

Yarmouth History Center Newsletter

Fall 2021

118 East Elm Street, Yarmouth, Maine

207-846-6259

It's All About the History: The Intern Issue

We had an excellent and dedicated team of four student interns working at the History Center this summer. Each intern brought their own skills, interest, and enthusiasm for independent museum work and research, but all worked together incredibly well as a team, too. All of us on staff enjoyed getting to know these exceptional students of history and are so proud of all four of them and the remarkable work they accomplished over the summer.

Finn Dierks-Brown, a rising sophomore at Grinnell College, joined us through a special program at Grinnell that supports students undertaking independent internships. Finn singlehandedly scanned and catalogued all of the photos donated by *The Notes*, curated a small exhibit about a new-to-us artifact that was donated early in the summer (see story below), and provided major assistance with the cataloguing and indexing of several large archival collections.

Tatiana Dimitresque, a rising senior at Yarmouth High School, held the 6-week paid student internship position that we offer to a local student yearly thanks to the support of William Harwood and Ellen Alderman. Tatiana happily dove into new research on Yarmouth's farming history using census records, assisted in displaying and housing some of our clothing collection, catalogued a very large photo collection, and embraced the role of front desk greeter at the Center.

We were also fortunate to be able to hire two additional research-based interns to carry out independent research projects. Yarmouth High School students Maddy Corson and Oliver Prinn mined their



Above (l to r): History Center 2021 summer interns Maddy Corson, Tatiana Dimitresque, and Oliver Prinn tour the Meeting House with Linda Grant of the Village Improvement Society.

own interests in local history to develop engaging projects that took both of them deep into our collection. Maddy undertook exciting new research into two Yarmouth women while Oliver investigated the shifting array of businesses in landmark commercial buildings in Yarmouth. Keep reading to learn more about each intern's work and research in their own words.



Tiny Artifact Tells Grand Story

One of the Center's newest acquisitions measures a mere 2 inches tall, but tells a story of grand proportions. This small corked glass vial contains ash from the violent 1902 eruption of Mount Pelée, at the northern end of Martinique. Yarmouth captain William H. Gooding and his vessel, the *Grace Deering*, were over 90 miles away in Barbados at the time of the eruption, but nevertheless the bark's decks were eventually covered in several inches of ash. Capt. Gooding collected some of the ash as a souvenir before making his way back to Boston, where he donated a portion to be sold as a benefit for a girl whose family perished in the eruption. Each diminutive vial was sold for 10 cents.

Come see the vial and learn more about the adventures of Capt. Gooding in our new exhibit curated by summer intern Finn Dierks-Brown.

Left: Summer intern and Grinnell College student Finn Dierks-Brown

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From the Chair

Greetings from the Yarmouth History Center,

In the eight years since your generous donations enabled us to reimagine the old Water District building as the Yarmouth History Center, our staff and Trustees have focused on better integrating the Historical Society into the community. And 2021 is becoming a pinnacle year to that end, in spite of the pandemic.

From online programming in the Winter and welcoming in-person visitors in the Spring, to hosting a superlative class of four interns in the Summer and working with the Village Improvement Society in the Fall to continue their legacy, the History Center is ever deepening our mission and connection. As always, thank you for your ongoing support, and please stay healthy in the months ahead.

With warm regards,

Chuck Murray

President, Board of Trustees

P.S. We will be in touch shortly with our Annual Fund campaign and appreciate your consideration and generosity.



Fall Lecture Series

The Yarmouth Historical Society's fall lecture series is underway. The lectures are **FREE** and will be presented on Zoom. To sign up visit: www.yarmouthmehistory.org/fall-lecture-series/

Thursday, September 30, 7:00 Writing a Land Acknowledgement
Libby Bischof & Aaron Witham share their approach to writing the land acknowledgement for USM.

Wednesday, October 13, 7:00 Maine's Wabanaki in the 17th Century
Jenny Hale Pulsipher shares her research on the role of Wabanaki sovereignty in the late 17th century.

Tuesday, October 19, 7:00 pm The Barns of Maine
Don Perkins is the featured speaker at our Annual Meeting.

Tuesday, November 16, 5:00 pm 2021 Wellcome Prize Winners
The winners of our Wellcome Prize will share their prizewinning research.

Visit our website for more details about the fall lectures.
The lecture series is sponsored by the Leon and Lisa Gorman Fund.

