The one-day format for this reunion worked very well, although members always want more time to socialize and view the displays which members brought! One of the most entertaining was brought by sisters and cousins of Irene Libby Starbird (see article on p. 4) who had photos, handwork, clothing, and genealogy albums for seven generations of their family, from Buxton, ME, and surrounding areas. The Silent Auction received great attention, as did last minute raffle ticket purchases for the lovely seafoam green afghan—won by Bonnie Wesson. President Pat Libbey Davis opened the meeting, after introductory comments by Reunion Co-Chair Jacquelin Libby. Pat welcomed all attendees, and asked each committee chair to report, after Charles Davis read the minutes of the preceding reunion and Jerre Holbrook reviewed the treasurer’s report—both of which were approved. It was noted that the recipe booklet was delayed and that more recipes were needed. Another request, therefore, is to be found in this newsletter—please send recipes! Archivist Luella Merryman reported that all new materials she received had been filed at the Scarborough Historical Society, and Corresponding Secretary Allen Humphries urged members to update new mailing or contact information with him so that the JLFA can reach its members in a timely fashion—especially important for the newsletter!

The wonderful boxes of candy donated by Len Libby Chocolates were presented to the “most mature” female and male attendees: Pat Libby, of Milton Mills, NH, and Charles Davis, of Concord, MA. The youngest female and male attendees were Chelsea and John Stevens, of Portland, ME. Nancy Moulton of Key West, FL, travelled the farthest! Entertaining all the attendees was the “Parade of Olde Home Day Costumes”, emceed by reunion Co-Chair Lauralee Clayton. Some were from earliest Colonial days, complete with sunbonnets, while others were from more recent times, such as the 1950s—flowing flowered “hippy” dress—and the 1960s—pillbox hat and crocheted outfit. There was a tie for “first” in the impromptu voting: Sally Chase from Scarborough, ME, and Paige Hillman from Hollis, ME. We thank all who entered into the spirit of “an expanded concept of family” by participating!

Mr. Howie Wemyss, General Manager of the Great Glenn Outdoor Trails Center of Mt. Washington, NH, was impressed that his audience of Libby/eyes were related to the family (currently, Alna Libby) which still runs the Mt. Washington Auto Road overlooking the Androscoggin River Valley. The road, opened in the mid-1800s, has undergone many “adjustments” (as have the buildings at various stages along the road) but it still hosts “races”—both car and foot (even a unicycle!}—to the top and is still popular with tourists: Mary Todd Lincoln, President Grant, and Mark Twain all visited this remarkable site, which is “always changing, and always exciting!”

In 2015, Please Come Again!
John Libby Family Association Board of Directors

Note: All general correspondence and dues for the Association should be sent to the RECORDING SECRETARY

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Message from President Pat

Dear Cousins—Over fifty Libby/eys had a great time at the 110th Family Reunion in September! We were graced by wonderful weather that was enhanced by changing leaf colors. Do put the date for the next reunion, September 26th, on the list of events in your 2015 calendar!

The annual Afghan Raffle this year was a beautiful aqua-colored work of art by Janet Thompson, and it should be noted that some of our gifted members made special things, such as layette sets, for the Silent Auction. We thank them so much for their efforts and devotion to the Libby Family!

In Memoriam

The JLFA offers its sympathy to the family of Director Laurie Edberg in the loss of her mother, Winifred B. Thompson (1922-2014), and the passing of her brother-in-law Roger Wesson (1947-2014).

We also regret the passing of Kenneth James Libby (1922-2014) who for many years was a director of the Scarborough Library, Scarborough Historical Society, and the Black Point Cemetery Association.
Recipe Booklet Project

In fall of 2013, Anne Louise Bailey, a reunion attendee, suggested that the JLFA compile a recipe booklet of favorite “Libby-family” recipes (which can encompass your favorites, even if they are not handed down for generations!). Due to various setbacks, we were not able to publish the booklet for this fall’s reunion. But—we still are hoping to get one published! It would be great if the book could be compiled for next fall’s 111th Reunion. Recipes are still needed and now that there is extra time to submit them, please try to send some to Anne Louise!

Information should include:

Title of recipe/ Category (see below)/ Name of Submitter/ (including Libby #, if you have it)/ Origin of recipe (Mom’s, Grandfather’s, etc.)/ Ingredients/ Directions/ and, any comments about the recipe’s origin or cooking tips and, copies of old photos you would like to have help decorate the book (these should be clear copies, with the scenes or people identified—not anything you need back!). We cannot accept a copyrighted recipe but if you have changed one in some way, then we can accept it.

Categories include: Appetizers, Breads (muffins, rolls, etc.), Drinks, Soups, Entrees (casseroles, stews, roasts, etc.), Side Dishes, Desserts, Sweet Treats (pies, cakes, candy, etc.), Gluten-free, and Sugar-free.

