

THE SHIRETOWN CONSERVER

The Dover-Foxcroft Historical Society Newsletter

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Spring 2003

Stone Monument of Douty Family Tells Story of Much Sadness By Louis Stevens

"Although I'm about nine feet tall, not many stop to read my family name except for an occasional historian or someone looking for more famous stones saying CUSHING, THOMPSON, or MAYO. My west side says DOUTY, but there has been no one of that family living here for some 110 years.

I was erected here in the first section of the Dover Cemetery before the end of the Civil War to honor a brave hero of that conflict. It won't take you but a few minutes to read the still legible inscription that says "In memory of Col. Charles Sanger Douty, Colonel 1st Maine Cavalry, U.S. Volunteers, killed on the field of battle at the head of his regiment at the victory of Aldie, Va., on the third year of the war for the Union, aged 50 years. As a husband and father he was devoted and exemplary, as a public officer upright and efficient, as a private citizen enterprising and useful, and as a soldier discreet, intrepid, and faithful unto death. This tribute to his worth is erected by his widow and only surviving child."



Douty Tombstone, Dover Cemetery. Photo by Jack Battick.

When I was first carved, the stonecutter chiseled just above

these memorial words a figure of a cavalry officer on his horse leading his troops into battle only to be killed on June 17, 1863. Unfortunately, the harsh winters of snow and ice have destroyed most of his upraised right hand and the saber it was waving, and have smoothed the faces of the colonel and his horse so that they are now featureless.

His much saddened widow I remember seeing here many times dressed in black and weeping her deeply felt tears not only for her husband, but as I explain later, for other family

members as well. Her story is found on my east side and says, "Emily Bailey Douty, wife of Col. Charles Sanger Douty, Col. Of the 1st Maine Cavalry of the Army of the Union, daughter of
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Who Needs Wal-Mart?

By
Madelyn C. Betts

Not in Dover-Foxcroft the week of December 20, 1923! That week the *Piscataquis Observer* printed an Industrial Supplement to the weekly issue. In it is listed approximately 61 merchants of various wares and services. The businesses were reviewed and there were many photos of the early buildings and storefronts. How fascinating it was to walk up and down the streets and "shop"! Clothing stores abound and here are a few of L.P. Evans' evaluations:

Solomon Nichols - "One of the most complete stores in this vicinity in furnishings both for men and women is the Solomon Nichols' store in Dover-Foxcroft.

The store is adapted to make a fine display of ready-to-wear clothing and here you will find the newest and smartest models from the style centers. The ladies are especially catered to in the fall and winter line that includes the nobbiest of suits and coats, separate skirts and the swellest of blouses Mr. Nichols has also a fine line of dry goods and he is particularly careful to buy staple lines which have real qualities, his hosiery, underwear, yard goods, blankets and cottons, all of splendid durability."

Dow & Boyle - "The firm is popularly known as the House of Kuppenheimer - the clothes that

stamp the well-dressed man and make him distinctive from his fellows and goes a long ways in contributing to his business success. Many well-dressed men in the town are wearing these widely advertised clothes, and point with pride to Dow & Boyle as their benefactor.

During the twelve years this firm has been in business in Dover-Foxcroft, it has increased its stock from year to year to the big proportions it can boast of today with a large stock of up-to-date goods.

This firm is prepared to suit the most fastidious

in foot gear in shoes that guarantee satisfaction, in pleasing styles and conducive to comfort. With a full and complete line of gents' furnishings of all kinds, this store will fit you out in the latest style with A1 goods."



Part of the once thriving business district - North Street & Monument Square. D-F Historical Society Collection.

The Home

Store - "Established in August, 1922, the Home Store has come to stay and assure the people in this vicinity of the advantages of trading in their home town and keeping their money in circulation for the upbuilding of the native town. A visit to this store at once discloses a large stock of general dry goods and notions, these including the best of staple goods, small wares in fact everything in this line.

S. Nyer, the manager, justly prides himself on the high standard he is able to maintain in this (Continues on page 8).

Days Remembered

Part One

By

Phyllis Jones Pelosi

I often think of my hometown
 nestled in the hills.
Sun-brushed shadows on the road
 And by the bridge and mill.
Ghosts of all my youthful days
 Fill my memories.
Of small town peace
 Old neighborhoods,
And friends that welcomed me.

The first memory I have as a child, growing up in Dover-Foxcroft, is being pulled on a wooden sled by my father. My sister was tucked in



Back row, l-r: Ted Soper, Donald Brown. Front row, l-r: Muriel and Phyllis Jones (the author). Taken in 1921-2 on Grange Street.

behind me under a soft robe. My father was making us laugh by whirling the sled around on the icy road. This was when we lived on Grange Street near my grandparents, Ira and Lucy Gould.

