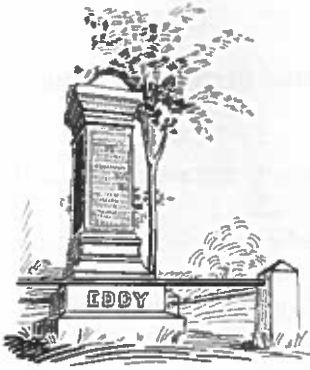


Eddington Historical Society Quarterly Newsletter



Founder of Eddington by Charlene Bowden

As a small child growing up at Eddington Bend I made the daily trek to and from the little country schoolhouse named for Henry Longfellow. On the way I passed the Eddy monument. We often stopped and balanced on the "pipes" supported by granite posts that surround the monument...we not only walked on them, we swung round and round on them.

Who was this man named Jonathan Eddy? And why was he so important that his ancestors erected a monument in his name and people referred to the area as Eddytown, later to be incorporated in 1811 as Eddington. I had no idea the enormity of his military career or civilian life which was colorful to say the least. His daring exploits in the service of our country, then colonies, while noble were considered treason at the time. The hardships and sacrifices not only he made but his family and comrades as well led to Jonathan Eddy and his compatriots being granted 9,460 acres in Plantation #10, much of it along the Penobscot River. The Penobscot River was an integral waterway at the time and the principal means of transportation as was evident by the granite steps that led from the river to the large homes that dotted the wayside.

Jonathan Eddy was born in Massachusetts where he led a gentleman's life. In 1749 he married a local physician's daughter, and to them were born four sons, Jonathan Jr., William, Ibrook and Elias. Jonathan left

Massachusetts to take part in the French and Indian Wars in Nova Scotia. For his service he received a land grant in the Fort Lawrence region of Cumberland Bay. For 10 years Jonathan, his sons and families, led a prosperous life. But then Jonathan became disillusioned with British rule and his sympathies came to be more with the American Colonies as did some of the other Nova Scotia inhabitants. His sons all joined his cause and fought in the Rebellion alongside their father.

In 1775 Jonathan devised a plot to take Fort Cumberland for the American Colonies. Also included in the plot made by this group of disillusioned comrades was the capturing of the British sloop, *Polly*. This band of partisans slipped under the cover of night, entered the bay, and made away with a British ship laden with supplies for Fort Cumberland. Captained by Zebulon Rowe it was sailed back to Boston where the Colonists welcomed the provisions.

But the siege of Fort Cumberland failed due to such a small contingent. Lucky to escape with their lives these men fled with only the clothes on their back. As they retreated through the woods to Machias they could look behind and see the smoke from their homes being burned by the angry British. Their families left in dire straits, the women and children had no choice but to make the journey through the woods behind them to the safety of the Colonies.

Jonathan's hopes of making Nova Scotia (which at that time included New Brunswick) the 14th American Colony were dashed after the failed siege on Fort Cumberland.

In 1778, under a flag of truce, Jonathan sent his son William to Cumberland to dispose of all the family's property as best he could and return with William's family. While crossing the bay in an open boat in the vicinity of Eastport, William was recognized and shot by a British Provincial. William's body was stealthily taken to Eastport by one of the patriots and buried in a private garden at the home of a supporter of Eddy's Rebellion.

In 1785 taking up the land granted for his military service to the colonies Jonathan came to the Penobscot River along with 19 others and settled into community life. Jonathan was the first magistrate in the area performing marriages, conducting trials, and involving himself in the community. His fishing ship *The Blackbird* was the first registered on the Penobscot River.

Jonathan died in August of 1804 in Eddington; his son, Jonathan Jr. was lost at sea in the Bay of Fundy in 1808; his third son Ibrook died in 1833 in Eddington and his youngest son Elias in 1808 in Eddington. Jonathan and Mary Ware Eddy are buried in the old part of the Eddy Cemetery, on the hill that once overlooked the old homestead.

I remember Mrs. Knox and Knox's Store with great affection. Her store was located across the road from the Eddington School.

Evangeline "Vangie" Knox made the best cheeseburgers and donuts anywhere around. She was jolly and welcoming and could put together your snack in mighty short order, which she did for many of the local workers when they took their coffee breaks. The crews from Peavey Manufacturing, J.G. Faulkner and others congregated and kept her busy, while her husband George held down the fort from his easy chair just inside the store next to their private quarters. In fact, it was George's idea to add onto their home, so she would not have to go outside to the little free standing store established so long ago by her parents. It was the early 1950s when George, a carpenter by trade, constructed the addition to their home to create the new store. She closed the store in 1976.

