



Friends of the Ogunquit Heritage Museum

Spring 2018 Newsletter

Mission of the Friends:

**To Support the Educational Goals and Programs
of the Ogunquit Heritage Museum**

Ogunquit Summers (1938 to ____)
(Memoire-izing)

Back in the days when we, as children, ran barefoot in the grass without insect repellent and sunblock, we looked out over a large field where, if we were lucky, sometime during the two months of vacation, we might find a bunny nest in the thatch. There were daisies, goldenrod, Queen Anne's lace, Indian paint brush, brown-eyed Susans and buttercups. My Grandmother would go out with scissors and cut a bouquet and lay the flowers in her apron to bring back to the house.

The House

The house was a small log cabin built in 1938 by my father and one of his brothers, with a one-armed master carpenter. Sweaty handprints on some inside roof boards are still visible. It was in the middle of the foundation of what was to become the living/dining room where I spent the first three months of my life in a baby carriage covered with mosquito netting and within earshot of anyone working (including my mother). I can see her now in my mind's eye wearing the then trendy corduroy wide-leg bib overalls and multi-stripped short-sleeve shirt with her long dark brown hair in braids hanging half way to her waist. My father, as did other gentlemen (like F. Scott Fitzgerald characters) those summer days, always wore what they called "summer whites" (white pants, long-sleeved fine cotton button shirt and white buck shoes.) He may have worn post war navy issue khakis when he was painting.

When the lawn was established, rocks large and small from the homestead foundation (burned many years before) were removed to build little walls here and there to define spaces, edge of the lawn and walkways, rock garden, etc. Large flat stones became a walkway from the lawn to the cabin. My grandfather, it is said, gave the gift of the fieldstone fireplace. The big room is pine-paneled, and large windows let in as much sun

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Member's Open House

Saturday, June 2
3:00 - 5:00 p.m.

Ogunquit Heritage Museum
Obed's Lane, Ogunquit, Maine

New Exhibits
Refreshments

Museum Opens for the Season
Friday, June 1
Hours: 1-5 Tues-Sat, June thru October

**One More Time! Get Ready for our annual
Fund Raiser**

**FRIENDS OF THE OGUNQUIT
HERITAGE MUSEUM**

DINNER AND CHANCE !!!

**"Jumbo Peanut Circus" is
booked for our band!**

**Fun! Great Music! Dancing!
Delicious Food, and Chance!**

JONATHAN'S RESTAURANT
BOURNE LANE, OGUNQUIT

SEPTEMBER 16, 2018
5:00 p.m. TO 9:00 p.m.

DONATION: \$50.00 PER PERSON
CASH BAR

President's Letter . . .

Greetings to all our valued Friends of the Ogunquit Heritage Museum Members.

For the past several weeks I have been awakened by the sound of chain saws, leaf blowers, and numerous town vehicles as I live across the street from the Winn House. The Town of Ogunquit has come through on their promise to address the years of neglect to the property surrounding the museum. Dead trees have been removed and mountains of debris have disappeared. This showcases our beautiful museum and the Dorothea Jacobs Grant Common in all their glory.

Meanwhile inside the Museum Carol Lee and her crew are busy preparing the new exhibits for the 2018 season. These will include a history of the Ogunquit Life Guards with some extraordinary old photos as well as a tribute to the local Maine artists who we lost recently. You are sure to enjoy a true blast from the past in her tribute to Arnie "Woo Woo" Ginsberg. I

hope you all will have a chance to come by and see them.

The Friends have three main events scheduled for the Spring, Summer, and Fall. The first is a Do You Remember event starring Richard Perkins on May 20 from 2 pm to 4 pm at the Dunaway Center. Next we will be hosting our annual Members' Open House Party on June 2 at the Museum. And finally we are planning another fun party of dinner and dancing at Jonathan's Restaurant on September 16th. You will be receiving invitations for this but mark your calendars now!

I hope that you all wintered well and I very much look forward to seeing you soon.