Names You Might Not Know: Yarmouth's Valuable Voices

By Maddy Corson

When you recall Yarmouth's history, what comes to mind? I invite you to consult your memory, to assess what you know of our quaint coastal suburb, and to reflect on those distinctly salient stories. Perhaps familiar events, locations, and eras come to mind, as they did when I initially considered topics for my summer research project with the Yarmouth Historical Society. Still, however, what struck me most on the curiously warm June day which marked the start of my research internship were the names: the names of families whom I imagined perhaps picnicked on the banks of the Royal River in the summertime; the names beneath the faces which collaged high school yearbook pages decades, even centuries, before my own; the names of people whose experiences developed and defined what it meant to live in historical Yarmouth.

As you may have similarly experienced, the first names which came to mind were those of Yarmouth's colonial settlers, John Cousins and William Royall. I also pondered more recent names, including William H. Rowe, Joseph E. Merrill, and Robert Boyd, of course. Although these stories have undeniably maintained immense historical relevancy over the years, I understood they shared somewhat of a homogenous perspective of Yarmouth's history. Ultimately, I wished to learn what life was like in historical Yarmouth from the perspective of an unacknowledged name, of someone whose voice has not yet been considered as valuable as a Royall or Merrill.

As I began exploring this inquiry, I was incredibly appreciative of Executive Director Katie's extensive know-how, which provided me with several more names to add to my ever-growing glossary of unsung history in Yarmouth: Hazel Reis, a skilled motorcyclist of Rainbow Farm; Clara Allen, an award-winning sharpshooter; and Harriet Bird, an intriguing advocate against women's suffrage. However, two Yarmouth residents particularly stood out amongst the crowd. Based on the distinct similarities and differences between their respective stories, I sought to study how the intersectionality of race, gender, and class influenced the ways their lives played out.

Principally, one resident's impressive resumé suggested a pace of life swifter than a Clam Fest Fun Run participant who'd recently been loitering around the Lime Rickey booth: her name was Minnie E. C. Knapp, a white Protestant woman



Above: Postcard detail of Knapp's Drug Store in the Brick Block on Main St.

Right: Minnie Knapp receiving a community service Award, 1966.



who served as a pharmacist, legislator, constable, police matron, masonic organization member, first aid instructor, fisherman, school committee member, insurance agent, real estate broker, licensed detective, collector of salt and pepper shakers... the list went on!

As I pored over old newspaper clippings and photographs, reflected on postcards and annual town reports, and thumbed through a 1936 diary, I began to familiarize myself with the mystic Minnie caricature I had constructed in my mind's eye: Minnie was born in Jonesport, Maine, on September 8, 1897 as the third sibling and only daughter to George Carver, a fisherman, and Evelyn "Linnie" Carver, who was reported unemployed in census records. Even from a young age, Minnie was regarded as an exceptional individual – by the age of eight, Minnie learned to shoot a firearm, and was later described as a "crack marksman;"

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by twelve, Minnie held a captain's license. Her husband, Bangor's Archie F. Knapp, whom she married on January 1 of 1916, was a pharmacist and politician. Between 1918 and 1928, the couple welcomed four children (Archie, Evelyn, Electa, and Gertrude).

In addition, I learned that the pair owned and operated a drugstore in Jonesport for four years before moving to Yarmouth in 1921, where they reclaimed the L. R. Cook Apothecary on Main Street as Knapp's Drug Store (later renamed to Knapp's 5 Cents to \$1 Store). A postcard of the Knapp's shop, located where Royal River Books currently stands, aptly christens the structure as Knapp's Block. Although the highest level of education attained by Minnie was twelfth grade, Minnie became a registered apothecary on April 10, 1935. At the time of her death, Minnie would be considered the longest-practicing pharmacist in the state of Maine.

Throughout her life, Minnie wore many hats, the nuances of which I wish I could be able to capture in this abbreviated newsletter. In addition to her aforementioned occupation as a druggist (part of which was spent working as the Chief Pharmacist of the infamous Pownal Hospital at Pineland), Minnie led a particularly impressive political career in and beyond Yarmouth. Her civil service spanned five different decades, from her earliest membership on Yarmouth's budgetary committee, the Committee of Twelve, to serving as Yarmouth's first female town councilor, to representing Yarmouth in the 98th, 99th, and 100th legislative sessions at the Maine State House... among many other local, state, and regional forms of governance. Minnie was also appointed as a dedimus justice, a justice of the peace, and a notary public, and was involved in numerous community organizations, such as her position as the Civil Defense Chairman of the Women's Club in Yarmouth.

