Two Howe girls stay here tonight. Dropped my watch out of my pocket and broke the crystal all to smash. Quite pleasant day. October 22: Have been husking corn today. Broke the crystal out of my watch last night and went over to Rumford Corner and got one put in. Went up to Unckle Peters and staid the night. Jo Goss [Joseph Benson Goss, son of Thomas Goss] was murdered in Illinois and brought home tonight. Unckle Peter is going to start Monday to get Lewis body. [Lewis, son of Peter, died in Washington, DC, 10 July 1864]. October 23: Went to meeting at Beans Corner in the forenoon. Sermon by Rev. Mr. Swett Text P: 1st Timothy, 3rd Chapter and a part

of the 16th verse. Called into the Deacons and spent the evening. Mrs. Straw and Sylvania called here in the evening. Hervey Hastings called. Quite pleasant. October 24: Carried Charles down to the Point this morning. Plowed with the steers and colt this afternoon. This evening called into Mr. Straws. They expected the village folks up there, but they sent word that some of them was so situated so they could not come, and some of them did not want to come. A pleasant day. October 25: Plowed in the forenoon. In the afternoon husked corn. Mr. Barker, and another man took dinner here. I swap[p]ed watch chains with him, and gave him thirty cts. Sold him some cat skins for 50 cts. Pat has gone down to Fosters to a husking. October 26: Have been cutting alders today. Went down after Charles to the Village. Gave Matilda Willis and Lucy Howe a ride. Sold Charles Burnsides for what I was owing him. Carried him to Newry and staid all night. Mr. Rowe staid there from West Bethel. Pleasant. [No entries from October 27 through November 1] November 2: We come down this morning. We chopped eight loads of wood & I piled it up today. Went down to the mill this evening. Lauriston went down with me. Dr. Abbott lectured at the village schoolhouse on Botany. Got some cider at the Deacons. Rec'd letter from Wm McCann November 3: Edwin R. Lane and I chopped wood in the woods today. We went up to Newry and we went to the circle to Lawson Smiths. We come home early and staid to Edwins all night. Aunt Lufkin told us not to make much noise. Nevertheless, I went on a mission. Enjoyed myself firstrate. November 4: We come down this morning and went into the woods and worked until eleven and it snowed so hard we quit and I carried Ned home. Flora E. Bartlett came down with me. It rained very hard, however we got home dry, and right side up. It snowed about two inches and turned to rain. November 5: It has been very cold today. Theresa come down with the ministers folks. Quarterly meeting commenced this afternoon. I carried Theresa up and [went to] B. B. W. [Ball Bartlett Willis] and stopped till after the meeting. Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Coburn stop here tonight. Went up to prayer meeting this evening. November 6: Went to meeting. Sermon this forenoon by Rev. Mr. Lufkin and this afternoon Sermon by Elder Colby. Text Acts. Webb [Webster] Holt stopped here to supper. Called into Fosters and Letitia wanted me to go down to the village with her. Called into the Deacons and had a good time. November 7: Went up to Littlehales and met Ned. He and I have been to work in the woods today. We went down to the village this evening. Called to the Deacons. Pat went down and got his foot measured for a pair of boots. Cloudy but no rain. November 8: Ned and I have been piling up wood in the woods. He took the colt and went home tonight. It has been a fine day, but rains tonight, commenced about dark. Ned was to work for me and did not want to go up to Newry to vote, so I did not go. We offset. November 9: Edwin and Theresa come down this morning. We have been piling wood today. Edwin, Theresa and I went up to

