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The Story of the Little Town of Cardville, Maine

W. A. Terrill

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Halcyon M. Young
Vickery
Terrill, M.A.

The Story of
The Little Town
— of —
Cardville, Maine



By
M. A. Terrill

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FOREWORD

To those who spent the early days of their lives in this town, but who have gone from it to other parts of this land of ours, but who have not forgotten the old home town, and to those who have had the interests of the town on their hearts and who have rendered such valuable aid in bringing about the present improved conditions, and in memory of those who have not shunned the call to duty whether that call was the defense of their country or the call to lend a hand to aid a worthy cause, is this little book dedicated.

By THE AUTHOR.

CARDVILLE PAST AND PRESENT

EARLY SETTLERS

CHAPTER I.

The little town of Cardville, Maine, is located in the south eastern part of Penobscot County and on the east side of the Penobscot river and 4 miles from the Maine Central R. R.

It is a part of the river town of Greenbush. The town was first settled by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Card, who came here from Windsor, Nova Scotia, 102 years ago and built their cabin on the place now known as the Frye place and owned by Mrs. Ida McLaughlin and relatives.

For a while others began to move into this tract of woods, for this was what it was when Mr. and Mrs. Card came here, and they began to erect their log cabins and to clear the land for the purpose of raising food to feed their large families.

As is the case with all pioneers and their families, there was not the dainty food to eat that we in this present day like so much, theirs was the coarse, muscle building food that was to make the men and women strong and hardy and fit to withstand the cold hard winters that is one of Maine's sure crops.

Johnny cake, made from "Injun meal" and some pork fat and molasses, or a juicy slice of venison, or it might be a heaping dish of Maine's baked-in-the-ground beans which had been flavored with a generous piece of moose meat, and for the drink there was plenty of good old "black tea" with a lot of color to it so that two or three cups would make you feel like a new man, especially when the weather was so cold that a roaring fire was an inducement for all concerned to remain by it until the sun had made a change outside.

With this "bill of fare" a man or woman could do a hard day's work, we say a hard day's work, and we would

not wish to convey the idea that this day was the length that men and women work now, even on the farms, but it consisted of sixteen hours, and in many cases longer: from three-thirty A. M. until eight and nine in the evening.

Of course none of us believe in such drudgery now, and we are very glad that our laws are so made that we are allowed a time to enjoy a little of life, but in the days of the early settlers they had to work while the sun was shining.

We would not convey to our readers that there was no dainty food, and that there was no time to rest, for that would be wrong.

There was dainty food but it was scarce, and when mother made a batch of "sweet-bread" it was carefully guarded so that the appetites of the growing children would not be tempted to have a feed. This was hidden from the children so that there might be a little extra when relatives and friends came to the humble cabin for a visit.

Still another reason was because of the high cost of sugar and molasses and other ingredients.

In the evenings, when the work was done, there was time to gossip with the neighbors who flocked to each others cabins and exchanged stories of the day's events, while others preferred to "fiddle a while" and still others, especially the women and older girls were busy knitting underclothes and stocking socks and mittens. The light was obtained from the bright log fire or, as in later times, the candle was one of the luxuries.

The tired father would, if he was one who used it, light his pipe and smoke some of the old Kentucky tobacco, while he dreamed of the days when he and the faithful companion would live in a comfortable home with a little more of the comforts of life around them.

There was not the many ways of making a living on the farm as there are now; the wood was not worth much, and pulp wood was almost an unheard of thing, lumber also for building purposes was very cheap owing to the great acres of it that could be gotten very cheaply.

As time went on and more people came into the town and began to settle it, the land all the time being cleared and here and there were fields of grain and other stuff

needed to produce life in this people and then came opportunity to dispose of some of the surplus amount. Those who lived in the larger towns and cities near were glad to buy and the great woods crews had to have plenty of good food to enable them to work, as a result of this there was a chance to get a little ahead and to buy some of the much needed tools to work with, also to buy extra things to make the cabins more comfortable and finally to depart from the crude log cabin into a plain lumber house.

With these additions to this people and the increase in the population the life of the community began to throb, and the social life as well felt the need of an entertainment even though it might be a "kitchen-break-down," and it was here that young and old forgot their aches and pains and joined the merry throng in an old-fashioned square dance. Not every one danced, but those who did not enjoy this form of entertainment usually went and sat by the side of their neighbor and chatted about their good old days and other things that were of interest to them, while they listened with interest to the squeak of the fiddle and the continual pounding of the fiddle's foot as he kept time. Of course there was plenty to talk about especially when you know that all were hunters and trappers, and many are the stories of brave deeds done, of monarchs shot, of handsome furs trapped, of long and handsome trout, pickerel, and yellow perch that have been taken from Halfway, Buzzy, Whitney, Otter, Bear and other brooks, and Olamon stream, with now and then a cruise down to Sunkhaze.

