

Bayside Historical Preservation Society



“Somewhere in Bayside”: Can you figure out where this is in the village?

Spring 2022 Newsletter

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President's Report

It's time to start thinking about the summer in Bayside again! Paula and I are off to California next week to see our first grandson, born to Tory Reilly a few weeks ago. Our two granddaughters will be in Bayside in August. It's just that kind of information that gets shared when we are all back with our friends and neighbors and able to get together on porches, parks and backyards. Bayside is just that way. It seems that the Covid and its restrictions should be a thing of the past, fingers crossed, and that we will all be able to get together and have the summer time experience that we all deserve!

The BHPS, thanks to all of you, has remained strong in membership and participation. During the start of Covid, Pam Williams retired as our secretary (after an amazing run for many years), and this year Heidi von Bergen will retire as our treasurer. Heidi has been magnificent! We are lucky to have Helen Pelletier who has volunteered to take up where Heidi left off, but we still are looking for a replacement for Pam! Thanks to both of these women for their long-term steadfast contributions to the BHPS.

The BHPS is working on a number of Initiatives:

1. We are going to explain the purpose of the large concrete winch holder in Ruggles Park with a plaque and description of how it operated.
2. Our celebration of the Parks of Bayside will happen this summer with a pamphlet describing all the Parks and their histories and a surprise speaker at our annual meeting.
3. We will continue to support the other groups in Bayside with historical context- Northport Food Pantry, Overseers, NYC and Bayside Arts. This past year we supplied historical photographs showing lighting and tree placements around the village for different initiatives. We intend to work with the Overseers as they better define the public areas and walkways around the village. BHPS also started the contributions to the playground overhaul with a check for \$1000.00. BHPS once again contributed to the Northport Food Pantry. Please checkout Heidi's treasurer's report for details.
4. We encourage any of you who have particular knowledge of your cottage history to write up what you know and submit it to be published by the BHPS- Fred Lincoln has done just that and you'll find his family cottage history in this edition of the newsletter. Fred Lincoln is also reworking our Oral History Project with interesting interviews that can be heard on line at the BHPS website.
5. In conjunction with the Bayside Arts summer show of the Art and Architecture of Dick Brockway (a show not to be missed), Rob and Joy Sherman and the BHPS are once again sponsoring the Bayside Collectors Show- read Joy's article in this newsletter.
6. Also, working with Bayside Arts, the BHPS is once again co-sponsoring the Bayside Dance to be held under the stars on the basketball court on July 29 (7-10 PM).

Finally, for those of you who don't want to write but like to read, we have republished our award-winning book, "If These Cottages Could Talk" (the pictures are great too!). You can buy your copy at the Cottage Museum on Pleasant Street on

Sundays from 2-4 in the summer, and at the Blair Agency or by contacting Beverly Crofoot or Joe Reilly.

Now, about that cover photo for this newsletter. It's part of a stereoview taken by Wheeldon of Winterport around 1875. After discussing it with some Bayside "oldtimers" and Earle Shettleworth, Maine State Historian, it was determined that it was taken at the top of Ruggles park looking up Broadway towards Merithew Square. What is amazing about it is that it shows not only early cottages but also the tents lining the road. If you are in the Community Hall, make sure to see Dick Brockway's creation of "From Tent Platforms to Cottages". This photo is the only one we have showing that transition time in our community...Cottages to Tent Platforms in a photograph!

Thanks again to all of you who continually support the BHPS and all of the groups in Bayside. Please make sure to check out our website: www.baysidehps.org.

Before you know it, Bayside will come "alive" for the summer, and we'll be able to enjoy not only the summer warmth but the warmth created when friends and neighbors get together.

Joe Reilly

www.baysidehps.org



The Boston Boat at Kelley's Cove, from the BHPS collection.

Kennedy/Barrock/Lincoln Cottage – 54 Broadway

By Fred Lincoln

This year my family celebrates our 125th summer season at Bayside, and it would pose no challenge to fill a book with the amazing experiences shared there with family (now into the 6th generation), close neighbors, and so many friends. In addition to other cottages in the village purchased in more recent years by two of my sisters, the “family cottage” located at 54 Broadway (an area known as the North Shore) was purchased in 1900 by our great-grandmother, Adelaide Kennedy Barrock. For those of you doing the math, Adelaide and her brother Charles Kennedy happened upon the shores of Bayside in the 1890s and initially rented prior to purchasing their respective cottages. While it’s unknown how Charles and Adelaide first discovered Bayside, having hailed from an old Boston family and with no local roots, what is definitively known is Charles and his wife Albertina (grandparents of Robert Leonard) ultimately purchased both 54 Broadway and the adjacent cottage, currently owned by the Gerrity family, and then conveyed 54 Broadway to sister Adelaide, a recently divorced woman with two teenage girls.

