



Newsletter
of the
Chebeague
Island
Historical
Society

Volume XIV
Issue 1

the Sloop's Log

Dear Sloop's Log Readers,

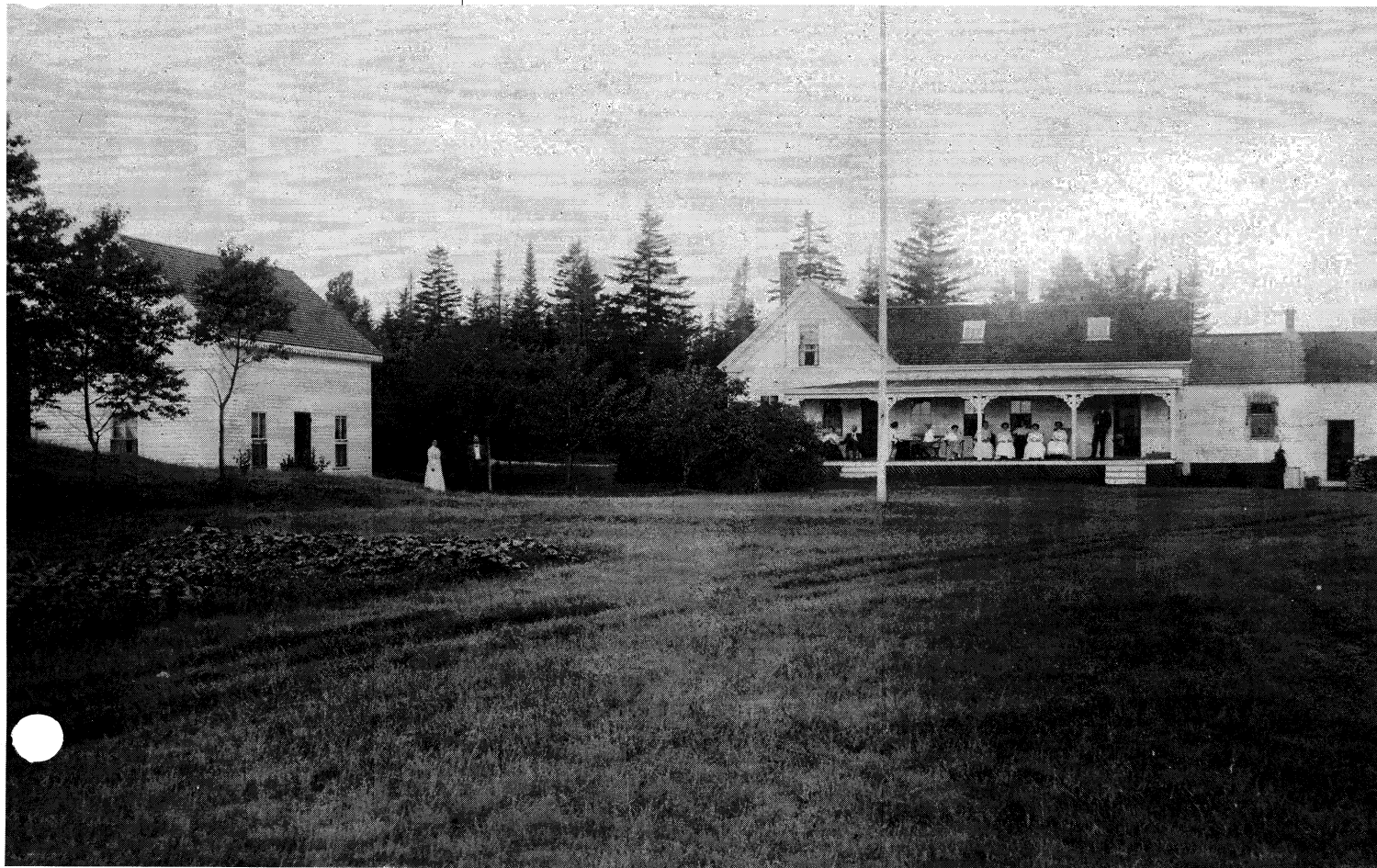
Welcome to the 2010 winter issue. We hope you will enjoy the following articles and photos from Chebeague's past.