These old brooks and streams are still alive with these fish which some of the present day settlers enjoy eating. Nor has the woods lost all of its fur, for there are plenty of Bobcats, foxes, mink, weasels, bears, and occasionally an Indian-devil. There are plenty of deer and sometimes a moose takes a stroll over this territory.

Meat was very plentiful at all times and no one need to go hungry for the want of it in this town.

Among the settlers who came to this town in the early part of its life we are to mention a few, just to bring back to your minds the things which you have heard spoken about them by those who had been closely associated with

them.

In the year 1840, Mr. Samuel McPheters (uncle Sam was what the people called him) came here and cleared a piece of land and built his house on the road which the present generation calls the Spring Bridge Road, but what was called in those days the McPheters Ridge road. The house is owned by outsiders at this writing.

Then follownig Mr. McPheters was one by the name James Gordon and he lived near Mr. McPheters. Mr. Gordon is credited with having the first sheep in the community.

About the year 1855 Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ederly settled in this neighborhood, sharing their lot with the other neighbors.

As time went on others whose names are familiar came into this community, among them we just mention the following: M. James Doyle, Orroson Whitham, Francis McFadden, Asa Libby, Henry Young, John Jones, Theodore Kennedy, Isaac Hathorn, Daniel Hathorn, Mr. Frye, Moses Emery, Hosia Costigan, James Fothergill, William Spearin, Joseph Fowler, Deacon Fothergill.

As you read these names you will turn the page over in memory and recall the many things of interest that these memories reveal, and some times there will break forth a laugh, or it may be that a teardrop will start.

To you who have long been gone from the home of your birth and who have gone out to make a home for yourself the words of the poet may cause you to think.

“My home! the spirit of its love is breathing

In every wind that plays across its track,
From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing
Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back.
There am I loved—there prayed for—there my mother
Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye,
There my young sisters watch to greet their brother;
Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly!”

And what is home? And where, but with the loving?

The farming and lumbering were all done with oxen until horses were brought into town, and even then the horse did the work of hauling the needs from the town, while the oxen were engaged in doing the regular farm

work.

With the hard steep hills, which is characteristic of this part of Maine, the oxen proved to be the better able to endure, as they could haul up the steep hills with much less trouble than the horse.

With the outbreak of the Civil War many of the men and boys from this town answered the "call to arms" and fought for the cause of humanity, and their sacred dust is with us to this day.

When this country called for men to fight a foreign foe in 1917, this town again gave of her manhood two sons, Almond and Joseph Fowler, sons of Leslie and Maude Fowler, these made the supreme sacrifice, and their bodies are resting in the village cemetery, while over them waves the colors for which they laid down their lives.

The poet has spoken words that convey depths of truth.

"These paid the price, but how-so-ever great,
Our peace was worth the purchase, can we doubt
The God of nations wrought His purpose out
Through that wild conflict? For the voice of hate
Long since fell into silence, and the state
Rose nobler, grander, stronger then before
For peace and union pledge forevermore."

CHAPTER II.

IMPROVEMENTS MADE

After the road, which was started at Costigan, was completed to Greenfield and Olamon, connecting with the stage road, which lead to Lincoln, the telephone made its appearance in the town, the line went from Costigan to the Hancock Tannery and was first owned by James Rice.

There was an exchange or central at the Higgins store, Costigan, now owned by Mr. H. C. Burr, Jr., and another exchange at the home of Mr. A. M. Edgerly.

This line was afterward bought by Mr. Edgerly from its former owners.

By this change the business has increased. The first subscribers were: Mr. A. M. Edgerly, Mr. Frank White, Mr. Hollis White, Mr. Mathew White, Mr. James Lamb.

As the town began to be more thickly inhabited the land became more productive and more modern homes were erected, and as is always the case, the outside world began to force its wonders upon the people, in many ways.

In the ways of transit the bicycle was a great temptation to those who dared to venture out on those two rubber-tired wheels.

The first owner of the bicycle in this town was Mr. Lewis Hodgkins.