Although I had expected to eventually read of Minnie's death, I felt a certain sadness doing so – throughout my research, I felt as though I'd gotten to know Minnie as a human being rather than as a biographical sketch on the page of a history textbook: on July 8, 1974, "following a brief illness," Minnie E. C. Knapp passed away at Portland Hospital at the age of 76, as reported in her obituary. For her impressive community contributions, Minnie was named Yarmouth's "most distinguished citizen for 1974." Minnie's funeral service was held at Lindquist Funeral Home in Portland, and her grave is located in Riverside Cemetery in Yarmouth.

The other woman boasted a long family legacy in Yarmouth, the experiences of which were significantly less visible, but just as interesting and nuanced as the Knapp's: her name was Georgia C. Carter, a woman of color who was employed as a teacher in Maine. At this point, the Knapp collection had assumed a longtime residence beside my place at the research desk, and Katie kindly pulled the Carter collection from the archives, setting it gently on the table alongside the Knapp materials.

I regarded the contents of the Carter family collection's three small archival boxes with awe: four-leaf clovers pressed between the pages of an old ledger book; a by-laws pamphlet produced by the Knights of Labor and a stack of poll tax receipts; dozens of opened envelopes addressed in a variety of handwritten script, children's primary school report cards, other scraps of ephemera... these small objects, among hundreds of other brief notes and documents, largely define the legacy of Yarmouth's Carter family. Much of the archival collection concerns George Edward Carter, a Black man and third-generation Yarmouth resident. Although sparse, this collection serves as the preserved remnants of the 1990s demolition of a Carter family home on Mayberry Street. I was surprised to find that, according to H. H. Price and Gerald E. Talbot's 2004 *Maine's Visible Black History* chronicle, this collection is the "largest known public primary source material on a single Black family in Maine..."

George Edward's family with white Englishwoman Eliza Ellsworth numbered six children born between 1886 and 1894. I found their marriage itself compelling, considering the fierce anti-interracial marriage sentiment which has existed throughout a significant portion of American history, as I had learned in my history classes at school. George and Eliza's second child, Georgia Coburn Carter, was born on February 25th, 1887, just ten years before the birth of fellow Yarmouth resident Minnie Knapp. From his records, it appears as though George Carter was employed in the industry of animal husbandry.

As previously mentioned, Georgia C. Carter was the second child to George and Eliza, although technically George's fourth child when his two children from a previous marriage are considered. As reported by 1940 U.S. Federal Census records, the highest level of education completed by Georgia was ninth grade.

No documents from the collection revealed Georgia's activities or employment between 1902 and her later employment as a schoolteacher in Hebron, Maine. A teacher's certificate dated April 18,

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1908, in Hebron, Maine and signed by Mr. Bowman certifies that “Miss Georgia C. Carter, known as a person of good moral character and having passed a satisfactory examination in the following branches, with the annexed results, is recommended and authorized to teach the spring term of No. 7 School Town of Hebron.” In addition, the only other clear records of Georgia’s employment history available in our archives concern a teaching position in Hermon, Maine in 1911. A letter from the Hermon School Department written on April 2nd, 1911 details her ten-week appointment for the spring term in District #5, Hermon, which was stated to begin April 24th at \$10 per week (approximately \$283.86 today). According to the letter, Georgia taught nine students there.

Another interesting facet of Georgia’s life appears in two undated documents: one, a newspaper clipping, and the other, a letter. The former newspaper clipping is titled “Runaway in Hermon: Georgia Carter and Ethel Grant Thrown from Their Wagon and Badly Bruised and Shaken Up.” The clipping describes an instance in which Georgia and her friend, Ethel, were knocked from their stagecoach by a frightened horse and “rendered unconscious by fall... until found, about half an hour later.” Although both were “much shaken and badly bruised,” they “suffered no internal injuries.” The latter document is dated Thursday, 7:30 P.M., and addressed to “Dear Sister.” Georgia informs her recipient that “I am feeling pretty good at present, but have got some awful bruises on my face,” likely referring to the clipping’s stagecoach incident.

