

At present we have better roads than did our forefathers, who drove or walked over horse paths. And better than that prospect, is the fact that our roads are constantly being improved. We also have, in town, two saw mills and the Burnham Morrill Company have a corn shop, which employs many people during the fall months. This corn shop was established in 1881.

Denmark is fast developing into a summer resort. We have four owners of boys' and girls' camps, and one hotel, besides numerous boarding houses. About 1800, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Cobb opened the first girls' camp in Maine. Their first camp was on Highland Lake in Bridgton, but later was located on Moose Pond in Denmark, where they also have a boys' camp. On Sand Pond is Camp Walden for girls. In 1930, Camp Blazing Trail, also for girls, was established on this same pond. Camp Moosehead, a camp for boys, is located on Moose Pond.

The future looks very promising for Denmark, for surely with her beautiful hills, mountains and ponds, she has allurements to attract the people who are seeking such a location for their summer vacation. Too, this town should become a mill town, because it has an opportunity to be in close competition with other towns by having a manufacturing plant in its center. The inhabitants used to say that would be impossible on account of transportation, but all that has changed because of trucks, which can haul as cheaply, if not more so, than the trains. And, too, the manufacturing company need not worry about water power for electricity can operate as cheaply and more efficiently. An excellent advantage to electricity would be that there would be no smoke and dirt to spoil the pure air and mar the attractive scenery of this little town.

Let us now picture a beautiful little town with active summer resorts, a large manufacturing plant and honest, industrious people. Let us all work with patience and diligence to put this picture of a model town into true form.

—Roland A. Blake, Class of 1931.

—O—

### Denmark's Schools, Churches and Military History

As no town can give of its best to its townspeople without its schools and churches, the town of Denmark has always provided adequately for the educational and spiritual growth of its citizens, both young and old. The men of military age have answered their country's call in time of war.

After the settlement and organization of Denmark into a township, about the year 1708, a sum of \$300 was raised for

school purposes. There was a committee of three chosen to divide the town into school districts.

In 1825 the population of Denmark was 800, of which 254 were attending schools. These were divided among twelve school districts, giving an average attendance of twenty or twenty-one. The years intervening between the dates of 1825 and 1875, many of the schools reached an attendance of sixty or seventy.

At first there were only twelve districts, but later there were fourteen, besides the center school, which was located in the village. District number one, the foot of Fessenden Hill; number two, the South Road; number three, the Colby district; number four, what they called the White schoolhouse or Liberty Corner district; number five, the Nason district, sometimes called the Bragdon school, located under the mountain near Moose Pond; number six, the Lowell district, later called the Deering; number seven, the Harnden district; number eight, the Lake Road; number nine, the foot of Mose Wentworth's hill; number ten, West Denmark; number eleven, East Denmark; number twelve, Head's Corner; number thirteen, the Bush Rowe; number fourteen, also the South Road.

The money raised for schools was divided among the number of districts, according to the number of pupils in said districts. This made it possible in the districts where there were a large number of pupils to have more weeks of schooling, which was very unfair to the pupils in the smaller districts.

Each one of the districts had what was called an agent, who lived in that district, to look after the school or schools there.

It was customary for the teacher to board around a few weeks at a time with the parents, who had pupils attending school.

About the year 1871, a supervisor was chosen in the town to visit and look after all requirements of the schools.

There were a number of amusing incidents connected with these former times. For instance a number of years ago before they had rolled roads, when roads were broken with ox teams and sleds, at short intervals turnouts were made, at which teams were supposed to wait for others to pass. One of our former supervisors, while on her way to visit the White schoolhouse, met six ox teams and on each occasion she was obliged to unhitch her horse and lead it through the snow. With the assistance of the teamsters they dragged the sleigh through, but by that time she was very wet and cold.

Another amusing incident, as passed on by word of mouth, is that at the end of one term, one of the pupils with a poetic turn of mind, recited this verse:



Come, young ladies, dry your tears,  
You've no cause for sighs or fears,  
Weep no more for pain or sorrow,  
Maybe Corson will come back tomorrow.

In one of the school districts, two boys, deciding they didn't want to attend school the next day, spent the night cutting small birch trees and standing them upright in the schoolhouse until it was solid full. As a result the greater part of the next day was spent cleaning out the schoolhouse.

The center district schoolhouse at first was located where the Town Hall now is. In the year 1879, a new school building was erected in the center district, located where the high school building now is.

The first free High School was established in 1893 on the top floor of the Center school, by the appropriation of \$200, with a similar amount received from the State for that purpose.

In 1895, a new building was erected at West Denmark, which did away with several districts. In the year 1898, there was a state law that any public school failing to maintain an average attendance of at least eight pupils, be discontinued unless the town in which the school was located shall vote at its annual meeting to instruct the Superintending School Committee to maintain the school. This caused a number of schools to be discontinued and pupils transported to the nearest school, unless the children were very young and had a long distance to be transported. In cold weather they sometimes maintained a school in that district with less than average attendance of eight.

In 1918, Denmark was joined with Fryeburg, Stow and Brownfield in union number 12, under one superintendent.

By the year 1922 the school building at East Denmark was neither large nor safe enough to accommodate the pupils there. At the first of the year 1922, the citizens in town meeting decided to build a new building. During the same year they were building the schoolhouse at East Denmark, the High School building burned. It was immediately decided that the schools should be continued, so the following week found the high school pupils comfortably housed in the Town Hall and the grammar and primary pupils were located in the Colby and South Road schools. Those at Head's Corner went to East Denmark.

After the completion of the new high school building in the fall of 1923, the pupils were back in their regular places. There were, and now are, only two school buildings used the one at East Denmark and the one in the village. All the pupils from the other districts are transported to one or the other of these.

