



The Fairy Tale Cottage
on William St.



This is the Listing Photo. The giant bushes hide the whole front of the house. The awning over the front door is home to *several* generations of birds, and is sagging severely at the outside corner. Obviously the gutters are clogged, resulting in the front porch turning into a skating rink.

Sometime in the houses history, someone thought it would be a good idea extend the porch another 2 feet. So, they just tore out the face brick (the only thing that was holding original foundations), they built a big box and filled it up with concrete. No foundation, just this big 2 ft. by 1 ft. by 13 ft block of concrete. Over time, water washed away the dirt from under this block, and it started to roll

away from the porch, creating a 4" gap (that they started to fill up with an ugly mixture concrete and caulk). What a mess. That is not going to be cheap to remove.... Maybe Eddie could do it with his Bobcat, and yank the old bushes while he is at it.



Once the awning is gone you can really see the front door. What a shame that someone painted what I can tell was a really great oak door. The dirty aluminum storm door covers half of it anyway.

The storm windows are unlike anything I have ever seen. They are steel, you can see the rust on the dormer window. They tried to cover it up with metallic paint. Looks like most windows need re-glazing.



I love the chimney. I call it my fairy tale chimney.



When spring emerged, I discovered the healthiest crop of weeds I have ever seen. She couldn't have done anything to this yard since she moved in here. A stroll across the yard could result in a sprained ankle from the holes that her dogs dug.





Mom and I stripped the paint off the front door and I stained and varnished it. I found a company in Ohio that makes storm doors for round-top doors, but they wanted \$1200 plus shipping. "I Don't Think So..." I replaced the aluminum panel with glass and painted it, and replaced the handle, all for under \$75.00. The front door is my favorite feature of the whole house.



Peter and I replaced all the storms and I re-glazed most the windows. We replaced the basement doorsill and the storm door.

That first spring, I noticed in the basement walls were damp. We added a gutter above the dormer, and replaced the front gutter. We re-graded around the perimeter of the house and solved the damp wall problem in the basement.



Mom and I spent days pulling weeds and restoring all the beds. Eddie came with his bobcat and he removed the big chunk of concrete and yanked the big old yews. He hauled away two dump truck loads of debris and brought in 2 yards of mulch and 1 yard of dirt to fill in the dog holes. We cut back the overgrown bushes, cut down the volunteer trash trees and the dead cherry trees along the fence.



The stove has probably the first-ever pushbutton controls (that panel on the wall above the stove).

I estimate the kitchen was last remodeled in the late 50's or early 60's.



The second floor steps cut out a big chunk of the space in the ceiling.

An 8" gap between refrigerator and wall is a great place to collect dust. The 2nd floor electrical conduit running up the outside of the wall is pretty "cheesy".



Behind this door was where they kept the ice box. The wall takes a good 20 sq. ft. chunk out of the kitchen.



One of the biggest surprise was the original unfinished oak floor (under 3 layers of sheet flooring).



I love uncovering the ghosts of a rooms' past. You can see where the built-in cupboards were.



The first sink was on the west wall with a built-in cupboard in the wall.



We removed a soffet that hid the original ceiling vent (above the refrigerator) someone covered it up with suspended ceiling tiles. By the time the wall was removed, the whole ceiling came down.



Don't you just love the double oven? If you are making something small, you don't have to heat up the big oven.... Or you can cook a turkey in the big oven and cook the smaller dishes in the smaller oven. The smooth glass top is easy to wipe up.



With the walls removed, the kitchen seem so much bigger. The second floor steps no longer cut into the ceiling of the kitchen.



Having the ceiling come down in demolition turned out to be a good thing. We were able to insulate and look at the great ceiling we ended up with. It sure beats trying to wrestle drywall up onto the ceiling. I would do it again in a heartbeat.



My two pet peeves—
painted crown molding
and painted fireplace.
The floors are worn out
and the fan *has* to go....



UGLY chandler, missing crystals, under
plastic medallion. I do like the wall texture.

Replacing that dark nasty fan
really seems to give the ceiling
that much more height. A
little faux painting on the
fireplace and it is good as
new.



Mom stripped down the
crown molding in the dining
room and living room, then I
stained and varnished it. I had
the living room, dining room,
kitchen and hall oak floors
sanded and then Kim and I
refinished them.



Somebody heard “Don’t be afraid of color”— They should have been *very* afraid.... I call it “#!*\$ brown” and the florescent blue in the closet is a real eye-opener in the morning.



Bathroom probably updated when second floor bath put in. I’m not wild about the floor but I’ll bet there were holes in the tile where they moved the fixtures. Too bad they never painted the pre-primed trim.

Nothing that a little elbow grease can’t fix. Another pet peeve—painted door knobs and hardware!



I have always loved glass door knobs. A little paint stripper and some polishing and they sparkle. I couldn’t believe that someone would paint the satin nickel vents.



The stairwell leading to the second floor is lined with cheap unfinished wood paneling. Remember the big chunk out of the kitchen ceiling? The steps turn to the left. Now, keep in mind that the middle of that narrow walkway it is only about 5-1/2 ft. high and the wood trim hangs down another 3/4" with sharp corners. Hitting your head on that trim is the kind of mistake you make *once*.... and could result in stitches.



The finished carpentry is disgraceful. The window sill is a joke and instead of buying 1-1/2" sash-stop, they used leftover base-shoe molding. Around the perimeters, there is a 1/4" gap between the 1x4 construction grade boards and the drywall, and the curtains moved in a strong wind. The trim is nailed on one side and the outsides are loose and warping. Neither one of the skylights is trimmed



out square. Baseboards are a little overkill, you could turn the whole upstairs into a sauna.



With the stairs turning to the right, the walkway allows for plenty of headroom. The 2-shelf cubby under the skylight is a great place for a stereo and a TV. At some time, someone tore up the oak flooring (probably to wire the living room ceiling fan) and replaced it with plywood and indoor/outdoor carpet. I replaced the oak, then I re-trimmed the windows, doors and mop-board to match the woodwork on the main level .



Nice closet but I can see daylight in the cracks around the windows. In fact—it looks like all of the windows need some work.



The bathroom reminds me of a cave, especially back in the little cubby hole where the toilet is. The ceiling kind-of closes in on you. The lights are ghastly, and I can just see my chin in the oval mirrors. The (cheap cabinet door) towel bars hanging over the baseboard heaters is a little dangerous.



Isn't it amazing how a little paint, new fixtures and hardware can change the whole feel of a room. The framed mirrors make the room feel so much larger.



The basement steps are deadly, more like a ships ladder. The grunge is an inch thick and the spider webs are industrial size. Old plumbing looks suspicious, but *NO LAUNDRY*. That needs immediate attention!!! No pic, but remember the scary cupboards made out of scrap wood? I wonder what is living in there...



When I removed the old drain cover to connect the washtub, I discovered that some genius decided that it would be easier to just remove the clean-out plug, than to clean out the trap. After who knows how many years, there was no way to open the drain, so first we have to get the old drain out of there... Now we know why there was no laundry.... No drain!



Look at the hole in my beautiful new floor....

As I suspected, the old pipes are down to about a 1/4" diameter. Brent replaced all the old pipes with copper. He added the laundry pipes and also installed frost free faucets outside. When he slid down the steps on his butt, I decided the steps had to be rebuilt.