On June 1, 1916, in Yarmouth, Maine, Georgia married Edward Butler Williams. Edward was a Black man originally from Newbury, South Carolina, although he lived in Boston at the time of his marriage to Georgia. Their marriage certificate, which I tracked down on Ancestry.com, lists Edward as a railroad man and Georgia as a teacher, yet erroneously reports the age of both as 30. On September 1, 1917, Georgia and Edward had a child named Edward Butler Williams, Jr. By the 1920 census, Georgia was unemployed, Edward was working as a railroad porter, and Edward Jr. was two years old. The family was living in their owned home located in Everett, Massachusetts, just outside of Boston. Georgia’s son became a physician and armed forces member, although he unfortunately passed away at the age of 46 in St. Louis, Missouri as a result of a heart attack caused by coronary heart disease. With no living

children able to offer closure on Georgia’s own passing, I was still left wondering what had happened to her.

Evidently, the Carter collection hinted at a rich story, but told it in a different way than the Knapp’s. Rather than presenting a more linear and comprehensive history of her life (as did the information available on Minnie), the



Above: Georgia Carter as a student.

Carter collection presented a handful of rough-edged fragments which I had pieced together to construct a sort of shadow of Georgia’s legacy. This distinction was evident despite the surviving landmarks which aligned their lives in an almost eerily coincidental manner. I checked each of these similarities off: both women came from working-class families, their maiden names were the same but for a single letter, their marriage date was only months apart, and both had lived within Yarmouthville. How could the stories of two women – who had been born just ten years apart, lived in the same town, been married in the same year, and have practically the same maiden name – have been subject to such different historical consideration?

I desperately wanted to know what had happened to Georgia, and consequently, decided to consult other resources besides the Carter family collection and my digital excavations of Ancestry.com records. My initial thought was to refer to the Everett Historical Society for information on Georgia’s life in Massachusetts; I found it didn’t exist. My next strategy was to contact any historical organization which may have been affiliated with the vignettes provided to me by the Carter collection. This included the historical societies in the cities surrounding Everett (in Revere, Malden, and Medford, as well as the Boston Public Library, the Massachusetts Historical Society, and the Boston NAACP, just in case), in addition to similar organizations in Hebron, Hermon, and

Yarmouth Census Research

By Tatiana Dimitresque

Part I: After being tasked with listing every farmer and fisherman present in the 1920s Yarmouth census, I was delighted when I was asked to write a brief summary on the diversity present in Yarmouth at the time. When I was finished with the census I counted an astonishing number of farmers, (one hundred and one) and a not-so astonishing number of fishermen (fourteen). What I found interesting however was that there was a clear pattern in the types of people who were farming and fishing. The pattern consisted of mostly white, English speaking “natives” of Maine who were male and married, usually in their early twenties to late forties. Quite astonishingly all the fishermen I counted fell into those categories! Though, there were some outliers with the farmers. Quite a few in fact! The first outlier I noticed was Nellie C. Sweetser. In her late fifties and a widow, she was the only female farmer present in the entire census! Which for perspective is one person out of one hundred and one plus people! After her there was Robert W. Steel, a fifty-two-year-old man who spoke “Scotch” or Scottish Gaelic. After him came Christopher A. Johnson, an emigrant from Norway who had immigrated to Yarmouth with his family. Then was Toney M. Goodrich, a thirty-four-year-old Russian immigrant who brought both his family and his language with him. There was Andre Due hailing from Denmark, and George E. Carter, the only Mulatto person in the census. Then finally came poor old George H. Palmer, the only divorcé of the bunch, living alone out on Chebeague island at sixty-five years old.

Part II: After finishing the first census from 1920, I decided to go through another census from 1900, this time only focusing on the Farmers. After finishing the data collection, I discovered that I had counted one hundred and thirty-one farmers! Thirty more than the previous census. As far as patterns went however there were some differences between the two dates, the most noticeable being the sharp increase in the amount of females present in the 1900 census, which given the time did come as an initial surprise. I did take an interest in one particular woman though, one Ellen L. York, a farmer who was single and in her fifties! Given that this was in 1900 I was justifiably surprised, (and impressed) that she was able to avoid marriage. A little more research into her life, (thanks to friend Katie Worthing) led me to find out that Ellen actually never married. Records

Above: The challenge of deciphering handwriting from the pages of the 1920 Census (detail of page).

show that she simply continued to work on her farm with her niece until she reached seventy. Other than hers there weren't really any other noticeable life stories I could pick out. In fact, some of the same stories that I found in the 1920s census were present in the 1900 census, like George E. Carter's for example.

