

MY RECOLLECTIONS

of

GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER AND THEIR FAMILY

By

EMILY PHILLIPS REYNOLDS

1982

Augustus Chase Savage

Emily Manchester Savage

Herman L. Savage

Cora Savage Phillips

Fred Lincoln Savage

Annie Savage Falt

George Augustus Savage

John Chase Savage

GRANDFATHER SAVAGE

When I was a small girl I spent a good deal of time at my grandparent's house, Harbor Cottage, which was just a short distance from our house. In those days there were no large trees between Harbor Cottage and the harbor and we could plainly see the wide view of the islands beyond, Bear Island, Sutton and The Cranberries. Bear Island Light was an old landmark, flashing its light so bright and sharp from sunset to sunrise every day. It never missed.

Every morning, and pretty nearly on time at eleven o'clock, the steamboat from Bar Harbor would cross the mouth of the harbor and as soon as it cleared Wesson's Point the whistle would blow for Northeast Harbor Landing, a loud high pitched whistle. It always made me jump.

The steamboat that I remember was called The Cimbria. The Mount Desert, The Frank Jones and the J. T. Morse came later. Grandfather owned then a large, long spy glass. (I wonder whatever became of that!) Sometimes he would hold it for me to look through. How splendid the steamboat looked, painted yellow and white with the flag flying and the sailboats in the harbor; no motor boats then. The spy glass was kept out of reach on a high shelf so I could only stand and admire it. Hanging on the wall in an alcove near the fireplace was a painting of the frigate "Delaware" that grandfather served on when he was in the Navy. It was a beautiful water-color in pastel colors and an ornate gilt frame; very handsome!

He enlisted in the Civil War Jan. 15, 1864, and most of his service was in and around the James River. He was mustered out Aug. 20, 1865. Several of his letters to grandmother during those years are still in existence and are now in the care of Ricky Savage. You should get to read them. They are very interesting and so are grandmother's answers to him.

Grandfather loved to sit by his fireplace in the Dining Room and it was usually burning in the wintertime. Ernest Higgins was the hired man and one of his jobs was to keep the woodbox full with plenty of good hard wood. Those big logs of white birch were common then and a rarity now. Wood was also the fuel for the kitchen stove and for the furnace in the basement.

Grandfather owned many acres of woodland and before he sold building lots to the summer people his land extended from the brook along the Eastern shore of the harbor as far as Wheelwright's Point and acres of back land also. In 1904 he gave a large portion of land to form Forest Hill Cemetery reserving a fifty foot square lot for his family. Originally the family cemetery was on the west side of the hotel. Now the graves were moved to the new location, a nucleus for the present large burial ground.

He took a great interest in improving and building on his property. He gave land to all of his children and they all built houses at Asticou or in the village. One of the last houses that he built was the little log cabin that is still standing on the Jordan Pond Trail, now passed on with several acres of land to his granddaughter, Cora May. One time he took me along with him for a walk to the cabin. I sat on his knee on the porch in a chair that he had made himself out of cedar saplings. We could look away and clearly see the harbor over the tops of the small trees.

There were two "look-outs" as they were called, on the adjacent land, one a little way back of the Morris cottage and another further up the hill on the Curtis trail, built to show the view to prospective buyers, I suppose. They were tall towers with stairs leading for forty feet or so to a square platform above where we could see the view of the harbor. That was fun for us children to run up and down. We used to roam around through the woods then. One excuse we had was to dig spruce gum, the only gum we ever heard of and to build make believe "houses" in the woods. We would go May flowering in the early spring and proud to bring home those first spring beauties, pink and white.

Grandfather had placed a flag pole in a cairn of rocks on top of Asticou Hill. We came upon it unexpectedly one time and were so surprised to see it. He might have wanted to show what a fine house lot that could be. That was about the time that the first hotel was built in 1883 and the first boom of summer visitors was getting under way. They first took summer boarders in their own house which was twice enlarged. I have pictures of it in all three stages of its appearance.

Grandmother was a wonderful helpmate and stood by in thick and thin. They brought up their six children, though two little ones died in infancy, John and Ori. Grandmother first did the cooking and housekeeping for the visitors with help from her two daughters, Cora and Annie. The guests then held them in high regard and I recall hearing many of their conversations.

President and Mrs. Eliot, Mr. Curtis, too, often came to visit after they lived in their own neighboring cottages and they were counted as special friends.

I learned many useful ways from my grandparents. Grammy, as we called her, taught me to make patchwork and to make gingerbread. I think that was my first cooking lesson.

One thing that grandfather taught me was the proper way to close a door. He got tired, I guess, of hearing us slamming doors. So he took me by the hand and showed me how to turn the handle back carefully and then turn it to catch the latch without making a noise. He took pains to see that I paid attention and learned how. He did not put up much with noisy children and we were supposed to toe the mark to a certain extent, though of course we got away with an awful lot. He told Luther one time that he would give him ten cents to keep quiet for ten minutes. I don't think that worked, for Luther seldom saw a ten cent piece and did not know what that meant. We respected him though and were supposed to say, "Yes Sir" and "No Sir", the boys to take their hats off when coming into the house and were told that children should be seen and not heard; but to look at his picture you can see that he was a kindly man. He bought me my first bicycle and wasn't I proud of that. I was ten years old.

