

Eddington

*Historical Society
June 2008*

Index

From the Past

Indian Artifacts by Larry Babcockpg 5
Pine Tree Hill pg 2

Fund Raising

Life Membership Drive pg 3

Meetings, Membership

& Officers pg 1

Our Folks

Arlene (Adams) Hamilton pg 3
Tom & Maud Coffey pg 4
The Fox Family pg 6

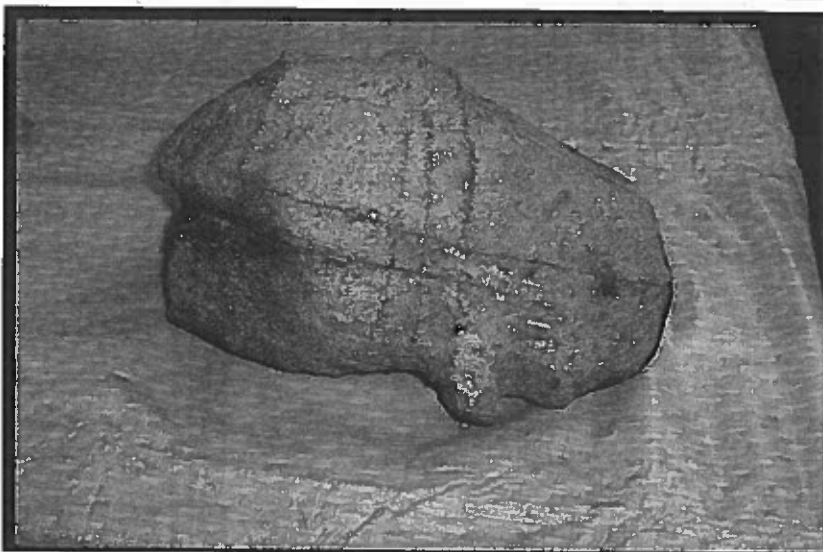


a) *What is Miss Braley holding in her hands?*

**What
Is
It ???**

Go to Page 5 for answers ...

b)



Meetings, Membership & Officer-

Yearly Dues \$5 Become a Life Member today for only \$25

Send your name, address, telephone number and check to

Lou Higgins

76 Jarvis Gore

Eddington, ME 04428

Meetings are held the second Sunday of each month in the

Municipal Building at 1PM

President: Richard Bowden

Vice-president: Carlen Harmon

Secretary: Denise Knowles

Treasurer: Lou Higgins

Newsletter: Hilma H. Adams

Joyce Hodgdon, www.pasttimepublications.net

Additional copies of the Eddington

Historical Newsletter are available on

www.pasttimepublications.net and

www.adams-re.com

Just Click On



The Eddy Monument

This Newsletter is dedicated to the Eddington Fourth Graders, for their interest, dedication and support to the Learning of the History of the Homes, the Business, and the Folks of Eddington.

Fire Destroys Famous Hall in Eddington Bend

Century-old Pine Tree Hall
Had Wealth of History

Pine Tree hall, for nearly 120 years a landmark in Eddington Bend, was totally destroyed by fire of unknown origin Sunday morning. The blaze which had gained great headway was discovered by nearby residents about 5:45 o'clock and before fire apparatus could arrive from Brewer, the entire building was a mass of flames.

Nearby residents expressed an opinion that some Halloween prankster had been in the building the night before, and either left a candle burning, or had dropped a cigarette. The hall had not been in active use for several years and easy entrance could be affected, the doors being unlocked.

Originally, more than a century ago, the large two story frame building of beautiful Colonial architecture was built as a Universalist church and occupied a committal site on a high hill not far from the Penobscot River. In later years, after many of the original practitioners had moved to other sections of the state, the building as a church was unused. It was then acquired by the *Good Templars* and for many years served as a central meeting place for members of this order in eastern Maine.

In more recent years, occasional dances have been held in the building and every other year the annual town meetings of Eddington were held in the historic structure. Pine Tree hall alternated with East Eddington as a place for the meeting of the voters in March.

The hall was about 60 feet long and 45 feet wide, substantially built to a height of two stories, with a granite foundation. Architecturally, it was pure colonial and was one of the most impressive examples of this type of architecture in eastern Maine. Inside, the central part of the auditorium was raised to a height of the full two stories with a balcony around three sides.
From the Bangor Daily News 11-02-1936

Hilma Adams, "Excerpts from Book 37 Page 36 at the Penobscot Registry of deeds. I found that on July 2, 1867, a John C. & Esther Little conveyed for \$80.00 the Universalist Meeting House at Eddington Bend which stands near the burying ground to Thomas F. Rowe, William Johnson, Thomas B. Spratt, Ibrook E. Clapp and Luther D. Knowlton. It was sold as a deed of trust for public use and was to be managed by the incorporated association for which notice had already been given."