Part III: The main reason why I decided to go through the 1900 census as well as the 1920 census was because I wanted to know if there would be any differences or similarities between the older generation of Farmers, (from 1900) and younger generation of Farmers, (from 1920). The first big difference I found was that, (as I mentioned in Part II) in 1900 there were considerably more female Farmers than there were in 1920. To put the difference in comparison, in 1920 the census only counted one woman, Nellie C. Sweetser. In the 1900 census however, there were twenty-one women; quite the increase. However, upon further reflection I immediately noticed that twenty out of the twenty-one females were widows! After seeing the jump in demographic I figured I, as a Historian, should try and figure out a cause as to why there were so many women who happened to be windowed. My first theory was that the cause was because of a war, most likely the Civil War or Spanish American War. After doing some brief math to make sure that the widows, (many of whom were in their late forties to early sixties) were actually alive during the wars I determined that if a war was to be blamed it would most likely have to be the Spanish American war of 1898. Moving on, a similarity I found between the two censuses were the names on both of them.



Census *Continued from Page 6*

It seemed like within the twenty-year difference between 1900 and 1920 few people moved. Family names present in the 1920's such as Carter, Seabury, and Moxcey were also present in the 1900's census. Now at first thought that may seem like an obvious similarity given that one wouldn't normally move around after establishing something like a farm but keep in mind that this was 1900. At this point in history the United States was going through a multitude of changes ranging from economic to social, meaning it wasn't uncommon for towns like Yarmouth that had, "been on the map" for hundreds of years to just be wiped away, inadvertently forcing the population to migrate elsewhere. Luckily Yarmouth was a town that was not forced to go through much change at the time giving the people living in Yarmouth a stable place to continue their lives and professions; hence the lack of change in family names.

Left: Tatiana Dimitresque organizing books in the collection.

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Westbrook, Maine. I even considered requesting a death certificate from the Massachusetts Department of Vital Records, but of course, lacked sufficient proof of relation (i.e., none) to Georgia to obtain one.

Understandably, I heard back from only a few. My most informative contact was from the Revere Historical Society, who was able to provide me with a list of Massachusetts-based resources to consult, as well as the transcript of Georgia's obituary, published on page 50 of the December 5, 1948 edition of *The Boston Globe*. I was expecting an obituary as descriptive as Minnie's, one which poignantly memorialized the contributions of an outstanding woman, or at least listed a cause of death. Instead, this is what Georgia's obituary stated:

"WILLIAMS – In Everett. Dec. 3. Georgia (Carter), wife of Edward B. Williams of 67 Chatham road [sic]. Funeral services will be held at the Chapel of J. E. Henderson Co., 517 Broadway, Monday at 2 p.m. Relatives and friends invited. Friends may visit at the Chapel Saturday and Sunday, 6-10 p.m."

Like with Minnie's, I felt an inexplicable sadness while reading of Georgia's death, someone whose almost-tangible legacy was greater than the documents which defined her contemporary remembrance. Still, I also experienced a startling lack of closure, one which I believe is representative of the sentiment which neglects Black Americans' valuable voices and historical perspectives. Although I had read in *Maine's Visible Black History* that "[m]ore recent pictorial histories of towns such as Yarmouth" have helped to communicate the fundamental role Black individuals played in their communities, I understood that these experiences often existed simultaneously alongside racial discrimination.

Yet, as I browsed *Four Hundred Souls: A Community History of African America, 1619 - 2019*, a sentence written by Beverly Guy-Sheftall caught my eye, resonating with what I had learned of Georgia: "The acceptance of African American women as intellectuals – thinking women – has been elusive, but [they] have a long history as producers of knowledge, even when that production

has not been fully recognized." In terms of Georgia's evident intelligence, the use of the word "elusive" perfectly captured my experience piecing together her story. While both Minnie and Georgia must have undoubtedly conquered considerable obstacles, it was apparent from my research that the intersectionality of Georgia's experience especially impacted our contemporary understanding of her story.

Now, in the final days of my research internship, my own perspective has undergone a profound change. When I recall Yarmouth's history, the names of not only Cousins, Royall, Rowe, Merrill, and Boyd come to mind, but the names and distinctive story of Minnie Knapp and Georgia Carter stand at the forefront. Ultimately, I hope the exceptional stories of these two phenomenal Yarmouth women empower you to reassess the value of those whose voices have been neglected throughout history.



Above: Maddy Corson researching at the History Center.