Mr. Straws this evening. We had a gay old time. Ollin E. Saunders [son of Addison R. Saunders] called to rehearse a dialogue, we are to have tomorrow night. Elvira has gone up to John to work. November 10: We went into the woods and worked this afternoon. Theresa, Sara Roberts [Sarah J., daughter of James Gardner Roberts] and Flora E. Bartlett come up into the woods where we were to work. Commenced to rain about eleven and rained till about three P.M. I carried Sarah and Flora home. Went to Lyceum. I did not do much on the question. One dialog passed very well. While coming home Pret. Howard tried to run by Cyrus and I, but he got played out good. Aunt Lois Bartlett [Lois Powers, wife of Ebenezer Bartlett] stays here tonight. November 11: Ned and I went into the woods and piled up what we had cut. I carried Edwin and Theresa home and helped plow for Oneal Hastings in the afternoon. The Deacon, Philantha Howard and Flora E. Bartlett went up Mr. Joseph Howards visiting today. The minister gave me two turnips. November 12: Plowed in the forenoon. Sarah and Lucy Powers [wife of Peter Powers] come over here tonight. Aunt Julia spent the evening here. Sarah, Lucy and I went up with her. Looks very much like a storm. Elisha Littlehales funeral sermon is going to be preached at the old barn tomorrow. November 13: Has been quite snowy all day. Went down and got my hair cut by William Barker. Went to funeral. Sermon by Father Lufkin. Text: John 6, Chapter 14 Verse. Ceylon Russell [son of William and Eliza (Clark) Russell] spent the evening here. He took my watch to see if it keeps good time. We talk of swapping the watch for a clock. November 14: About six inches of snow fall. Got the sheep. I found all of ours. Went to the village. Called to see the Deacon when I come back. Flora E. Bartlett has got a sore throat. She told me her name was Flora Evelyn Bartlett and got up a bet of ½ of a pint of peanuts that it would not thaw as much by half past ten tomorrow as it freezes through the night. Threshed the beans today. Got five bushels. Edwin was down and got his steers. James paid me forty five dollars toward the oxen. Went down to the village and got my sleigh fills(?). Called Unckle Orsons this evening. He was good as pie. November 16: Hauled two loads of wood. Went to the Point. Sarah and Lucy Powers stay here tonight. Elvira, Abner, Almeron and Modestus Gardner, Sarah and Joshua, Philantha, and Ceylon have been here this evening. It is quite good sleighing now and this evening is splendid. November 17: Chopped wood in the forenoon. In the afternoon hauled two loads of wood. Mrs. Straw called in here this evening. Sarah and Lucy stay here tonight. Received a letter from Corydon. It has been a pleasant day. November 18: Have been chopping today. Sarah and Lucy went up to Unckle Orsons this afternoon. Spent the evening at Ball B. Willis. It has been quite warm today, insomuch that the snow is mostly gone. John Bean borrow mother sley to move with. November 19: Edwin come down this morning after mother. He said Theresa had got diphtheria. Sarah Powers has been here today. Took tea at Unckle

Orsons and spent the evening there. Sarah and Joshua Roberts, Philanthus, Neville and Sarah Howard, Almeron & Modestus Roberts, Bick Stearnes and Freeland Moody was there. November 20: Went up to Newry to see Theresa. She is getting better. Loch got home last night. Called into the Deacons and James. Sarah and Lucy went home today. Charles has got home from Gorham. It is very rough wagoning now. Loch stays with me tonight. Quite warm today. November 21: Edwin brought Mother down today. Almeron come up and I shingled his hair. Have written four letters. Loch has been here this evening. Selina come down after me to get her horse shod tomorrow. It has been rainy all day. Loch and I went after the sheep. November 22: Went up and got Selinas horse and took it down to the Point to get it shod, but could not. Went up and got Timothy Hastings to shoe it. Took dinner at Charles, and supper at Neds. Hannah Black is there to work. It is awful muddy traveling. November 23: Went up and chopped wood for the minister. Took dinner to Charles. It is very rough traveling now. Helen M. Staples, Melisa Staples, and Matilda J. Staples [daughters of Joseph M. Staples] have been here today, visiting. I was intending to go over to Unckle Peters and stay all night if they had not been here. November 24: Mother called me up at two of the clock last night, and said her throat was sore. This morning I found she had got diphtheria and went after the doctor, then over the river and got Sarah Powers. We had a good time while I was there. Unckle Peter and wife come over to Unckle Orsons today. The Deacon, Philantha, and Eugenia called in here this evening. November 25: Mother was no better this morning, and went after the doctor, but he was gone. Killed the hog today. Mr. Straw helped me. It has been quite warm all day. Adam Kimball and Straw went after the sheep, but did not find any. Angela Powers come over today. She is at Unckle Orsons. November 26: The doctor called this morning. He said mothers throat was doing well. I sit up with her last night. Angela Powers is here. Sarah Powers and I called down to Fosters and spent the evening [and] we had good time. November 27: Angela and I went up to Newry. Hervey took d____ [No further entries]