But Cardville was like all the rest of the world and the people saw that for some the bicycle might be all right, but when it came to taking the whole family it was a very small vehicle and would not do, so as soon as the auto made its appearance in the town it was captured as the best and quickest means to get around.

The first one to show this to be the truth was Mr. Manly Fowler.

Since this has been proven to the people we want to say that the auto has come to stay, and we base our statement upon the fact that there are a large number owned in this town, both of pleasure and commercial cars, and they

have proven to be a much needed part of the farmer's equipment, as he can get to market with his produce and home before the middle of the day.

The location of this town makes it a very healthy place to live; the high hills and the nearness to the railroad, it being only four miles to the station, makes it a quiet place, and a place to get rested. The summer tourists invade these roads all the time; coming here with their cars and turning into the inviting woods roads and there reclining, or they are often tempted to try the numerous streams to see if there are any real fish or not.

The view from the high hills is wonderful for those who enjoy the beauties of nature.

On the North one can see plainly our most noted mountain, Mt. Katahdin, and on the South are the Blue Hills of Hancock county, while on the east is Passadumkeag mountain.

The population is about 175 and all are engaged in some kind of farming, but most of the men prefer working in the woods which are owned by the large corporations and which pay big money for labor rendered. The pulp wood is in big demand and the men can work nearly all the year around and be right at home.

CHAPTER III.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE



The early settlers were most -ll Baptists; and among the first preachers to visit this pioneer town was one called Elder Frost; then came Mrs. Pease, a devoted Christian woman who lived in Old Town.

These early preachers did not have the easy means of conveyance that the present day preachers have, for some of these early workers traveled on foot to their desired

place of worship and the roads were very rough and rugged and there is not a partical of doubt but that they laid their weary bodies down to rest when night overtook them. Their rest was sweet, because they had done their best for Him who gave His life for them.

People wanted to go to church in those early days, and to show how much they were interested in the welfare of their souls we relate the following incident.

Whenever there was to be a meeting, Deacon Fothergill would yoke up the oxen into the large sled and all the women and children who wanted to go to meeting would get on while the men and boys would walk along carrying birch-bark torches, for the lantern had not made its appearance in this town.

When the place of meeting was reached everybody went in and with the light of the tallow candle they entered into the service of song and praise to God. I have heard that the minister did not have a 30 minutes talk, but that his message ran into the hour and sometimes his sermon, especially if it was daylight, would last for two hours. This is some different to the present day happenings, but people did not hear a sermon every day or every Sabbath, and they were hungry afeten righteousness.

But as time advances Cardville got into the same habit as other places and it finally had no services, because these heroes of the Cross were called to their eternal Home, and after a long period other men of God caught the vision of the needs of this people and we know of such men as Rev. E. A. Davis and Deacon A. P. Bickmore of the Baptist church of Old Town, who came in answer to that call to feed this people with the Bread of Life.

They held services on Sabbath afternoons in the different schoolhouses.

These workers were untiring in their efforts to please Him who had called them to perform His work.

They presented the Gospel in the old fashioned way, and the Truth made many free as it will always do when presented in this way.

After serving the Christians of the Baptist church at Old Town for 10 years, Brother Davis was called to another field and Rev. F. A. Snow was the next minister to care

for the Old Town church.

Brother Snow could not care for the outlying districts and so the fields were without religious services, until the Pentecostal Brethren came into the community and held services and had quite a number of followers. These Brethren soon gave up the field and Rev. H. L. Skillin, who succeeded Rev. F. A. Snow as pastor of the Old Town church, saw the need of the outlying districts and he began to hold services in this town in the early part of his work with the home church. After his work at Old Town was done, he, like his predecessors was called to other fields and accepted the call, leaving these needy fields to be cared for by whom so ever would do this work.

It was during this long period of no services that God gave the call to W. A. Terrill and his wife to go into this field and labor, and in obedience to this call they took up their residence here and commenced their labors for the Master, while Mr. Terrill was studying for the ministry.

Mr. and Mrs. Terrill began their services in May, 1919, first holding services in the schoolhouses in different parts of the town, until the congregations warranted the meetings being held in the Benjamin Young school regularly.

It was during this change that the Pentecostal Brethren sent a worker into their field to reclaim their own. Those who were affiliated with the Baptist denomination decided that they needed a church home, and so they prayed about the matter, and God answered their prayers by allowing them to proceed with their plans.

It seemed a big undertaking for the few faithful members to do, but they were not daunted in this thing, knowing that God would lead them in the right way.