Bookends and Pies

By Oliver Prinn



Above left: A view of Fellsmoor: a once bustling seafood restaurant located on Route One where Yarmouth's Maine State Visitor Information Center now stands. **Above right:** A view of Donatelli's. Multiple signs can be seen that display its name.

I have always been fascinated with the past. Countless hours of my childhood were spent poring over history books, learning about everything from Ancient Rome to the World Wars and beyond. However, my love of history was not simply confined to the words on a page. My family shared and encouraged my interests, so I have been fortunate to visit countless museums and living history centers all over the world. I am also blessed to live in Yarmouth, a town that celebrates its rich history.

I am a second generation Clipper, so I have heard the stories and names that are part of our town's history my whole life. However, I was always aware that my knowledge about Yarmouth's history was limited to hearsay, lore, and caricatures, and these only seemed to scratch the surface. I wanted to know more. I wanted to dig deeper.

This summer, I was honored to be hired for an internship at the Yarmouth Historical Society. There, I was not only able to learn about and help with a wide range of museum work, but I was also able to expand my knowledge of Yarmouth by delving into my hometown's history. During my weeks at the Historical Society, I saw Yarmouth's history come to life. It was exciting to read documents, letters and old newspapers and to peruse old photographs. Slowly, with each new day of research, I began to gain a clearer, more comprehensive understanding of Yarmouth's history.

My love of history is broad and encompasses various time periods, but under that broad umbrella, I have always been specifically intrigued

by how people lived in the past. "Where did people work? What did people do? Where would people meet? What did people eat? How would people get what they needed to live? Where did they shop?" So, upon the start of my internship this summer, I decided to try and find the answers to some of these questions by looking at a few of Yarmouth's corner stores and restaurants.

Why corner stores and restaurants, you may ask? Over the past year, Covid has revealed how important restaurants and corner stores are to American society. These businesses provide social and economic hubs for Americans, and small towns like Yarmouth are no different. We rely on these businesses to provide employment, a place to gather, and a place to purchase necessary items. With Covid, restaurants have been forced to adapt their business models, and many have gone out of business, which has left a huge scar on our economy and has changed how and where we connect with our communities. After witnessing and experiencing firsthand the effects that Covid has had on corner stores and restaurants and their communities, it dawned on me that looking at these businesses would be a great way to learn about a community's everyday life. Researching these businesses would allow me to get a glimpse of how people in Yarmouth lived – where they worked, where they gathered, where they ate, what they ate, and where they shopped. Yarmouth has been the home to many corner stores and restaurants over the years and I was excited to learn more about them.

For the sake of brevity, I have decided to limit the scope of my writing to only three businesses.

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Bookends and Pies *Continued from Page 8*



Above left: Storer Bros. Hardware: A view of Storer Bros. Hardware and a portion of a smaller building to its right — (both existed on the Handy Andy's lot). There are four people standing in front of the building on the sidewalk. **Above right:** Handy Andy's Store: Likely taken in 1949, the newly-expanded Andy's Handy Store can be seen. A parked car and a row of magnificent Elms line the street in front of the building.

A brief history of these establishments will hopefully provide a snapshot of life in Yarmouth in centuries past. When choosing these businesses, I had two goals in mind: I wanted to learn more about these businesses/locations, but I also wanted to bring Yarmouth's fading and forgotten history back into the light. I believe that it is important to remember our roots as we move into the future. Yarmouth is literally and figuratively built on the foundations laid by the residents that came before us.

The first two businesses that I chose to focus on were popular spots in the latter half of the 20th century. Keeping these restaurants in the collective consciousness honors the past owners, employees and patrons, and lets us learn how generations of Yarmouth residents lived before us.

The first restaurant that I chose to highlight is Fellsmoor. I must admit that prior to the start of my research at the Yarmouth Historical Society, I had never heard of Fellsmoor, a once popular restaurant that was located on US Route One, where the Visitor Center stands today. After I discovered a wonderful photo of the restaurant, with its pristine and classic early 20th century roadside attraction architectural style, my curiosity took over. I started to examine a multitude of resources that Katie Worthing, the Historical Society's Executive Director, kindly directed me towards, and I learned quite a bit about not only the restaurant itself, but also its owner, Dorothy Fels Groves. (A name you might recognize if you frequent the beautiful Fels Groves Farm Preserve and trails.) I loved learning about her life, which was quite accomplished. Dorothy went to Yarmouth schools and graduated from North

Yarmouth Academy. She then went on to Wellesley College and Boston University, graduating magna cum laude. She was involved in environmental conservation, loved cats, and was a member of the First Parish Congregational Church. Dorothy also ran the Fellsmoor Restaurant in Yarmouth for a full 49 years until her eventual death.