Only a couple years ago, some advanced detective work and discovery of a long-hidden artifact confirmed the family cottage was built in the 1890s by William Crawford of Belfast. Crawford may have been involved at one point with Willard Roberts, a Massachusetts resident who constructed several cottages on the North Shore upon orchards and farmland previously owned by the Hills family. Our great-grandmother kept a horse and buggy in a stable at the Hills’ farm for many summers, and we still have one of the riding crops. As a side note, a significant portion of the Northport Golf Club resides on the former Hills orchards.

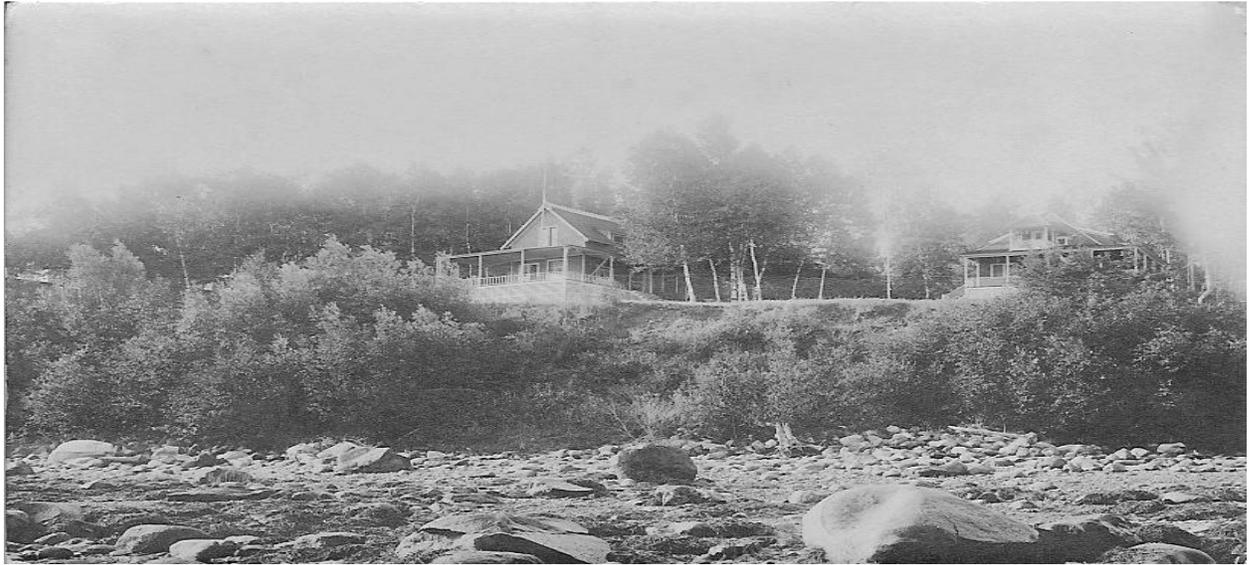
Adelaide and her two daughters, Daisy and Grace, journeyed each year in late June to Bayside (Northport) on a steamship embarking from the present-day Boston Long Wharf docks, and returned to Boston by early September. In those days, people weren’t commuting back and forth throughout the summer or off-season. Anyway, Adelaide and her girls would leave Boston in the early evening, have dinner on the steamship, go to sleep in their stateroom, and wake up the next morning at the Northport (Bayside) dock. Not a bad way to travel! They’d sometimes bring a housemaid. In the cottage, an old metal luggage tag from the Eastern Steamship Co. is among the souvenirs.

Many furnishings found today in the cottage, including the dining room table, library table, chairs, bedroom furniture, etc. came up on the steamship over 100 years ago. Until the early 1960s, a piano sat in the cottage (common at Bayside in the old days). My sisters and I still marvel at how a piano could possibly have fit, especially since the cottage was smaller back then. But they made it work and enjoyed entertaining themselves with live music, an old phonograph and records, nice dinners, sharing stories and other good conversation. Electricity was likely installed in the 1930s, with a telephone not coming into the cottage until the late 1960s. Until then, only a few telephones existed throughout Bayside.