The recipes may be mailed to: Anne Louise Bailey, 101 Lou Street, Chittenango, NY 13037; or, E-mailed to: upliftingpastor@aol.com

Deadline: March 31, 2015

Book Review: Alexander P. Seversky and the Quest for Air Power

Submitted by Karen Libby Franklin

JLFA members are related to James K. Libbey, the author of Alexander P. Seversky and the Quest for Air Power, so it was an appropriate book to review for the newsletter, but soon I was fascinated by the stories about military development after the World Wars—and some of the people with whom my father worked as a researcher with the U.S. Air Force, such as General Jimmy Doolittle. Even though there are technical discussions, they are understandable—even for “lay” people. Heroic pilot and inventor de Seversky was a Russian who immigrated after WW I and he helped advance the USA’s air power in many ways—designing planes, bomb sights, engines, etc.

The change from emphasizing battleships to bombers, with fighter escorts, as the USAF developed from the Army Air Corps is pertinent even today. (One need only look at utilization of warplanes over Iraq and Syria.) Commanding air space gives huge combat advantages. But, this tactical switch caused personal animosity and ruined careers. Some military strategists ostracized the civilian de Seversky for proposing that fighter planes and bombers were more useful than battleships, but he was quite a showman in getting his point across—even narrating the Disney documentary on his book Victory through Air Power (1943)—and proven correct.

In Libbey’s book we see how personalities, as well as facts, may influence progress.
Life on a Libby Farm

Recently, a letter was written to the Maine Observer which questioned whether or not we would willingly return to the “Good Old Days” of farm life. A resident of Kennebunk, ME, posited that such a life was mostly hard work and then even more hard work, practically binding people to their land and livestock, with no modern conveniences or medicines to help “save the day.” The letter prompted JLFA member Irene M. Starbird, who grew up on Silver Spring Farm in Scarborough, ME, to pen the following response. She notes that she never sent it to the paper, but perhaps she should!

“I was blessed to be raised on a farm. Even from a young girl’s perspective, I knew that it took a family, each with helping hands, to make it work; but, there was lots of fun to be had, too: freedom to explore and to create. We had pets to care for and, and cousins to play with (living next door). When supper dishes were done, we’d play kick the can, hide and seek, and shadow tag. We had lots of places to hide, and tree houses to build and wild berries to pick in summer, and picnics to attend. We’d go fishing and build dams in the brooks.

My brother and cousins learned to drive in the hayfields when gathering bales of hay for winter feed for the herd of cows. The bales were stored in the barn, on the second floor called a “hay mow” (rhymes with cow). The bales were transported up a conveyor, and we loved to climb up it when it was not in use. The mow was a great place to play—we’d move the bales around, and make tunnels for hide and seek. Sometimes my uncle would fall into the room we’d made at the end of a tunnel, when he was getting hay for the cows. If he found us, we’d be sent outside to play. Sometimes we’d find kittens and the next time we looked for them, the mother cat had moved them. However, all the cats showed up at milking time!

My mom would pay me five cents a row to weed the garden. I’d save my change and ride my bike to Gannem’s store to buy a soda and an Italian sandwich (they were the best sandwiches ever!). I had a basket on my bike, and would pick up returnable bottles on the way (yes, there was a two-cent deposit back then). Sometimes, we’d find enough bottles for some candy and bubble gum!

My uncle ran the farm and he would let us call the milk cows in from the pasture in the late afternoon for the evening milking. A few were stubborn and would chase us, or we’d have to chase them, but most of them wanted to be relieved of the heavy production of milk. They spent the night in the barn and would go to the pasture on their own after the morning milking. Sometimes we feed baby calves a bottle of milk, if the mother refused to accept the calf.

We enjoyed a tall glass of that milk with every meal. My grandfather used to make butter to sell, along with eggs and milk several times a week in Saco, ME. We enjoyed raising and growing our own food and the cellar was where the vegetables were kept. The freezer held all the meat:

(“Farm Life,” cont’d on page 5)
beef, pork, chicken, and venison—all the men in the family would hunt. We also had rabbit stew, and there was turkey for Thanksgiving and Christmas. Our favorite thing to do in winter was making ice cream! The hand-cranked churn was packed with rock salt and snow. Everyone took turns cranking the handle. There were lots of fresh cream, eggs, vanilla, and berries to add. My parents’ favorite was orange-pineapple.

Also in winter, we’d put on our ice skates and follow ditches in the fields that froze from Thanksgiving until the first snow. Then, we’d shovel off the pond and have skating parties. All the neighborhood kids would come, and we’d have a bonfire to cook hotdogs and toast marshmallows. After deep snowstorms, the whole neighborhood would bring sleds, toboggans, and cardboard boxes to the highest hill we could find and slide down again and again. We’d come home with snow caked to our mitten and packed in our boots (we couldn’t feel our toes anymore!). Mom would have cookies and hot chocolate ready for us, as we sat next to the woodstove to thaw out.