I can well remember the large barn that sat just south of Harbor Cottage. We had lots of fun in that barn. In haying time we children could ride on top of the hayracks (large wagons filled with hay) and if we jumped around on top of it, it was pressed down and made more room for more hay. Then when we drove into the barn, grandfather or Ernest driving, we could climb up into the hayloft and tread it down up there. We played Hide and Seek there too, of course.

There were several horses in the barn. I didn't dare to get too near their heels. A span of large work horses, Old Bill the driving horse and a skittish mare that Uncle John used to ride, sometimes a colt. The cows were in a back tie-up and the pig pen underneath it all. Also room on one side for an express wagon, the dump cart, a buggy, a sleigh and pump and of course the hayrack. No wonder they needed Ernest Higgins to do the chores.

In one corner there was a blacksmith shop with the forge and anvil. He liked to hang around and watch him shoeing the horses. He did the same for all the neighbors too. He also made fireplace tools and andirons. He really was an artist in many ways. The large elm trees that he planted in front of his house are still standing there and the old stone walls are still around and in pretty good shape. He started bank accounts for us when we were little, twenty-five dollars apiece, and for all his grandchildren. It was put in the Boston Five Cent Savings Bank. Mine grew slowly and when I entered Hebron Academy in 1907 I used it to help on my school expenses.

One of grandfather's mottoes, and he used to repeat many of the old proverbs, was, "Where there's a will there's a way," and he showed the truth of that in his respected and useful life. He was a member of the Baptist Church of Southwest Harbor and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he and grandmother too, were among the children who used to row over and then walk barefoot to the old church at Center, putting on their shoes and stockings when they got in sight of the church. That was a story of the early days.

He kept in pretty good health until his late seventies when Bright's Disease came upon him. He was not sick or bedridden very long and died in 1911 at Clover Cottage. He was 79 years of age.

GRANDMOTHER SAVAGE

My grandmother, Emily Manchester Savage, the daughter of Major John and Linda Myra Clement Manchester, was born at Manchester Point in 1835. She lived there with her eight brothers and sisters until she was married to grandfather in 1854. The marriage certificate is in her scrapbook. This is a valuable book and contains many family records and obituaries. It is in my possession now.

My early memories of grandmother are very dear. She loved and cherished her grandchildren. Perhaps I was her favorite as I was named for her. She was always doing for us. Her last grandchild was Ralph. When he was a little tot and playing outdoors, she would often call him in and take him on her knee and feed him bread and milk. "A growing boy should be fed often."

Her children were all settled around her at Asticou or nearby and her interests were centered on them and their families though Grammy, as her children called her, was a gregarious soul and had many friends and neighbors all over the neighborhood.

In these early days there were no doctors or nurses around. Dr. Kittredge of Somesville was our earliest doctor and she often went on errands of mercy, to sit up with the sick and even to "lay out" neighbors who had died. My mother has told me some incidents of grammy's life. At one time she had walked down to Mr. Pung's, (the Shattuck place now) to lay out one of the neighbors there and coming home early in the morning she slipped and fell among the rocks on the beach. (It is a rocky beach still.) That bad fall lamed her and she felt the effects of it for a long time. That was long before Peabody Drive was ever built, and the only way to Seal Harbor was by a narrow path on the rocky beach; probably travel was done mostly by horseback then.

Her letters to grandfather when he was in service during the Civil War reveal a good deal of her personality. She was left to carry on the work of the farm and with her three small children, Herman, Cora and Fred (a baby). Herman was a boy of eight and she writes that he was a great help to her, digging clams and helping with the farm chores. Grammy was a small woman but she must have been strong; a woman had to be in those days. She writes in one letter of digging ten bushels of potatoes that day; (I hope with Herman's help).

I can remember Grammy spinning yarn at her spinning wheel. They raised sheep and the wool was sent to Somesville to be corded into "rolls." Those were long fluffy rolls of wool and she spun these into yarn. That was an interesting sight to see her stepping on the treadle and to watch the rolls turning into yarn.

She also had a loom and wove cloth. We had blankets that she had made; not much like the present-day ones. I remember they were quite coarse and scratchy too; I have slept under them.

Augustus' father and mother, John and Climena, lived across the road in the Old House, which sat then on the site of Asticou Inn. They probably helped her with some of the heavy work. The men were fishermen though and on the water most of the time. After John died, Climena lived with Augustus and Emily for quite a while. She had a stroke and was bedridden and of course Emily waited on her by inches. There were no nursing homes in those days. That was no easy job for Grammy. Mother has told me that Climena was a cantankerous soul and full of complaints (old age creeping on, I

suppose).

Grandfather and grandmother went to Colorado one winter to visit their daughter, Annie, who was there for her health, and another winter she went to Florida with mother to visit Herman, who had a winter hotel in New Smyrna. She enjoyed those trips though she never took it easy, always helping and working whenever she could find something to do. They lived their last days at Clover Cottage. After grandfather died, I lived there too for awhile with Bill, my husband and little Mildred. She was born there.