However, most of my early memories are of our home on Depot Road

(off Lincoln Street). There were six families living in this intersection - the Dyers, Olsons, Curriers, Bloods, and my family and nearby the Davis' and Fortiers. We always had plenty of playmates. These were such happy times. Many of the games we used to play are probably

unknown now such as Duck on the Rock, King of the Mountain, Hop Scotch, Hide and Seek, and Simon Says.

The really big day was May first, May basket day. Such excitement folding colored tissue paper and making our baskets. The prettiest were the cob web style where you folded two colored tissues together and cut side to side, being careful not to cut through the fold. Then the exciting night when we would put candy in the baskets and sneak up to a friend's house and hang the basket on their door know, shouting "May Basket". The door would open and we'd all run hoping to get caught and kissed. Better still, when you'd hear that cry at your door as someone left a basket for you. Such a fun time!

In these early days not everyone had a phone but my father worked for the Moosehead Telephone Company so we always had one. I still remember our phone was #240. We often took messages for neighbors living behind our house. I still remember the voice saying "Number Please." If you were on a party line others would often break into the conversation to add a bit of gossip or to get help in any emergency. If it was important and you were not home, the local operator would take the message and relay the necessary information to them.

My father made us our first radio, out of what looked like wires on a long spool and a long wire antenna. That Christmas half the neighborhood kids came in to hear Santa Claus, a very faint voice plus all sorts of crackling and snapping. Dad told us it was from the "wind in the North Pole".

My sister, Muriel, and I went to the old North School up through the sixth grade. We walked to school and came home for lunch, then back to school for the afternoon session. We all envied the school team kids as they got off early and rode in a covered sled pulled by horses as they lived on farms outside of town.

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Days Remembered

(Continued from Page 3)

If the weather was bad, we stayed over and had the school's hot lunch. The teachers prepared this in a small kitchen and I recall how good it always smelled. Its aroma would spread through the whole school. I always remember Miss Wyman, the kindergarten teacher would close her door so we wouldn't be distracted and think it was lunch time.

On the way to school we would pass Turner's Candy Store and sometimes were late as we lingered over making a choice between gum balls, tootsie rolls, or peach blossoms. In that area I recall Pray's Paint Store, Dr. Miller's Optometrist Office, Weatherbee's Hardware Store, and the DAR Hall upstairs in this block. My sister and I would sometimes stop here and stay with our grandmother Gould until the DAR meeting was over. I recall they served delicious desserts at these meetings. In those days ladies' hats were like orchards with all sorts of artificial fruit to decorate them. We kids were fascinated by these but soon learned they were not for eating.

When we were around five or six years old our big treat was going "upstreet". Many afternoons in the good weather, Aunt Mary would walk down from the hill above our house and we would be all cleaned up to go upstreet as we called going to town. Our first



Mona Gould Jones. High School Graduation Photo.

stop would be the dry goods store. Mama sewed all our clothes and many of her own. I can remember so well the smell of the pretty cloth and the clerks with their paper cuffs on their wrists with tape measures around their necks. While Mama and Aunt Mary would discuss patterns and fabric, we would watch the little baskets overhead that the clerks would send flying on a wire to a balcony where a man would make change and send the basket back. He would always smile and speak with great respect to Mama and as we left a little bell



Robert Herbert Jones. High School Football, Bucksport, Maine.

would tinkle over the door. After all the shopping was done we would go to Nickerson's Drug Store and sit up on the wire backed chairs and have milk shakes or ice cream. In those days drug stores always smelled of perfume, drugs, and something else that I can't describe, but it was always to me associated with those happy times

when we sat on those high backed chairs and sucked on straws.