Arlene (Adams) Hamilton, "The hall was an elegant white two-story Colonial building setting on a granite foundation with the front being about 45 feet wide. Wide steps lead to the large double door entrance. The parking was in the front of the building."

Phil Adams, "It was built similar to the Ford Theater. Some of the last activities held at the hall were town meetings and dances. Town meetings were held here once a year and the next year they would be held at East Eddington village."

Katie (Morse) Powers, "In 1934 Steve Hodgins, Clair Adams and I were the last Eighth Grade Class to Graduate in Pine Tree Hall. Steve's aunt Francis Higgins (sister to Hughene Hodgins) from Columbia Falls was the school teacher."

Thanks to Katie Powers, Phil and Arlene Adams for their memories of the building and their memories of the activities of yesteryear.

Thanks to Bud and Kay Mitchell for their determination to find historical data on Pine Tree Hall and for their research at the Bangor Public Library. If anyone out there has a picture of the hall, please send it to Kay and Bud Mitchell 1102 Main Road, Eddington, ME 04428.

Hutchings Greenhouse

989-2705

LeRoy & Beth Hutchings
445 Riverside Drive
Rt. 178 Bradley Road
Eddington, ME 04428



Annuals, Perennials, & Vegetable Plants

Adams Real Estate

186 STATE ST. • BANGOR, ME 04401

Business: 207-980-3929
Fax: 207-941-8728
Cell: 207-358-7435
E-mail: philma@roadrunner.com
Web Page: adams-re.com



Hilma H. Adams
DESIGNATED BROKER





1st row: Arlene and Joseph (Gene) Eugene Hamilton **2nd row:** Luanne Diehl, Joseph Eugene Hamilton Jr., Diane Anderson
Our grandchildren not shown: Joshua Diehl, Melissa Meredith, Jessica and Brett Hamilton, Kristin and Cynthia Anderson
Our great grandchild not shown: Trevor Diehl

ARLENE ADAMS HAMILTON

I was the oldest of three children born to Roland and Esther (Page) Adams on the farm in Eddington purchased by Francis Abbott in 1851 when he retired from being master of the schooner Boston out of Deer Isle, Maine. While doing my genealogy, I found that his original house was built on what we now call the "back field lot." His daughter Eliza married Albion Page and, when the highway was configured, they built the present farm house on Route 9. Their daughter Esther married Roland Adams in 1919 and continued farming the land. I was born in 1921.

I attended the one room schoolhouse which was opposite the present elementary school. There were two in my class when I was in the 8th grade, so every week the teacher would go to the Bangor Public Library and take out five books for preteens. I read a book a day so she could return them at the end of the week. I attribute that experience to preparing me for success at Brewer High School where I graduated in 1938.

I graduated from Farmington State College and taught in Maine schools for five years. I remember buying my first car, a used 4-door Plymouth sedan for \$600. With the help of an assistantship, I received my master's degree from Pennsylvania State University and went on to teach at Buffalo State University. While there, I married my husband, Joseph L. E. Hamilton, a Maine native who had graduated from Maine Maritime Academy at Castine. Incidentally, he had the same room my mother had when she was a student at Castine Normal School many years earlier! He was employed as master for Farrell Lines sailing between New York and South Africa. He later transferred to the U. S. Coast Guard and that is when our travels began, as he went from one assignment to another, and I continued my career. I continued my education and earned tenure at three universities, Buffalo State, NY; Douglass College, NJ; and Long Beach State, CA. On the last move, our three children did not want to leave NJ, but just two weeks at the beach was enough to convince them they wanted to stay in California and all still live there.

My husband died in 2000. I have kept busy with family research, part-time teaching, and volunteering at our local library. All that reading in 8th grade laid the groundwork for my successful career.

by Arlene (Adams) Hamilton

Life Membership Drive

We are having a *Life Membership Drive* for the remainder of 2008. "What do I get for being a member?" You ask. Your name will be put on the mailing list and you will be assured you will get future copies of the Newsletter.