Fellsmoor was a huge success. It was not only a favorite with the locals, but was also a huge tourist destination. It was often referred to as a true "Route One Classic." Fellsmoor had a heavily seafood-based menu, however it did incorporate other foods as well. Their extensive menu included items such as the Maine Shore Dinner, (which featured: Chilled Juice, Lobster Stew, Pickles, Steamed Clams, Bouillon, Drawn Butter, Fried Clams in Batter, Tartar Sauce, Potato Chips, and Hot or Cold Boiled Lobster in butter), as well as much simpler meals like Maine Clam Chowder and their famous fresh baked pies. Fellsmoor's popularity with tourists was mostly due to its quintessential Maine menu, but it also benefited from the influx of tourists that travelled along Route One. Fellsmoor employed many locals, both young and old, and there are many stories about working for Dorothy - it seems that she was quite a character. I only wish that I had had more time to interview past employees to gain a more thorough picture of Dorothy. I would have liked to learn more about the restaurant and the people who worked there. I can only hope that this very brief summary of Fellsmoor, a jewel in Yarmouth's restaurant history, rekindles memories for some, and piques the interest of those who had never heard of it.

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Bookends and Pies *Continued from Page 8*

As I progressed further into my research, another restaurant captured my interest: Donatelli's. Donatelli's was part of a succession of corner stores/lunch counters that operated where Rosemont presently stands. It opened in July, 1987, and was owned by brother and sister, Mike Kennedy and Ann Ellenwood, a Yarmouth resident. Ellenwood stated in *The Shopping Notes* a few weeks before Donatelli's official opening, that they "would specialize in slab-style take out pizza, along with homemade soups, fresh salads, and of course Italian sandwiches". Mrs. Ellenwood exclaimed that they would also have a daily "Brown Bag" special for people who ate lunch in their office, on the road, or on the job.

The great food was served during equally great hours. They opened around sunrise and closed a few hours after sunset, which likely contributed to their successful business. Being open throughout much of the day meant that a versatile and varied menu was a necessity, and Donatelli's had just that. Their breakfast menu contained breakfast sandwiches, pancakes, French toast, multiple specials, (one special included: 2 eggs, home-fries, toast, coffee, plus a choice of either bacon, sausage links, sausage patty, hot or sweet Italian sausage or ham), and many other traditional breakfast foods. During the rest of the day they served hot and cold sandwiches, grilled foods, an extensive range of specials, and of course, pizza. The pizza portion of their menu was impressive and offered multiple sizes, the largest and most expensive of which was the "Family Sized" sheet of pizza.

According to my mom, (who provided answers to many of my questions during my research process), Donatelli's was a popular place to grab something to eat and their slab-style pizza was incredible. Just like Fellsmoor, Donatelli's brought the people of Yarmouth together through food, employed locals, and provided a place for neighbors to catch up with one another. It is safe to say that Donatelli's truly lived up to their slogan, as they did indeed "Bring a taste of Italy home."

The last of my three subjects is well known to generations of Yarmouth residents. In fact, perhaps no Yarmouth business has received more notoriety than Andy's Handy Store (or as locals called it, Handy Andy's, or just Handy's, for short). Although I dare say, most people only

know a small portion of its history and very few know much about the corner lot that it stood upon. I was excited to learn more about Handy's and the long history of businesses that occupied the same corner.

I encourage you to let your mind wander and wade through the sands of time to the early days of

American history. Centuries ago, Handy Andy's lot, which has long been a bustling cornerstone of our ever-growing and changing town, was nothing more than a portion of land owned by Benjamin Gooch. Gooch was the first owner of the lot, taking ownership in May of 1799, but the lot changed hands in 1807, to a man named Nathaniel Baker. Baker then established the very first business on the lot, which was a nail store. The shop itself is thought to have been an extension of his grist mill on the other side of town by Bridge Street. Baker's shop did well, as nails were needed for the construction of homes and furniture. However, Yarmouth was sparsely populated during this time, so Baker also exported his materials to other locations. Baker stayed in business for over 40 years, when he sold the corner lot to Nathaniel Foster, who then opened up a business of his own: a pottery. Foster's Pottery became the third pottery in Yarmouth, and he found it necessary to export his goods as well. Foster's successful business shipped plates, mugs, bowls, and pots to Portland and other locations down the coast. In April, 1875, the pottery was left to Foster's son, Benjamin. Three years later, the pottery closed down for good, and in 1891, after Benjamin Foster's death, the property was left to his wife Cordelia. Within the year, the pottery was declared a fire hazard and was torn down.