Best,

Wendy Broms Levine
President, FOHM

Available Again . . .
The New Friends
NOTE CARDS
featuring
Our Favorite Photos
Of Ogunquit From the Past
A Packaged Set of Twelve Historic Views
of Ogunquit, With Envelopes

Available at the Winn House
and
At Various Events Throughout the Season
Price \$15

"THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY GORGEOUS!"

Also Available by contacting Marsha at
marshanorthrop@gmail.com



Early scene of Perkins Cove Bridge; one of the Note Cards mentioned above.

Ogunquit Heritage Museum Committee

L. F. (Sonny) Perkins, *Chairman*
Gary Littlefield, *Vice Chairman*
Susan Meffert, *Secretary*
Eva Nudelman, *Treasurer*
Carolee Lee Carroll, *Museum Curator*
Charlotte Tragard, *Museum Administrator*

Maureen Clayton	Jay Smith
John Ross	Pat Weare
Marc Saulnier	Pete Woodbury

Friends of the Ogunquit Heritage Museum *Board of Directors*

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Friends of the
Ogunquit Heritage Museum
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Chairman's Letter . . .

Spring is here and another great Ogunquit Summer is around the corner. Our new Town Manager and the town's maintenance crew has done a wonderful job in getting the Heritage Museum in shape for the warm Summer months ahead. The gardens in front of the Museum are beautiful with the color of Spring.

The exhibits this year are exciting and nostalgic for a number of us who worked the beaches saving lives through those summer days in the sun and surf. The Lifeguards will hold a reunion on June second. The festivities will start at the Duna-way center at 11:00am and continue through the day ending with a tour of the Lifeguard exhibit at the Museum in the late afternoon. If you were a lifeguard or you know somebody that was please join us on 2 June.

Those of us that remember "Woo Woo" Arnie Ginsburg from the radio in the 60s will have the chance to see what a great entertainer Arnie was. This year the Heritage Museum is dedicating one of our exhibits to Arnie's work. The Museum's Curator, Carole Lee Carroll has managed to capture those days in the 60s when Arnie was pro-

moting Adventure Car Hop and blowing his whistles and ringing his bells to grab our attention. Arnie's relationships with some of the greatest entertainers of this era are legendary. It was Arnie that introduced the Beatles when they came to Boston. It was Arnie that brought the Beach Boys to the East Coast from California for the first time. You won't want to miss this! It may be the most nostalgic and exciting exhibit we've had to date at the Museum.

The art world in Ogunquit lost three important artists in 2017. George Burke, DeWitt Hardy, and Norman West will all be missed. This year's art exhibit will focus on the works of those individuals. Each artist was unique and our exhibit will give you a sample of what each was able to accomplish through expressing their visions on canvas. Be sure to come by and bring a friend. We look forward to seeing you and thank you for your support.

L.F. (Sonny) Perkins
OHM Committee Chairman



On 8 April 2018, Peter Moody, (right) spoke at the latest "Do You Remember" series of the Ogunquit Heritage Museum at the Ogunquit Baptist Church. He illustrated his interesting historical talk about how Ogunquit land grants have developed over the years with detailed maps. OHM Chairman Sonny Perkins (l) was host at the occasion.

DOCENTS NEEDED !

Do you have knowledge of the history of Ogunquit? Perkins Cove? The Marginal Way or The Beach??? If you have 3 hours a month, or a week, to volunteer as a Docent at the Ogunquit Heritage Museum, we could use your help.

Contact Charlotte at the Museum, 646-0296 for any questions or to volunteer.



On December 9, back in 2017 it snowed on our parade! It was Ogunquit's Annual Christmas By The Sea weekend. Everybody pitched in and enjoyed getting our Dory, William Henry Perkins ready for the parade. (Photos by Eva Nudelman)

Summers... (from p.1)

and salty breezes as possible in the grove of oak and pine trees. As far as I can remember we had inside plumbing, but I am told there was once an outhouse without a roof. The sink remains the same--large white enamel with slightly graded dish drainer side where as babies we sat on a towel after having a bath in the sink. The sink stands on tall white enamel legs, where one standing has a prominent window view of most of what was going on outside. The kitchen window: origin of womanly multi-tasking.