Prior to her passing in 1932, my great-grandmother Adelaide conveyed the cottage to her daughter Daisy Barrock, who adored Bayside. In 1930 Daisy, a single woman, adopted a baby from a Boston orphanage and named her Adelaide Evelyn Barrock.

My mother frequently commented to my seven sisters and me that she “hit the lottery” when adopted by Daisy. Most of that sentiment was due to her contagious adoration of Bayside and the cottage. By then, their annual summer trip to Bayside was by car (Gramma Daisy always had a large Buick), sometimes with an overnight stop halfway at Portland. Conveniences of the Maine Turnpike would come later. When my sisters and I began arriving on the scene in the 1950s and early 1960s, many of us literally weren’t even walking yet. In fact, some of us were so small we first slept in a large bedroom drawer converted to a makeshift bassinet. We all consider the 54 Broadway family cottage our “true home base” and are committed to upholding the legacy. We likewise are blessed to have so many friends, both old and new, among the village.

Note: Adelaide Barrock Lincoln passed away in January 2022, after enjoying 92 consecutive summers at the family cottage.



The Waquoit

By Robert Burns MacMullin, Jr.



The Waquoit Inn on the right with the bowling alley on the left, was located on what is now called Cobe Road.

Northport was a popular summer colony in those days. It was halfway between Belfast and Camden, on Penobscot Bay and the Boston-Bangor steamers used to stop there in the summer time. The Common was a grassy square that sloped down to the wharf, and it was surrounded by cottages, except for the top edge where Dickey's store and the crumbling Northport Hotel were located. The post office, officially known as Bayside, was in the store, which everybody patronized for one reason or another. Dickey senior was wharf master and agent for the Eastern Steamship Company, and the Dickey boys tended the store.

Uphill, on the shore road to Camden and up a side lane, stood the Waquoit Inn, Mrs. Nellie Ross, proprietor. She was a red head, and a very good innkeeper. She had a regular clientele of summer boarders from Boston, who liked the view of Penobscot Bay from the verandah, the home cooking, the fresh milk and butter from Nellie's cows, and her feasts of lobster, steamed clams and fish fresh from the cold waters of the Bay. A two-lane bowling alley and an ample barn completed the group of buildings in the grove of spruce.

Nellie had a small but efficient staff whose duties, off and on from 5 AM to 8 PM, were of the most diverse sort. I was her handy man for two summers in a row, and it might amuse you to learn the things I had to do on a typical day. First off, Nellie taught me how to feed the two cows and how to milk Daisy while she milked the other. This took about 15 minutes in early morning, and again in late afternoon

There were two of us handy men. Dick and I waited on table three times a day regularly, and at odd dinner parties in the evening. We grabbed our own meals in the kitchen, then washed dishes after that. After each meal the grass matting on the dining room floors had to be "vacuumed" The vacuum machine was not electric, it was hand powered, by a handle you pushed in and out like a trombone.

Dick and I took turns meeting the boat from Boston, which arrived at 8 AM, except on foggy mornings when it was late. Waquoit guests were driven up by surrey, leased from Hill's Livery. We "smashed" the baggage.

Hotel linen, including that of the guests, was laundered and ironed in-house, several times a week. Nellie showed us how to pare soap flakes, and how to run the washing machine. This was a mechanical monster, made entirely of wood, with an ingenious mechanism which rotated the three fingered clothes twister, first in one direction, then reversing.

It was entirely muscle powered, by turning a crank. Speaking of cranks, on Sundays we made two-gallon batches of ice cream in an old-fashioned freezer, using a pack of crushed ice and rock salt for refrigeration. The freezer was hand cranked, too.

The two-lane bowling alley had seen better days, but our guests loved to bowl, whenever they could find Dick or me to set up pins. The favorite game in New England was candle pins. These were real skinny, and it was hard to knock them down with the small bowling balls. To make up for this, you got three balls to a frame, and you left the dead wood on the alley, except the ones in the gutters. The pins took an awful beating, and the ends were so worn that it was hard to set them up on the spots. If you were real good, you could score 100, as Dick and I sometimes did when we set up pins for each other,

There were other attractions available to the guests. They could rent rowboats and go fishing; or motor boats to run over to the offshore islands for a clambake. They could hire buckboards for a bouncy ride over the hills to Camden. They could climb Mt. Batty, or go blueberrying. They could take in the strawberry festivals, the baked bean suppers. or the sing-alongs around the campfires down on the rocky shore.