Records for the years following the reign of Foster's Pottery are a bit jumbled, but we do know that it eventually became a hardware store. A



Above: Oliver Prinn uncovers a bit of business history in some landmark buildings.

Bookends and Pies *Continued from Page 10*

1905 newspaper claimed that Foster's Pottery was replaced by Storer Bros. Hardware in that same year, (1905), but another, conflicting record indicated that Griffin and Russell Hardware was occupying the lot in 1902. After consulting my sources further, I discovered a deed that revealed that Griffin and Russell Hardware did exist on the lot after 1891 until 1910. That same deed also stated that Knights Bakery, (owned by Freeland "Squeaky" Knight), was on the lot in 1910 as well. Knight's bakery was known to be a bit expensive, but was considered a treat to visit. Knight's Bakery emerged during a time of widespread changes in small towns across the United States. Consumer culture exploded during the early 20th century, which saw variety stores and bakeries move into small towns all over the country, including Yarmouth. This trend continued with the arrival of Blake Bros. Bakery, which followed Knight's Bakery for a short time. Joe Arsenault's Electrical Shop then briefly occupied the building. After the Electrical Shop, a woman named Abbie Hines Maley may have operated a luncheonette from 1927-1929. Records said that Mrs. Maley was "a very nice old woman, whose business did well" during her short stay. Sadly, she went out of business in 1929, likely due to the financial crash on Wall Street that marked the dawn of the Great Depression. I found it interesting that no businesses were able to solidify themselves in that little building for the next few years. This was surely due to the Great Depression, but I was still fascinated at how a major worldwide event could influence even a small town in Maine.

Charlie Chase's Variety eventually followed, yet it struggled. Cleanliness was of utmost importance for a store, and it was said that his store did not meet this standard, and this, combined with his "personality of an ice cube," forced the store to close. Following Chase's short-lived variety store, an older African American man named Andrew Antonio and his wife (whose name I could not find), opened a variety store in the same building. Unlike Chase's Variety, his store was fairly successful, especially considering the times. After about a year in business, Antonio closed his store, although it was unclear if it was because of the Great Depression or simply due to his old age.

Earle Hayes' Drug Store briefly occupied the building next, until he moved his business to Gray. Phil Morill's Variety then took over the vacant spot. The store lasted about five years. Morrill based his business on groceries, candy, tobacco, and cigarettes. In 1935, he sold his business to Leland "Andy" Anderson, who is better known as "Handy Andy" himself. Andy emulated Morill's business model, but added to it. In addition to selling regular items, he also sold bus tickets and fireworks. In 1945, Anderson had the building that housed Storer Bros. Hardware, (the other storefront on the lot that had impressively stayed in business throughout much of the 20th century), torn down. He then replaced it with a 15-foot addition to the side of his store. Within this new addition, Anderson installed a small soda fountain, where he served sandwiches and sodas to seven people at a time. His reason for the small number of people was very interesting: if he were to serve eight or more people, he would be forced to get a public restroom – which he did not want to do. Anderson looked to expand his business once again, and applied for a license to sell liquor in 1951 and 1952, but he lost both times by a 2:1 vote. In 1953, he sold Andy's Handy Store. His motives behind the sale were unclear, however he claimed that he got tired of running the business. Other sources indicated that he may have had to sell his business because of a loss at a horse race. Regardless, Leland "Andy" Anderson's version of the store became a mainstay of Yarmouth's history in both the 20th and 21st centuries, even when it passed on to new owners. Handy Andy's is perhaps one of the most well known (and well loved) landmarks in town. It is exciting to learn that it sits on a corner that has been bustling for over 200 years.

As I reflect on my research at the Yarmouth Historical Society, it occurs to me that the two busy corners of Main Street and Portland Street and of Main Street and East Elm Street have been providing goods, food and a place to catch up with neighbors for a very long time. These two corners are like well-loved bookends of Main Street, where the businesses that occupy them continue to be linchpins of our community and local economy. Unfortunately Fellsmoor has been buried by the sands of time, but it is nice to know that tourists still frequent its location while visiting the Information Center - I only wish that they sold those famous Fellsmoor pies.



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