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Interviewer: Pamela Dean

Address: 25 Spruce St. Ellsworth, Me.

Interviewee: William Parr

Address: Blueberry Hill, E. Blue Hill, Me.

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Brief description of contents: Interview with William Parr, cook/butler for Mrs. Alida Camp. He talks about his family's servants, how he came to Maine, how he came to work for Mrs. Camp, his attitude toward his job, his duties, the other servants at Blueberry hill and his work with the Jehovah Witnesses.

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	030	027	[Opening announcement]
		037	[PD: We can start with some of your personal background, how you got here.]
	050	Maine	<p>I was born in Maryland and grew up partly in Maryland and Mass. And we came to maine in the summer time and always thaught Maine was the most beautiful place immaginable, associated it, as somany people do, with all their happiness. And for years wanted to live in Maine, as was true for other members of my family too. We kept a house at Sorrento It was dreamy, the house is an interesting old house from the '90's. In fact my mother still lives there. In 1967 I left New York, I was living in New York and going to theatrical school, I was still in my teens. I left New Maryland, Mass, Sorrento, New York</p>

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			<p>York and moved to the house in the country. And really without a twinge. All of a sudden I was through with Manhattan and any city and the world in general and decided I xxxxxxx really wanted to be by the xxx ocean in that beautiful place. I guess many of us in that time period were concerned about the condition of the world</p> <p>So many people came out of the city into the country then, either on a subsistence level or maybe slightly higher. And there was that big empty house waiting to be lived in, so I just moved in there and lived there for 8 years and then I moved to Blue Hill.</p> <p>I had met <u>Mrs. Camp</u> 10 years ago. I'm a minister, I do volunteer work with the congregation of Jehovah's Witnesses in Ellsworth and I called here in our routine work. And there was another person working here then. She's a very good cook named <u>Beulah Williams</u> from Surry. She's still alive, very nice woman, who had worked here for 13 years. She came to the door and let me in and I met Mrs. Camp on that occasion, it was just a passing conversation. Then in '76 I was still doing my own work, researching ancient letter styles and doing signs and graphics and commercial art and so forth. Painting also.</p> <p><i>Surry</i> <i>New York, Manhattan, Blue Hill, Ellsworth</i></p>

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	100		<p>But there was no business around here and I was spending more time chasing work than I was doing work. And it was taking away from the ministry. So I thought this is so impractical if I could just get a job where I wasn't creating the work. I don't need a career, I just want to be able to earn a living to support my ministry.</p> <p>The people who rented the house I rent before me, the husband was a sculptor. I ran into him in town and asked him how he was doing. I wondered what's a sculptor doing for a living in the state of Maine, in 1976 in November. He said, "How are things going for you?" And he said fine. I was astonished, that anything could be going fine for an artist with the economy the way it was. It turned out he was making wreaths, that's why they were going fine. He was busy with seasonal work. He said, "How about you?" I said, "Just terrible. I'm thinking of taking a job as a domestic cook." Rather kiddingly. I knew how to cook, but that was it. Actually I was on my way to Strong's [Craft Gallery in Trenton] to see if Roz Strong had anything I could do down there.</p> <p>So he said, "I know where there's an opening." I said, "You're kidding." He said, "No, seriously</p> <p><i>Trenton</i></p>

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			<p>Katy, his wife, who was an art teacher. He said that Katy had gotten a full time art teaching position and had given her notice to Mrs. Camp that morning. She was leaving Mrs. Camp's on three weeks notice. I said, "Do you think she'd hire a man?" I didn't know what kind of an establishment it was, if it was a woman alone she'd just as soon have a gal here who could sew up a hem or zip a zipper and do things that a lady's maid would do as well as cook. And he said, "I'm sure she'd be glad to have anyone here in November with her cook leaving."</p> <p>So I called Katy and she said well here are the pros and here are the cons and why don't you come over this afternoon. I'll notify Mrs. Camp I think I have someone and she'll see you. S</p> <p>So I came and Mrs. Capm and I talked and she asked me a little bit about my qualifications and she asked me where I learned to cook. And I heard her relating this story to someone recently and she said, "William told me that he learned to cook from his mother's black cook in Baltimore when he was a child." That's really not quite the case. Number one, the woman who worked for my mother was not black.</p> <p><i>Baltimore</i></p>

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			<p>And it also presented a picture of a much more formal household than we had. And it wasn't in Baltimore. It was in Maryland. I think somehow that Maryland seemed like Baltimore to her. My father was in state service, but in Annapolis. Its and easy mistake to make, I guess. He was for much of his life, director of state parks in Maryland. Then he became the president of the national Parks Resource association. He's retired now.</p> <p>However when I was born, My mother was 36 and hadn't been well. And she had just had another child the year before, my older sister. And they were the first children, so late in life. And so she hired a young ^{girl} to come in and take care aof us and do the housework. The young girl was sort of a coal miner's daughter from a shack in Butcher Hollow. That sort of person. She was creative, she was zippy, a sort of <u>Loretta Lynn</u> type character with very good ideas who had no education, and who had never seen, for instance, a polished floor floor. She'd only seen board floors and packed dirt floors. And she literally grew up in her early years not wearing shoes in the summertime, like you hear about. It was hill country. It wasn't</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Maryland</i></p>

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			<p>Baltimore at all. It was a district forester's residence, in the mountains. She came to work for my mother and lived with us. We, as babies, referred to her as our sister. She was very young. Not 18. And pretty and smart. And Mother told her what she wanted her to do and taught her how to cook, gave her recipes. And what she said that Margie had, it was spelled like Margie but it was said with a hard G, we called her Margie. She said that Margie had a wonderful flair for the appearance of food. But Margie had a tough assignment because she had to look after us and cook and clean and iron and so forth. And in self defense, I suppose, rather than put us in the back yard and watch us and not get work done, she would have us work with her. She'd say, "I'm going to wash dishes, you dry dishes." I was four years old and she stood us on flat seated chairs to iron things like handkerchiefs and napkins while she stood across the room near enough to help but far enough so we would be taught and not see it as a toy. We swept, she taught us to make beds and she did teach us too cook. From earliest recollection we were doing that.</p> <p>She left us when I was seven to get married and from the age of nine I cooked for the family.</p> <p><i>Baltimore</i></p>

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	200		<p>Or at least was entrusted with the responsibility if no one else happened to do it. And I guess everybody was just patient with things like puddings that didn't thicken. and things like that. Until you grew up old enough to be discerning. You know, once you can read, anyone can read a cook book. Usually its some sort of mental aversion. that makes a person not cook well, rather than inability. I don't think it's a native gift like painting or piano. But that was the story on my qualifications Mrs. Camp wanted someone who would be able to give dinner parties and I certainly could do that. I'd been to a hundred dinner parties and I certainly knew wh how people in the east from our general back ground lived and had a feeling for New Yorkers having having been a New Yorker, more or less. I guess we just sized each other up. She said to me, "William, I don't want to be bothered with menus or planning grocery lists or thinking about food. I just wantt to be feed and feed in Style." And I said, "Mrs. Camp, I h think we are the two people in Blue Hill most cut out for each other in our respective positions." She said, "Fine, would you give dinner for the President of the College of the Atlantic tommorrow?" I said, "I'd be glad too."</p>