JOHN HOWELL CROSBY (1867-1936)

By Donald G. Bennett

(concluded from the last issue)

These stories thrilled Howell immensely. As soon as he was able to read, he pored over his father's books on the Revolution and its aftermath. It was probably from this early reading that he gained his interest in politics. Two years after the family moved to their home, his mother had another son, Nelson, and a year before he started school, another, Roland.

A new school was built in Arlington in 1872, on the block at the intersection of Massachusetts Avenue and the road that went by the farm, Mystic Street or the Woburn Road. In 1873 my grandfather entered the first grade in the Russell School, where two generations of his family were to go after him.

For the next few years Howell divided his time quite evenly between going to school and working on the farm. However, as he progressed in school, he discovered something that opened a whole new field of entertainment for him—reading. From the time that he learned to appreciate books until his death, he never lived without a good selection of books near him.

My grandfather went thru the usual nine years of schooling in the Russell School and then onto the high school. Where the high school stood, there now stands one of the three junior highs in Arlington.

All the time that Howell was going to school, his father's farm was expanding, coming to be recognized as one of the better market gardens in the area. However, the family was still badly pressed for money with the children to care for and the expense of improving the farm.

Howell's greatest desire was to attend college, but as he started his senior year in high school, he realized to his sorrow that he would not be able to go. Therefore, when the time arrived in the spring to start the early planting, he left school to devote his time fully to the farm. But Howell's education did not end there. During the rest of his life he kept himself well informed on all of the various situations developing in the world through his love for reading. In later years he was thought of as one of the town's better educated men.

After Howell left school, he also developed a keener interest in politics. Many times he would go into Boston to hear a good speaker on some world or local problem. He loved to listen to a good orator. By going to these rallies so frequently, he gained many new acquaintances.

In the summer of 1890, Howell went to Europe with one of his friends, Philip Eberhardt, whose folks lived in Germany. The two traveled in Europe for four months—biking thru Germany, Switzerland, France and England, returning to the States in the fall.

When he returned, he rejoined the young peoples' club at the Baptist Church in Arlington. Howell was elected president of the club; a young woman, Daisy Conant, a descendant of Roger Conant, one of New England's earliest planters, was chosen secretary. Howell became very attracted to his secretary. Many times Daisy went with him to the rallies in Boston to hear the speakers. He courted Daisy through the next summer and fall; then on December 9, three weeks before his twenty-fourth birthday, they were married in the Arlington First Baptist Church by Rev. Charles H. Watson.

Just before their marriage Howell had had a new house built at the upper end of the farm on a small lot next to an old place owned by David Butterick, and referred to locally



The Crosby house at Arlington, Massachusetts
Courtesy of Donald G. Bennett

as “the well-known Wyman estate.” He had kept his eye on the old place for quite some time, but the owner didn't show any signs of wishing to sell.

After the newly-weds returned from their honeymoon in New York, they settled down to start life in their home. The next few years were spent in fixing up the inside of the house, putting in many long hours on the farm; Howell had to spend their first Christmas morning working on water pipes that had burst in the greenhouse. On Sundays, after Howell got through with his duties in Sunday School and Church, some of the “gang” would leave for a picnic dinner out in the country. The crowd usually went in a couple of huge wagons and a cluster of buggies, with great hampers of food. Sometimes the neighbors got together on the shore of Mystic Lake for an evening clambake.