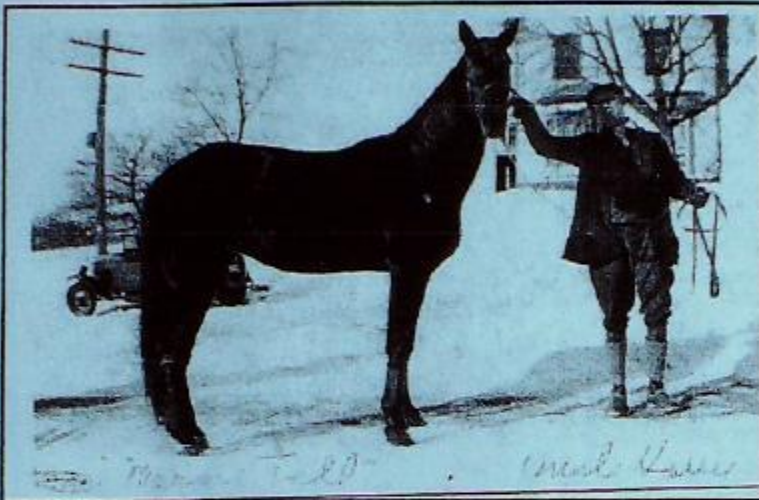
I also remember riding home from Aunt Mary's in Uncle Harry's sleigh. His horse, Margy Tell, would go like the wind down the big hill and her hoofs would send hard chunks of snow against the front of the sleigh. I used to look up and watch the tree branches go by and listen to the soft swishing sound of the runners and wish the ride would never end. Uncle Harry used to race Margy Tell on the ice with a sulky on runners. On Sundays there would be a big crowd down on the river next to Pine Street to watch the races. Also, when the river froze near our

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Days Remembered

(Continued from Page 4)

house, we would go down with a sled that Dad rigged up with a sail. When the wind blew hard we would race over the river with the wind and we were the envy of the other kids until Dad



Uncle Harry Severance with Margie Tell. Harry was married to Phyllis' "Aunt" Mary, actually her second cousin.

helped them rig sails of their own. You had to go in the direction of the wind but it was hard and cold walking back against the wind. On this same river there used to be the spring log run. We used to stand and watch the woodsmen run on top of the logs, breaking up log jams and using their peaveys (a pick with a small hook).

The Olson family who lived next door to us were of Swedish descent and brought with them what is known as a kick sled (see *Shiretown Conserver*, Winter 2001-2). What fun we had with these and many a spill as well but there was a time when most families had one and we kids would go to school with them. Since we had to walk to school and back home for lunch we got plenty of exercise. If the snow was deep we would sometimes ski on the skis of our time which were home made with a leather strap to put our foot in. Some of the farm roads were not ploughed but instead a big heavy roller was pulled along by horses to pack the snow down

so the people with horse and sleigh could get about.

In March we would start to watch the weather and hope for a thaw and then a quick freeze. When that happened Dad would proclaim the crust was perfect for sliding and we would rush through breakfast and bundle up good. Mama and Dad would dress and we would all walk up the hill in back of the house pulling our sleds and shouting to the kids in the neighborhood already there. What fun to walk on top of the drifts and slide like the wind down the slopes, our dog racing beside us, barking and pulling at our hats! Sometimes Dad would take us on his back and turn and twist until we fell off.

On the last Christmas before my mother died I asked Santa for a lifelike baby doll I had seen in the Christmas section of the Sears catalog that held a bottle in its hand and I was in a state of excitement about it for days. Dad made a lovely cradle for it and on Christmas morning Mama had dressed it in flannel nightgown and it was sleeping in its crib with a lovely pink coverlet over it. I will always remember that moment, the hush of the early morning, the tree all shining and such happiness as we all gathered around the tree. There was always pink scented soap and an orange in our stockings. Mama used to open up our new handkerchiefs and spread them out on the tips of the tree branches like little umbrellas making the tree so beautiful. We didn't have tree lights but Dad had fixed a red light under the tree and it reflected on the silver and gold colors like a true fairyland.

To Be Continued

Phyllis Jones Pelosi's memoir of a girlhood in Dover-Foxcroft will continue in the Summer issue of the *Conserver*. Photos used in this article are courtesy of the author.



This elaborate Valentine's Day greeting card was sent to Emma Norburt by a hopeful suitor in 1902. It is rich in texture and color and features an overlay of paper lace. Courtesy of Margery Gross Bragg.



Dover-Foxcroft Historical Society Collection

Union Band of East Dover, 1890

Seated, front row, l-r: Lewis Drinkwater, Eugene Smith, Linwood Hewett, Bert Sands, Elmer Titcomb. Standing, second row, l-r: Harry Downs, Winnie Hall, Ben Dow, Fred Mayhew, Frank Hanson, Richard Hall (leader), Wallace Dow, Orin Doore, John Dow, George Dow, George Farrar. The blue woolen uniforms were made of cloth from the East Dover Woolen Mill. The jacket worn by George Dow is on exhibit in the museum along with the bass drum.

So There!

NOTICE TO YOUNG LADIES, WIDOWS AND OLD MAIDS

Whereas my husband, Isaac W. Odom, left home without any just provocation on Saturday night the 11th instant, with an intention of not returning, this is to forewarn all persons from stopping him or impeding him on his journey in any way whatever, as I am resolved not to pursue him, as this is the second time he has made the attempt. I particularly forewarn all young ladies or widows from marrying or harboring him, as I do positively assure them that they would rue their bargain. He is about 5 feet 11 inches high, spare made, light hair, blue eyes, tolerably talkative, fond of company, 19 years old. Any person seeing him will do me a favor by advising him never to return, as I positively will never live with him.