What did Dick and I do in our spare timer you ask? Why, we went down to the wharf, in our bathing suits, about an hour before the afternoon boat pulled in, bound for Boston. We learned to swim like sharks (or so we imagined). We practiced diving off the tops of the spiles. At low tide, there was a 20-foot drop before you hit the water. When the boat came in, passengers at the rail would watch us and throw coins. We'd dive, eyes open, and catch them before they got lost in the muddy bottom.

In August, there were races, for row boats, canoes and sailboats. And for swimmers, too, 50-yard sprints, and a marathon race to Kelley's Cove and back. That was one mile each way. I entered the marathon and came in a poor second to Walter Dickey, a powerful swimmer. The water was like ice. In spite of the thick coat of grease on my hide, I caught cramps in my legs just before the finish. But finish I did, and it was real painful walking back to the Waquoit. As I recall. Walter was awarded a small silver cup as first prize. My consolation prize was a big silver dollar. Not bad!

In the evenings I was always welcome to sit on the porch of the Catell's house on the Common. Their daughter Doris was a tall brunette with a healthy tan. She could strum a ukulele and softly sing the old favorites "In the evening, by the moonlight" and "Down, by the old mill stream." I was sweet on Doris.

Meantime I poured over the catalog sent to me by Bowdoin College. The good news was tuition was only \$100 per term, and a number of scholarships were available. The bad news was, Litchfield Academy was not on their accredited list of high schools, and I'd have to take entrance examinations.

I didn't really worry about anything in the science line, but I knew I was weak in History and French. Latin was not required for science options, but I didn't really worry about anything in the science line, but I knew I was weak in History and French. Latin was not required for science options, but apparently there was no way I could substitute Spanish for French.

The Waquoit season came to a close, and I had a few days left to bone up for terrifying entrance exams over in Brunswick. I then bid goodbye to Nellie Ross. I had her \$50 in wages, intact in my pocket. Also, almost as much more earned as tips. I put on my \$15 blue

serge stilt, took it to Rockland, and next day, by trolley rode on to Brunswick. I had never been there before.

RBM June, 1918

The Sunday dinners at the Waquoit are proving very popular. Following is the menu announced for next Sunday:

Clam Chowder and Cucumbers	
Steamed clams	Olives and Radishes
Boiled Salmon	Green Peas
Broiled Mackerel	Baked New Potatoes
Worcestershire Sauce	Tomato Ketchup
Mixed Pickles	Roast Spring Chicken
Cranberry Sauce	Mashed Potatoes
Apple and Squash Pie	Ice Cream and Cake
Crackers and Edam Cheese	Black Coffee

From the Republican Journal, June 29, 1899

This story was written by Robert Burns MacMullin, Jr., who also wrote about his summers at Kelly's cove and was shared with BHPS by his great uncle Hubie Townsend of Belfast.

BHPS Collectors' Day Show 2022

By Joy Sherman

On Friday, August 5th, the Bayside Historical Preservation Society (BHPS) will be sponsoring our 4th annual Collectors' Day event from 10am - 3 pm. It will be upstairs in the Community Hall with plenty of room for anyone who would like to join us. We welcome new collectors as well as any previous folks who would like to share a collection again.

Some of the past collections that have been shared are wood carvings, old tools, duck decoys, dolls, thimbles, pigs, postcards, fire trucks, whimsical creations from nature, and even coconut heads. Who knows the range of things people collect?

If you are interested in participating, please mail Joy Sherman at shermanjoy1941@gmail.com.

Hope to see you at our Collectors' Day Show.

August 5, 2022 from 10 am - 3pm



Kelley's Cove: What a little boy did when he was invited to spend a summer or two at Kelley's Cove

By Robert Burns MacMullin, Jr.

If you look up my mother's "Begats" you will find that she and her younger sister Marion Lavinia were born of John O'Neal Stockham and Mary Garophelia Treadwell, the latter a resident of Belfast, Maine, and who were married there in 1860. My Aunt Marion married a Belfast man too, my jovial Uncle Willie, William C. Thompson, some 30 years her senior. Although they settled down in New York City, they owned a cottage at Kelley's Cove, one mile south of Northport, or 5 miles south of Belfast, on the rock-bound coast of Penobscot Bay. Aunt Marion spent her summers there and took my sister Marion along for company; and for training, since she had no children of her own. Her ideas of training were quite different from my mother's, who was sort of a scaredy-cat. All right, you've guessed it; sister Marion tells all about it in another delightful memoir "Maine Summers" (1971). Still, that is her story, and a right good one. But it is not my story, of what a little boy did when he was invited to spend a summer or two at Kelley's Cove. So, read on.