One bedroom with a double bed (full-size) and a baby crib, bureau and clothes hooks was the way it began. But children grow older and other babies are born. After outgrowing the crib, my bed was an old iron army cot with a sagging mattress in the living room couch by day, my bed at night. My baby brother then took the crib in the bedroom. When it was time for him to move out of there, I was given the opportunity to have the loft up over the kitchen and bedroom. Accessed by ladder with minimal headroom and one window the space was big enough for this 10 year old to have two sagging army cots (one for company, movie magazines and scrapbooks. I was delighted.

The screen porch along the back of the cabin overlooking Josiah's River ("The Brook") looked westerly and therefore brought any breeze--if there was any at all on a hot day. It was a play space, a makeshift stage for my "plays," and the place at the end of the day where my parents sat relaxed and having a cold drink of some kind before supper.

The addition of an open porch at one end of the screen porch was built for outside dining. Unsuc-

cessful in that role it evolved into a wonderful sleep porch, when my brother did not want to sleep in the living room anymore. Open all around with storm shutters, it was a cool space to observe the woods, and listen to some of the Ogunquit Playhouse goings on. On matinee days you could hear the applause as the side doors were opened to let people out for intermission or after the final curtain. We heard hammering on Saturday night as stage sets were struck and rebuilt for the following week. When there was a musical at the Playhouse rehearsals were held on the open stage in the field right next to us. Sometimes actors pitched tents in the same field. If you were a singer vocalizing in the open air, and heard an echo hidden from view yet very near, that was ten-year old me. The open stage was first established for apprentice thespians. The Manhattan Colony Players gave a play every week and invited the public to bring a blanket and pay a quarter to sit on the grass and see such as a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, *Out of the Frying Pan*, and others. If it was a murder mystery where someone gets shot, we could pretty much tell time by the shot, knowing the cars would be moving out shortly. Back stage once I was shown the wind machine--a large hand-cranked wheel with canvas and screening that rubbed together to make the sound of wind fast or slow. After enduring some rainouts, an awning over the audience and long straight benches were added. The price might have gone up after that to maybe fifty cents. The day after the show my brother and I would go over and collect glass soda bottles in a little wagon and return them to the store at the top of Bourne Lane, where we could play the player piano, and return home with ice cream treats.



Ogunquit Playhouse and neighborhood about 1950.

Some Games We Played Then

From the hammock swing near the back door, with an empty bottle filled with water, we had water spitting contests. Yes. How far over the visible tree roots could you spit? We played "house" stamping the tall grass into a square "room" and putting a blanket down. We could not be seen.

We had a Victory Garden and when vegetables were "up" that's what we had for lunch: a bowl of fresh peas with butter, salt and pepper and a little milk. Yum! It was difficult to keep the peas from being eaten before they were cooked. We shelled the peas while sitting on the same hammock, trying to sit still to get the job done, and trying not to eat too many.

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Summers... (from p. 4)

Mondays

Five o'clock Monday morning my father, a general practitioner, returned to Cambridge to go back to work. A couple of hours later the wringer washing machine in the corner of the kitchen was wheeled out in front of the sink. Clean, damp laundry was placed in a large wicker basket, which must have been very heavy, and carried down the path and put into the sunshine where there were plenty of lines to hold everything. A couple of long tree branches without leaves were the "upholders" of the sagging lines. Cut so there was a little "V" at the top where two branches were cut short, the long part of the branch was "anchored" (indentation poked into the ground) and the clothesline then hooked over the "V." The long branch stood up straight and tall as possible, and would sway back and forth when the wind caught the sheet 'sails.' The smell of those air-dried sheets was without question the cleanest smell in the world! They said it was ozone and made the sheets smell so good. How could anything that smelled that good be so bad?--I later was to ask.