Mrs. Knox did not tolerate foolishness in her store and did not hesitate to correct anyone, man or child, whose behavior was unacceptable. This did not keep the neighborhood children away. They delighted in choosing candy and ice cream from her well stocked cases and freezer. The Knox grandchildren loved to visit Grammie and were often seen through the split door leading into the house. She closed the store early on Sundays so she could host all her children and grandchildren, treating them to the same great food she prepared for her customers.

Evangeline Haycock Knox and George H Knox had five children, Doris Spencer, George M. "Bub" Knox (deceased), Charlene Rockwell, Sara Jane Smith, and Pauline Williamson. She and George helped raise her nephew Bernard Byther.

Mrs. Knox was born in Eddington on June 19, 1908 and died on June 3, 1999, within days of her ninety-first birthday.



Mrs. Evangeline Knox
behind the counter of her
store.

Edwin H. Eddy Reminisces on a Visit to a Logging Camp, written in 1880

My father, a great-grandson of Colonel Jonathan Eddy, was born in Eddington in 1819. When my father was about 18 years old he decided he would not be a farmer. His brother Jonathan Eddy IV, 9 years older than he, had entered the lumber business and three of his four sisters married men working in the lumber industry. About that time, say 1837 and for the next half-century, the lumber business was the leading industry in that area. There was natural water power at Old Town, six miles above Eddington, and there were located water-powered sawmills. The logs were floated down the river to this point, converted into lumber, then the lumber made into rafts and floated down to Bangor, where it was loaded into vessels for Boston, New York, etc. and also to some extent for export. He was told to report to Old Town on a certain date, and on arrival was directed to a bateau loaded with supplies. A fleet of many bateaux was leaving that day, two men to a boat – one in the bow and one in the stern. The process was to paddle up the river until dark, make a hasty camp, cook supper and to rest. Then up in the morning, breakfast and the fleet of bateaux ready to start at daybreak and so on from day to day under orders of the foreman. If they came to rapids they could not navigate, they landed, unloaded their supplies, carried them up and around the falls, reloaded and so on until they arrived the place they were to operate during the winter. Here they first had to cut down the trees and construct a log camp and barn for the horses or oxen. In the meantime the oxen or horses had come overland with wagons, sleighs and logging equipment. I think my father was a man of unusually strong character. He continued to work in the woods winters, on drives in the spring, and about the log booms of the sawmills during summer. Wages were small but recognizing the limits of his education one winter he used his hard-earned savings to attend an academy at Foxcroft, Maine, where he improved his education somewhat. Father was very frugal but never stingy. He did not use intoxicants or tobacco, but saved his money and soon became a small proprietor and increased it as years went on. He made one important decision early. It was that he would not marry until he had saved \$1,000 and as he told me, he did not marry until he had saved about \$5,000. When I was born in November 1863, father owned one-

third interest in the very substantial partnership of Cutler, Thatcher & Co. They owned a larger water-powered sawmill at Bradley, Maine. Later Mr. Thatcher withdrew from the firm, which became known as Cutler & Eddy. Mr. Cutler managed the office and sold the lumber while my father looked after supplying the logs and the manufacturing.