Kelley's Cove is shaped like a clamshell, a few hundred yards in diameter. Most of the way around it is rimmed with a shingle beach, steep only where a creek winds its way to the bay along a rocky precipice of a hill that we called the Point. Otherwise, it is a shallow mud flat at low tide. Across the mouth of the cove there is a barrier reef of rocks festooned with seaweed, which is totally submerged at high tide. Here and there in the cove, there are some glacial boulders that will stave a hole in your dory if you don't know exactly where they are.

Scene 1, at high tide, one hour later each day: Aunt Marion, in a man's bathing suit, is teaching her niece and nephew how to swim. The tide from the bay is icy cold, but is warmed a bit by the rocks that have absorbed some sunshine at prior low tide. Aunt Marion watches our lips. When deep blue, we are snatched out of the water, and we run back to the cottage, shed our bathing suits, and dry off. Then the suits are rinsed in well water and hung up to dry. I never rinsed myself, and my hair is left dusted with sea salt.

Scene 2, low tide. My feet are bare and I hold a slotted clam bucket in one hand, a 4-tined clam hoe in the other. As I tread the mud flats, the buried clams feel the pressure and pull in their necks. The squirts of water tell me just where they are, and I start digging. When the hod is full, I go over to the brook and, pushing up and down, wash the mud out of the clams. I'll need them for bait.

Scene 3, the tide is coming in. I have placed the clams in a bucket, along with a knife for shucking them, and stow it in our rowboat, which is beginning to float at its mooring out in the cove. Also, a fishing line wound on a bobbin, and a supply of hooks and sinkers. When the barrier rocks are covered, I fish for flounders in the cove, and for cunners out beyond. Once in a while I pull in a s'culpin, an ugly, spiny critter which I throw back in, hook and bait.

Scene 4, tide going out. I find a small driftwood plank and, at water's edge, dress the fish. I wash the cutlets in salt water and discard the bloody remains in the creek to be carried out to sea. If the catch is good, we'll have pan-fried fish for supper. If not so good, we'll have fish chowder.

This routine was not perfected quickly; it took all of one Summer, under the supervision of Aunt Marion, and with the help of Old Man Kelley. Kelley was as old as Methuselah. His beard was stained with chew tobacco. He spent most of the day seated on a driftwood log on the shingle beach, gazing out to sea. If I sat down beside him, he never turned his head. If he spoke, I never knew whether it was to me or to himself. But he knew where to fish, and how. When he wasn't holding down that log, he was out in the cove or bay in his punt. Facing forward and taking short strokes with his oars, he'd make his rounds, pulling in whatever he needed for his daughter's table,

I am glad that Old Man Kelley lived to see the "Miracle of the Fishes." It happened, not in the Sea of Galilee, but right here in Kelley's Cove. If the good Lord was present, He couldn't be seen on account of the dense fog that rolled in one night. The tinker mackerel were running in the bay. And a big school swam into the cove as the tide was on the ebb. They were trapped behind the barrier reef. At dawn the fog lifted, revealing tens of thousands of quivering fish. I don't know who gave the alarm, but the news got around pretty fast by party telephone. The cove was soon alive with farmers and fishermen. They came with tubs, barrels and hogsheads. They drove horses and wagons right onto the clam flats to cart them away. I watched the whole thing, and by the time the tide came in a few hours later the harvest was over. I filled two pails and hand carried them back to camp. What did the others do with their barrels of fish? Why, they salted them, of course. I bet they got sick of eating salt mackerel before those barrels were empty.

There were some mackerel, trapped in the seaweed, that stayed there and rotted- what a stench! Dogs loved it and rolled in the mess in ecstasy. Even Daisy, Aunt Marion's pedigreed Irish setter, did it. We had to scrub her with yellow soap and water before she was permitted to even approach the cottage.