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			<p>And that was that. We went rolling from there. And so it's been our custom not to interfere in each other's departments. From my theatrical days, it's an easy analogy to be a supporting actor in a performance with a leading lady who knows the profession and every night is opening night and that's how it is here really. I don't think that that's far fetched. Just about 7:15 when I announce dinner, it's curtain going up. And where as we don't use meals here for business or political purposes the way they are often used in capital society in Washington, for instance, where you give revenge dinners. Here basically, our objective is to give as much enjoyment as possible and create an experience and well as feed. And I think you pick up on that just getting the atmosphere of the place. You may have noticed, for instance that there isn't any electricity in the dining room. So each night one sits down to the light of 30 candles. It's dreamy, really. And what she wants from me is someone who will just take over and surprise her. In the right way.</p> <p>Does that answer that question? It explains only the cook part, however. If you'd like me to say how it evolved into the butler part I'd be glad to say. What happened was, the previous</p> <p><i>W. S. Schmitt</i></p>

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			<p> Cook had been shy. Among the natives there is sometimes a reticence to go and be present among gentry. I remember a striking incidence in one house. There was a caretaker who had been in service there for years and he was so relaxed in anything to do with the outdoors. If the mistress of the house had done and talked with him outdoors about the garden or the grounds or boats or anything he would have dealt with her so forthrightly almost as an equal, and been completely in his own domain. And at one point point she asked he to come into the house to speak to her during a luncheon party in the dining room and I happened to be at the house and saw him come in and he was as apprehensive a person. Do you know <u>Walter Brennen</u>, he was a mid-century actor who played hick guys. That's the air he had with hat in hand, kind of twisting it, like a woman nervous would twist a handkerchiefs. He was very apprehensive the way a person would be going to a medical appointment where he anticipates an uncomfortable treatment or a bad diagnosis. And sweaty. And went into the the dining room to have a few words about something very routine, but was just so out of his domain. </p>

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			<p>I guess, she said, that there were some women who came to work for her over the years who were really shy about coming into the dining room That wasn't my feeling at all. I was very interested in the food that I served at h this point and thought, "Well, this is my little baby. I've made this for them and I'm going to escort it to them." What's more, the general way accepted way of eating a meal that I understood was that someone passed the ff food around the table and made it easier for the people sitting there. And I had no objection to it and I certainly didn't resent being regarded as a serving person, I was having the time of my life. It was like going to cooking school on a grant. To do something I liked so much and did easily and was getting paid on top of it. And her friends and I didn't txwank ^{wish} to fraternize so I was very glad to wait on them and make them as comfortable a possible.</p> <p>So we got into the habit of resuming the serving of food in courses. And it was the Edwardian tradition that you observed today of first course, the bell, main course, the bell.</p> <p>[<u>Suzanne Taylor came to return some books and magazines she had borrowed. Tape off for 5 min.</u>]</p>

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		263	<p>[Tape back on]</p> <p>I think think we'd stopped on something about previous people, cooks not serving. And courses and bells.</p> <p>Well, that all made perfect sense to people of her age. Although I think when I first came here that everyone was mildly astonished that someone of my age, I think I was 29 at the time., would not only know about that but see it as anything but vestiges of historic past. Where as far as I could see, it was still alive but only in a restricted sense. And I think on the coast of Maine [Mrs. Taylor returns briefly.] the Victorian world is still very much alive. Extraordinary. The most resonance voices, the women of that generation have. They all hoot.</p>
		280	<p>So Mrs. Camp was delighted to have someone who would bring the things in. It was interesting the first sizable luncheon I did here, by that I mean 6 or 8 people, I guess it was 6, a number of the ladies got up from the table after the course, not anticipating the desert but also anticipating helping carry things out to the butler's pantry, by where they'd just left them and someone would come in later and put them in to the dishwasher. So I walk walk walked into the dining room about to clear this course and</p>

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	300	294	<p>found everyone getting up. And I thought what is this, is it some sort of uprising. And I dox drove them back to their seats so I could sdrye desert. And of course everyone was indignant to have a desert with calories, though it's amazing how willingly they ate it.</p> <p>And gradually her inner circle of friends grew accustomed to the pattern here returning to that sort of new-Edwardian that they liked perfectly well and that I was glad to do. Well, time went by and we discussed what summer would bring and I was conscious that with the amount of entertaining we do in the summer time that we needed more staff. And she had the custom of hiring two maids each summer, college girls. There were two maids that summer. They didn't work well and were let go at the end of July. They really didn't do the work. And I'd gone through August alone, xxx and the next winter alone although I'd hired a few people on occasions to help with things large dinners, and so forth. and that worked fine although it was clear that nothing would be preferable to having a resident staff who xxx could do what had to be done here all the x time. And it really isnt that different for us here in the winter than in the summer. Guests from distant places come here all year long.</p>

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			<p>Many of them with great curiosity about Maine in the off season. And are rewarded for it, I might add because it is so lovely. Many people don't expect what Feb. is here, it's such a Scandanavian sort of wonderland. Usually the weather is sunny in Feb. and snowy. And so it's quite beautiful.</p> <p>So anyway, the next season she agreed to hire maids that were ultimately kept here year round and we've been doing that every since. We have a pair of maids. You met Rosealie today and there's one other who lives here too. I hire them always from our congregation and we work out some sort of mutually agreeable schedule so that we all kind of cover for each other and handle it that was.</p> <p>I was alsoway much more interested in serving people than just the food itself. So I was delighted to take on the responsibilities of not just service but organizing and staff management and such.</p> <p>321 Mrs. CAmp is very involved with the MS association and with two colleges, Colby and the College of the Atlantic. And she does some Smith Alumni.</p>

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			<p>What else would occupy her? Enough that she would just as soon not run her house. She does the hospital here in Blue Hill, the executive committee and she worked on the switchboard, and so forth. So she said, "Look, if you would just as soon run the inside of the house and Jeffery the outside, I'd be delighted." I said, "That suits me fine." I thought I knew what she wanted and we more or less agreed on everything. I can't think whom I could work for with whom I could share tastes so universally. We'll find instinctively, for instance, choices of things for decorating or arrangements for a given party without prior consultation, we'll have agreed on. So it was just one of those happy and fortuitous circumstances where the right employee finds the right employer. And I feel its a blessing. I know many people don't have work they enjoy. It's tragic. I love my work. And we have such an interesting time.</p> <p>And it carries immediate rewards, of course, because, unlike some other services you might perform, you see the immediate gratification of your subject when your serving them and know by the end of the evening if the people have enjoyed</p> <p><i>Blue Hill</i></p>