We moved to Bangor early in 1870, when I was 6 years old. As I grew older I was frequently at the sawmill with my father and I can recall three trips with him up into the Maine woods. I will try to describe one trip when I was about 17 years old. Moosehead Lake is 40 miles long and the West branch of the Penobscot River winds around the East and North sides and continues in a N.W. direction. Father had a camp that winter on a tributary stream, I think, 15 to 20 miles north of the N.W. Carry (N.W. end) of Moosehead Lake; that was about 1880. At that time, the railroad from Bangor came to an end about 12 to 15 miles south of the south end of Moosehead Lake. So one morning about the end of March we left Bangor and went to the end of the railroad line, had lunch at the station, then took the stage for the village of Greenville at the foot of the lake. They needed an extra horse at camp so that afternoon father purchased a horse, an old sleigh and some supplies and early next morning started to drive around the east side and on to camp. It took two full days, about 60 miles, and I recall we arrived at camp about an hour after dark three days and two nights from Bangor. The camp made of logs was of two parts. Entering in the center of one end, one saw in the center of a long aisle a long wood stove and on either side were the beds for the men. One long bed on each side, the men slept head to the wall feet to aisle. The mattress was made of small spruce or fir boughs covered with one long blanket and over the men, who slept like so many clothespins, the outside blankets were sewn together as one. These beds were built about 3 ft from the floor and in front of each bed was a long bench, chair-height, so when the men dressed or undressed they used the benches and either sat on the benches or beds during the evening. I cannot recall just how many men there were but I think between 25 and 30 and with one or two exceptions all had been there all winter; many of the men were from New Brunswick, Canada. The foreman had a small place partitioned off on one side near the front door, just room for a top and lower bunk and a chest for shirts, mittens, tobacco, etc. – the bare necessities. The first night, when at 9 P.M. all were required to “turn in” as it was termed, the foreman said, “Mr. Eddy, I have only one extra bunk in my little place. What about the boy?” Then a man spoke and said, “Give him to me, Mr. Eddy, Joe and I can make room for him between us. So off with coat, vest, trousers and shoes, and in I went. Men to the right of me, men to the left of me and across the aisle another bed full the same way. Men tired with swinging axes all day outdoors were tired enough physically to sleep soundly. They had no mental strain, so no exhausted nerves to keep them awake, and the rule was to be up early, hour breakfast and walk out perhaps a mile or so to start actual work at day light. An extension attached at the rear end of the bunkhouse served as dining room and kitchen, and the cook with his helper had their sleeping bunks in one corner as was called the Cook House. During all those lumbering days in Maine and on the long drives in the spring their diet was very limited being so far away from the source of supplies. In this case supplies were shipped from Bangor by rail to end of railroad then by wagon to foot of Moosehead Lake then by steamer 40 miles up the lake to N.W. Carry, then again by wagons or sleigh into camp. Besides supplies for the men, there must be hay and oats for the horses, all of which required experience and intelligent planning. It was an entirely different era from present-day motor transportation. It was found in this industry that beans furnished more muscle and resistance for their weight than any other food. For breakfast we had beans, biscuits and tea, no sugar or milk. Outside the camp, frozen, were two or three sides of beef and also some kegs of salt mackerel. The men had lunch in the woods close to their work. The cook helper brought it out on a sled in firkins, made a fire, warmed the beans and bread, and made tea. At night much the same for molasses used in place of butter and at night usually ginger bread or cookies. About twice a week, probably on Sunday, the cook would cut off with an axe a larger piece of beef, thaw it out and serve it in a stew. Also about once a week he would cook salt mackerel. To do this he would put several fish together by their tails, go out to the nearby streams that served as a water supply, cut a hole in the ice, then drop the fish into the running water and suspend them by a stick through a loop in the string extending across the hole in the ice. I recall what a treat that was even more than the beef. We spent about a week at camp and I vividly recall the sun the morning we left. Just as we finished breakfast Father said, “Men, just a minute please. I am going out today. We will break camp in about two weeks. I have brought money enough with me to give each of you \$10 to \$15 apiece as you may need. The foreman will give your pay slip which will be paid as you come out. Will that be satisfactory?” Father then took from his pocket an envelope containing about \$300, which he gave the foreman in sight of all the men. The foreman took it and put it in his chest, which he locked, and they all went off to work, foreman and all, while Father and I were sent by sleigh out to the N.E. Carry so-called and from which a stage was then running on certain days over the lake ice to Greenville at the foot of the lake. Overnight at the NE Carry 20° below zero. The room we slept in had no heat whatever but I was surprised to see way up there in the wilderness their back room had a fine set of black walnut furniture. Next day the 40-mile ride down the lake was severe despite robes. Lunch at Mount Kineo and Greenville late in the afternoon. Another day by stage and railroad back home – and then to school.

Miscellaneous Town Information

The Town Office would like to welcome Theresa Clair as our newest employee. Theresa is a resident of Town and a great addition to the office.

Don't forget to check out the Town's Website at eddingtonmaine.gov for current notices or other reference information. If you have Road Runner Cable Services, you can also check the Town Informational Channel #7. You can also email the Office at townofeddington@roadrunner.com.