That September, their first child, Helen Edith, was born. Two months later, Howell was appointed to membership on the Republican Town Committee.

The winter passed rather uneventfully, but poor old Mr. Butterick's resolve not to sell finally weakened in the spring. In June, Howell bought the house from him and started working on it. That fall, after the house had been made ready, the family moved into their “new” old home. A few years later his Conant in-laws came to live in their recently vacated, but new, house.

Things really began to move into full swing that fall, when in November their second child, Phyllis, was born. The children got into the usual mischief—they very nearly killed each other in their escapades. After they purchased “Jinks,” a high-stepping, black trotter, they would go evenings for a refreshing drive to cool off after a rugged day.

A year later the youngest brother, Roland, was engaged; Nelson came home from Texas where he had gone to recover his health, got married and then went back again. Howell was elected to the school committee, which provided him with many spirited discussions with the other members. Two years later, after getting into frequent

hassles, he resigned in disgust. Howell had a very quick temper which sometimes got the best of him.

My grandmother's uncle, Jack Hardy, was a member of a horseback riding club that took trips through New England in the summer. One time they stopped in a little town called Bethel after coming down through the Grafton Notch and asked for a good place to put up for the night. They were directed to a Miss Locke's boarding house in Sunday River valley. When they returned to Arlington later that summer, all they could talk about was the beautiful old place in Bethel where they had spent the night. The next summer more of the family went to Bethel, including Howell.



A group from the Locke Mountain House preparing to climb Old Speck in Grafton (Howell Crosby on right).
Courtesy of Donald G. Bennett

In the fall of 1899, Howell was elected to the General Court as a representative from Middlesex County. During the four years that he served as Representative, he was either a member of a finance committee or on the Ways and Means Committee. After four years in the General Court, he ran for nomination for Councilor and was defeated.

That fall he and Daisy went on a second honeymoon thru Niagara Falls, Chicago, Kansas, Texas and Colorado Springs, returning home just before Thanksgiving. During the intervals between his political jobs, he spent his time on the farm or ferrying parts of his family back and forth from Texas, going for a short vacation to New York when things had gotten straightened out. Their family was now complete: four girls—Helen, Phyllis, Ruth and Evelyn. Howell was the superintendent of the Sunday school in the Baptist Church, working with his friend, the Reverend Dr. Watson.

Now that Howell had more time to himself, he began to acquire a library. Howell did all of his business through Lauriat's, an old bookstore in Boston. When the shop had a new selection of books come in, they would send those that they thought he would like. He would look them over, make his own selection and send the rest back. This was his first real start in an avocation, and he went all out in it. As it was, later on, he would practically "go crazy" over such

things as rugs, oil paintings, or phonograph records. For a while he bought books almost by wholesale lots, some of which he never had the time to read; when he became interested in something else, his book "craze" began to slide, but the quality of his selection improved.

In 1907 he was elected to the Board of Selectmen in Arlington, where he served for three years. In the meantime he had been nominated and elected to the Massachusetts Senate. In the Senate, he was on the Ways and Means Committee, while being chairman of the Metropolitan Affairs Committee.

In an August 5, 1910, *Boston Transcript* article, the paper recorded, "Mr. Crosby's greatest single contribution to progressive legislation was his work on the Boston City Charter... The passage of the act was an achievement of the highest order." He was reelected for a second senate term. After he was defeated in an attempt for a third term as Senator, he started another of his high pressure hobbies: rug collecting. If rugs would have stayed on the ceiling, they would have been there!!

Howell bought his first car, a Pierce Arrow, in the fall of 1908. He had quite a nervous temperament. Therefore, after he got the car, he drove a little, but he soon gave it up entirely. Instead, there was a friend of his in town, Mr. Graham, who drove for him until his youngest daughter received her driver's license and became the family teamster. Also at this time he made some additions to the house. He extended the dining room, put a music room on the east side, had a larger bookcase built in the parlor, and added some piazzas to the front, back and side of the house.