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	350		<p>the evening experience they've had.</p> <p>[Discussion of M.F.K.Fisher's books.]</p> <p>It's funny isn't it. Of course, I think a reliable serving staff of peopel with whom you feel a certain intimacy., there is a special intimacy between domestics and their employers, is a very reas^suring thing to have. You know you're never coming home to an empty house. It's not quite the same as coming home to a loving family no question, but still, for the priviledge few who now whom have a staff of any sort, it's unusual, to meet a person like mrs. Camp who have nine living in the e house or about her in one capacity or another. But it is a sort of consolation, particularly for older people, a widow alone not to walk into an empty house as she used to do. I didn't live here at the time. I do now, but only since March. And I've been here 6 years. At one point I is said, "It makes me uncomfotable going home and thinking of you being here , with that long lane, and even if you're at the top of the lane you're nowhere, alone in a house you never lock, at 70 years of age with not a sole to be any source of help and assistance to you. Not so much that you envision horried crimes, but but people do fall down.</p>

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	400	375	<p>My mother's the same age and she's accident prone and also lives alone in a large house. And I think it's enormously impractical and humiliating. So I was very glad when she decided yes, I'll keep your girls all winter and ever since it's worked out fine. They live in also.</p> <p>In fact this is our wing. Don't you think this is a rather pleasant room. We eat our meals here. If you look there, you can see up that hallway to the left, is a sw suite of bedrooms and separate entrance and the kitchen is here. And everything beyond that becomes serving area. Then we have this perfectly comfortable room to use for relaxation. And it was a fine detail I think, as late as the thirties, to build into a house a fireplace for the servants hall. It was a nice thing to do. It's not so much a servant's hall, it's more a sitting room. When I call it a servant's hall, I'm speaking more generically, with the language of the past.</p> <p><u>[We discuss the servant's quarters in other summer homes.]</u></p> <p>The Turrets I know as well as my own house. I wrote extensively on the building of the Turrets. <u>Dr. Kealber</u> was sympathetic to my</p>

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			<p>interest back in the late '60's. He gave me permission to have complete access to it. It was in it's derilict state. <u>Jim Blanchard</u>, in Bar Harbor. He lives at, it's that big white house with arches and blue awning that sat at right angles to Tristam Cōlket's old house. Reverie Cove, that was the name of it. They were Washingtonians, I think at that time he was about my age and was a page in the Senate. He was a fountain fox of information about the Turrets. It was built by the man who built the Chateau Frontinac who was the father of <u>Emily Post</u>. The architec was <u>Bruce Price</u> and she was hfs daughter, <u>Emily Price</u>. And after her divorce she styled herself <u>Mrs. Price Post</u>. The Turrets I knew very well, knew some of the family who lived there, I'm sure that <u>Mrs. Taylor</u> who was just here, knew <u>Audrey Emory</u>, the one who married <u>Grand Duke Demitri</u>, the Tsar's cousin.</p> <p>417 The house is an interesting one. As you know the servnat's wing there, apart from what you could gain entrance to from the main entrance, was through the butler's pantry, kitchen building, and up another stair, where the ceiling was actually lower than the rest of the house and so there were more floors. Ithink the college</p> <p><i>Bar Harbor</i></p>

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			<p>has remade it into residences.</p> <p>I've been in it a hundred time, I suppose, and I wrote a long article on it for the BDN. I was writing freelance for them as a feature writer on architectural historic subjects. I did an article on that and interviewed the servants from that staff. <u>Susie Stevens</u> from Bar Harbor, she may be dead now, and <u>John Riddle</u>, who was caretaker there and then went over to McCormicks, I think possibly he's dead now too. That was 13 years ago. <u>John Emory</u> up in Hulls Cove is the nephew of <u>Mrs. Alfred Anson</u> who owned the house. She was <u>Lela Emory</u>. He had a few stories to tell too but he's young enough so that it wasn't so much a part of his consciousness.</p> <p>438 That house was the architype of the way. It was very strict. She was very strict with all the children. There was an incident. Her duaghter Lela married the Duke of Talleyrand and divorced him and married a man named <u>Alistair Mac Intosh</u>, who wrote his memoirs. They were the jet set of their time, the late 20's and 30's. Both daughters had married titled men. There was on other named Alexandra who married a man named</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Bar Harbor</i></p>

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			<p>But Lela came on a rowing party with friends, from a long distance, they tell me Dark Harbor. They were all in sport's clothes and rowed up to her mother's villa in Bar Harbor and Mother Emory would not let her in because Lela and her friends were not properly dressed and they knew better. Isn't that interesting. There was a very artificial set of values</p> <p><u>[PD: I think that was more typical of Bar Harbor in that era than it ever was of Blue Hill.]</u></p> <p>You know, your right. Because that was a more self-conscious resort and many of the people who went there, were, I guess, playing themselves too, weren't they? And it was capital society whereas Blue Hill was families. Even if you look at the arrangement of properties. Bar Harbor is arranged like a rich suburb whereas Blue Hill is just a country place with country houses. And its not measured in dollars and cents because they could easily be equivilant but the issues were more values, I think, and Blue Hill was always a private secret place under a bubble. Whereas Bar Harbor was always internationally known. You know that when Bar Harbor burned in 1947, Figaro, the Newspaper in Paris, had that extraordinary headline that the palaces of the rich were being burned by</p> <p><i>Dark Harbor, Bar Harbor, Blue Hill</i></p>

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		464	<p>angry peasants. It's a wonderfully French point of view, isn't it.</p> <p>It was never the same. The war, both wars had done it and the depression and all over it's been hard for people to sustain it.</p> <p>I find even among those who come here, an element of selfconsciousness about being waited on.</p> <p>I don't know, maybe it would be easier on them if you were a minority group and inarticulate in the language. But to be waited on by a fellow educated easterner is somehow delicate and hard to manage, for some people. The majority of people who come here, noe, are prepared for us in advance and sort of see us as a musical comedy. Maybe just a comedy, there's no music here. They just come expecting to enjoy themselves and have a pleasant time and they're used to us now.</p> <p>Mrs. Camp has a very nice friend, who I think was a financial advisor at one time, he and his wife come here every summer. They had guests come, to go sailing. I stepped to the door of the pantry with the canvas bag of the foods that I send for the lunch on the boat. I don't go myself, once in a while. The food is prepared here rather than being prepared on the boat for ust a day sail. And characteristically there</p>