/s/ Mahalah Ann Odom, Yalobusha Co., November 23, 1837. From the *Brandon Republican and Eastern Advocate*, of Brandon, Mississippi, Volume 1, No. 39, December 29, 1837.

Businesses

(Continued from page 2)

store, bringing the last word from the metropolitan centers to the very doors of his large clientele. Here you will be treated as a guest while in the store and served with every courtesy and attention by the corps of assistants who "Aim to please."

Arthur C. Dyer - "Arthur C. Dyer is known all through this vicinity as an enterprising Shoecist and at 1 North Street you will find his Up-to-date Shoe Store. The shoes carried at this store are of the best values on the market today and right up-to-the minute in style. Mr. Dyer is exclusive dealer in Dover-Foxcroft for Walk Over Shoes, Converse Rubbers, LaFrance Shoes for women, Pla-Mate shoes for children, Beacon shoes for men and women and Daniel Green Comfy Slippers. He also handles the popular Bass work shoes"

Wouldn't it be nice to see such a thriving downtown area again?

Douty Monument

(Continued from page 1)

Isaac and Phoebe Thayer Bailey of Yarmouth, Maine, great-great-great-granddaughter of John and Priscilla Alden of Plymouth Colony, born August 3rd, 1817, died in San Francisco, Cal., March 14, 1892."

She was much honored during those 29 years of widowhood as the G.A.R. post here was named for her husband and at many reunions, Memorial Days, and social events at the post, she was a special guest.

Long before the colonel's tragic death, she and her husband had suffered - as so many other mothers and fathers of that time - much heartbreak due to the loss of their children.

The first of her six children to die was a boy whose name is especially placed under hers here. It reads, "Ephraim Thayer Douty, infant son of Charles and Emily Douty, April 6, 1846." He was her first born so surely held a special place in her heart.

Her son Frank, the couple's only child to live to adulthood, was born a year later in 1847 and would eventually move to California where he died at age 53 in 1900.

The short lives of two little girls is commemorated on my north side where you can read: "Harriet Emily, died March 4, 1850, 10 months four days, and Clara Emilia, died October 2, 1856, aged five years, four months, 22 days". No wonder her mother had these four words of comfort below their names, "Beautiful buds of earth".

An equally comforting thought is found at the bottom on my south side, "Transplanted to bloom in heaven", as above can be seen the tearful details of three more deaths of children: Flora Mary, died May 2, 1858, aged 14 days; Ralph Willis, died December 22, 1861, aged one year, two months, and 29 days, and Isaac Bailey, died December 30, 1861, aged nine years and four days. Since the deaths of the two boys occurred just eight days apart, surely it was the same sickness - maybe scarlet fever or consumption - that swept them away.

On the day of their father's funeral, after services at his home on Pleasant Street, his body was brought here by two black horses pulling the wagon bearing his casket. The death of someone prominent in the two towns was more widely observed then would be now as the mournful church bells tolled at sunrise, noon, and sunset, and all the businesses were closed from 1-5. After hymns, prayers, and speeches, his grave was adorned with boughs of evergreens and flowers and the coffin draped with the flag.

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Douty

(Continued from Page 8)

Sometime, on a similar perfect June day, you should come to see where I'm standing near the large tree, stop till you see the name DOUTY, and spend a few minutes reading in person what I've just told you about this much bereaved family of more than 150 years ago."



Douty Tombstone on a peaceful winter's day.
Photo by Jack Battick.

Preserving That Old Scrapbook

If you're like me you kept a scrapbook when you were a youngster. I still have mine, but the items I glued in are showing marked deterioration, especially the newspaper articles. I don't have to tell you that the paper is not acid free and the worst possible medium to preserve anything you pasted or taped onto the pages. If you have items in a scrapbook that you want to preserve for the future you might consider having copies made now of the cards, newspaper clippings, or pictures.

There's no way to prevent deterioration of a scrapbook (without expensive professional efforts probably only worth undertaking for a highly prized or extremely old, valuable, or historic collection). However, you can *delay* deterioration by placing acid-free tissue, or acid-free, alkaline-buffered paper between the pages

of your scrapbook. You can also place acid-free polyester sheets between pages.

But remember, anything you truly prize should be copied (or scanned) in order to keep it viable. Save it today for the future.