That winter he set out on another hobby: collecting phonograph records. However, this time his wife was the one who got him into it. Howell had been in the habit of giving her fifty dollars at Christmas to buy her own present. Then after he gave her the money, he always asked what she was going to get with it. On this occasion she told him that she was going to buy a Victrola.

Howell scoffed at her and told her that she was foolish to buy one, because there wasn't one made that was worth listening to, the recording was so poor. But my grandmother had a counterattack ready: one of her friends in the neighborhood had just bought a new model which couldn't be compared to the older makes. The next evening they went to the neighbor's to hear the Victrola. Howell was so taken by the music that Grandma had to practically drag him home. After the demonstration, Howell could hardly wait to get to Boston and buy one. Going at this in the way he did all of his inspirations, he told Grandma that she could put her fifty dollars into the pot if she wished but that he was going to buy a really good model. Two days later he had a very large, cabinet model Victrola delivered to the house.

From then on, he collected records in much the same manner that he collected books. When the store in Boston had a new supply of records come in they would send a selection that they thought he would like the best. He played

the selections to review them, kept those he wanted, and sent the rest back. His albums contained all kinds of opera pieces, regular classical music, and the latest in popular music, his favorite popular singer being John McCormack, and Enrico Caruso his preferred tenor for the opera records.

My mother used to say that she grew up to Caruso. Her father was slightly deaf and ran the volume on the Victrola wide open so that Caruso's powerful voice almost shook the house down.

That summer Daisy, my grandmother, with a group of women friends went to Europe on a tour that was conducted by one of Howell's cousins. When she returned in August, Howell met her in New York, coming home by boat the next day.

He started his fourth collecting series that winter: oil paintings. In time, the rest of the house that wasn't covered with the bookcases and rugs was hidden behind the paintings: John Joseph Enneking, with his nature scenes and sunsets, was his favorite artist. In the fall, his eldest daughter, Helen, married Julian Howard and went to live in Akron, Ohio.

For about ten years now his father had been retired from the farm, leaving Howell in complete charge. John had originally planned to give the farm over as a joint ownership to the three sons. However, Howell was the only one to take an active interest in the place. As the other sons finished school, Nelson went to Texas, and Roland got a job chauffeuring for a wealthy lady in Boston. Because of this situation, Howell took over the management of the farm.

In running the market garden there were three divisions: the marketing in Boston, the management of the greenhouses, and the management of the rest of the farm outside. When Nelson finally did come back from Texas, he took over the job of selling in Boston. Roland came back for a few years also, but he died a short time later.

All the workers on the farm were either Irish or Italian in nationality. They were all good natured people who loved my grandfather because he was willing to do almost anything for them. He used to get a "kick" out of working with them and listening to the Italians "jabber" back and forth to each other in their native language. It really didn't take long before one could understand them; they did most of their talking with their hands.

In the winter, the "gang" shifted into the greenhouses, where the temperature was always above seventy degrees or more; or they went to work in the closed-in celery pits.

During the cold months the main object was to keep fires in the boilers going to heat the greenhouses. Scattered over the farm were three sets of the houses; each set had its own heating plant. In all there were ten houses. The night watchman had the job of firing the boilers through the cold winter nights, and if he failed only one night, the farm might as well have closed up. Ed Gately was the night watchman and a good worker, but he also liked to drink. Although my grandfather never knew it, there were many

nights that Mrs. Gately fired the boilers while Ed was out cold, in order that he keep his job and to prevent the lettuce from freezing. (Mrs. Gately was also a frequent baby sitter for me, plus she made wonderful donuts. The Gately's lived on Kimball Road near the center set of greenhouses.)

Every summer my grandmother and their girls went to Miss Locke's in Bethel to spend their vacation. The "tribe" would go mountain climbing, swimming and picnicking with the rest of the boarders, being occasionally surprised by their father who'd taken a train up to Bethel once in a while when the farm was all right.