In the Historical Newsletter, you will see pictures and print about homes and business and the people that lived in Eddington before you. You may advertise your business in the Newsletter. Last quarter 600 Newsletters were distributed locally and there were 500 hits on the Web page. You may come to the Historical Meetings held at the Town Office every second Thursday of the month. Your stories and your advertisements will go down in history, for every Newsletter will be saved in our Eddington Historical Society Archives.

It is easy to become a *Life Member*. Simply mail your name and address to Lou Higgins, 76 Jarvis Gore Drive, Eddington, ME 04428, along with \$25.00 for a Life Membership.



TRADE WINDS
 1439 Main Road, *Variety*
 Eddington We Accept Coupons

More Than a Convenience Store

Fresh Cut Meats	Hunting Fishing Licenses
Pizzas, Subs, Grill	Game Tagging
Bakery Section	Large Grocery Selection

Call Us Kitchen: 843-0306 Store: 843-0304



Crosby's Gun Shop

Monday-Saturday 9-5
 Phone: 207-989-2881
 Cell: 207-299-6687
 Fax: 207-989-4332
 25 Main Rd.

Eddington, Maine 04428

- Handguns •
- Rifles •
- Ammunition •
- Accessories •
- Handgun Safety Courses •



Tom & Maud Coffey

Thomas Coffey was born in Canada in 1874. Records at the Penobscot Registry of Deeds, show that he purchased his farm on Route 178 from F. L. Kenney April 18, 1903.



The 1920 Census shows that his father came from Ireland and his mother came from Canada. In 1920, his mother, Margaret and a servant named Maud Williamson were living with him in the household. He was listed

as a general farmer.

The 1930 Census showed his wife to be Daisy M. His house and holdings were valued at \$5000. It listed him as a general worker. He was 56 and Daisy Maud was 46.

There was a big barn behind his house on the River Road. He had cows and chickens, pigs and other farm animals. He had a large garden and an apple orchard. In those days everyone in town had a garden. Everyone put up their food supply and fire wood for the oncoming winters.

During one particular berry picking season, Tom and Maud headed for an old cut-over woods area where there were big wild raspberries bushes. Soon, they were on opposite sides filling their lard pails with luscious berries. Maud heard a noise and yelled, "Tom, is that you? How are the berries on your side?" Since he did not answer, she repeated it a couple of times. Then, suddenly, she was face to face with a black bear that was also enjoying the berries. Maud threw her pail at the bear and ran as fast as she could. Only Tom brought berries home that day.

They had no children, but Maud was always jealous of Tom. Every winter she would make a quilt. After she got older she had several quilts and didn't know what to do with them. She invited some of the younger unmarried girls in the neighborhood to come and choose a quilt. She told them to take their choice of pattern because she did not want any woman who married Tom after she passed on to have her quilts.

The Martin girls and Avis Bunker delighted in telling this story while they enjoyed Maud's quilts.

Tom had a maple tree grove on his property. Best description of the location of where this grove was located would be on the northwest side of Fox Hill Road. The maple grove was a beautiful place. It was always well maintained. The maple trees were in rows. The Sugar Shack was in the middle of the grove. In the spring of the year, Tom would tap the trees, gather the sap and boil down to a honey colored brown syrup.

Tom was a small man about 5' 6". He spoke with a slight accent. He had a lot of gold in his teeth. He was fascinating when he talked, as he spoke with a half grin on his face with his mouth slightly open and his gold teeth were always showing. One dark night, he went to the Adams Farm in his 1929 Ford Truck. The rear end of the truck had a worn driveshaft and made a whining noise. He entered the driveway at about 25 miles an hour, the differential whining all the way to the house. He came in to the kitchen with a pair of sunglasses on and said, "I can't see by the lights of the oncoming cars." This made the Adams boys roll with laughter.

Tom would take his old Ford dump truck, Roland Adams had his 1929 Chevrolet dump truck, Delbert Clewely brought his Reo dump truck, and Herbert Forsythe would bring his Chevrolet dump truck to work for the town of Eddington. They hauled gravel for patching of the roads. They did this each year to help pay their property taxes. There was a gravel pit on the Bull property, which today is on the east side of Eddy Heights. They would take their dump trucks to the pit where the hired town crew of 10 to 15 men were waiting to shovel the gravel on to the trucks. It took them about 1-1/2 to 2 hours to fill the body of a truck with gravel. Once out on the road, the driver would get out and manually crank up the body to dump the gravel. Men were stationed along the road to shovel the gravel into the ruts and holes.