I want to tell you now of a nearly tragic accident that happened while I was living there. It was in February 1914 and a very cold spell of weather. Grammy was in the habit of rising early, six o'clock or so, to start the wood fire in the black iron cook stove in the kitchen, and as usual even at twenty below zero she did the same that morning, Mildred and I hardly awake in the next room. The stove had a waterfront, so called, a tank containing water next to the firebox and of course this morning the water in it was frozen solid and Grammy started a rousing fire. Luckily she was in the adjoining pantry filling the teakettle when the explosion occurred (combustion from the pent-up steam). The stove literally blew apart and was scattered all over the room and what a thunderous bang! One stove cover was stuck fast in the ceiling. I ran half dressed and in the deep snow, to Uncle John's, the nearest house, and he came to help before any serious fire had gotten started. Grammy's leg was struck by a piece of iron and that put her in bed for a while, and the shock of it all took its toll. She was never very well after that. Our world turned upside down that day. She got around as usual, in good time, but she died of a stroke the following summer at 79 years young.

Herman Savage

Uncle Herman was born on September 8, 1855, the first child of Emily and Augustus Savage. I remember him as a pleasant and jolly man with a big belly. Mother told me that as a boy, Uncle Herman was hard working and industrious. He was the man of the family, ten years old when Grandfather was away to war, and he must have had plenty to do. In Grandmother's letters she would speak of him going clamming and helping with the farm chores. That must have been heavy work for there were cows and farm animals in the barn, and these take some looking after. His grandfather, John II was alive and he and his wife, Climena, the grandmother, lived in their own house nearby. However, he was often away fishing. Herman walked nearly a mile and a half to school. In those days the schoolhouse was situated some distance behind the present Wallace Upholstery Shop. The family could not have had much help from their neighbors as the menfolks were all fishermen and spent most of their time on the water.

In 1883 when he was twenty-eight years old, Hermon built the Rock End Hotel. It was situated on a promontory overlooking Gilpatrick's Cove. I used to think as a child what a beautiful building it was! It was finished outside with brown stucco and with its wide porches and balconies and the big flag flying, was a truly handsome place. That hotel stood there many years and was burned to the ground on March 4, 1942. Noone knew what caused the fire.

I remember going to the Rock End one time with Grammy to celebrate Uncle Herman's birthday. It was my birthday too - September 8th. I think I was eight years old. The party was in the large dining room, and it was a beautiful sunny day; the tables set with white tablecloths and sparkling silver and crystal. There were large potted palms in the corners of the room and also in the other public rooms. The tables were decked with flowers and the wide view of the harbor filled with sailboats made a lovely setting. When the head waiter came in carrying the birthday cake, the guests all rose to sing Happy Birthday and came over to greet us. What a thrill that was! Our family were often invited to the Yellow Cottage where they lived in spring and fall for a Sunday dinner. Aunt Mina was a famous cook. I believe she was the pastry cook at the hotel when she first came to Northeast Harbor.

Uncle Herman's first wife was Julia Gilpatrick, a daughter of Samuel and Julia Kittridge Gilpatrick. She died soon after they were married, and he later married Mina Falt from Antigonish, Nova Scotia. She, with two brothers and two sisters, came to work at the hotel and eventually they all settled here: Bert, John, Essie, and Sarah. Aunt Mina was quite a remarkable woman, cheer-

ful and good natured, and did she love to sing! Her voice was high, loud, and clear. The others in her family were all fine singers too. They had one son, Mardell, who married Verna Frost and built a very nice house on Rock End Avenue where they lived until he died in 1926, July 20th; his full name was Hermon Mardell.

Uncle Herman also owned and ran a winter hotel in New Smyrna, Florida - the Alba Court Inn. I remember that well, for with a group of other young people, I went there to work one winter in the hotel. Grandmother, Mother, and Aunt Emily Manchester also came down to help get the place ready for the opening in December. Emily Manchester was a cousin of my Mother and married to Melville Manchester, a son of Thomas Manchester who was a brother of Grammy's. Emily's father was Mark Hodgdon. Emily and Uncle Mel had two sons: Lawrence and George Manchester, and the owners of Manchester Bros. Garage.

Uncle Herman had a big Hudson car which he loved to drive on the beach. New Smyrna was just south of Daytona. That was in 1912, and automobiles were a rarity, though he had had one for quite awhile. Sometimes after our work was done in the evening, and that wouldn't be until after nine o'clock, Mardell would drive us over to Daytona, sixteen miles away to the roller skating rink, and we could use up our spare energy that way. Roller skating was all the go in those days too. I have a picture of the family taken in the Hudson for a spin on the beach, an interesting picture. You can see it on the wall in my bedroom.

During the Automobile War in 1909 when Sim Mayo and Dr. Dana Phillips, both from Southwest Harbor, challenged the ordinance against autos in Mt. Desert and Bar Harbor, Uncle Herman was also one of the protesters. In an old letter written by Mother to Luther when he was at Andover and dated May 17, 1909, she says, "There was quite a lot of excitement about the time that Herman came into North-east Harbor with his auto. There has been talk of arresting him, but I haven't heard that he has been yet. He brought it right home here straight through the town. They stopped at George's and had lunch, then went down home. Dana Phillips has bought one and is expecting it on the boat any day!" The business people made such a protest that the law was finally rescinded. The family went back and forth to Florida for several years until the summer of 1913 when he became quite sick of kidney trouble and died in the fall at the hotel on Sept. 2nd just before his 59th birthday.