Some of the chosen professions of the graduates of Denmark schools are: teachers, physicians, physical instructors, progressive farmers and influential business men.

Some of the pupils began to practice their chosen professions in school. One boy, who became a doctor, spent part of his school time shaving chalk into powder and doing it up into small squares of paper as most medicine was put up at that time. Another boy, who later became a butcher, had his blocks and scalding tub and pigs, using red ink for blood, he managed to do considerable butchering in school. After a while he had the schoolhouse floor nearly painted red. And since this gentleman is still practicing his profession, everyone in town probably knows him.

As our town's educational needs have ever been served by those most interested, so her spiritual needs have been carried on by her churches.

Early in the nineteenth century the Free Baptists met in schoolhouses throughout the town. Later the Free Baptists united with the Baptists.

July 5, 1829, the Congregational society was formed. In 1834 the house of worship was built on its present location. From 1884 they had regular services, often having ministers from either Brownfield or South Bridgton and much of the time a resident pastor.

In 1878, the building was remodeled.

In 1929, the church was redecorated in the new color scheme with garnet and white. Two bronze plaques were placed on the pulpit, on one are the dates of founding of church and its centennial, while on the other are the names of its charter members. A rubber carpet was laid on the floor and new table and chairs were provided for the children.

Early in the Nineteenth century, a Methodist society was formed at East Denmark. From 1860 to 1904, regular services were held, the ministers coming from Bridgton or Brownfield. A sum of \$400 was bequeathed by an interested follower to keep the church in repair. As one passes it each day, one can realize that the money is not spent and the windows are targets for rocks and the sheds are falling down.

Before 1840, the Universalists built a church, which was sold in 1903 to the Patrons of Husbandry for a hall.

The share which Denmark's churches and schools have paid to the uplift of its town is no greater than the share which its young men have always taken in the wars of the United States. After the Revolution, doubtless some came to Denmark for land



grants. To these we owe more than we know, for it was they who cleared the land and bore many hardships in settling it. It is a known fact that travel in the early days was by spotted trees. Our many stone walls are evidence of hard work on the part of our forefathers. In no town could they have been allotted more attractive setting for, from all the hills there are magnificent views and water is visible from nearly every location.

The War of 1812 saw fifty-nine privates, eleven officers and two musicians go from Denmark. During this war as the town paid its own costs, they were reimbursed by the State at a later time. With this money the town farm was bought in 1865.

In 1861, eighty-five men answered their country's call. Ten men were killed in battle, eighteen died in the South during the war and many returned North to die soon after their homecoming. At this writing, 1931, there is only one living veteran, Alpheus William Richardson\*, who now resides in Bridgton. The town accorded them great honor by accepting from Mr. John Brackett and its patriotic citizens, the gift of a monument, which is placed in the central part of the town. Each year there is money raised at the annual meeting to keep this in condition and to buy flags to decorate the graves of their soldier dead.

So far as can be ascertained, William Richardson was the only man to serve in the Spanish American War.

When Uncle Sam needed men in 1917-1918, many young men gave willingly of themselves. Those to see service "over there" were: Roland Cobb, Walter Davis, Perley Gerry, Jesse Kenison, Gordon Richardson, Earl Shaw, Richmond True, Edmund Wentworth, John Veno, Percy Drew. Those to get into training camps were: Melvin Osgood, Albert Trone, Leroy Wales, Leon Wentworth. Soon after the war, in 1925, Leroy Wales died of pneumonia. Those born in this town, but enlisting from another are as follows: Byron Hartford, Bridgton; Herbert Evans, Delos Hilton and Glenn Smith, Bridgton; Verdian Keniston from Standish, which town has honored him by naming the post for him. Roland Richardson was not born in town, but his childhood days were passed here. He enlisted in Conway.

\*In April, 1932, Alpheus William Richardson died.

Denmark may have given much to her citizens along spiritual and educational development as you well know, but with earnest endeavor and purposeful plans, she can go upward and onward to greater accomplishments. As her young men have played their part in war, and all her children have played their part, so

many generations to come be trained to take their places in the affairs of the world. She has scenic powers and may opportunity be as powerful and as far reaching as her views.

—Nellie M. Wood, '31.

—O—

### From Morn Till Night

---

I get up from my nice warm bed,  
Pull a comb through my tousled head.  
Then I tumble down the stairs  
And grab a bite, for I don't dare  
To linger longer, for I'll be  
Late for the genteel company.

I grab a coat, a hat, a scarf,  
And to my mother give a laugh.  
Then off to school I gaily stride,  
Hoping and praying to get a ride,  
For it was by my little watch  
Nearly quarter to nine o'clock.

I walk until my legs they feel  
Like bright red crab apples plus the peels,  
And my feet, as I know big,  
Feel like a horrible "mean rig!"  
To drag all way over snow and ice  
To an old, dull schoolhouse full o' mice.

And then at last my trek is o'er,  
And I am at the schoolhouse door.  
I open it and find that fate  
Or some bad hand has made me late,  
For they are singing, oh! what a din!  
Like the fourteenth infantry pounding tin.

I very easily sneak in  
Amid the voices and the din,  
And then, of course, when I appear  
At my battered seat way up in rear,  
They welcome me into their talk  
Of some devilish little plot.

First comes English literature,  
Oh boy, what trials we do endure  
On Shakespeare, Eliot and what not,  
Until their histories are one blot  
Of marriages, poems and numerous things  
Until our senses take to wings.

Then comes Biology.  
It's worse than anathology.  
We take poor helpless bugs and bees  
And desecrate their heads and knees,  
And then we study apple trees  
And how to keep bugs off the leaves.  
Then comes noon, oh what a relief,  
We eat our cabbage and corned beef.  
Then soon, the bell it sweetly rings,  
It sounds like a banjo minus strings,