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	500		<p>would be a first course of soup, followed by sandwiches, followed by fruit and cheese and maybe some sort of cookies. It's pretty routine. Nice, but you don't sit down to a luncheon at a table they way you would have on her father's famous Thistle with a crew of ten, and he would say, "Girls, you can invite friends for lunch, but remember not more than thirty." The boat was 103 feet long. Where as her's is a modest, very handsome small yawl, 40 feet long, that sleeps four people under embroaderedsheets. xBxxx</p> <p>Basically people sit on the deck in shorts and eat a sandwich and drink a bottle of Hienakin from the bottle.</p> <p>Anyway, was here we were with the friend, introducing to me the other people who were going to go sailing and said, "This William Barr." To help eliminate any confusion as to whether I was a guest or worked here, I said, "How do you do. I'm Mrs. Camp's butler." And he supplied with a slight look of panic, "And very good friend." And I thought, now isn't is that interesting. He's really uncomfortable with my describing myself as a servant here. And I found that even that Mrs. Camp at first forbad me to use the term servant. She's just relaxed into it since I'm perfectly content with it myself and I think she</p>

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		511	<p>was thinking of my feelings. I personally don't find it objectionable and I'm conscious that that may be an idiosyncrasy. Our culture tends to breed that out of us, it's not a thing to be. But it maybe a biblical background on my part, I think serving is a dignified occupation. So I want to be one and I enjoy doing it. But there was no way I could say to that man, "No, I'm not Mrs. Camp's friend, I work here." And we are amiable and friendly, but our relationship is not based on friendship. I came here in a professional capacity and didn't want any other recognition. I'll never marry her daughter, you know xx what I mean. Never had any designs on using that to be assimilated into that sort of society. In fact, I suppose at the risk of sound ing pompose, I have lived on the other side of the pantry door most of my early life, and therefore I have no reason to be defensive about that. I voluntarily xxx came here to work this way. I'm not xxxx stuck with it. Whereas I think perhaps that many many people who work in the domestic professions, have had to. The staff of people I see around in New York, The building where she lives in New York is an old building. Some</p> <p><i>New York</i></p>

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			<p>of the people have lived there 30 years. But there is a housemaid who is obsequious, objectionably so, she's a lunitic really. I call her the hungarian house mouse. She has tallons and when she speakes to you she grabs your arm adn sinks her talon into your forarm. Not a very good professional either and she wears a dirty uniform.</p> <p>But there was a wonderful Irish woman who was the age of Mrs. Camp who came to us one year when we were working there on a temporary basis, worked as a lady's maid and housemaid in the apratment. Mrs. Camp had had an eye operation and needed personal assistance with things like picking up shoes, she couldn't bend over. Eye pressure. And this maidknew only the world of service and in the years since everytime I go to New York, I call on her. she lives with her elderly sister, who's widowed and they live in an almost entirely Irish world, very restricted view. They came arriving here in 1926 and sent half their salaries home to sick relatives who were in Ireland. They represent, I think, a classic study in that element of the American melting pot history. But have that only that vision, where as I have to allow that that isn't</p> <p><i>New York. Ireland</i></p>

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	550	530	<p>the only vision I have.</p> <p>For me this is more theatre and experimental in character. One of the guests at dinner last night said something to me about the way I ran this house. And I said to her what I said to her that it's been like going to school on a grant because I'm able to inculge in an experiment that always interested me and be paid for it. It's been enormously enjoyable. And I guess in that respect you would say that it is unique.</p> <p><u>[PD comments on the nature of service, the fact that Americans, with their democratic ideals are not comfortable serving or being served, that Mainers especially are independant, that wealthy brought own domestic servants.]</u></p> <p>Unless they hired staff from a non-native element. Some brought staff with them from their homes. As Mrs. Camp did with her family. They traveled with their own. And their people were Scotch and Irish and I think therefore were liberated from those uncomfotable feelings <u>[of serving]</u>. It's all so simple really, that basically American society in the first part of the century had all these ideals about what technology would accomplish, what the immigrant family's children would become in the next generation, would have</p>

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			<p>what they didn't have. Material goals that other people perhaps didn't have potential to, was peculiarly American at that time, stemmed from those social, economic views. The next generation learned English better, and embarrassed their parents by outshining them. There was a good deal of sorrow associated with it, I think, but at the same time measure of pressure and discomfort for the young who were expected to be ^{new} achievers within the/realm. Even in my age group, I'm now 35 which meant I was going to high school in the 60's, it was still thought a very good thing to be a nuclear-physicist. And I don't know what anybody would have done if his son said he wanted to be a butler. God knows it was considered eccentric enough that I wanted to be an actor. I think any middle class family would have been more comfortable if I said I wanted to do hotel administration. Which I did talk about at one time. I was very interested in the idea of inn keeping. Which I'm not now because I'm so in love with the idea of knowing who I wait on.</p> <p>571 I think my mother finds it rather amusing and intriguing that I'm doing this. But by and large most parents wouldn't I guess. I don't know how my father feels about it now that I stop.</p>

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			<p>and consider it. I think he probably sees it as sort of a phase, like a college job, and I should be too old for that sort of thing. He's never said. I can understand why culturally people have come to those view points. This business about the differences in serving staffs from country to country intrigues me. There was a very good book written for it's type, with the least pointless gossip, it was <u>Rosina Harrison's My Life in Service</u>, about working for <u>Lady Astor</u>. In spite of her marriage to <u>Lord Astor</u>, she was an American woman. Her sister you know was married to <u>Charles Dana Gibson</u>, the illustrator. They were Langhorn girls from Virginia. Their father had made his pile carpetbagging in the Civil War era and said "Only niggers and Yankees work." They had a big house named Miramar, not far from Charlottesville, I think. Anyway she ended up in that enormous place called Clivedon in England, a great house, and kept an enormous staff and this woman was her lady's maid and personal attendant, and lived there for many xx years. And her observation was that American servants treated each other better than English servants did. That the stratified English household was an unfriendly atmosphere. The people weren't</p> <p><i>Virginia, England</i></p>

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	600		<p>good to each other. So I've always been curious in working in this work to meet other people who are domestics, from place to place. In our congregations throughout the country, there are many people who are in domestic work, I've always questioned them about their working circumstances. I love to meet the ones around here, most houses are less compartmentalized than ours. Usually there's a maid-of-all-work. And almost never an indoor man servant. I don't think there is another one in Maine. I'm not aware of it.</p> <p>593 I always want to know if they're happy with their work. Everywhere I've gone and worked in anyone else's house for a night or on a temporary basis, they've been so nice. And I understand that that isn't true elsewhere.</p> <p>I was in Paris 2 years ago. Going there with the utmost curiosity about the attitude towards domestic servants there. This was my own private study, you see. <u>Mrs. Taylor</u>, who was just here had given me some very good references, and one of them, .. they would have been interesting assignments if anybody had been in France at the time, they were all in the United States at the time and nobody hired me from that crowd. <u>Mr.</u> and <u>Mrs. Van der Kamp</u> were the creators and at h</p> <p><i>Paris (France)</i></p>