The love of fine cars has persisted through the family to the present generation. Uncle George and Uncle John both had Franklins which they bought through their brother, Fred, who had a dealership for Franklins in Bar Harbor. Mardell went on his honeymoon in his Stanley Steamer. Later Aunt May had a beautiful big La Salle

sedan, probably Charles' choice, his father being dead by that time. Uncle John had an Overland, another early car. Later, young George Savage had a Pierce Arrow Roadster which he loved and which was bought second hand for him from one of the guests at the Asticou. He also had one of the first Thunderbirds - a convertible, and even had two tops for it, a hard top for winter, and a soft top for summer. Richard, John's son, has been in the taxi business since young manhood, earning his way through college that way. One of his first favorites was a Cadillac limousine with jumper seats. His son, John, is carrying on this automobile association for he is a state executive for one of the popular rental car companies.

The land on which the Rock End Hotel was built had belonged to Abram Gilpatrick, father of Julia. Possibly he and my grandfather, Hermon's father, helped him with the financial backing necessary in building his hotel. He may have "hired" the money to build it from them.

Cora Savage Phillips

My mother was born January 9, 1959, the second child of Augustus and Emily Savage. She grew up at Asticou and attended the village school. There is a diploma in Grandmother's scrapbook which reads: Miss Cora J. (for Justina) Savage has received the highest testimony of the teacher's appreciation for regular and punctual attendance, correct deportment, and diligent attention to studies for the term commencing May 11 and ending July 3, 1874, Northeast Harbor, Maine, and signed, Mr. F. A. Hamor". So, she was 15 years old at that time. I believe the schools did not keep in the worst months of the winter. Winters were severe in those days, and the Savage family lived nearly a mile and a half from the schoolhouse.

Mother has told me that she taught school on Cranberry Island one winter and didn't like it out there very well. Boats were plying back and forth all the time, and she probably got home every weekend. I can sympathize with her, as I taught school myself one winter at the Sound in the old yellow school house there, a long way from home. I was 19 years old at that time.

After Grandfather built the hotel in 1883, all of his children took part in it. Mother had charge of the dining room and helped, as she has told us, in a great many ways. I have a picture of her with the other workers. The waitresses were dressed in long black dresses, and their white aprons reached to the floor. Mother and her girl friend and cousin, Abby Roberts, went to Bar Harbor one summer and worked at the Rodick House. I wonder how that came about?

In the winter of 1886 a free high school was started in Seal Harbor, and Mr. Frederick Phillips of Hancock was hired as the teacher. He boarded with the Savages at Asticou while teaching two years at the high school. He and Cora got well acquainted, and in 1888 they were married at Harbor Cottage, the Old Home. They lived there for awhile in an upstairs apartment where I was born on September 8, 1889. Their new house was being built across the way, and they moved in the following year and lived there all their lives. Four children were born to them: Emily, Luther, Cora May, and Augustus. Carroll, Father's son by a previous marriage, came to live with us too when he was four years old. Since his Mother, Carrie Scammon Phillips, had died when he was born, Carroll had lived with his grandmother in Franklin.

Mother was a handsome woman as her pictures show. Her hair was a shiny brown and never turned gray though she died at 65. Women all worked hard in those days with no labor-saving devices, but even so, she found time to enjoy herself and had many friendships. She was a faithful member of the Baptist Church. I remember when she was baptised. It was at the swimming pool. A number of new members were immersed by our minister, Mr. Palmer. That was before the

present buildings and fence were built there, and the beach was in full view from the road. We older children were among the large group on the hill above, and it was an impressive ceremony. Father was a member of the church in Hancock, and he helped start our Baptist Church here and was always a member and Deacon. The communion table in front of our pulpit is jointly dedicated to the two Senior Deacons, Ansel L. Manchester and Frederick I. Phillips. This table was made by my brother, Augustus Phillips, and given to the church in memory of our father.

Mother had a good singing voice and often sang and played on our parlor organ. One of her favorite hymns was "Shall we Meet Beyond the River?" She often sang around the house, and I remember one time especially when she was washing the kitchen floor on her hands and knees and singing "The Lily of the Valley". She could reach the high notes, and I thought what an accomplished and lovely singer she was.

Mother loved to sew and embroider, and she could do it to perfection. I used to marvel at the tiny neat stitches she made. Her feather stitching was perfect. You can see her work in the pretty picture of me, wearing the handmade dress which hangs above my bed in my bedroom. I have pieces of her needlework even now - almost one hundred years old - a handsome pair of pillow shams embroidered with red tambo. One says "Good Night", the other, "Sweet Dreams". Cora May has a sampler worked with many colored yarns on a black background - very handsome. As well as making Cora May's and my clothes, (I don't remember having a store dress until I went away to school) she made coats and pants for the boys also. She could make beautiful custom buttonholes. She did go to New York one winter to visit her cousins, The Walshes, and attended a dressmaking school there. She made her wedding dress while she was there. She showed it to me once - a pearl gray color trimmed with black braid and stiffened with whalebone - yards and yards of material. I don't know what ever became of it. I used to love to rummage and see the old clothes and treasures that she kept in the dark closet at the head of the front stairs. I have a short cape of hers even now. It is made of heavy black grosgrain silk, trimmed with wide black lace, quite pretty still. After a woman was middle-aged - fortish, she would wear only black or very subdued colors for the rest of her life, though Grandmother's usual outdoor wrap was a paisley shawl. For church women always had their heads covered, and my grandmother wore a small black bonnet. A derby hat was a man's head covering for dress-up wear. Father wore a cap with earlappers when he worked in the woods.