Tom and Maud were delighted when Hoddie and Lenna Creamer and daughter Edith (later married to Howard Rich and had sons Kenneth and Bernard and daughter Lorraine) moved in the farm directly across the road in about 1917. The Coffey's and the Creamer's became good neighbors




WOODS
HEATING

SERVICE AND INSTALLATION
62 DAVIS RD.
EDDINGTON, ME 04428

GARY WOOD 843-0680/944-4301

THE EDDINGTON STORE

Your Hometown Store



Where "You" are Always Welcome
549 Main Rd, Eddington, ME 04428
207-843-7155

Call ahead for faster service

Open 7 days a week for your convenience!
Monday thru Friday 5AM—9 PM
Saturday 6 AM—9 PM Sunday 7 AM—9 PM

ATM, Groceries, Cold Beer, Wine, Pizza, Sandwiches, Movies,
Gas, Propane, Kerosene, Diesel & Much More



Larry Babcock, former Eddington Bend resident, is shown here setting up his *Indian Artifact Display* for the Eddington Historical Society meeting held on April 13.

"When I was a boy, I would walk along the banks of the Penobscot River at Eddington Bend. There is an old Indian Burial Ground there you know. Many a day after it rained I would go there. I found these artifacts as they worked up through the earth. I have red ochre here from one of the burial Sites. They used to use it to paint their faces, you know"

Indians traveled and setup living areas all along the Penobscot River. There is a fenced in area at The Bend to protect any remains from being disturbed. There are three inland camp sites (*Old Indian Camp* so marked) on the E. E. Mills Survey of 1902. Indians would travel to these areas to gather sweet grass, birch bark, food stuffs such as fiddle head greens and berries and to have recreation and rest. In the late 1800's Albion Page would go there to trade with them. He said, *"They always picked the best horses."*



Phil Adams, Catherine Leavitt, Larry Babcock, Richard Bowden

Larry told us, *"The University of Maine and other organizations want my collection. But, I believe that whatever is found in Eddington should stay in Eddington. Therefore, I am offering a collection to the Eddington Historical Society as long as it remains on display somewhere in a town facility such as the school or the town office."*



RARE PIECES

- 12 Pound Club
- Pottery
- Gauges
- Plummets
- Hand Drills
- Arrow Heads
- Spear Heads
- Hammer Heads

HERE ARE ANSWERS TO "What Is It?" :

- (a) She is holding a "Perfect Arrowhead"
- (b) It is a 12 Pound Club



PEAVEY
Manufacturing Co.
 Manufacturers of Quality Hardwood Products

P.O. Box 129 • 526 Main Road
 Eddington, ME 04428
 Phone: (207) 843-7861 • Fax: (207) 843-5005
 Toll Free: 888-244-0955

www.peaveymfg.com • peaveymfg@roadrunner.com

Past Time Publications

A Visit Into The Past

Joyce E. Hodgdon Publisher

4572 Carthage Circle North
 Lake Worth, FL 33463

Cell Phone 561-389-9569
 Fax/Phone 561-965-9873

Joyce@Pasttimepublications.net
www.pasttimepublications.net

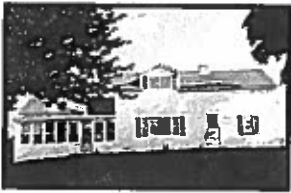


The Fox Family

&

The Sweetest Corn This Side of Heaven

The Fox Family moved to Eddington from New Brunswick, Canada, November, 1942. My Dad purchased our home from Ora Clapp. The first meeting for the building of the North Brewer Eddington Methodist Church was held here when it was owned by Mr. Clapp. My mother became an active member of the church and was proud that it all started in our house. Dad started out raising chickens, selling eggs and gardening. Both Mum and Dad were kept very



busy with the gardens and hen houses. I was 3 years old when we moved over here from Canada. My Dad spent every night after supper teaching me to read. Mum would buy me a little Golden Book and Dad

would read it to me the first night. The next night I had to read the last few words on each page. Every night he added more words for me to memorize and he paid me 10 cents when I could read the complete book. Then Mum would buy me another Golden Book. Looking back, I wonder how he had time to spend with me. One of the things that I remember so well was going with him to get grain for the hens. I liked to pick out the bags as they were of beautiful colors. Mum made a lot of our skirts and blouses



from those grain bags. My sisters and I would fight over which ones we wanted. Since I was the youngest they usually gave in to me.