We Couldn't Do It Without You

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Business Expo

Look for the Society's exhibit at the annual Southern Piscataquis Chamber of Commerce Business Expo, April 4-5 at Penquis High School in Guilford. The Society, along with its sister groups in the Mid Maine Historical Society, will be presenting "An Expo from the Past". Come and see a modern, up-to-date business expo from 100 years ago!

Help Wanted: No Experience Necessary

It's the time of year when work begins in earnest at the Blacksmith Shop and the Historical Society Building and we start seeking volunteers to help things run smoothly. If you'd like to help us there are several areas we can certainly use your assistance.

Blacksmith Shop: Dave Lockwood, Curator, is seeking people to help him clean the Shop before opening this summer and perhaps other tasks as well. If you could give Dave some of your time contact him at 564-8618.

Historical Society: It will soon be time to do a good housecleaning here. If you can help us contact Mary Annis at 564-0820.

Historical Society: Periodically throughout the open season the carpet can use a vacuuming. Can you give us a few hours and come in occasionally throughout the summer months? If so, contact Mary Annis at number above.

Hosts: As always Mary Annis will be asking for people to host the Museum during open hours on Sunday afternoons July-September. If you can spare an afternoon or two for this pleasant task let Mary know.

Conserver: While we're always looking for contributions we could also use help in the physical preparation for mailing. This consists of folding, adhering labels, sealing, and sorting into correct zip codes. If you could help us one afternoon every 3 months let Nancy or Jack Battick know at 564-3576 or e-mail us at battick@midmaine.com.

Remember, almost all the work done at the Blacksmith Shop, the Society Building, and on the *Conserver* is strictly volunteer. So if you can donate that most precious of commodities -

time - we have a need for you. Come help us keep the Society's mission alive.

New Members

Harold T. Gerrish	Dover-Foxcroft
Sonia Emery	Scarborough
Barbara Stanhope	Dover-Foxcroft
Judy Tozier	Guilford
Wilson Eldridge	Sun City, Arizona
Lillian Mayo	Dover-Foxcroft
M/M Aubrey Philpot	Dover-Foxcroft
Murray Stanhope	Dover-Foxcroft
Robert Wiley	Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

Editor's Corner

There may still be snow on the ground when you receive this issue of the *Conserver*, but we're already thinking summer at the Historical Society. Mary Annis is busy planning programs and we're lining up our staffing needs (see Help Wanted to your left). If you can give us a little of your time and talent you'll be greatly appreciated.

And, it's time to renew your membership (unless you just joined or are a Business Sponsor). Please take a moment and fill out your renewal form (page 11) and send it back today.

And, as always we'd like to tell your story - please send me your stories, poems, pictures.

And, a tip of the hat to . . . Mary Annis, Madelyn Betts, Phyllis Jones Pelosi, Lou Stevens, and Jack Battick for making this issue possible.

Nancy Klimavicz Battick

Message From Mary

We are about to begin a new year at the Dover-Foxcroft Historical Society. Where does the time go? And, we'll need your help (see page 10 for a listing of "openings"). I'll be calling for hosts at the *Observer* Building Museum to cover Sunday afternoons from 1-4 p.m. July 6 through September 28. People who have hosted in the past have had a good time watching over the exhibits and socializing with the visitors. Each summer we get to meet many special people in this way. If you can help just let me know

We'll also be having work days at the Blacksmith Shop and the *Observer* Building. Don't be shy. Let us know if you can help us out. The work days will be held in the spring when things warm up, but I'd appreciate your signing up to help as soon as you can.

We are looking forward to an exciting 2003 with some new exhibits and good programs.

Mary Annis, President

Meetings & Programs April - June

All meetings held at 7 p.m. at Thayer Parkway Community Center

- April 2:** Annual Meeting. *Madelyn C. Betts* will talk to us on local photographers in D-F. Illustrated.
- May 7:** *Lou Stevens* will speak on horse racing in D-F. Illustrated.
- June 4:** *Walter MacDougal* is back with a new book about Moses Greenleaf, master cartographer for Maine. He'll have copies for signing.

Membership Application & Donation Form

Name: _____

Mailing Address: _____

Town/City: _____

Phone: _____ e-mail: _____

Annual Dues (\$3.00 per person):\$ _____ Donation: \$ _____ (tax deductible)

Please make checks payable to: Dover-Foxcroft Historical Society. Mail to: 11 Harrison Avenue, Dover-Foxcroft, ME 04426. Dues cover April 2003-April 2004. Please enclose a list of gift memberships and we'll notify your recipients.

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The Douty Family Members

A Civil War Hero

A Sorrowing Wife & Mother

Children Gone Too Soon

Honored Name

See Page 1 for their story.



Col. Douty. Photo Courtesy of Madelyn C. Betts