Mother was noted for being a very good cook. Her cooking always tasted so good to us, and weren't we hungry when we came home from school in the late afternoon! I remember what "heavenly" hash she made. Fish hash was a favorite with us all, browned and so prettily turned out on the blue

and white platter like an omelet. We had quite a steady diet of clams as Father could go down to Curtis's Beach and dig a big clam hod of them. They were large and plentiful then.

At one time in the fall Mr. Curtis and his son, Henry, used to come up to our house for their suppers. They liked her cooking and said so. I was around and helped what I could.

Mother made butter and sold it to her customers in the village. We spoke of the village as "Down Town". I can see the butter churning process going on now. We had a round churn with the paddles inside. Anyone who was around turned the paddles. It sometimes took a long time to "come" until it finally turned into butter and buttermilk. We all liked buttermilk - Father especially. Mother would take the large "gobs" of butter out on the doorstep and "spank" it hard to separate the milk and butter. Then she would wash it in a wooden tray, salt it quite heavily, as she said it lasted longer, then mold it into pats of about a cup size. Her butter pats had a pretty flower on the top. They were made of wood and the round pats were pressed out by the lid. The butter was very bright yellow as our cows were Jerseys and the milk and cream were rich.

We often had sour milk in pans on the back of the stove to make curd for the hens and cottage cheese for ourselves. We always had hens, chickens, pigs, cows, and a horse in the barn as did nearly everyone else in the neighborhood. People produced their own milk, butter and eggs then, and with fish and clams, these items made a good part of their living. Carroll and Luther often went rabbit hunting. Rabbit stew was good, and in the early days there was no law against deer hunting. There were always guns in the house, ready for action.

The Northeast Harbor Woman's Literary Club was formed in 1908, and Mother soon became a member. In the early days of the club, the members were assigned quite difficult subjects to study and report on, and they had to do a good deal of research to prepare their papers. The subject of one of Mother's papers was "Early Recollections of Northeast Harbor". This was quite an extensive study, and she made a fine story out of it, telling of her early life and of the seventeen families who lived in Northeast Harbor when she was a girl. This manuscript with other historical papers, is kept at the Northeast Harbor Library and is available for anyone to study and read.

She was ambitious for her children and wanted us all to have an education. Luther and Cora May graduated from college, and Augustus would have also if he had not had so much trouble with his eyes which prevented him from studying. He attended the University of Maine for only one year. I did not go to college which I have always regretted. I graduated from Hebron Academy and went to a dressmaking

school in Boston one winter. I think I was more of a domestic turn than the others.

After Cora May and Donald Perry were married, they lived in Yonkers, New York, and in the winter of 1924 they invited Mother and Father to visit them. They did make the visit by train soon after Christmas. When we were saying, "Goodby", Mother said to me, "I have a premonition, Emily, that I am not coming back this time". She was not feeling well, I knew. She had high blood pressure and was taking medicine that Uncle Dana prescribed. She was quite stout, and in those days there was no calorie counting or preventive treatment emphasized. They really enjoyed that visit. Father went to see his half-brother, Charles, who was living at Sailors' Snug Harbor in Brooklyn. That was a high light for him, and we enjoyed his telling about it. Uncle Charlie had been to sea all his life, and can't you imagine the good stories they had to tell each other! Father was not backwards with his reminiscences either. Mother stayed at home more or less with Cora May and little ten-month old David.

One Sunday morning, February 3rd, they could not wake her. She had died peacefully in her sleep. It was a sad shock to us all for she was too young to die - only 65.

Fred Lincoln Savage

Fred was born at Asticou November 14, 1961, the third child of Emily and Augustus Savage. Uncle Fred, as I remember him, was a very handsome man with dark brown hair and eyes. He and his family lived in their house which is now called Hilltop Cottage just across the way from our house. We children were always back and forth there. Aunt Flo, as we called her, was of a cheery, laughing disposition and we always got samples of her good cooking and were welcomed. Frederick, their first little boy, died as a baby. Flora Lee and Francis lived a full life and were our childhood playmates.

Uncle Fred had his architectural business in Bar Harbor and drove back and forth every day. We loved to see him drive by with his spirited horse. Her name was Nellie. She was of a reddish brown color - chestnut color, they said. She was a young mare and could trot and kick up her heels. He had a stable where he kept Nellie situated near Ralph's present house at the end of the lane.

As a young man Fred had unusual ability in wood-carving and cabinet making, and this attracted the attention of members of the summer colony. It was largely through the influence of President Eliot of Harvard College that he went to Boston to study architecture with the firm of Peabody and Stearns. After finishing his training, he came home and set up his business in Bar Harbor with a partner under the name of Savage and Stratton. He was considered among the best architects in this part of the state. Some of the houses that he designed were those of Mr. Fabbri, Mr. Ketterlinus, Mrs. Carpenter, the A.J. Cassett Estate, The Pot and Kettle Club, The Kebo Valley Golf Club (the one which burned in the 1947 fire) and many houses in Seal Harbor and Northeast Harbor. Journey's End and Grey Rock were two Northeast Harbor cottages which he built. It was said, the wide overhanging eaves were a trademark of his.