The Ogunquit Playhouse

When I was old enough I walked over to the big Playhouse alone (through the fence, across the next field and over the brook on the little bridge, up the long hill until I was standing outside the stage door, where the stars emerged in the sunlight on a matinee afternoon). Clutching my Kodak Brownie Hawkeye camera, I'd wait for the doors to open at intermission. Inside an open door I'd snatch a program, and go back outside to wait some more for autographs and pictures. I took snapshots of Ezio Pinza (what a flutter he caused my young heart!) His wife in the fashionable shirtwaist dress with hat, gloves, pocketbook and sunglasses (cat's eye, I think), and he was standing next to a Cadillac convertible. He starred in *The Play's the Thing* coming off his run in *South Pacific* with Mary Martin on Broadway. Another innocent adolescent heart-throb was the diminutive Wally Cox (*Mr. Peepers* on early TV). Wally was Marlon Brando's roommate in New York at the Actor's Studio.) Wally was the star in the Ogunquit Playhouse production, *Three Men on a Horse*. I bought a front row ticket for \$4.00. I had one of those cardboard promotional posters once. What happened to that? It will show up on Antiques Road Show someday, maybe. They used to tack up the promotional posters all over town--at

the beach and in the stores. Rosemary Rice and Dick Van Patten from the TV show, *Mama*, were also caught with my little Brownie camera. Dick was later in *Eight Is Enough* on TV.

Evening entertainment not at the Playhouse

After the dinner table was cleaned off and dishes washed and put away, children bathed, tucked in to bed and stories read, my father would sit at the end of the dining table and bring out the playing cards to play Solitaire and put the radio on for whatever was on, *The Jack Benny Show*, *Dragnet*, *It Pays to be Ignorant*, *Tallulah Bankhead Show*, *Amos and Andy*, *Fred Allen*, or *Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy*. When the radio was off we listened to crickets and the brook. There was no traffic. It was peaceful.

Now, seventy plus years later, family property, which we once looked upon as a wide vista (family land divided by my grandmother for her children, yet undeveloped) was sold off to fund children's education, etc. The legacy was diminished little by little. Like the children's story of *The Little House* by Kate Burton, our piece of property became crowded by "progress." Our protected corner of the world, a summer retreat from city living, weathered the encroachments and resisted developers. Pine and Apple trees have grown up where the hay was cut by the local farmer, Wendell Phillips (on Route 1). Wendell was a tall strong man with red curly hair and weathered skin. He wore overalls, and once brought a large bunch of fresh Swiss Chard from his garden when he came to cut the hay. When experiencing a drought, one of Wendell's cows made her way to the brook (Josiah's River), and then came up the embankment on our side instead of going back the way she arrived. It was an odd thing to wake up that morning and see a cow grazing on our lawn. Another early morning I became ware of the sound Beagles make when they have cornered a wild animal. It sounds like a wounded creature caught in a trap. For many years until they suddenly disappeared, we had large birds living in the trees down near the brook. The black-crowned night herons cried "quark, quark" at dusk when they came out and crossed the early evening sky on their way to feed at the ocean's edge. We called them "Quarks" until we were older and learned their real name. Chipmunks provided much entertainment. Children were allowed to try to feed them by hand, because it was a sure thing they would never succeed. A robin on the lawn,

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Summers... (from p. 5)

all children were told, could be caught if they shake salt on its tail. A big, fat ground hog loved to come out of hiding to snack on the sweet clover at the edge of the lawn. A rare skunk sighting: mama and family of four passed through after a cookout. They circled the base of the charcoal grill twice before following mama in and under the garage. Red fox “twins” were seen only once playing tag in the field. I had a scare, when as an adult I heard a sawing sound underneath the sleep porch at night. I stomped loudly on the floor over the intruder below until a huge granddaddy porcupine came out and waddled off into the woods.