Daisy was a well-trained dog and never growled unless I pulled her tail. Eventually Aunt Marion found her a look-alike mate, and they had five pups. His name, I think, was Prince, and he was a little on the wild side. He loved to roam in the woods, looking for woodchucks, no doubt. One day he lured the pups into the woods, and we formed a posse to look for them. All had collars, and they might accidentally get snared in the underbrush and strangle. The posse returned to camp, empty handed. And then we saw them the whole damn family lined up in front of the barn, wagging their red tails in welcome!

All told, I spent three vacations at Kelley's Cove. As I grew, certain chores fell to my lot- there was water to be drawn from the well, before the hand pump was installed; firewood to be sawn and split. I fetched the milk from the Mahoney farm on the back road. On Saturday nights, I was sent to the bakery at Northport Campgrounds to fetch 2 quarts of baked beans, yellow-eyes preferred, and a loaf of brown bread. Hot out of the oven and wrapped in paper to keep warm, I'd hurry back to camp in time for supper.

Dr. Ham, a special friend of Aunt Marion's, was also a special friend of mine. Besides being a country doctor, he was a great outdoorsman, and let me shoot his powerful sporting rifle. And how to handle an ax, sharpen a scythe, and how to make whistles out of alder bush twigs with a jackknife. He built a beautiful new cottage for Aunt Marion up on the Point, and urged me to make a big rustic table for the porch. This I did, felling the birch trees out of which it was made.



Life at the camp sure was interesting for a city-bred boy. There were wild raspberries and blackberries in the bush for eating; and spruce gum plucked from the trees for chewing. There mountains to climb (Mt. Percival was right behind us) and farmers to watch, plowing their stony fields with yokes of oxen. Along the shore there were crabs to scare out of hiding; and driftwood to gather for blazing fires. Lawrence Wadlin, the lobsterman, once took me along to show me how to set the traps, and how to pick up a 16-inch monster, fighting-mad, without losing a finger.

Going Down East was high adventure, for we travelled by steamer. It was an overnight trip on the big side-wheelers from the wharf on East River, Manhattan to Fall River or Providence. From there it was but a short train ride to Boston. Later on, the paddle-boats were replaced by the speedy twin-screw steamers, Harvard and Yale, which took you all the way into Boston harbor, via the new Cape Cod Canal. In foggy weather, they 'd even round the Cape, although this added an hour to the voyage. The big steamers could not negotiate the rocky channel at Hell's Gate, so they sailed down the East River to New York harbor, and around Long Island. On the way out, they sailed under Brooklyn Bridge. On my very first trip, I was alarmed lest the tall masts fail to clear the bridge. A lot of other greenhorns, like me, felt the same. They'd cheer as the optical illusion resolved itself and we passed safely under. The "Old Fall River Line" was sure popular. If all the staterooms were taken, there were stacks of mattresses in the main saloon, to bed down the passenger overflow.

During the layover in Boston, we'd usually explore the Commons, and have dinner at the Parker House. Then we'd take a cab to India Wharf and board the Bangor boat. At first, these were side-wheelers, the City of Rockland and the City of Bangor, later replaced by the twin-screw steamers City of Camden and City of Belfast, the pride of the fleet of the Eastern Steamship Co. In those days, these ships carried an enormous amount of freight the year round; and passenger traffic was heavy, too, in the summer months. They steamed across the Bay of Maine to Penobscot Bay, and

put in at Rockland at 4 A.M. Here the stevedores unloaded freight for an hour, by lamplight. Camden came next, and this was the signal to dress and pack the bags, for we got off the boat at Northport at 7 A.M., weather permitting, or on to Belfast if it didn't. From Kelley's Cove, the Bangor boat would disappear behind Islesboro Island, after leaving Searsport harbor. From there it turned north, up the Penobscot River, stopping at Bucksport, Winterport and finally tying up at Bangor for a couple of hours before starting the return voyage.

Speaking for the men and boys, the engines that drove the old side-wheelers were fascinating to watch. They took up the central core of the ship, from the boilers at the bottom of the hold, to the big rocking beam housed on the hurricane deck. There were windows through which you could see the polished and well-oiled pistons of the 3-stage engines go up and down in slow, powerful strokes. I can still remember the sound: *wish-sh-sh, whoomp!* Not at all like the hum of the steam turbines of the Belfast and the Camden.

There were other sounds to be heard, in foggy weather - the incessant bleat of the foghorn, and the reassuring tinkle of the bell buoys, as the pilot, with engines throttled to slow ahead, felt his way through the murk.

Such are the adventures, shared with my sister Marion, in those wonderful summers at Kelley's Cove. If the way we tell the story seems different, that is because she was a girl in hair ribbons, and I was a boy in knee breeches.



