

228 Main Street

*Baby Doris Heal*

JOAN SAWYER TIBBETTS

Three-year-old Doris was sound asleep when her father lifted her from her bed and carried her downstairs. Through sleepy eyes she saw the lamps were lit in the kitchen and dining room. As they walked through the kitchen, she saw her Aunt Frances and another woman standing at the sink. Dave Heal opened the back door, and headed out to the road with his daughter still in his arms.

“Daddy, I’ve got my nightgown on!” she protested, indignant at being outside in her nightclothes. “Where are we going?” But he only hushed her with a finger held to his lips. The summer night was warm and still, and Doris watched the fireflies flash over her daddy’s shoulder as he strode along. The familiar street through the Centre seemed vaguely mysterious to the little girl, out for the first time in the dead of night with all the houses dark and quiet. Where on earth was her father taking her?

Before long they came to a familiar house, Aunt Ell’s. Ellen Moody was her daddy’s sister, and she lived with her husband, Allen, in the house, 258 Main Street, near the town well. Grammy Heal, her daddy’s mother, lived there with them. Aunt Ell was wearing her long nightgown, too, and she came quickly to the door as if she’d been waiting. She took the little girl from her father’s arms, saying, “Let us know as soon as it comes.” Over her aunt’s shoulder, Doris watched her daddy hurrying back down the road toward home.

Dave found the kitchen empty; from the bottom of the stairs he heard the murmurs of the women’s voices in the bedroom with Mary, so he went out back to pace and wait. How funny life can be, he thought. Here he was, fifty years old and about to become a father again. He’d been sure that part of his life was over when he and Lura divorced many years ago. A certain hardness sets in when a man loses his family life, to say nothing of the house he built, a house that held his heart, soul and bank account. Still, he could hold his head up; he’d done right by his oldest daughter, Leila, and her mother. That house, perched on

In Her Daddy’s Arms *David & Mary Heal* 1909

top of Rankin’s Hill, 380 Camden Road, still brought admiring glances from passersby. The land it stood on had been his inheritance as the youngest of his parents’ twelve children.

As a tiny child he remembered (or remembered being told by his siblings) his mother cooking on an open fireplace in their house at 362 Camden Road, using a crane to suspend the kettles of food. Before long, though, the Heals owned the first cast iron cooking stove in Lincolnton. Patience Heal spun yarn from their sheeps’ wool and wove it into cloth. She baked bread using the corn and

*Mary King and David H. Heal at the time of their marriage.*

JOAN SAWYER TIBBETTS

wheat grown on the 360 acre farm, land that stretched between Nortons Pond and the Camden Road. When his father, Emery, died soon after Dave’s birth, Patience still had nine children under the age of sixteen to raise.

Though Dave built his house on his portion of Emery Heal’s land, he was never cut out to be a farmer. Instead, he became a millman. Over the years he’d owned a mill on the Searsmont Road next to the Old Meeting

House, another at the head of the pond on Nortons Pond Road, and still another off the Heal Road. He'd done well for himself and was beginning to settle into life as a single man once again.

So he'd been taken by surprise one summer a few years ago when Will Calderwood's young wife, Frances, brought her older sister to a Lincolnville Town Band practice. Mary and Frances King were from Manset near Southwest Harbor. Frances, who had attended Castine Normal School, came to teach in Lincolnville where she'd met and married Will.

Mary was unlike most of the women he knew; nearly thirty, she seemed unconcerned at her single status. In fact, she made it clear from the beginning she had no intention of marrying a divorced man. She'd lived on Boston's Boylston Street for a number of years and worked in a hat factory. She enjoyed her

winters in the city, reading and attending lectures. There'd been something about her that made Dave determined to win her over. Before long she'd agreed to marry him.

Dave, who'd been living with Ellen and Allen since his divorce, bought a house for Mary on the parcel adjacent to his Centre saw mill. The house was really more convenient to his mills, and to the Band Hall where the Town Band practiced than his old place. When little Doris was born, a year after their marriage, it was as if he was getting another chance at family life.

Dave was lost in thought when Frances came to the screen door with the news he'd been waiting for. "It's a boy!" she told the new father with satisfaction. Dave took the back steps in a single bound, and a minute later, at his wife's side, met his son, David Hunter Heal Jr.

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WEDDING BELLS

Avery pretty home wedding occurred Wednesday evening, May 24 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R.W. Hardy, Lincolnville, when their daughter, Blanche May, was married to Winfield Albert Young. The room in which the ceremony took place was tastefully decorated with ferns, evergreens, wild flowers and potted plants and made a fine picture, when, at about 8:30 o'clock the bridal pair, to the music of Lohengren's wedding march and in the presence of the families of the contracting parties and a few other invited guests, entered the room and took their places in the archway, leading to the music room.

The bride, who is one of our finest young women, was becomingly dressed in a castor shade of cashmere, trimmed with blue silk and covered with all-over lace, and carried in her hand a bouquet of maiden hair ferns and apple blossoms.

The groom is one of our esteemed and industrious farmers and is deserving of the prize he has won.

The ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. W.E. Lombard of Camden, the ring service being used.

After the wedding a lunch of ice cream and cake was served, and Mr. and Mrs. Young started, amid a shower of rice, on a short wedding trip. They have now returned and we are pleased to know they are to make their home among their old neighbors. They received many useful presents. We extend them our congratulations.

J.S.M.

THE CAMDEN HERALD



Annie Marie Marriner and Richard John Lermond on what may have been their wedding day, 1901. Actual wedding day photos weren't commonly made since that involved visiting a photographer's studio to sit for the picture.

ISABEL MORSE MARESH