Our summers here in Ogunquit began when there were few other buildings on Bourne Lane. The Charlie Windsor Littlefields (from Rhode Island, winters) had the house at the head of the lane (now the Morning Dove B&B), and their smaller guest cottage. They also had a camp where Jonathan’s Restaurant now sits. When the land was sold and camp gone, prior to being a restaurant, the front part of the restaurant was a private home. That was it, no other buildings. We harvested wild strawberries and blackberries on our property, blueberries on Agamenticus Road, crab apples, beach plums and grapes were found along Bourne Lane for “canning” (misnomer, means ‘putting up in jars.’) There was no sidewalk on Bourne Lane until fairly recently, and one side was all our family land. The little store at the top of the lane sold ice cream, soda and candy. There was only one real grocery store in town, Maxwell’s (now Maxwell’s Pub). Alcohol and cigarettes were purchased over the line in New Hampshire at “Dr. Green’s.” On Saturday afternoons my mother, brother and I, expecting the arrival of my dad, would sit under a tree on the little (future Jonathan’s) hill at the end of the lane and watch for Dad’s 1941 Buick to turn the corner off route one onto Bourne Lane.

The Lesson in All of This

I’m grateful to have known what I have shared here. We had everything we needed to be happy. My parents were a formidable team. They were tireless workers building a good life after the Depression and World War II. Their parents, too, were hard working entrepreneurs. Aaron and Jessie Littlefield, my grandparents, built and ran the Colonial Inn, still standing on Shore Road. Three of their six children were born in one of the turret rooms. My grandparents continued running the Inn until their homestead, which sat on the land

we know on Bourne Lane, burned to the ground, and they moved the family to Cambridge, MA. The Colonial Inn was built after the Sparhawk



Colonial Inn from a vintage postcard

Hotel on the same road in Ogunquit. Over the years we’ve said we couldn’t complain about the number of tourists because our ancestors had invited them here.

Once a summer, we served lobster, steamed clams, corn, potato salad, and fresh sliced tomatoes and cukes from the garden to special guests. My grandmother told us that before lobsters were considered edible, they washed up on the rocks at Lobster Point, a jetty off Marginal Way on the down side of Israel’s Head Road. Farmers took the lobsters and crushed them up for fertilizer.

We took visitors on the “cook’s tour” along Marginal Way when it was a narrow un-paved path with lots of poison ivy, to Perkins Cove, the original artist’s colony. Before restaurants and Finestkind Tours there were little gift shops (Whistling Oyster, The Cove Book Store, the Children’s Shop, and others.)

My First Summer Job

As a teenager my first Summer job was as a waitress at the Ontio Hotel, at the top of Israel’s Head overlooking the ocean. The Ontio, and also the nearby Lookout Hotel were turned into condominiums and have been for many years. As a waitress I was one of twelve girls. We each were paid \$10.50 per week and given room and board. We served three meals a day in crisp, ironed uniforms with the flourish of a pretty handkerchief in our pocket. Ogunquit then was a “dry” town. We served no liquor. However, that didn’t prevent guests of the hotel from having their own little cocktail hour in their rooms. One evening a party of four arrived late to dinner, and ordered lobster

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Summers... (from p. 6)



Hand-colored post card of the Ontio Hotel

and the works, followed by our famous Strawberry Shortcake. Spofford “Spoff” Crawford was our chef. He was easily likeable because he fed us, so we could rave about what we were serving the guests. The party of four was busy talking and ate slowly. I was the last one waiting in the dining room. When it came to dessert, I had the best looking tray of shortcake ready, hoisted up on my shoulder, then stepped onto a wet floor in back of the “out swinging” door. I slipped, the tray hit the door, shortcake decorated the inside of the door, and the outside of me, and down I went in tears. That was the last of the shortcake!