Work in Progress—Some of the Holbrook School staff and students continue to work on a project to construct a Food Pantry behind the school. The engineer is working on getting the necessary building permit. They plan to have a Grand Opening when it is completed to let the communities know about it. If you would like to help, you can contact Richard Modery, Principal of Holbrook at 843-7769.

Because of Holidays, the following trash and/or recycling scheduled Friday pickups will be moved to Saturday in Eddington: Labor Day week, trash will be picked up Saturday, September 10th - Thanksgiving week, trash will be picked up Saturday, November 26th - (Christmas and New Years are on Sunday and will not affect trash pickup.)

As a result of the need to reduce our spending, beginning in 2009, the Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife will no longer be automatically mailing paper applications for the Any-Deer permit lottery. (You can print an application online and mail it in or request a form be mailed to you) Applications must be postmarked by July 29, 2011 or delivered to 284 State Street in Augusta before 5:00 p.m. on July 29, 2011. You can apply online until 11:59 p.m. on August 15, 2011 at www.maine.gov/ifw/.

Property Tax and Rent Refund "Circuit Breaker Applications – The State of Maine no longer mails these application forms to the Town office. If you do not receive one in the mail, beginning in August of 2011, you can apply for your refund online at www.maine.gov/revenue or Booklets & applications may be downloaded at www.maine.gov/revenue/forms/homepage.html. If you would like a booklet mailed to you, call 207-624-7894 or write to Maine Revenue Services, SHS 24, Augusta, ME 04333-0024. *They must be filed with the state by May 31, 2012. (2010 Tax Year)*

Have you gotten your Bicentennial Commemorative T-Shirt, Hat or Canvas Bag yet? They are available at the Town Office for: Hats: \$10.00 - Canvas Bags: \$12.00 - T-Shirts: \$10.00 = Kids Sizes: S & M - Adult Sizes: S, M, L, & XL - (Prepaid Orders taken for: 2X, 3X, & 4X) (\$10 + \$2, \$3, & \$4) Proceeds will be used for the Bicentennial Celebration.

The Eddington Bicentennial Committee is currently selling 50/50 Raffle Tickets for \$1.00 each to raise funds for the Celebration. Tickets are available at the Town Office or from Committee members.

We will be having a Bicentennial Parade on July 23, 2011 on a short distance of Rt. 9 in Eddington. If you would like to be in the parade or if you know of a group, club, band, business, marching unit, Girl Scout or Boy Scout troop that is interested or you have an antique car or truck you would like to include in the parade please call Susan Dunham-Shane at 843-6441 to sign up or for more information.

We are organizing some Baseball Games as part of the Bicentennial Celebration for Sunday, July 24th at 2:00 pm. If you would like to put together a business team or an adult team or a family team, contact Tracy Gideon at 843-6232 for more information or to sign up by July 10th, 2011. Come Join The Fun!!!

BLACK CAP FARM BY JON "JUMPY" WEED

Blackcap Mountain has been a site for the activity of farming since the late 18th century. At one time there were three farms on the hill. The Johnson place was furthest up the hill and closest to the top of the mountain. The Laughlin Farm, northeasterly from there and the Linot Farm and later the McDonald Farm was the furthest down on the northern slope, one mile from Route 46. In the 50's it became the Weed place.

Dr. Lawrence L Weed and his wife Dr. Laura Brooks Weed came to Bangor in the mid 50s to take over the tutelage of the young medical residents at Eastern Maine General Hospital. Dr. Weed also began to implement new ideas in the practice and delivery of medical care. That's a whole other story too long to expand on here. It was in the late 50s that my sister Becky and I were born.

Larry Weed in his travels became acquainted with Alton Foster, an Eddington resident living in the house that Sylvia Fish once lived in on Route 46 just before the village. Alton Foster was a highly educated man, an accomplished thespian and musician. He and Dad would often meet on Sundays to play piano. Alton told Larry of the old place on the hill pretty much abandoned, not an uncommon thing in the 40s and 50s in the Maine countryside. It was owned at the time by Albertina "Tinny" McDonald, the widow of "Mountain Dan" McDonald. Dan was a ruddy-complected, red-haired Scotsman from Prince Edward Island. Tinny was moved off the mountain in 1955 and the farm fell

into considerable disrepair and an overgrown state.

Almost entirely because of the sweeping and at that time expansive view, Larry was moved and was able to acquire the property.