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			<p>Versailles and lived in it. He's Dutch, she's American and they've known the <u>Taylors</u> in the war years ✕ so she wrote to Mme. Van de Kamp and proposed that they take me on as a temporary staff member there to further my education and Mme. Van der Kamp wrote back and said, "That sounds fascinating but I'm in Calif. until May." There was a <u>Baron de Gansbourg</u>, who was a great socialite of the mid-century, now married to a Canadian woman and they kept a great house in Paris and she wrote to them also. They were in the United States, so I arrived, baggs in hand, early one morning in February, to an unrevealed destiny and ended up working for Americans attached to the embassy. I din't get really the inside glimpse. I heard things, for instance, about locked pantrys and ✕ refridgerators because of mistrust. Whereas I've never known such a thing here. Have you ever seen it in the Bar Harbor cottages? I never have. I've never known of any need for it. Ive looked into the Newport cottages because key they represent such a special era in American domestic service. I've never known of a locked refridgerator or pantry because people don't commonly mistrust their servants, I think here. <u>Rosina Harrison</u> made a good point in her book</p> <p><i>California Paris. Bar Harbor</i></p>

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			<p>about <u>Lady Astor</u>. She said some woman lost a jewel at a dinner dance at their house and someone questioned whether a servant might have found it and taken it. And she said, "Don't xxxx people realize that servants are the last ones to take things. That their livelihood depends on taking good care of the objects they deal with." I think that servants are more careful of the property of their employers than say the employers grandchildren would be. And later, the maid in question was vindicated when that piece of jewelry was found under a carpet. It was the same old story.</p> <p>I don't find that atmosphere of mistrust here at all, certainly not in Mrs. Camp's house, and familial. it's very relaxed/ I think our objective as a household, certainly mine in any tone I'm supposed to set to the atmosphere of the rest of the staff, is a kind of relaxed , easy naturalness. Not a stiff fx formality, not an off hand casualness that seems indifferent, either. And not so much style that it becomes a costume party with grotesque affectation. But enough style to make people feel that this is a special occasion and that we're very glad to be entertaining them and are putting ourselves out for them. It's a delicate balance.</p>

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	650	630	<p>We exist, I think for the pleasure of Mrs. Camp's guests and that becomes the objective. So for it to be friendly is very important. I think that going to <u>Mrs. Emory's</u> at the Turrets was scary. You couldn't come more than 5 min. early because that was thought over eager. That would be a suspicious act and you wouldn't be asked back because you couldn't trust them, they'd blow in so soon.</p> <p>And then of course if you arrived late late you were damned to perdition because that was indifference and irresponsible. That was the sort of world they were living in. But she had a very high standard. It was maybe an end in itself rather than accomplishing anything for any good.</p> <p><u>Susie Stevens</u> said that flower arrangements were changed daily. That was dreamy. I think it was wonderful that they were. I think it is unique that Mrs. Camp has a woman here who really is a great artist, she's a potter in her own right and then comes here and makes bouquets. You've seen the things in the front of the house. She's imaginative, she comes everyday of the week and takes out the dead</p>

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			<p>flowers, and puts in fresh ones. It's not that she sweeps away the arrangement because it was there the day before. If there is something dead in it she'll take it out. You see it's a step back from <u>Mrs. Anson's</u> policy.</p> <p><u>[PD: comments on other similar occurrences.]</u></p> <p>This house was outfitted from its inception with a flower room and the flower room is accessible from the outside so that Lee, who now serves here, can walk in from both the cutting garden and the more formal wall garden that you see down here below the steps. Or she can come into the green house off the grounds without going through the rest of the house. It would be more characteristic of her, for instance, to take the bouquet to the flower room and repair it or redesign it, and then take it back.</p> <p>What have you found about people's difficulties in hiring?</p> <p><u>[PD: They're more apt to be college kids waiting on table or crewing the boats and the boat captains are apt to be college teachers taking a summer job.]</u></p> <p>They're really all on their way someplace else. While I was in Paris I worked for the public affairs office in the American Embassy. And I</p> <p><i>Pois</i></p>

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			<p>worked in the same capacity there as I do here. Occasional chef/butler. I say occasional because they had their own cook and she was very good. She was a student at Lavarinne which was the chic cooking school that year. And it's <u>Julia Child's</u> special interest. So I did some meals for them. And they were relaxed American people who were very generous about saying if you could do an occasional luncheon for us us or an occasional dinner for us we'd be very grateful but basically we want you to be able to see Paris and France and your welcome to our extra room.</p> <p>672 My employer there come to see me, they'd a friend who'd just been appointed ambassador to Peru from France. So we gave a dinner for him. My employer was especially pleased with the dinner and he paid me a call in the kitchen and said, "Now, William, I can't emphasize enough to you that I think your're making a big mistake to keep your world so narrow. And I think it's time for you to go on and get out of service and to go on to something else." And I was..but..butt..but.. I'm perfectly happy at this. Why should I step out of something that I'm perfectly content</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Peru, France</i></p>

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	700		<p>in. Is it money. Do you think I should earn more money? Is it the name, butler? I couldn't whether he suffered from that or not. He gave me a present of money to take a trip to the Loire Valley to see the chateaus. I was naturally gratified that they were happy enough with the work to do that. But I couldn't agree with the proposition because I doing this. I had actually rather fantasized about it in my young years. I always like waiting on people so its more personal I guess, rather than being just a job. Whereas other young people who take the jobs are going to be dentists or lawyers and they're doing something to finance their schooling. They're not ashamed of it, they're on their way to something else. I think some people go into domestic work with sorrow because it's not what they hoped for.</p> <p>[PD: <u>It's all they can get. Particularly women. Housework is what they know. It doesn't carry prestige.</u>]</p> <p>It's all what you make it, isn't it. There was a funny short story in the New Yorker last year called, "The Help" and it was about a gal for a widower and his son and it was perfectly obvious that they were totally dependant on her. She just did the dishes and cleaned up</p>

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			<p>around the place and left them cassaroles.</p> <p>But it was very well written and funny article about their total dependance on her. And that was a case where she did not approach it as a professional, she just needed work and whe was a pretty sharp gal who realized that were a couple of losers.</p> <p>For us I think it's more the case that we have this delightful environment to work in, every-thing is perfectly peaceful and quite, it's not a competitive assingment. We happen to inter-act rather happily in this household. There is a laundress, and the caretaker that Mrs. Camp's referred to and some help for him, one or two men in the summer time, then the gardener, which is a separate office in the person of Lee who does the beautiful flower arrangements and the vegetable gardens. And there's a private secretary and then two maids and a butler.</p> <p>And it's rare, I don't think we ever hear an ungracious word. I think that everyone has some-how found a nitch in this beautiful place and is doing something he's satisfied with. I'm sure it's not Blue Hill, per se, it's Mrs. Camp's house that has a special spirit about it. You can see she's very jolly, and never complains. She has a wonderful sense of humor andlikes to</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Blue Hill</i></p>