We will be creating a new exhibit for the summer of 2010. The subject will be how the "summer natives" came to the early boarding houses and hotels as tourists and stayed to build their own cottages. Many of these families are still coming to the island some 100 years since their grandparents, great grandparents, or even great, great grandparents first arrived at one of the Chebeague landings. Because of the subject matter of our next exhibit, we have included several articles about the above boarding houses, hotels and our early tourists for your reading pleasure and as an enticement to visit us next summer.

Please enjoy these and our other stories and pictures. We hope that if you receive this newsletter and are not presently a member of CIHS that you will consider joining us. As the saying goes, "There is safety in numbers." We have over 500 members from many states and some other countries as well as Chebeague at the present time, but we would love to have many more. A happy and healthy New Year to all.

Jane Frizzell, CIHS President

The mystery photo below is reproduced from a real photo post card c. 1904. Can you identify it? The answer on page 18!



Beautiful Great Chebeague

This lengthy article appeared in a local newspaper called the Casco Bay Breeze. We are not sure who the author was, but it may have been Mr. Crowley or Mr. Lunt, who were the editors. Whoever he may have been, he was surely impressed with Chebeague and its inhabitants and used rather large words and questionable punctuation while explaining her charms. The reader can certainly see a great effort to entice tourists to the island. It is not easy reading, but it is worth the effort as it is a fascinating look at the thought and writing processes of this time and place. While we certainly agree with many of his compliments, his words are his own and not necessarily those of the current CIHS management. We have included pictures of some of the entrepreneurs of the island at this time.

Jane Frizzell

Charles Willis Hamilton,
proprietor of the
Hillcrest Hotel

A

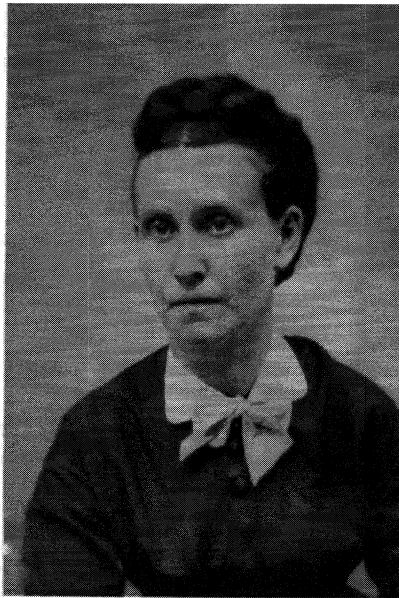
visitor from sun-favored Boston was landed this week at Great Chebeague. Like every other comer to this land of paradise, he is loud in praise of its attractions and advantages and as his estimation of this, our largest and most popular island, is that of a sentient and unprejudiced observer, we are glad to print in these columns, feeling fully confident that each of our readers will find its every word a reecho of his or her own mental vibrations. Making his advent on the most ideal day of this summer what more fitting than that of the 365 islands (one for every day of the year) Chebeague should win his favor?

Being a humanitarian, a Philadelphian in the name's first meaning, he first focused his thoughts on the inhabitants both permanent and transient. He found genial, hospitable, thinking fairly and acting up to their best thoughts as consistently as frail, peaceably humanity can. He sorted them into different classes, divided and subdivided them into groups and individuals; he traced pet follies and foibles, errors, shortcomings, mistaken ideas, misdirected energies, and such other weaknesses as flesh is heir to; but- above and beyond and before all he found the individual, and the group, the class, the transient and the permanent resident -all striving to live as man should, safeguarding his own rights and privileges, but respecting those of others, eager to advance himself but at the same time equally desirous of lending

a helping hand and every encouragement to such others as need to same. His visit to Chebeague, the greater, made him still firmer in the conviction that Christians need no 'Koran teaching the law of love,' it is deep grown in their hearts.

Being a student of geography and geology, he traveled and made circuit of the island, learned that it is beautifully situated near the center of the inside bay, a delightful one hour sail from Portland, that it has two steamboat landings for the Harpswell line and that seven round trips are made there daily. Rough and rugged though its general outline is, several unusually fine bathing beaches have been given to it by the generous mother nature. The rock formation is of peculiar interest to students of this department of science and the soil though inclined to be weak can with proper fertilization and a whole-





*Helen Amanda Hamilton,
proprietor of the
Hamilton Villa*

some renunciation of idleness be rendered productive of very satisfactory crops. Such material things as wood, berries and like commodities, are plentiful. The affords some very beautiful drives and rambles and has every advantage possible in the line of formation.