The Lowe-Crosby place at Sunday River in 1916, before it was painted red. Courtesy of Donald G. Bennett

Then in the fall of 1916 he bought the Lowe place at Sunday River, a nice rambling set of buildings that backed up to Barker Mountain. The house was a little run down; after the Crosby's bought it, Howell spent almost a year fixing it up and painting the buildings red with white trim.

That December of 1916 was my grandparent's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Although there was supposed to be only an informal reception, over three hundred friends and relatives came. Those present included many of the Senators and Representatives that had served with Howell in the Legislature, along with the workers from the farm. Everyone there had the time of his life, Howell being sure that all the workers were introduced to his friends and close associates.

Next spring he was elected to serve on the Constitutional Convention in Boston, which met continuously until the middle of the following winter.

During the winter, the country committed itself "up to its neck" in World War I. The situation handed Howell another job: Food Administrator for Middlesex County. Throughout the remainder of the War, he was busy either in Boston or at home with work on some committee. Although Howell worked tirelessly for the good of the country, he was a staunch Republican. He, along with many other party men, thought that Woodrow Wilson was an "idiot" who had tricked the voters into electing him.



The Crosby's "Red House" at Sunday River in 1931.
Courtesy of Donald G. Bennett

After the work on the newly acquired house at Sunday River had been completed, all the family went there for the summer. At the crack of dawn, a great pile of suitcases, a clothes hamper of food and odds-and-ends, and a Victrola were packed into the big Pierce Arrow. After all this was stowed away, the family climbed in on top of the luggage, the left-over's being stacked in the front seat with the driver.

In November, 1919, Howell's father died at the age of ninety in the town where he had so successfully raised a family and established a business. The next few years were spent in buying furniture for the house in Bethel. Phyllis, the next daughter, married Earl Williamson, and returned to Bethel to live a year after they were married.

Crosby's Farm underwent changes in its management when Nelson started working his son in as his successor, and Howell got my father interested in taking over for him on the farm. My father, Harold, was courting Evelyn, Howell's youngest daughter, at the time.

In taking over the management of the farm, the two young men had to uphold the standing of being the leading market garden in New England. Howell and his father before him had developed new strains of lettuce and celery which had immediately cornered the market. Their Pascal celery was the elite of the celery classes at that time.

When competition from Californian producers started, a small retail store was built on the farm as an outlet for the surplus. Slowly the Crosby's market changed—instead of being shipped to Boston every day, the bulk of their farm produce was being sold at the store.

Howell had more time to himself now that the younger men were running the farm. He began to do some work on the house in Arlington, including painting it inside and out.

Besides collecting books, rugs, paintings, and phonograph records, he used to make some wine in the berry season. At the time that he purchased the house from Mr. Butterick, there had been one old grape vine. After he went to live there, he put in a few more. One was a huge affair reaching from the garage fifty yards up across a sunny hill to a stone wall. Many years later when the vines were bearing well, the family was always swamped with grapes, grape jelly and anything that could be made from grapes; the neighbors got

the overflow, Howell making sure that his friends had all that they wanted.

Howell's best wines were his rhubarb and elderberry, which he took very real pride in making. When he had finished a new batch of rhubarb wine, he would hold a sample up to the light and scrutinize it carefully for any flaws. Although he took great pleasure in making the wine, he seldom drank any. In his wine closet in the cellar, there was, besides several of his own sweeter wines, a supply of the more bitter Italian wines that he purchased directly from the importers in Boston.

Sometimes when the family was seated for Sunday dinner, Gramp would bounce up from the table and rush down to the wine closet, pick out a bottle and take it back to the dining room. Then he'd hold the specimen up to the window while he invited the rest of the family to gather around, marveling at its rich golden color—to Howell's delight, of course.