1954 and Hurricane Carol

Three of us from the hotel walked on the Marginal Way in our yellow slickers. We linked arms and pushed our way, bent forward from the waist to be able to walk. We had to hide our mouths inside the front of our coats to be able to talk or even breathe. We didn’t go far before we turned around and went back. It hadn’t been a very smart idea to go out in the first place. With wet hair and uniforms, we served dinner nonetheless with candles on the tables. Water was coming in UNDER the wallpaper (amazing) and flowing down to the floor. There were buckets, mops and towels eve-

rywhere. The first two summers I worked at the Ontio we were housed under the “Boulder,” an older cottage over the crest of the hill. There were six rooms under the first floor of the cottage and porch. That’s where we lived all Summer. The Knights owned the Ontio then. They were very good to us. We even entertained the guests with acapella singing once or twice. It might have been my idea. I don’t remember. One memorable evening with a full August moon a few of us walked down to the Cove along the Marginal Way. Along the way we passed the ‘Modern’ house with the flag pole and the swimming pool. No one else had a swimming pool at the edge of the ocean. That, I found out later, was the Summer home of Judson Dunaway, the ‘mothball king’ who bequeathed money to the Town of Ogunquit to build the new Town Offices. On one full moonlight walk to the Cove we heard the sound of a lonely solo Saxophone coming from a boat moored in the Cove. What an impression it made on me. It was like a movie scene.

The Way Life Should Be

Once we were children. Then there were our babies. Now our children bring their children to the family summer spot where many stories are told by this grandmother, of the way things used to be. Nothing stays the same. The things we valued most starting out in Ogunquit, the quiet, the potential to be part and proud of something, enjoying clean air and appreciating wildlife around us, have served us well. When I see the sign that welcomes people into southern Maine, “The Way Life Should Be,” I wonder what it means to other people. Some of us cross that bridge north into Kittery where the air seems to suddenly become cool on a hot summer day, and never want to go back. That’s what happened to me. I later chose to live in Maine year round, and as Robert Frost said about the *Road Less Traveled*, “it has made all the difference.”

Eleanor (Littlefield) Hunter



Accessions . . .

Jeff Eastman

Whistling Oyster Ephemera
1983 Artifacts from Dr. Ruth Endicott's
Testimonial Dinner
Postcards; Guides from Wells, Kennebunk;
Waves & Furrows, December 2001

Joanne Jacobs

Ticket from Jacobs Ogunquit Express & Transfer Co.

Bruce Martin Estate

Lifeguard hardhat; Slate Board from
Ogunquit Village School

Susan Meffert

Children's Books; Norwegian Christmas cards;
Book: *Britain Against Germany 1936-1945*,
A Record in Pictures

Dave Minott

Photographs by George Leon Minott, 1890-1910 of
local area

Robert Rieger

Photos of Beach, Marginal Way and Pekins B&B
from 1937

Jay Smith

Photos, postcards & shingle form Dan Sing Fan, 1926
Two DeWitt Hardy paintings
Atlantic Shoreline Railroad booklet, 1967
Ogunquit Budget Committee Lifeguard Reports,
1979 & 2016

Marc Saulnier

Photo of Lifeguards, 1960

Pete Woodbury

Lifeguard Photo, 1953

Our New Online Address:

ogunquitheritagemuseum.com

Our New Email Address:

info@ogunquitheritagemuseum.com

Endowment Contributions . . .

In memory of **Blanche Staples** from Robert Bragg

In Memory of **Dr. Perry Eimon**

from Marilyn Eimon

Anonymous Contribution

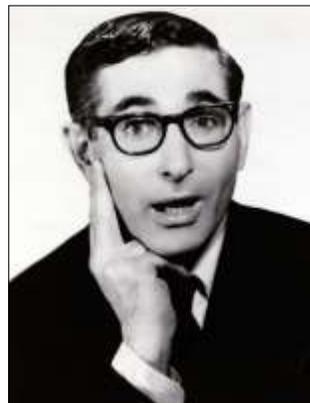
In Memory of **Paula Cummings**

From Peter and Rhonda Pope

Contribution from David Adams

Contribution from Edwin & Judith Nelson

New Exhibits this Season. . .



Arnie "Woo-Woo" Ginsberg



Ogunquit Beach Lifeguards