It was first decided to build a log chapel and plans for the same were drawn, but after carefully considering the matter, it was decided to build a substantial chapel, and plans were again made and submitted to those who were interested in this movement.

When all this talk was being made concerning the chapel every one seemed to think that it was an impossible thing and offered many discouraging words, but these were completely surprised when they saw the enterprise thoroughly launched and every one working hard for the

completion of the work.

But how or where was the money to come from to build the chapel? This was the *great* question that confronted the people, but like the other problems it was soon settled by our God, "who heareth the needy when he crieth," and answereth them.

The first money to us for this purpose was collected by Mrs. Ida Cram. The church then organized a ladies' aid society and started to solicit funds. They commenced their work the last week of July, 1920, and received gifts ranging from \$1.00 to \$100.00 from those who lived in different parts of the United States and Canada who were interested in this movement.

A place to build upon was our next problem, but it was quickly solved by the offer of Mr. Byron F. Edgerly who gave us the land upon which the church now stands. All the while the ladies were working hard, and the funds were increasing rapidly.

Soon the lumber was landed on the ground and the work of building commenced.

The corner stone was laid on September 20th, 1920, and Mr. Byron F. Edgerly turned the first shovel full of dirt.

It was the blessing of God bestowed upon this people in this, that there was living in this town a carpenter by the name of Ross James, who rendered to the people the valuable services of framing the building. The chapel was up and boarded in within three weeks. It is 20 by 30 with a vestibule 6 feet by 8 feet, thus giving a seating capacity for seventy-five persons.

Mr. James was the only one who received pay for his services, the others worked free and by their efforts the outside work was completed before the cold weather set in.

On Sunday morning, October 10th, 1920, the bell which was a present from the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Reed, former residents of this place, but later of Berlin, N. H., sounded, inviting the people to worship in the new chapel.

On November 25th, 1920, the chapel was dedicated by Rev. S. Walter Schurman of Old Town, who took for his text the words found in the 21st chapter of Matt. and the

13th verse: "My house shall be called a house of prayer."

Services were held all that winter with the exception of two Sabbaths. The chapel was not completed inside, there being nothing but the rough rafters overhead and on the walls. The chapel was heated by a large stove which was bought by the ladies' circle, with the funnel running through the roof.

Our next step was to purchase a steel ceiling, which was done through the agency of Mr. Richard Spearin, and who, with the aid of a few men hung the ceiling and did the decorating of it. To see his work is to appreciate it as it is a fine example of the kind of work he is qualified to do.

We then had to have a chimney built and the late Brother Vandez, who was experienced in this line of work, kindly built it for us, the pastor acting in the capacity of mason's tender, but who did not do as the Irishman did when he was found by his pal who asked him if he was tired and Pat replied that he was not, but that he was fooling the boss by carrying the same hod up and down all day.

When our services were started there was no organ worth while to play on, so friends spoke to Mr. B. F. Given of Old Town and he responded with a beautiful sounding organ, nearly new, and which has been pronounced by those who are qualified to say that Mr. Given's judgment is correct.

The ladies' circle had still other things to get and they persevered until they had purchased the chairs and a large assortment of dishes.

No one seemed tired of working for the church and everyone was willing to endure to the end.

You will see in the chapter on Gifts how we were blessed by having so many interested friends.

CHAPTER IV.

GIFTS

We might well add the words of Paul the Apostle when he spoke to the Philippians:

“Not that we desire gifts; but we desired fruit that would abound to your account.”

Whenever anything was needed the workers presented their needs to the people and the people responded by giving the desired thing. Very often when the things needed were not mentioned those who saw the need responded without being asked.

To give a striking illustration of what is said in the sentence above we sight the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Fowles and family saw the need of window curtains and they gave them.

Mrs. Hannah Higgins, of Costigan, presented the church with the chandelier, a handsome thing.

Mrs. Bradley Reed gave the pulpit chairs.

Mrs. Ira Chronkhite gave the pulpit Bible.

Mrs. Mary Fowler gave the carpet, while Mr. E. A. Blanchard of Old Town gave the stove pipe.

When there was need of the paint for the outside the McPheters brothers responded.

Several of the lamps and some dishes were given by the late Charles Priest. The service flag was given by Mrs. Maude Yerxa in honor of her brothers who made the supreme sacrifice in the great World War. We cannot forget the great gift of love manifested in the purchase of the walls. When one has such a deep interest in the things of the Kingdom as to give their time and strength to the raising of the necessary money to purchase the walls, as was the case of our dear sister Fowler, who labored earnestly without any help from any other member of the church, and succeeded in her efforts.