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			<p>have things dealt with humorously. And there isn't a great deal of fretting about the wrong spoon or spilled items, or expense of things which of course is a special realm of the rich. To be causal about expense. I guess it all gives us a unique graciousness which we're affected by. And happy to contribute to.</p> <p>It isn't typical is it? I've seen a good many of the households of the mid-coast region, because I visit other people in the profession, none of them has the same relationship with their employers. Many of them handle more than one household on a free lance basis, not quite catering but go in for a party sort of thing. Or clean. But none of them has the very best beautiful experience of continuity in one world.</p> <p>Now Lea has been here 6 years. Jeff has been here since his college days, and his father before him. <u>Mrs. Leach</u> who is the laundress was here before I was and I've been her 6 and I have no thought of going elsewhere.</p> <p>And Mrs. Camp is very funny. She was talking to me about wanting to make sure that if she was to die that I would give a very good reception for guests who would attend the funeral. And I said, "Wait, what if I die first, who's giving my party?" She said, "William, if you die first,</p>

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		728	<p>I shall be very disappointed in you."</p> <p>But what it reveals is that both of us feel that we'll more or less go on as we are. I'm not a butler about to become something else.</p> <p>Mrs. Camp's mother, <u>Mrs. Milikin's</u> chambermaid worked for her for 40 years, she was a scotch-Irish woman and never became any other kind of maid, she didn't go on to be a parlormaid or become the housekeeper and eventually run the palace. She stayed a chamber maid all that time. And I guess when people are content they aren't reaching for something else. Sometimes things are out of reach, but sometimes people are just happy. Values are different.</p> <p><u>[PD: Is there any pattern about pensions when some one retires?]</u></p> <p>I don't know the answer to that. I was trying to think who I knew... I was thinking of <u>John Riddle</u> there in Bar Harbor. But when I knew him he was still working. When he was old he went from the celebrated <u>Mrs. Anson</u> up to the McCormicks. A different setting entirely tho' equally attractive. And they had a pretty little house by the side of the road ther by <u>Mary Roberts Rinehart's</u> driveway. And I'm so young it's very abstract for me. Young to be a butler but that's just the way it came out in our situation.</p> <p><i>Bar Harbor</i></p>

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			<p>Have you had anyone who could comment on it? [The tape runs out as I say no. No end of tape announcement. But this is the end of side one.</p>
		745	<p>We go to...] [Side 2.]</p>
	050	011	<p>[PD: Caretakers, superintendents, on the large estates have always had a lot of responsibility, prestige, particularly in earlier times when they had extensive staffs, maxxxx maintained kitchen gardens, formal gardens and kept everything in repair, sent vegetables to the families in their winter homes. In the case of the Garrish Milikins in NEH, they sent a number of christmas wreaths and trees, 40 or 50, which were made on the estate by the superintendent and his people and taken down to them. The Garrish Milikin Sr.s.--Now they really don't have a staff. They have one man outdoors year round. And a couple of women who come in part time when the family is there in August.] They're cousins of Mrs. Camp's you know. [PD: Its still a lovely spot but it's not kept up the way it used to be.] Well, here it all on a fairly small scale. and it was built in the 30's not in the 90's by a couple who were young, they were so young, they</p>

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			<p>were my age now. This was there honeymoon home, it wasn't supposed to be an estate. And then somehow it became one.</p> <p>[PD: But definitely set up initially quite differently from the grand estates.]</p> <p>Yes, without a question. and it had a lovely simplicity about it. Even as it has evolved it's quite simple and everything is logical and selfperpetuating that things just automatically occur, things like the cutting garden are mater of fact and the formal garden. But so reasonably scaled that they are less challenging to maintain. As As <u>Dr. Johnson</u> said, to paraphrase it, it's not that it's done well, it's that it's done at all. I think that people today that the wonder is that Alida Camp at all keeps a large staff. But it is done well in a sense you don't see powdered wigs and livered footmen. But the fact that anyone had nine people year round to see to the needs of her household is sort of special. And it makes sense therefore it vindicates the simplicity of the place.</p> <p>If it had been the turettts... I remember when <u>Mrs. Anson</u> reduced the staff after WWII, I think she went from 30 to 16. That would have been an impossible venture to try to make that a winter home with the economy the way it is today.</p>
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			<p>I found in talking with other people, particularly people who don't have choices, and ended up in their positions by virtue of necessity, that through the generations there has grown up a whole heritage of lore of how "my father bested <u>John Rockefeller</u> in conversation." And they're always telling how they put so and so in his place. xXXXXXXXXX And they rather cherish this little collection in their minds of how they bested <u>Mrs. Rockefeller</u>, and I think it's unbecoming, it's touching in a way and there is always the intrinsic humor in it, but unbecoming to someone who values real professionalism.</p> <p>103 I put it on a par with the demeaning aspect of using first names with employers. Once in a while I'll talk with people who use first names with their employers and there even can be generations between them. I think just by virtue of age it somehow doesn't seem becoming. And it seems to me, this is just an opinion, that it lowers the employee rather than elevate him. It makes him look as though he is exercising bad judgement. And sometimes employers may xxx invite staff to call them by their first names and any situations where I've run into that, I haven't run into that here, perhaps</p>

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	150		<p>because of age group. And there is a certain natural formality between Mrs. Camp and me, that was unselfconscious and easy to maintain. But whenever I've run in to it in other situations I've declined and maintained the surname because I think it is a standard I'd like to hold on to. I think it is more common that people are on a first name basis. No, it varies, no I wouldn't say it's more common, I've just seen it.</p> <p>Mrs. Camp addresses me as William, always. I'm younger than her own children, I think it would be silly for her to call me Mr. Parr, that's only done in England. Where servants are called by their surnames, But Mrs. Leach is never called Blanch by anyone. She's the laundress so it's not a question of rank, is it? But Mrs. Camp always calls her Mrs. Leach but <u>Marjery King</u>, who is one of the house parlor maids, she calls Margerie and she's 60. It's a matter of personality. Margerie is a young 60, full of humor and so forth and that may be part of it. <u>Mrs. Leach</u> is actually younger than Mrs. Camp. Everyone calls her Mrs. Leach, I wouldn't dream of calling her by her first name. And it's not because I think it is wrong, but it just wouldn't</p> <p style="text-align: right;">England</p>