The pastures in Bar Harbor must have been greener than those at Asticou, for after awhile, Aunt Flo and he were separated, and he moved to live in Bar Harbor and married a young lady there - Miss Alice Preble. Aunt Flo and the children moved to Brewer as she had relatives there. She was one of the large family of Salisburys of Mt. Desert Island. Aunt Flo later married Bert Hathorne and they had a happy life together. It worked out pretty well all around.

Uncle Fred built two fine houses for himself on Atlantic Avenue in Bar Harbor. One was his year-round home and the other larger one they rented in the summer. Dr. Llewellyn Cooper owns that stone home now. One Christmas vacation I stayed overnight with them on my

way home from Hebron Academy. Coming on the train from West Minot and changing trains in Waterville was a long trip, and I could hardly make it from Waterville to Northeast Harbor in one day. I landed from the ferry boat, the Norembege, in Bar Harbor at six o'clock in the evening. Mother had asked Uncle Fred to meet me at the wharf and let me stay with them that night. It was quite a treat to visit in their lovely house. I remember how kind and friendly they both were. We were always fond of Aunt Alice. Uncle Fred came up after I had gone to bed with a hot water bottle for my feet. The bed was beautiful, as I remember, with brass knobs and curliques, the first brass bedstead I had ever seen. To degress just a little: I almost didn't make it to Northeast Harbor that trip. In Waterville I had had to stay over night, so went to the Elmwood. The room was lit by gas lights with which I was unfamiliar. During the night the night watchman knocked on my door, waking me. I had only turned down my light half-way, and the gas was leaking into the room and even into the hall! Returning to Uncle Fred -. The next morning I boarded Mr. Cunningham's stage after breakfast for Northeast Harbor and got home about noon-time. The trip took about 3 hours. The stage was a sort-of three-seated buckboard with no top. In the winter the seats were on an open sled with runners. Mr. Cunningham furnished a robe - a buffalo robe -, but it was awfully cold, I remember. The horses took their time.

One of the features of Uncle Fred's houses was sliding doors. These doors are in Hilltop House at Asticou and at Journey's End and Grey Rock. They separate the parlors from the halls. Portiers were in style then too, and windows with small diamond panes. Towers were a feature also, and window seats. Those Victorian houses are all over the Island. His fireplaces, unusual and beautiful, were built with an oval heading and with a matching firewood space. You can see one in the Morris Cottage and in his own Hilltop and in the Phillips Cottage at Asticou.

We have a lovely parlor table in our family that he designed and made by hand. It was a wedding present to Mother and Father, I've been told, and is quite large, square, carved and embellished beautifully, and painted in white and gold. Fred resembled his father very much. I have a picture of him taken in Colorado when he and Aunt Alice were there on their honeymoon. They are both on horseback in the Garden of the Gods beside a big balance rock.

Fred did not have a very long life and died suddenly of heart failure as did many of the Savages in 1924 not long after Mother went. He has many memorials. He was buried in the Bar Harbor Cemetary and his wife, Alice, is there too. His other brothers and sisters are at Asticou in the Forest Hill Cemetary.

Annie Somes Savage

Aunt Annie was born September 20, 1867. I have a picture of her taken not long before she died - a handsome but sad-faced girl.

I do not remember very much about Aunt Annie. I know she had a lovely soprano voice and also was a talented pianist. Her black Vose piano came down through our family, and we all played it and took piano lessons. She was educated at Mr. Cranes School of Music in Boston for three winters. I remember as a small child spending many an evening over at Harbor Cottage when the whole Savage family would gather there around the piano and sing the familiar songs of the day that I grew to learn and like. She had a book of college songs with such favorites as Darling Clementine, There is a Tavern in the Town, Captain Jinks, and The Girl I Left Behind Me. They were just as stirring and melodious as the Swing Music of today, and much easier singing. All the family had good strong voices. They loved to sing, and that was their major entertainment. Remember, no radio or television was even remotely thought of or even a phonograph.

One of my first remembrances of her was going to the Union Church with Mother and Father when a group of singers were practicing for a Cantata to be given for the benefit of the church. The Cantata was "Queen Esther", and Annie was the Queen. This concert was taken around to various other villages: Ellsworth, Bar Harbor, and Southwest Harbor. It was in the wintertime, and with the exposure and hard work, Annie came down with a heavy cold which finally developed into Consumption. That is called Tuberculosis now. It was quite a fatal disease in those days. She and Uncle Bert (she was married to Haliburtan Falt) went out to Colorado Springs and lived there for two years, hoping that the thin air would be beneficial to her, and it was to a certain extent, but in those days the treatment was different. If she had undergone complete rest and allowed her lungs to heal, she might have been cured, but they bought a home, and she carried on the usual housework and activities. A little girl was born to them there, but she did not live very long. After awhile the trouble got the upper hand of her, and they turned around and came back home. She did not live very long and died in June, 1897, only 29 years old. I remember being at her funeral. I was seven years old. It was in the large library of the first Asticou Inn, and the room was banked with apple blossoms. The flower arrangement and the heavy sweet perfume enhanced me, and I was enjoying it all. Stella Videto, Uncle Bert's niece and I were in the front seats dressed in white dresses with black ribbons and mitts. Imagine that! I remember too I was wearing a sailor hat with black streamers when Stella nudged me and whispered, "Cry, Emily, you are supposed to cry". I didn't feel a bit like crying though everyone else was doing it. It seemed like a wonderful occasion to me, and I was enthralled to see that beautiful lady in the fancy white box.