This story was written by Robert Burns MacMullin, Jr., who was the nephew of the Thompsons and was shared with BHPS by his great uncle Hubie Townsend of Belfast.

Eldridge Cottage

by Christopher H. Eldridge

When my mother, Christine Hanson Eldridge, purchased the Cottage on the north shore of Bayside in 1944 from the Estate of T. Shea, it came fully furnished and decorated.

Thomas Shea was a Shakespearian actor from Philadelphia and NYC.

It is my understanding that he first arrived here as a guest of Walter Moore Sr. who is the grandfather of Wiecha brothers who now jointly own the cottage next to the Eldridge home. Mr. W. Moore was in the theater advertising business and that is the connection to Thomas Shea.



T. Shea purchased the property next to the Moore's cottage (now Eldridge Property).

When T. Shea owned the property, he invited people in the theater business to come and vacation at his cottage during the summer. During one of those visits, he met and later married his wife, a Belfast resident and friend of Christine Hanson Eldridge.

(T. Shea's wife was the daughter of The Whites who owned and lived in the White House at the V where High Street and Church Street meet Northport Avenue in Belfast. Christine Hanson Eldridge's parents owned the brick house next to the Pierce School on Church Street, thus she was an across the street neighbor to the Whites.)

Summer guests at the T. Shea cottage included actors as well as theater set designers and costume designers. These artists took it upon themselves to help decorate the cottage.

This included doing a hand painted canvas that was attached to the ceiling of the dining room. The canvas itself was spread out and painted on the floor of the Methodist Church which still stands on Bayside Road but has been converted into a private home. When the painting was completed, it was then attached to the ceiling with trim molding in a decorative manner. It remained there until the fire of June 2, 1996 demolished the Eldridge home.

There were many other hand painted decorations in the cottage. There was a life size painting of an Indian Chief with full feathered headdress on the wall facing the front door as well as a four- or five-foot heart with an arrow through it on the wall in the hallway. There were many other hand painted decorations throughout the cottage as well as decorative brick-a-brac in doorways and passageways. There were also several trunks full of theater costumes which I and my brother and sisters liked to dress up in from time to time.

A few old photos showing the interior and ceilings of the cottage survived the fire.

BHPS News Items

READ UP: Sea Breeze Goes Digital

Adam Fisher of the Maine State Library has put many issues of the Sea Breeze online at https://digitalmaine.com/sea_breeze.

This is a great addition to the efforts of many friends of BHPS! Please enjoy the paper with your morning cup of coffee.

COMING SOON: Inside These Cottages

In the Community Hall meeting room, when the NVC office is open, a display of photographs of cottage interiors by Margot Balboni, plus historic views of cottage interiors accompanied by informative text, documents our community's fascinating history.

BHPS would like to share images of your cottage interior - from your family photo albums or arrange to document the present-day interior. Please contact Joe Reilly or Beverly Crofoot.

NOW ONLINE: Historical NVC Annual Report Archive

Dan Webster spent hours scanning Northport Village Corporation annual reports from 1916 to the present. The reports from the early years, from the BHPS archive collection, are now available at www.baysidemaine.com, on the Community | Northport Village Corporation page, under "Board of Overseers." We're missing some years: 1968, 1975, 1984, 1985, and 1991-2000. If you have any of these in your archives, BHPS would like to borrow them for scanning. Many thanks to Dan for help with this project.

SAVE THE DATE: Bayside Dance on July 29

The Bayside Dance is back this summer. Please hold the date: July 29 from 7-10 PM, on the basketball court (or in the Community Hall in case of bad weather). Contact Paula Reilly to help!



BHPS Hunting for Members!



BAYSIDE HISTORICAL PRESERVATION SOCIETY

Membership Application/Payment of Annual Dues/member sign up also on our website:

www.baysidehps.org

2022-2023

Name: _____

Winter Address: _____

Telephone: _____

E-mail Address: _____

Summer Address: _____

Summer Telephone: _____

Dues and donations – All dues and donations are tax deductible.

First member of Household: \$10	_____
Other household members: \$5 Each	_____
Children under 18: Free	_____
Donation	_____
TOTAL	_____

Please make check payable to BHPS and mail with this form to our new address:

Bayside Historical Preservation Society
PO Box 273
Northport, ME 04849

Or, pay online at www.baysidehps.org.