Once he put a batch of raisin champagne into the bottles to "work." The bottles were packed in a box of sand to keep them cool. Every once in a while he used to go down and inspect the case. One time he had just reached the cellar stairs when one of the bottles exploded, scattering glass all over the cellar.

The last of the unmarried daughters, Ruth, received her Ph.D. from Radcliffe in 1929. A few months later she accepted a position at the University of Maine. Now all the children had left home, except for my parents who lived at the other end of the farm in the original Crosby farmhouse.

Nelson was elected to the legislature the next year, while my father took over his father-in-law's place on the farm, the old folks going to Bethel. They stayed just long enough in Arlington to thoroughly clean and for Howell to paint the house again before they left for the country and the Red House. From the summer of 1931 they spent most of their time at the Red House. Often in the summer, all of the family would gather at the old place beneath the towering elms at the Red House to have a happy reunion. In the fall it was back to Arlington for one last time.

In February 1932, they returned to Bethel. Now, after a strenuous but successful life, Howell had completed his life's career cycle. The remainder of the winter he spent in making bird shelters and feeders, taking food out to his wild friends every day in the cold winter weather. When the weather prevented him from going out much, he would sit and read by the hour; or he would listen to his records. All that he had to do was to sit back and watch nature work. A few years before, he and a neighbor, Jim Reynolds, had set out some pines on a lot next to the house. He used to be able to see Old Speck Mountain from the dining room window. He made his weather predictions in the summer from the observations he took in the morning of the top of the mountain.

For four years they lived at Sunday River away from the noise of the world of civilization, and being pleasantly sur-

prised when some of their family dropped in on them. Then, on the evening of August 2, 1936, not unexpectedly, Howell Crosby died after being ill most of the summer.



Howell Crosby (2nd from right) and sons in law at the Red House. Courtesy of Donald G. Bennett

It is very hard to judge a man, to see the true qualities in him, while he is still alive. When a man dies, all the things that ever happened to him are brought out by his friends and associates. I have never heard a person comment about my grandfather except in a very respectful tone of voice. Although he had a quick temper at times, he never forgot his friends. As the seasons changed, he was continually making the rounds of his neighbors with a basket of fruit or vegetables. He had the reputation from his business associates of being a shrewd man although didn't finish high school. His collection of books was considered by many one of the finest in Arlington. Howell could come home from a meeting in Boston, change his clothes and work the rest of the day with the men on the farm; and the men loved him as others respected him.

I think that there were two ingredients that made my grandfather seem more than an ordinary man: integrity and ambition.

November 11, 2008, additions to grandfather theme:

John Howell Crosby was descended from Simon Crosby who married Ann Brigham in 1634. They emigrated from England to Cambridge in 1635 with their eight-week-old son, Thomas. Simon was a freeman. He was selectman in 1636, 1638 and died in September 1639 when only 31 years old. Some sources infer that he had a considerable estate. His wife Ann remarried and lived to age 69.

Epilog: After Howell's death, Daisy kept her summer schedule of Red House living but spent most of her winters in Arlington at the old home. From Arlington she visited with Ruth and Helen. Ruth was a professor at the University of Maine, in Orono, and Helen lived in Kitchener, Ontario. When summer came, Ruth took over for their return to the Red House. In 1945, the house in Arlington was sold. The Bennetts moved to Bethel where Harold and Ellie took over

the farm and dairy business started by his father, Edward Bennett.

Crosby's Farm went through a number of changes from 1936 to 1957. Harold continued working as sort of a partner until 1938. He left the farm to start his own farm equipment business in Arlington. Nelson Crosby became the surviving partner but his son, John Samuel Crosby, ran the farm and operated the farm store. In 1938 nearly one-half of the farm land was sold. The original farm house, barn, piggery and Gately house were torn down. From 1939 until 1942 the recently sold parcel was put under development and a number of houses were built; the first group faced Mystic Street and others were started along a new set of roads laid in the back property. War suspended house building.