Bert and Annie had a handsome house in the village which her father had built for them. It is on Rock End Avenue - The Maples. Uncle Bert went into the trucking business in Colorado, for I know he bought a span of horses for that purpose. In Northeast Harbor he worked with his brother-in-law, Herman Savage at the Rock End Hotel. A few years after Aunt Annie's death, he married Lenora Corson and they had one son and three daughters. Now, only Edith Falt Favour, the youngest daughter, is left of the Falt family.

Augustus and Emily Savage had two other children which I have not named. They were John M. Savage, born February 16, 1857 and who died February 7, 1858. The other was Ori E. Savage, born August 8, 1877 and died March 28, 1878 - two little babies who never grew up.

George Augustus Savage

Uncle George was born on January 25, 1873. I knew him better than my other aunts and uncles as he and Aunt May lived nearby in the Green Cottage as we called it - Ricky Savage's house now. Charles and George were born there. Later on they built their house at Harborside and lived there the rest of their lives - during the winter. In the summer they had an apartment at the hotel next to the main dining room.

Uncle George was a large man with rosy cheeks and a crop of black curly hair. He was full of fun and could tell funny stories. He could sing too, and you could hear him all over Asticou. I can see him now carrying George Jr. on his back and singing at the top of his voice:

My Georgia Lady love, my southern queen,
You are the bestest girl that I have ever seen.
How your bright eyes do shine like stars above,
There is noone can equal you,
My Georgia Lady love!

and

My gal is a high born lady,
She's black, but she's not too shady,
Feather like a peacock - just as gay.
She's not colored, she was born that way.
I'm proud of my black Venus,
No coon can come between us,
Along the line they can't outshine
That high born gal of mine.

When the first hotel burned, George helped his father rebuild, and they became partners. After Grandfather died, in 1911, George became the sole owner of the hotel and carried it on very successfully. Those days of the early twentieth century were really the hey day of the summer hotel business. I worked there at the hotel for several summers, and it was always full of guests from early June until late September.

He was very prominent in the political life of the town and served as chairman of the Mt. Desert Board of Selectmen for a number of years and represented the town in the State Legislature for two sessions. He and Aunt May went to Florida for several winters. One winter Charlie stayed with our family when we lived at the Fairy House and went to high school here. My Mother and Father had bought that house near Sylvan City partly so my Father would not have to walk so far to church. He used a cane for he had had his two big toes removed after having been frozen.

Aunt May, as we children called her, has been a shining light in our family. She came from Milbridge to work as a waitress at the hotel, and they were married in 1898. Their house at Asticou and later at Harborside was a haven for us children, and when I went in, she was often playing the piano. I loved to hear her play The Fountain, and she

did it so well. She, as well as Aunt Annie, went to Crane's Music School in Boston. I started piano lessons with her when I was seven years old. I remember too when the good singers in the family, George and Charles, Dick and Ralph, Sam and Johnny, Uncle George and John, and all the others would gather around the piano to sing Christmas Carols. That became a Christmas tradition for Christmas afternoon.

Aunt May was such a good cook too. Her custard pies were melt in the mouth pictures- and such wonderful chocolate cake! She made that for Charles and George who loved chocolate. Everything she made was good, and wasn't that black iron stove shining! Everyone remembers her calling on neighbors and shutins with goodies in her hands - cheerful and so good to look at. She was so tiny; I don't think she ever weighed more than 100 pounds. Uncle George did a wonderful thing for himself and the Savages when he married Mabel Strout.

He died in 1922, only forty nine years old. He had been suffering from Brights Disease for about two years. One day shortly before he died, he sent word that he would like for me to come in to see him. So of course I did. He was very ill and weak, but we had a good talk about family and the past and future. He was encouraging and helpful to me, kind and friendly. I was divorced at that time, but owned a business - The Pastime Theater. I had hardly known before that side of him for he was usually so businesslike. I left with a loving and appreciative memory of him.,,

John Chase Savage

Uncle John was the last of the children born at Asticou of Emily and Augustus to live to maturity. He attended the village school and also the Seal Harbor High School. Later he went to Bryant and Stratton Business College in Boston. He brought home a typewriter from college that interested me very much and he gave me lessons on it. I might have been ten or twelve years old. That typewriter was an early specimen, a far cry from today's models. He was quite patient with me, as I remember. Uncle John's penmanship was excellent. I think he was quite efficient in school.

With Grandfather's financial help, he built the Bird's Nest Cottage with very little help from any other carpenter. He was very proud and happy with that and rented it every summer. Uncle John enlisted in the Spanish-American War, but did not see any service. He trained at Boston, and the war ended soon after.