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		152	<p>fit in my mouth.</p> <p>Now elsewhere, I've never seen resident staff called by their surnames.</p> <p>There was a period when my father's mother lived with us, when we were living in Baltimore. This is in my teens. And she had lost her reason with old age and needed assistance all the time. She was dangerous to herself. We hired two maids who were effectively kw one maid because they were never there simultaneously. One was a most dignified and attractive black woman who still works for my father, named <u>Mrs. Amos</u>. The other was a white woman who spent most of her time, she was an older woman, who spent most of her time on the phone gossiping, did very little work. I found her personality objectionable. She didn't work well. Her name was <u>Mrs. Adams</u> and I never remember calling them anything but Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Adams. And Mrs. Amos is still sort of an extension of our family, working for my father still in Bel Aire and now these 15 years later I would never call her Edith. But she never lived with us. She came by day. My parents also call her Mrs. Amos. It wasn't just the generational difference. I don't know quite how to explain that phenomina.</p> <p><i>Baltimore</i></p>

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	200	175	<p>In England, as you know, it was done , that you called staff by their surnames. And sometimes without a title. The archtype, Hudson, from "Upstairs, Downstairs," Cooks and housekeepers were usually Mrs. even though not married. Maids were on a first name basis. And a governess was almost ranking, if she was a teaching governess. So she always had a surname and a title .</p> <p>But to me an extraordinary aspect of that was the total subsuming of the staff by it's household. That your identity came to you by your household.</p> <p>I suppose that happens here to an extent. People here see me not just as William Parr, but as William Parr, Mrs. Camp's butler. The ambassador from Blueberry Hill. It even affects their behavior to me. I think people who would be indifferent to me, and I would be annomous, all of a sudden put me on the map because I work for the famous Mrs. Camp.</p> <p>It was interesting, if <u>Lord Astor's</u> man met <u>Lord Albermale's</u> man at Ascot while their Lords were betting on the horses he'd call out, "Hello, Albermarle." and the other one would call out, "Hello, Astor." Although their name was like <u>Higgins and Wright</u>. and I'd never experienced</p> <p><i>England</i></p>

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			<p>that. But I went to New York when I begsn service with <u>Mrs. Camp</u> and if you've every been in New York you know there is a chain of select food stores called Christini's. And most of the 5th Ave. and Madison Ave. houses keep charge accounts at the Christini's and send their servants there to shop. So naturally I took my place in this tradition and I would go from the place at 77th St. to Christini's which was on the same street at Madison Ave. And after I was regularly identified there, I went every day, so it took minutes practically to get used to me as <u>M</u> as a regular representitave of the household, they began calling me Camp. And sometimes <u>Mr. Camp</u>. No one at all thought I was Mr. C<u>A</u>mp. It is rather anacranistic. And these were tough talking New Yorkees. These weren't people of English heritage. This is' <u>[Mimics a rough NY voice and accent]</u> Eddie the grocer. "How ya doin Camp. I got some good water cress over here. How many do ya want." That sort of person. It's still that way. When I go in there they write Camp at the top of the slip and then I go in a push the cart around and I'm very pokey and they're very patient with me. And I sometimes fill more than one cart. And I'm looking, looking. and</p> <p><i>New York</i></p>

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			<p>it's always a treat because there are always so many more things available in that great bazaar of the nations than are available in Blue Hill or even ghe great Ellsworth. So I take my time and get the things that will make our parties interesting. And then camp they say, "[Imitates voice again]"OK, Camp, just leave them here and sign this and we'll send them right over." And they do.</p> <p>Do you know, there is a special reverence I think for the role of bulter. It's almost so unheard of now.</p> <p>I do some sort of major domo sorts of offices where you're entrusted with bits of family business that don't directly pertain to your household duties. For instance when I'm in NY I do various errands involving Mrs. Camp's jewelry. And the place where the jewelry goes to have it's little operations from time to time is a place called Raymond Yard. It's on a high floor, like the 16th in a building on 5th Ave. and it's locked and you ring a bell to go in and an attendant at the door, half guard, half butler who is gracious if it behooves him to be. And you identify yourself so when you come he'll more or less say, "On the part of whom are you calling, or whom do</p> <p><i>Blue Hill, Ellsworth N.A</i></p>

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		253	<p>you wish?" And you know to say, "How do you do? I'm Mrs. Camp's butler. I'm bringing her ring to be seen." And then he sends for <u>Mr. Gibson</u> and <u>Mr. Gibson</u> comes out and you're seated at a Louis XV writing desk. And it's all very pleasant and relaxed and slightly formal.</p> <p>Well, it's been intriguing to me to see how the fact of being someone's butler opens these doors. I'd done an errand there and had gone on to a silver repair shop, with a small item to be fixed. I came out of the silver repair shop and hailed a taxi. I got into the taxi, dressed representing the household, in the city clothing of a man who's working for an establishment. Cashmere coat and a Homburg. The driver was an archatypical native NYer who said to me, "Hey, Don't I know you? Ain't you in public life? Are you in show business?" I said, "I'm sure you don't. Actually I'm a butler in private service. No one in the world knows me." All the way up Park Ave. he grilled me with questions about what it was like to work for someone in this day and age. It was better than having been <u>Robert Redford</u>. He was so much more satisfied. It was like having a dinosaur in your taxi.</p>

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	300		<p>It was interesting to me how many times the remark would be made, "Oh, your boss must be very wealthy." Maybe after you've worked in domestic service long enough, you meet only people of means, don't you. That becomes your real world. And I never thought about it. I don't think my employer ever thinks about it. People who haven't made their money aren't particularly selfconscious about being rich. It's a given.</p> <p>So the taxi driver said that and I thought, I don't know. Anyone who has a butler is very wealthy, that was all there was to it. I guess it fascinates people because it seems like it's history to them. [the phone rings] [Let me ask you about your relations with the native community. You are unique in your position. You are a member of a wealthy household. Obviously through your church work you have contacts with local people.]</p> <p>Just about every single house. In the 13 years I've been here. I think Jehovahs are unique in that we do go door to door so you do meet every single person, eventually.</p> <p>[PD: Others have told me that the local people resent the professional servants who xxx were brought in. Do you find any of that?]</p>

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			<p>No, I have to say I haven't. One of our house parlor maids is a native woman. The other one is a New Yorker. <u>Mrs. Leach</u> is native, Jeff is native. This household is not representative. There is a very amiable relationship that exists here and isn't characteristic. What you say may be x true and I am almost think it would be justified because there is a slightly tactless aspect to come to an area where people need work so much. And bring others. If there are people locally who can do the work. So naturally there would be a measure of resentment. I think it might be misplaced if it's directed against the staff because they were hired. It would be more logical to appeal to the employing community to employ native help. Then again, if the native community doesn't want to be domestic, or if they don't want to put on a uniform or in some way object to the image of the domestic worker, then I think it just has to be understood that they'll bring a black person or an Hispanic person or Chinese or whatever who may already be at a disadvantage in this culture and therefore operating in a different frame of reference entirely.</p> <p>332 Now, bearing in mind that I came here long before I went to work for Mrs. Camp. I'd been in Maine</p>