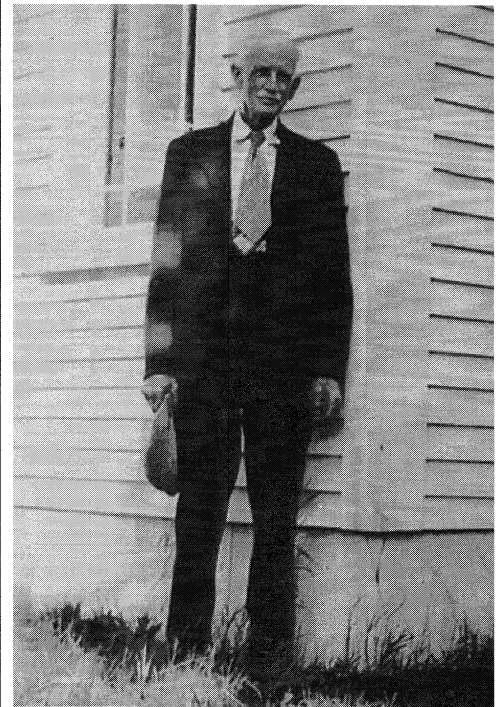
The visitor was a student of history and from records and the oral utterances of such men as have lived and made history on the island concluded that in all disregard of the authority of Messrs. Webster and Worcester 'progress' might well be spelled C-h-e-b-e-a-g-u-e. Her past history is a satisfactory chronicling of consistent, patient effort at upbuilding ambitious conceptions and brave efforts toward their working out. The present day history shows a lively interest in current affairs that promise to operate toward the island's advantage as is instanced by such accomplishments as their successfully conducted high school and their agitation of the accessibility and desirability of self-separation from the township of Cumberland. We read, yes, and can observe, that Chebeague's summer colony is fast growing and for this some credit reverts to the island's commendable activity along proper lines. The future should written large in the development of present aims and labors and such others as time brings forward and there is every indication that history's future pages will be as largely gratifying to read from a Chebeague standpoint as are those already written.

Being himself a broadminded and public spirited man, this observer took note of the island's thrift and progressiveness and traced there from a logical and positive sequence in ever-increasing power. Each man's business so overlaps, grows into or out of his neighbors that the individual's betterment and advance sets the pace for the public progress and the individual, having in a measure grasped this fact, is commendably energetic in promoting his own weal by improving his neighbors opportunities. It was gladly surprising to feel this spirit of thrift, this larger living, this sturdy manhood which seeks for unhampered exercise of private and public rights and is greatly concerned about the obviation of such now existing errors in their social system as incline to render the younger element lax or apathetic in this regard. Chebeague will not suffer imposition or supine deterioration; the island's is 'Excelsior' and invites admiration for this very attitude. Look at her from what point you will and as critically as you will and she will elicit your almost involuntary exclamation 'Beautiful Great Chebeague!'



*Adelaide Strout Hamilton,
proprietor of the
Summit House*

*Henry Bowen,
store owner
and preacher*

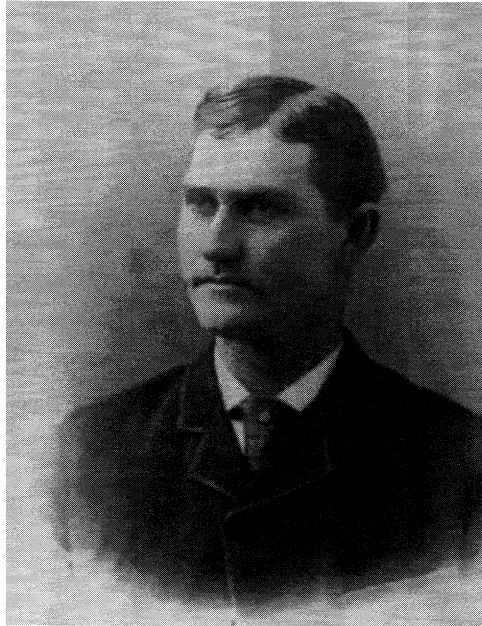


The Hamilton Hotel

By Donna Miller Damon

People often ask me about the Hamilton Hotel that was situated on the East End near Hamilton Beach. The most common question is when did it burn down. It didn't. It was torn down c. 1939. Of all of Chebeague's hotels and boarding houses, only the Hamilton and Jenks' two Sunnysides were built to be hotels. The others all evolved from private homes. The following is the first installment about the history of the Hamilton Hotel. Thanks to the detailed nature of the Casco Bay Breeze the Hamilton comes to life at the time of its opening. Read the article, then shut your eyes and imagine the men in their white flannels, their wives bedecked and bejeweled in the latest fashions, and their children in sailor suits running up from the beach. Imagine the card parties, dances and dinners to delight the most discriminating epicurean. Imagine the tourists sitting on the piazza enjoying the cool afternoon breeze.