John married Emily Nicholson who came to Northeast Harbor as a companion of Miss Suzanne Wood who had a cottage on Schoolhouse Ledge. She came from Philadelphia, was a devout Episcopalian, and brought up her five children in the church. She told me once that it was her uncle, John Nicholson, who wrote the old gospel hymn, "Whiter than Snow". Her children enjoyed hearing her tell of seeing the pyramids and riding on a camel when she went to Egypt with Miss Wood. The other Savages were all members of the Baptist Church Society, and when Grammy was told that John was going to marry an Episcopalian, she said, "I suppose it could have been worse!"

Uncle John bought Hilltop Cottage from Uncle Fred, and he and his family lived there winters and rented it summers. He and Aunt Emily then moved to The Old Ell. That had been a section of Harbor Cottage which was removed and moved to the spot by the brook where the Clover Cottage had stood. His daughter, Mary, has made many improvements and lives there year round now. We all at Asticou moved twice a year every year of our lives from big winter houses to smaller summer cottages for it was necessary to rent these larger houses during the summers, and the smaller ones were not winterized. John also owned the big barn which had been moved from a spot south of Harbor Cottage to the present garage location. It was a large structure. The moving must have been quite a feat. I cannot remember the actual moving, but do remember that Uncle John and Aunt Emily had a barn dance in the big barn after it was moved and set up new. I was a small girl, but was allowed to go and stay until 10 o'clock. Lots of young folks and older ones too came from Down Town. A violin player played for dancing - a jolly time, and it smelled so good - lots of hay. There was a corn husking too, as I remember with corn cobs all around. I had to go home before I wanted to -
Boo Hoo!

When the Clover Cottage was moved to its present site, Grammy and Grampy lived there themselves the last of their lives, having given up living in the larger Harbor Cottage. I imagine they moved to the hotel during the summer, for I remember Summer People lived in the Clover Cottage. This cottage had been built in a real clover patch originally, hence its name. All houses at Asticou had names, a lovely custom.

Uncle John ran a grovery store at one time before he was married. That was in the Green Cottage - Rose Lane, it is now called. The postoffice was there too, and he was the postmaster. He was also the farmer of the family, and his barn was stocked with farm animals. He owned at one time a span of beautiful gray matched horses, and there were cows, hens and pigs. They mowed the hay below the hotel for the cows. Part of this field belonged to the Roberts House, and part to the Asticou Inn. The Roberts family sold their field to Loren Kimball when it became Kimball's Field instead of Robert's Field. The Kimballs planted a vegetable garden there, and we kids used to steal the cucumbers nights, I remember. John's boys, Johnny and Sam, made a ski jump there one winter, and had a winter carnival, inviting all the Town Kids to Asticou. John's roosters gave him trouble, and I remember hearing tell of the crowing roosters and how they disturbed the early morning slumber of the Rusticators at the hotel with their cock-a-doodle-dos. So there had to be a stop put to that, and the hen pen was moved way out to the rye field beyond the Old Ell. The Rusticators were our livelihood, and we mustn't annoy them. "Keep out of the face and eyes of the Rusticators" was a common lesson we learned early. Uncle John had a big field of potatoes in the upper field near the cemetery.

John was the youngest of this handsome, vital, and talented family. Perhaps because of this, he seemed to be a man of diverse natures. Success had come easily to his three older brothers, but the hard physical work seemed to be his lot - the farm and the stable. He had an artistic bent, for my father said he could play a viola, and in later years, he had poems published in the St. Petersburg newspaper. He was nearly 30 when he married and had taken a long time to "grow up". His five children came quickly with only 11 months between the first two boys. I remember Aunt Emily told me she had thought after they were married, John would sing to her evenings as he had done during his courting, but it never turned out that way. He did not have the sunny disposition of his brothers or the religious support of my father's. He loved his boys, but was hard on them for there were always so many chores and everyone burned wood with all the work necessary to that. His two oldest boys had tragic deaths: one a suicide or possible murder in Boston where he was working as an electrician; the other, Sam, became melancholy and died before he was 30 in the State Hospital in Bangor. John, himself, was not well during the latter part of his life and had trouble with his legs - another burden. He had a veteran's pension and spent a number of winters in St. Petersburg at the Veteran's Retirement Home there during the 1930's where he became interested in the Townsend Plan and wrote articles promoting this - the forerunner of our present Social Security.

Uncle John had a tragic death in 1938 for he had a heart attack while driving his car alone. He did bring the car to the side of the road where he was found later. Aunt Emily's death was sad too, for she also died not long after that, alone in her rocking chair by the window in the Old Ell. John was 64 years of age, none of these brothers and sisters lived into their 70's.

Of all the Savages now, 100 years and more after the birth of all Grampy's children, it is John's family who are still at Asticou, and who are carrying on the family tradition there. The Land turned out to be the best inheritance after all. Ralph, Richard, and Mary still have homes at Asticou. Mary never married and Richard's three children and their families have permanent homes now at Asticou. Ralph, the youngest, comes every summer with his family - including a granddaughter. One little boy, Thomas Savage, John's great-grandson still carries on the name and may be destined to renew history at Asticou again.