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	350		<p>for 15 years. But I've only been here 6. And in this neighborhood many people knew me already because of my work with Jehovah's Witnesses. So they all knew that I was a working person, that I had to earn a living and that I wasn't besting anyone. They're sympathetic if anything. I've found that the whole atmosphere very relaxed and friendly. I've never had any suggestion of hostility. From any native element what so ever. Part of it of course is that Mrs. Camp is quite popular. The only time I hear disparaging remarks is when there is a strong suspicion that they may stem from jealousy. But that's not based on socio-economic standing by any means because it might be someone els of the privileged class, to use a sort of a pompous term, rather than being necessarily a poor man. Most people who know her think she's fun. People would like to take a job here. I guess I've observed some of that.</p> <p>There was an interesting woman in Sorrento. A <u>Mrs. Gamble</u> who's husband was the head of Harvard Medical School. She was a <u>Chafee</u> from RI family. Her nephew was the govenor and the secretary of the Navy. She was the local rich lady, prominant millionairess with a wonderful house in Boston and a funny sense of humor.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Sorrento Boston</p>

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		372	<p>She kept a swimming pool and taught everyone's children to swim. When I knew her she was in her 80's. She had one scotch maid and another local one who went to Boston with her. Just the reverse of the usual. She spent almost half the year in Sorrento. So the maid was half the year in her home territory. She was from Sullivan and just went down to the point to do her work. And she had a cook, <u>Doris Martin</u> who was from Ashville and that was her staff. Three older women for one very old woman. I guess mixing the household with local workers eliminating that sort of thing.</p> <p>There was a couple, the wife was an invalid and the husband was a well known doctor, they hired Jamacan black who spoke some strange broken English, to come and take care of the wife. That didn't last very long.</p> <p>They tell me that one family as late as the 30's had clambakes with uniformed stewards in white gloves serving on the beach. At Sorrento. We didn't come until the 60's so everything was over then.</p> <p><u>[Phone rings. He answers and the tape is turned off for a few minutes.]</u></p> <p><u>[What are now your normal working hours?]</u></p> <p>A typical day now that i live here, I rise very</p> <p><i>Boston Sorrento Sullivan Ashville</i></p>

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			<p>early, not that I have to because Mrs. CAMP doesn't get up until until after 7. I like 5:30.</p> <p><u>[Dog checks out the mic and William speaks to him.]</u></p> <p>I do her breakfast. And if there is not a luncheon, of course, I'm free. Doing her breakfast means poaching an egg and doing some toast and the maids take the whole thing away. Or scramble an egg or hot cereal. I eat my own breakfast and do what ever studying I have to do in conntection with my ministry. Then I do ministerial activities, the door to door work that we do, or whatever. For most all the day. If there is not a dinner that evening, I accept a social engagement. By contrast, if it's a busy summer day I might send her off on the boat and prepare for a dinner party for 12 while she's sailing and then serve that and go to bed at 11. Or she might go away for a month and I'll have absolutely nothing to do except take my check to the bank. So you see it's extremely variable. She told me one year I worked 35 weeks. That's better than teaching. I had off 17 weeks with pay. You have to go the full cycle otherwise you might have the artificial conclusions you</p>

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			<p>had reached based on just summer. You'd think I can't work 16 hours a day, I'll die. There are some pressure days. There was a day last summer we had dinner for 12. Then a normal day the next day. Then luncheon for 40 the next day. Then a normal day the next day and then tea for 150 or 200 for the Founder's Cup Race. And that was the succession of days. And it isn't unheard of for her to say, "There will just be the 4 of us at home after tea." So after the tea we go up to the house and serve dinner for 4 or 6.</p> <p>An old woman who had worked here told me, "Alida Camp is a good woman to work for but she doesn't know a days work." She was a woman who worked as a cook on the Slavan property. in the 30's.</p> <p>And this was when I was first working here and I analysed this and said of course, that's understandable in a sense. If you don't do those things yourself it's difficult to sort of snip off lengths of assignment and say , this is enough of for one period and not add more. She said frankly, "You'll find that I'll run you ragged in the summer and you'll have a great deal of time to yourself otherwise. And it evens out. How does that sound to you?" I said I was willing to gamble and that was that.</p>

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	450		<p>I might give a very negative answer to that question at the end of the summer. But that wouldn't be really revelatory because it does balance out.</p> <p>You could work 24 hours a day and keep everything perfect. There was a time when there were 10 men outside here and one of the things they did was to keep all the door knobs [<u>brass</u>] polished in the play house, knobs, switch plates, everything was kept polished. But it simply isn't done now. The same things aren't done.</p> <p>[PD: A 1910 state survey of what Maine employers expected of their servants... more than half expected 16 to 24 hours a day or "as much as necessary."]</p> <p>Isn't that what happens to a mother? Any mother without the recourse of labor unions or any sort of protection. The original <u>Emily Post</u> discusses hours and she alots 8 hours to personal use. Whereas we would expect at leats 8 hours prone on the bed and at least some other time. Then they understood that the person would work the full 16 hours and any references I've read have dealt with the 16 hour day. We don't have that.</p> <p>[Speaks to the dog.]</p> <p>It was a reality. I've read several good things. One was called the <u>Victorians</u> and it</p>

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	300		<p>was part of a series the Blue Hill Library has it and I think the chapter on servants is called something like "Below stairs".</p> <p>And there is an excellent one called <u>Victorian People in Life and Literature</u>, by <u>Julian Avery</u>. It is very much a description of summer colony gentry in the post Victorian world.</p> <p>America emulated those [<u>English Victorian</u>] attitudes for so long. It was a safe world, it was a secure heritage.</p> <p>I had a friend in Sorrento, named <u>Mrs. Ridgely</u>. Sort of the first family of Maryland, one of them surely. They lived in a great house like the White House, called Hampton. They were colonial aristocrats. And when <u>Wallis Warfield</u> picked up Edward the 8th, they all knew her parents. And to a man sympathized with Queen Mary. And felt sorry for the embarrassment of the senior Warfields and how could Wallis go and do that. Isn't that interesting? That showed where the kinship was. Her uncle was <u>Edward Morrell</u> who lived in Bar Harbor where Morell Park is. He was ambassador to the court of Nicholas II.</p> <p>Her cousin was <u>Alva Astor</u>, <u>John Jacob Astor's</u> wife. She had such roots into the old world of the 400, the upper crust. All she could see</p> <p><i>Sorrento, Maryland Bar Harbor</i></p>

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		501	was poor Queen Mary, all her expectations dashed. <u>[End of Tape. Closing Announcement]</u>