Chebeague's golden era of tourism was nearing its peak when Harry Hamilton opened the Hamilton Hotel in June of 1905.

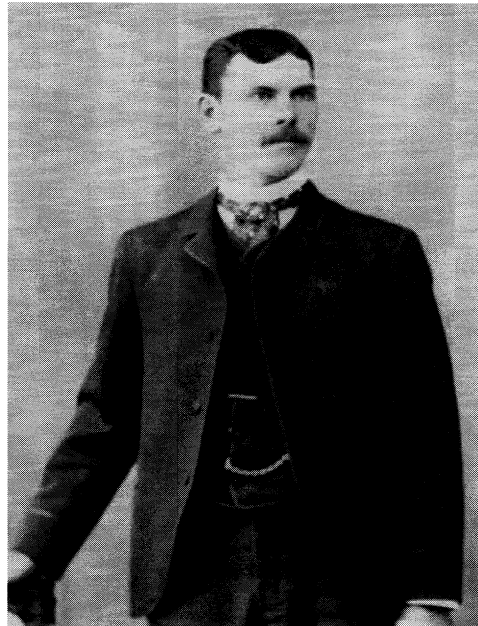


Harry Hamilton

Born and raised on Chebeague, Harry Hamilton went stone slooping, worked on his father's dredge the Plymouth Rock and worked for the light house service building the light house infrastructure in places like Great Duck Island. He worked with his brother-in-law, master builder, Ammie Hamilton, on building projects for the Baxter family of Portland. In 1894 he became a building contractor on Chebeague. About the same time he opened his home as a summer boarding house known as the Woodside Cottage.



Woodside Cottage



Howard Hamilton

Hamilton quickly became the island's most prominent and prolific builder. His cousin, Howard Hamilton, who had worked with him since the lighthouse days, served as his assistant and job supervisor.

In the late 1890s the Hamiltons were chosen to build a large three story orphanage, the top of which sits next to Richard and Priscilla Ross' house. By 1902 Harry Hamilton employed as many as two dozen islanders and was building several cottages at one time. With Howard overseeing some of the jobs, Harry was able to juggle the needs of summer tourists who had decided to put down roots. 1902 is the year that Harry Hamilton's crew built Khatmandu, the Ballard's summer home, while renovating the Ricker/Mansfield farmhouse/barn for Margaret Stewart, who was Ballard's sister (now Stavropoulos), building the Ballard Farmhouse (now Groothoffs) and the Thompson Cottage (now the Morses' High Tide), working on the Wyman Cottage (now Breed) and laying out tennis courts and a golf course for the Ballards. These people, most of whom were former stone sloopers knew how to work!

During the winter of 1903-04 the Woodside burned to the ground. After the fire Harry Hamilton built a square, hip roofed structure for his family's home on the former Woodside lot (formerly Don Buxbaum). Then in September 1904, he broke ground for what became known as the Hamilton Hotel, Chebeague's most up to date summer establishment. The hotel was built on a parcel bordering what was first known as Sandy Beach, then the Bathing Beach and finally after the construction of the Hamilton, Hamilton Beach, a name it carries to this day. Even though the push was on to finish the Hamilton, Harry Hamilton was still building cottages. In fact, construction on the Ashes cottage, Ashcroft, located at Springettes was halted, so that the crew could join the others trying to complete the Hamilton Hotel before the summer season. The Ashes stayed at the Hotel until the crew finished the cottage.