In the 50s there was no electricity or running water. There were two hand dug wells which served as water sources for the house and barn. Around the year 2000 I had a well drilled which proved to be quite difficult but now we have a reliable water source able to sustain the use of a modern washing machine and regular hot showers.

Blackcap Farm remained a summer-time retreat until 1979 when I took up full time residence. Having been exposed to the people and countryside of the Eddington- Clifton area as a child made me want to live here full time.

I started off with no winter time running water or central heat. A Modern Clarion wood fired Hatcher stove served as a heat source. Every winter morning I'd break the ice out of the buckets of water that had been filled the evening before by dipping them in the old original dug wells.

I now live here with my wife Jolene McLellan originally of Bangor and our 17 year old daughter Kristen Weed.

Over the years families such as the Voses, Rands, Higgins, Coulters, Shaws, Peppards, Williams, McKinnays, Toninis, Fords, Foss, Mills, Senters, Lyfords and the colorful Quincy Peabody were instrumental and incredibly helpful in making life



Black Cap Farm owned by Jon "Jumpy" Weed



The view from the back field of the Black Cap farm is breathtaking.



Two of Jon Weed's horses graze in one the beautiful fields at Black Cap Farm.

A HISTORY OF CAMP ROOSEVELT

The following article contains facts and information taken from "A History of Camp Roosevelt" written by Gordon Reynolds. Nestled at the foot of Black Cap Mountain in the towns of Eddington and Clifton lies Little Fitts Pond. A quiet spring fed body of water, a perfect place for a Boy Scout Camp.

The Beginning of Our Boy Scout Council

On May 20, 1920 the Penobscot Council Bangor and Brewer Boy Scouts of America was officially organized. It was underwritten by members of the Bangor Rotary Club and covered only boys in the cities of Bangor and Brewer.

In 1927 it became Katahdin Council, named after Mt. Katahdin and in 1943 it was changed to the Katahdin Area Council.

Fifty acres of land in Clifton on the shore of Fitts Pond was given to the Katahdin Council in 1921 by George Crafts, et al. That same year the first buildings including a mess hall, were erected at what was to become Camp Roosevelt.

Between September 26, 1926 and 1993 1,620 acres were purchased or donated to the Katahdin Area Council for the enlargement of Camp Roosevelt. A 520 acre donation in 1993 assured Camp Roosevelt encompassed the entire shoreline of Fitts Pond.

Following is a brief time line of highlights of Camp Roosevelt.

1925 Erection of the 2nd mess hall, "The Pavilion"

1928 Big rock fireplace was built in the Pavilion

1929 A decision was made in the spring to build a new log mess hall. The construction began in May of that year.

1947 Electricity comes to the camp and the camp road was improved.

1952 Major road improvements are made

1976—2000 Several new buildings are erected

2006 The new Main Lodge is constructed

Many think that the Katahdin Scout Reservation is in Eddington but although those going to Camp Roosevelt go to East Eddington to take the camp road in from Route 46, you cross the Eddington/Clifton town line just before reaching the wooden bridge over the outlet of Fitts Pond, so the major part of Katahdin Scout Reservation/Camp Roosevelt lies in the town of Clifton.

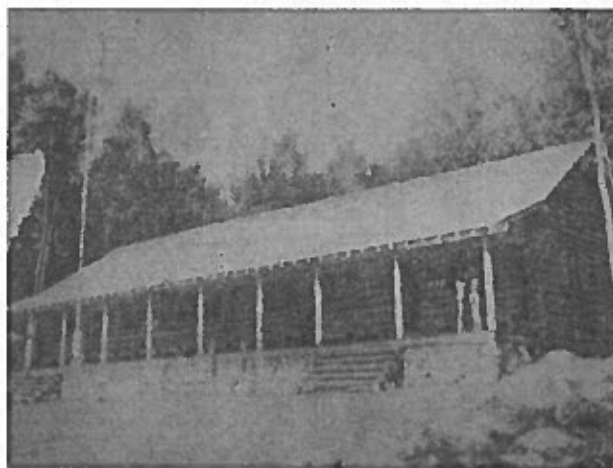
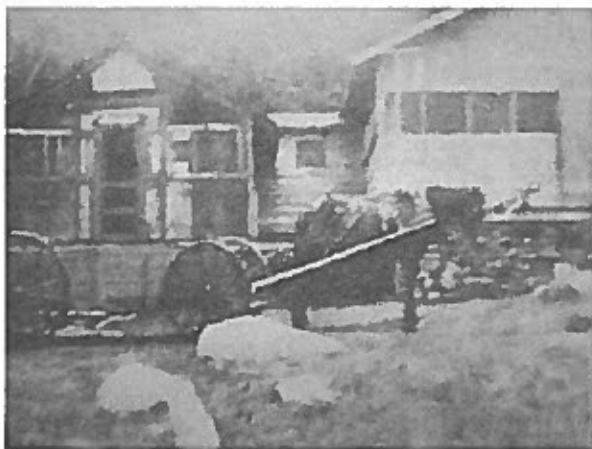
In 1921 when Camp Roosevelt saw its first campers, the trail in was a mere woods road. It is assumed it was wide enough for a horse and wagon. The scouts had to walk in and out carrying their packs. All camp supplies had to be packed in by people or by horse and wagon.