These walls, if they could speak would tell that they

were purchased with earnest, loving labor cheerfully rendered.

The Communion Glasses were gifts from Mrs. C. H. Chatting and the Bread tray was from Mrs. Evelyn Fowler. The magnificent eight day clock was another gift of Mrs. Chatting. She, like her sisters earned the money and purchased the clock then presented it to the church.

The clock is marking the time is saying to all, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

The people worshiped in the church with only the first floor down and it was covered with three ply of rosin finished wall paper, but through the generosity and love for the pastor, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice C. Gay of the Highland Sanitorium of Bangor gave the price of the second floor, which was \$50.00 and Messers. Chatting and Edgerly and Terrill laid it. The pews are some from the Baptist church of Old Town which the pastor remodeled.

Other gifts which included pictures, chairs, wood wall-board, five gallon oil can filled, broom, table and other gifts were all brought to the House of God for His service.

The large American flag which hangs back of the pulpit is a gift to the pastor from Mrs. M. E. Fowler and is to hang in our church while our pastor remains with us. It teaches all that we stand for loyalty to God and our beloved land.

That we believe in the government of our land, and would ever defend her against a foe.

It asks us to protect its purity and honor, and we respond in voice and act that we will do our best, let it cost what it will.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED IN ALL THIS TIME?

We shall endeavor to answer this question in the statements that follow.

First, we would say, that on November 15th, 1921, 21 members from eight Baptist churches gathered, at the call of the clerk of the United Baptist church of Old Town for the purpose of setting apart for the Christian ministry, Deacon W. A. Terrill.

After listening attentively to the Deacon's conversion, call to the ministry, and religious experience, the ordaining council was instructed to proceed with ordination, and Deacon Terrill was duly ordained.

God has wonderfully blessed his efforts with marked success, and there has been added to the church by baptism sixteen, and one by letter, while another has joined by experience, making a total of eighteen members received before the church was incorporated.

By the vote of the church this little body of believers have decided to organize a church and now that the certificate of organization has been granted by the Secretary of the State, thus making this church an independent body with all rights to handle and dispose of their property.

Still another thing has been accomplished and it is the painting of the walls and woodwork on the inside of the church and the graining of the doors and the pews. To give the credit where it belongs we shall gladly place it on our interested friend, Mr. Daniel Fowler, and his work is a credit to him in every sense of the term.

Mr. Fowler has done all the painting in loving service, leaving his own work and turning his efforts to the work of the church.

Without boasting, because to God the Lord belongeth the praise, the honor, and the glory, our little church is

worth about \$2,500, and it is insured for \$1000. There is not a penny of indebtedness against it.

Thus have we pressed slowly but steadily onward toward the prize and the goal set before us, and through patient endurance our desires have been realized, and now we have in our midst the little church. God has showered His rich blessings upon us as a people. His tender mercies have been ever around us, and we can say with one of old, "Yea we have a goodly heritage."

FINAL

Our story would not be complete until we introduced the following officers of our church.

Deacon—DARRELL HARRIS.

Deaconess—MRS. ADA HARRIS.

Church Clerk and Treasurer—MRS. BYRON F. EDGERLY.

Organist—MRS. BYRON F. EDGERLY.

Usher—MR. BYRON F. EDGERLY.

Janitor—CHAS. FOWLES.

Pastor—REV. W. A. TERRILL.

Board of Trustees

MR. WALLACE McPHERTERS, *Chairman*

MR. TRUMAN FOWLER

MR. BYRON F. EDGERLY

MR. DARRELL HARRIS

MR. MELVIN HARRIS

MR. CHARLES CHATTING

MR. DANIEL FOWLER

A cordial invitation is extended to all who have no permanent place to worship, to come and worship in the church in the valley by the wild wood.

No lovelier place in the dale,

No spot is so dear to our childhood,

As the little brown church in the vale.

We preach an old fashioned Gospel the same as the

disciples were instructed to preach.

We believe and teach that Jesus Christ is real, living, loving and forgiving; and that by repentance and the forgiveness of sins we are saved.

We believe that the sacrifice Jesus made on Calvary, when He shed His precious blood for the sins of the world, is the only atonement for sin we can accept.

We believe that the Bible is the inspired word of God, that God is its author, and that by following its precepts we will be lead in the straight and narrow path that leads home.

COME WITH US AND WE WILL DO THEE GOOD.

———FINIS———

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