This picture shows the burning hen house and the people who helped to save some of the chickens. This was my favorite building as it had an elevator and I

had taken my friends for many rides in it. My two brothers, Gerald and Glenn, helped with all the chores. My sister, Wilder and I had to gather the eggs every day. A chore that neither one of us liked to do as many times we would be chased away from the nests by the roosters. After we gathered the eggs we had to sort them in what we called the egg room. All the eggs had to be weighed and sorted and put in egg boxes. We had a lot of jumbo eggs and most of those eggs were saved for Mr. Spencer. He also bought his cream from us. He was the original owner of *Spencer's Ice Cream* in Bradley. Sometimes he would bring some ice cream. It was yummy. My husband, Jim, and I go there for ice cream every summer. It is still the best ice cream around!



We also had many large gardens. Dad planted several acres of corn. He opened a Roadside Stand in front of the house. We sold fresh vegetables from the gardens and Mum's home cooking. She baked bread and

rolls along with various sweets. Every Saturday she baked beans and made her famous home made bread. She never made much money at the Road Side Stand as all the family kept helping themselves. In later years when Mum and Dad retired, she still made bread. Every Saturday she would call and ask me to send my son, Jeff, up to get some fresh bread that she had just taken out of the oven. He was happy to run this errand. He loved to smell the home made bread all the way back to our house. And, of course, he got to eat it as well. My sisters and I have tried many times to get her recipe. But have never been able to make it as good as she did. It didn't help that it was a dash of this and a handful of that! None of the recipes we found tasted like hers.

Eventually, Dad had three Roadside Stands. One in Holden, which Wilda ran, one in Veazie, which Allene ran, and the one on the farm on Route 9 in Eddington which I ran. Since I ran the one by the farm, I had to pick and wash all the vegetables. Dad had the three hen houses and the boys had to take care of the hens. We were a very busy family and while our friends were going to the beaches and on vacation in the summer we were busy working and

Many thanks to the following advertisers for their support of The Eddington Historical Society Newsletter!

Beth & Leroy Hutchins, Hutchins Greenhouse
Bobby Crosby, Crosby Guns
Gary & Michelle Pelletier, The Eddington Store
Gary Wood, Wood's Heating
Phil & Hilma Adams, Adams Real Estate
Irvin Smith, Adams Real Estate
Joyce Hodgdon, PastTime Publications
Randy Schultz, Tradewinds
Rob Dorr, C. H. Dorr & Co., P. A.
Rodney Buswell, Peavey Mfg

*This space may be reserved for
your advertisement in the fall
issue of the newsletter*

picking vegetables. Dad paid my sisters and me \$1.00 a day to work at the stands and he would pay us an extra \$5.00 if we sold more than \$100.00 worth of vegetables in a single day. We always waited for dad and my sisters to get home at night and Mum would make a lunch for all of us. The meal we enjoyed the most was our first feed of corn. Dad and my brothers would pick the corn by the lights of the truck so that it would be fresh when we ate it. We all would eat at least 4 or 5 ears apiece. *It was the sweetest corn this side of heaven.* Dad also sold corn to local grocery stores. At 5AM he would take a truckload of corn to the farmer's market at Pickering Square behind *Freeses* and he would be home by 7AM. When corn first came on we would charge a dollar a dozen. It was called *Honey and Gold* and the seed was brought from Canada. I am sure that some of you who are reading this today had the pleasure of eating some of Dad's *Honey and Gold* Corn. One summer Mum convinced Dad to close the stands on Sundays and we would go some place. My favorite place was Belfast, where we always got lobster and would go to the *Belfast Park* to eat them. In the winter we ate a lot of chicken. My mother would cook a chicken dinner every Sunday and we would have chicken sandwiches that night. Then Mum would put the chicken and gravy and bones in the cold pantry. The next Saturday we had chicken soup for dinner and she would bake a lot of fresh rolls to go with the soup.

My mother was a school teacher in Mariaville. Dad would take her to school in the morning and go get her at the end of the school day. She later was transferred to Clifton. Teaching school in another town meant she had to learn to drive. Unfortunately, Dad was the one who had to teach her. When they got back neither one of them were smiling, so whenever they went out practice driving, I made sure that I was not around. Luckily, we had many roads on the farm where she could practice driving. Shortly after she got her license, I got mine. She bought a little red "Borgward Isabella" which I often could take whenever I would go out. I put many dents in her car. Dad would see them and assume they were hers and tell her about them. When Relland Fox bought the Belfast Motor Inn, he asked

Mum and Dad to manage it for him. They moved to Belfast. Glen and Audrey sold their house down by the road and bought the farm. They really enjoyed running the motel, but both of them wanted to be closer to the family. When they found out the motel in Hampden was available, they moved to Hampden and managed it for a few years. Then they purchased a new mobile home and placed it just above me on the Clewleyville Road. This time they did retire. Dad who could not stop working, built picnic tables and swings to sell. He cut firewood and sold it out of his truck in the Brewer IGA parking lot. One day he came home with the wood still in the truck. Mum asked him, "What happened?" He said he lost the sign and had to go buy another one. When he showed the sign to Mum, it said *For Rent*. Guess no one wanted to rent Dad and a truck load of wood.