In June 1938, Ruth and her mother set sail for England and Scotland to tour literary points of interest. However, due to the threat of war looming larger and larger, they booked a return trip for sailing from Southampton on October 2d aboard the "Pennland" a German owned Red Line liner. (I remember waiting for their train from New York to arrive at South Station in Boston—exciting for me because we waited on the platform to watch the train come in pulled by double-headed steam locomotives.)

John Crosby's family—his wife Pauline and two daughters Ann and Carol—had been living in the old homestead. They moved to a temporary house in Arlington while their new house was being built on Mystic Street on retained farm property. This house still stands at 246 Mystic, as well as Howell's and Daisy's new house at 250 Mystic and the new old house at 282 Mystic Street. Nelson and Cora Crosby's home on Davis Avenue near the former farm store still stands. The store building is a residence.

In 1957 John Crosby sold the farm and moved to Moody, Maine, where he resumed vegetable farming and running a farm store. He continued this business on U.S. Route 1 for another 25 years. John died in 1998. Ann married and lives in Burlington, MA; her sister, Carol, is married and lives in Colorado.

In 1962 Ruth Crosby retired from the University of Maine. Her mother had come to live with her at her apartment on College Avenue in Orono. They spent each summer at the Red House until 1965 when Daisy could no longer make the trips. Daisy died in January 1969 at the age of 96. Ruth continued the same summer-winter schedule. Earl Williamson died in 1966 and his wife, Phyllis, lived with Ruth at Orono winters and stayed in her own home near the Red House in the summer.

In 1969 Ruth inherited the Red House when her mother passed away. Before that, Ruth had devoted herself to writing about their family experiences at the Locke Farm in Bethel; in 1966, her book, *I Was a Summer Boarder*, was published by Christopher Publishing Co. of Boston. Her book became a favorite among readers in the Bethel area and those familiar with Sunday River. In 1974 she had a second book published entitled, *From an Old Leather Trunk*. The first

part of this book told about an ancestor, Samuel Rugg, and his journals and inventions, and the middle section was about her grandparents, Benjamin and Clara Conant and their trip to England with the Old Folks' singing group. Benjamin Conant became an established printer in Boston. After 1893 they lived next door to their daughter in the "honeymoon" house.

In 1977, my mother, Evelyn, who was living in Bethel, became ill, was briefly hospitalized, mostly recovered, and moved to Falls Church, Virginia, to stay with Kathy and me. She passed away there on June 27, 1977; had she been able to hold on for another 10 days she would have made it back to her home in Bethel because I was to retire from the Army three days after she died.

Ruth and Phyllis continued to spend summers at the Red House until 1980. Ruth was hospitalized in December 1980, and died on April 1, 1981. Her sisters, Phyllis and Helen also passed away that same year. Phyllis was living with her daughter, Helen George, in New Jersey, and Helen was living at the Howard's home in Kennebunkport.

When Ruth passed away, I inherited the Red House property and its contents. A special item among the contents was the "Old Leather Trunk." At first Kathy and I

rented the Red House to Cindy and Mark Hiebert, while, at the same time, I set up my picture frame work in the workshop that connected the house and barn.

In 1986 we decided to rent our house in Mayville and move to the Red House in order to be able to continue working on its rehabilitation and general up-keep. The old house and barn had deteriorated considerably over the years. Since the time my grandparents bought the house in 1916 as well as in the times of the Barkers, Athertons and Lowes before them, all the rooms were heated by individual wood stoves. During my grandparent's time, John Nowlin had taken care of their wood supply and keeping a wood supply handy for fueling stoves. By selling the pine tree plantation we got enough money to take care of some of the most pressing maintenance problems, but in the end we decided to sell the property. However, the customary peace and quiet of the valley had fled as the Sunday River Ski Area had boomed. Respect for privacy was not a quality generally observed by winter sports visitors. We closed on the sale in January 1994. The Crosby era in the Sunday River valley, which had started at the Locke Farm in 1897, had ended after 97 years and three generations.



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