The log lodge built in 1929 was 32'x98' with a kitchen and store room 30'x32' in size, providing room for dining for as many as 400 boys at a time should future growth require it.

The log lodge built in 2006 to replace the above mentioned lodge contains 14,000 sq. ft. and can accommodate up to 420 people or scouts. In 2010 approximately 3000 scouts utilized Camp Roosevelt during 11 months time.

"Camp Roosevelt has been a part of my life for as far back that I can remember. My mother took us kids swimming at the waterfront when the camp was closed down. That would have been when I was 4 or 5 years old up through until I attended the camp as a Boy Scout. Over the years I spent eight summers at the camp advancing up the ranks and earning numerous merit badges. The experience of attending Camp Roosevelt had a positive impact on my adult life. Truly a learning experience that I will forever cherish.

The culmination of my scouting career was when I received my Eagle Rank at a ceremony in the old log lodge built in 1929. The residents of Eddington and Clifton are very fortunate to have such a great facility in our towns." David Peppard



Above: Original Mess Hall built in 1921

Above Right: A picture of the old log lodge built in 1929

Right: A picture of the new Main lodge built in 2006



Bicentennial Schedule of Events July 22nd—July 24, 2011

Friday July 22nd

- Comins Hall—Chicken Barbeque Public Supper. Sittings @ 5pm and 6pm. Adults \$7 and children \$3
- Comins Hall—Free concert @7pm—Featuring Neva "A Dynamic Collection of Musicians" Held in second floor 1879 auditorium on the stage built in 1911. Handicap accessible. Concessions available. 50/50 Raffle.

Saturday July 23rd

- Parade—200 Years of Eddington—starts at 10am. Starts at Merrill Road and ends at Rooks Road—Floats, antique vehicles, decorated bikes and doll carriages, Fire Apparatus, Marching Units and more.
- 11:30am— 3:00 pm Town Fair at the Town Office—Exhibits, food booths, Historical Essay Contest Awards, music, games, Ceremony of Incorporation of the Town. Something for everyone.
- 8:00pm—10:00ish pm—Community Dance Party at Boy Scout Camp at Fitts Pond
- 9:00 pm—Fireworks at Boy Scout Camp on Fitts Pond

Sunday July 24th

- Church Services at North Brewer Eddington Methodist Church and East Eddington Community Church
- 2:00pm—Baseball competition at Town Office Field. Concessions available.
- 7:00pm—Choral concert at North Brewer Eddington Methodist Church



The prizes will be awarded Saturday, July 23rd at the celebration weekend events.

submissions and selected the best in each category.

A committee of two members (Chairman, Donna Oliver and Deborah Collenberg) has reviewed all

in Eddington Mean to Me?"

The Eddington Historical Society is offering prizes to three Eddington students in grades 3 through 8 as part of the Town's celebration of its 200th birthday. A prize will be given to the best written 150 plus word essay from grades 3 & 4; a prize for the best written 200 plus word essay from grades 5 & 6; and a prize for the best 200 plus word essay from grades 7 & 8. The theme of the essay is "What Does Living

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MEETINGS

- Meetings are usually held the third Thursday of each month at 6:30 PM at the Town Office. You should check with the Town Office to confirm the meeting is being held.
- Dues are \$10/year or \$50 for a life membership. Officers are:
- Richard Bowden, Pres.
- Rob Dorr, Vice-Pres.
- Denise Knowles, Secretary,
- Lou Higgins, Treasurer

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