Dad was always doing something that made us laugh. My first husband, Jed and I had just purchased a new truck. One of the funniest things that I remember was when he borrowed our new truck to get some gravel. Jed told him that the keys would



For Rent

be under the mat on the driver's side. When Jed got home from work he said, "Guess your Dad must not have needed the truck because he didn't pick it up." Just as he was saying this, we looked out the window and Mum and Dad were going by in someone else truck that was at least 10 years older than ours. Jed recognized the truck and immediately called a co-worker at UPS to let him know that Dad had his truck. He drove over in our new truck and asked him, "Whose truck do you have?" He said, "Obviously I don't have yours." The old truck he was driving did not have much power and had a lot of scratches on it. He had just told Mum that he thought we had bought a lemon. Everyone at United Parcel Service got a big chuckle out of this and he was teased about it for the rest of his life.

Shortly after Mum and Dad retired he started having some problems with his heart. He refused to go to a

*This space may be reserved for
your advertisement in the fall
issue of the newsletter*

You may have noticed the flags along the road in Town. They are part of the Program "Flags Across America". For \$35.00 you can sponsor a flag "in honor of" or "in memory of" a serviceman or anyone, past or present, and have the flag displayed in Town. A plaque will be hung at the Town Office listing all of the honorees. Anyone interested in sponsoring a flag can contact the Town Office at 843-5233.

doctor until Mum told him he would have to pay for the appointment if he didn't go. He decided he would go. He had an aneurysm and was told there was no hurry for the surgery. He wanted to plant his garden and wait until fall. We all wanted him to have the operation right away and finally he agreed. They found some other aneurysms that had not shown up in the x-ray and they were on the under side. The surgery was successful and by fall he was back making picnic tables and swings. At the time, he was 70 years old and the surgery helped him live 20 more years.

Dad was quite a character and he was always making people laugh. Once all of us were grown and left home and he had sold the farm, we got to know a Dad that was full of fun. We realize that he was so busy raising a family and working from dawn till dark that he had no time for fun. He was the life of many parties. When I remarried and he was 88 years old he insisted on dancing a fast dance with me. He danced at many weddings over the years. In the seventies and eighties he and Mum went with Mum's brother to Florida in the winters. When he came home one year we had a big party for him to celebrate his 80th birthday. He had the time of his life at this party. The next winter when they went to Florida, my sister, Allene, and I flew down for his birthday. Neither Mum nor Dad knew we were coming. I had told my Uncle what we were going to do and we did not want them to

know we were coming. Dad was upset when our uncle would not take him with him when he left the house (to pick us up at the airport). He was lying on the couch when we got there. We said, "Happy Birthday". He said, "I knew you would be calling." It took him a few minutes to realize that I was not calling him on the phone and that I was there in person. He kept saying, "I don't believe it." Mum had been lying down as she did not feel well. When she heard us laughing she got up and joined us. After a few minutes we asked her how she was feeling and she announced that she was feeling fine. Later that week Dad told us, "I did not think you could top my 80th birthday, but you did."

Every Sunday night, our entire family, all generations would get together and go out for dinner. Both Mum and Dad really looked forward to this and all of us enjoyed this time together. It gave us a chance to catch up on the news in the family. Dad lived to be 90 and Mum was right beside him until the end. We celebrated his 90th birthday and right after it, he became sick and had another heart attack. He came home from the hospital very tired and never left his room. When he passed, we all knew he had gone to a better place and his pain was gone. Last Mother's Day we spent with our daughter, Lori, and her family. We sat around the table reminiscing about the family and the funny things that Dad had done. We shared a lot of laughter together. Dad is still the life of our parties.

By Shirley Fox (Orcutt) Turner

Eddington Historical Society
F.A. Wood Municipal Building
906 Main Street
Eddington, ME 04428

*"I love the Newsletter. How
can I be sure to get one?"
(see "Membership Drive" on
page 3)*