We all had chores, but never thought of them as something to dread. In fact, my brother was supposed to keep the woodbox filled; however, I tried to fill it before he could. My sisters and I took turns washing and drying dishes (we started very young, as a baby sister stood on a chair to play in the soapy water because she wanted to help). We loved to cook, each trying new recipes. We’d make a chart each week and check off what we had done: hang out laundry, iron, sweep, dust, vacuum, make beds, babysit, and bake. We would experiment making desserts; my brother could make the best apple pie. I made a chocolate cake once that was quite a surprise. When it was time to add the vanilla to the batter, I couldn’t find it so I asked Mom where it was and she said ‘on the top shelf.’ I took the bottle down and measured in the proper amount, then baked the cake and frosted it. When everyone had a piece of cake, I was feeling quite proud. Then, one by one, everyone spit out the cake onto their plates. I tried it and did the same! I went to the cupboard and took down the bottle I had used as vanilla, and found it was horse liniment! I do not like chocolate cake even today.

Mom was caregiver to her dad (he was bedridden) and Mom had a baby about every five years, plus she was not well. My grandfather’s favorite sayings were ‘help your mother,’ and ‘Make yourself useful!’ I always have lived by his words, and grew up happy by taking his advice!”

**Editor’s Note:** Of course, everyone is grateful for advances in medicine and life-saving technology, etc., but there is something to be said for those “Old Home Days”—times when people knew their neighbors and took pains to be sure that all in a community received care and comfort. We thank Irene for donating her letter to the JLFA newsletter, but we ask that she does not send that infamous chocolate cake recipe to Anne Louise!
A Hard-working, Talented Libbey Family Group

Robert LaVerne Libbey (#1-6-9-12-5-5-3-2-1) was born in 1927 in Denver, CO to Orrie “Bert” Albert and Jennie Lucretia (Ennis) Libbey. Orrie Albert Libbey worked his way through college, while teaching, and late in his career had a school named after him in Wheatland, Wyoming. He obtained degrees from the University of Nebraska and from the University of Wyoming. Jennie was a teacher and a musician. She had a BA from the University of Wyoming and could read and write Latin & Greek. She also gave piano lessons.

Robert was a grandson of Milton Orlando and Anna Belle (Peacock) Libbey of Iowa. Milton was a rural mail carrier, believed to use the first Brush automobile in the town for his work. Milton was postmaster of Ridgeway, IA. Later in his career he moved to Cresco so that his youngest child, Beulah, could attend a four year high school which Ridgeway did not have at that time. Anna Belle ran a boarding house in Ridgeway (a town created by/for the new Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad that headed northwesterly through northeast Iowa into Minnesota).

This line descends from Milton’s parents, Ivory Ashton and Beulah Augusta (Stevens) Libbey, who came from New England to settle in Iowa about 1850. They are part of the inter-related Libbey and Peter families who hold their annual combined Reunions in Iowa. (Those Reunions have been written about in prior JLFA Newsletters.)

In the early 1950s Robert attended the University of Wyoming and obtained a BSEE and an MA. He then attended the University of Pennsylvania and did further graduate work. In 1958 Robert married Helen Dengler in NJ. She was born in 1926 in Brooklyn, NY. She passed away in 2011. They had two children – a son Robert (who tragically died when he was a young man) and a daughter (who prefers to be anonymous).

Robert was a quite successful Electrical Engineer and Research Engineer for RCA. His career at RCA included research, development, and product design in the areas of sound and acoustics, the electron microscope, color television, radar with the Navy's AEGIS weapons system, and research on digital television, at the David Sarnoff Center in Princeton, NJ. Not much else can be disclosed about his career as most of what he did was Top Secret at the time. He patented some improvements to the tube-type radios of the 1940's and went on to work on bigger things. There have been three patents attributed to him. He published a book, *Handbook of Circuit Mathematics for Technical Engineers* (CRC Press, Library of Congress Catalogue Card Number 90-86414, ISBN 0-8493-7404-9, printed 1991) and another book, *Signal Image Processing Sourcebook* (1994).


Marjory (Peter) Askelson, # 1-6-9-12-5-5-3-5-5, worked at Collins Radio in Cedar Rapids, IA and once commented that Robert "had wires in his head,” a kindly and awesome tribute to her cousin.

Info courtesy of Leonard Sandvik, #1-6-9-12-5-5-3-5-1-1 and Rich Peter, #1-6-9-12-5-5-3-5-4-1, who provided old correspondence from Robert LaVerne Libbey and family info, and Susan Salus (a non-Libb(e)y friend) who helped immensely with research.

Info compiled into this article by Allen E. Humphries #1-1-2-2-6-2-2-4-1-1.