In early June the Casco Bay Breeze reported that the Hamilton as it was known, was nearly ready for its first season. "The Hamilton is Chebeague's latest achievement in the hotel line and is fully in keeping with the advance of this most popular island as a summer resort." The Breeze correspondent went on to describe the property and the furnishings. The hotel was located 500' from the shore and stood in what is now an overgrown stand of trees between the Crapser,



The Hamilton Hotel

Corson and Kane cottages. The Hamilton bordered the “best sand beach in the vicinity” and was more than 50 feet above sea level and faced “one of the most attractive views to be had in the bay.” From the Hamilton’s porch a tourist could view many islands and enjoy a panoramic view encompassing scenery from the Yarmouth River to Halfway Point lighthouse. The Hamilton described as “a modern structure in every way,” accommodated one hundred guests when it opened. Baths and toilets were located on each floor. The floors of the hallways were highly polished and covered with soft rugs. The white iron beds had National springs and felt and hair mattresses. A gas plant located behind the hotel produced enough acetylene fuel to provide light throughout the establishment. The windows had screens, heavy shades and shutters. The public spaces of the hotel were spacious. The first floor housed a common room known as an exchange, a parlor with an exceptionally large fireplace, and a music room with a special dance floor. The 200 foot piazza was lit at night and provided the tourists with an opportunity to enjoy the space day or night. The dining room as well as the exchange was natural wood.

Although the Hamilton was not fully furnished in early June, the Breeze correspondent, urged the paper’s readers to contact Harry Hamilton to make application (reservations) because “of its admirable location and the earnest intention of the proprietor to maintain a satisfactory and popular hostelry” (CBB 1).

By late June the Hamilton Hotel had opened and thankfully, the Casco Bay Breeze

was there to record and describe the interior furnishings and architectural style. The following description is quoted from the June 29, 1905 edition of the Casco Bay Breeze. The language is vivid and detailed and transports the reader back to a time when many Chebeaguers thought that tourism would provide employment and investment opportunities to sustain the year-round community for years to come. Little did they realize that Chebeague had nearly reached its Golden Age of Tourism and that before long, many summer visitors would put down roots and exchange hotels and boarding houses for summer cottages and refurbished island homes, as more and more islanders moved

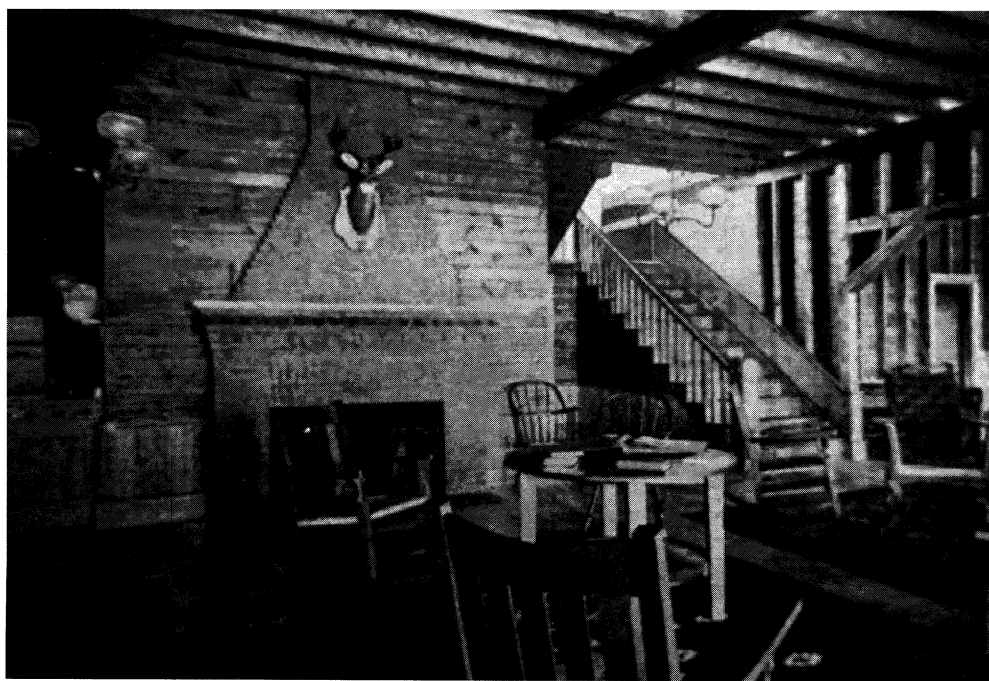
off from Chebeague and looked for greener pastures on the mainland.

The Breeze reported that everyone who had visited since the installation of the interior furnishings and equipment were installed, “expressed most unstinted praise.”

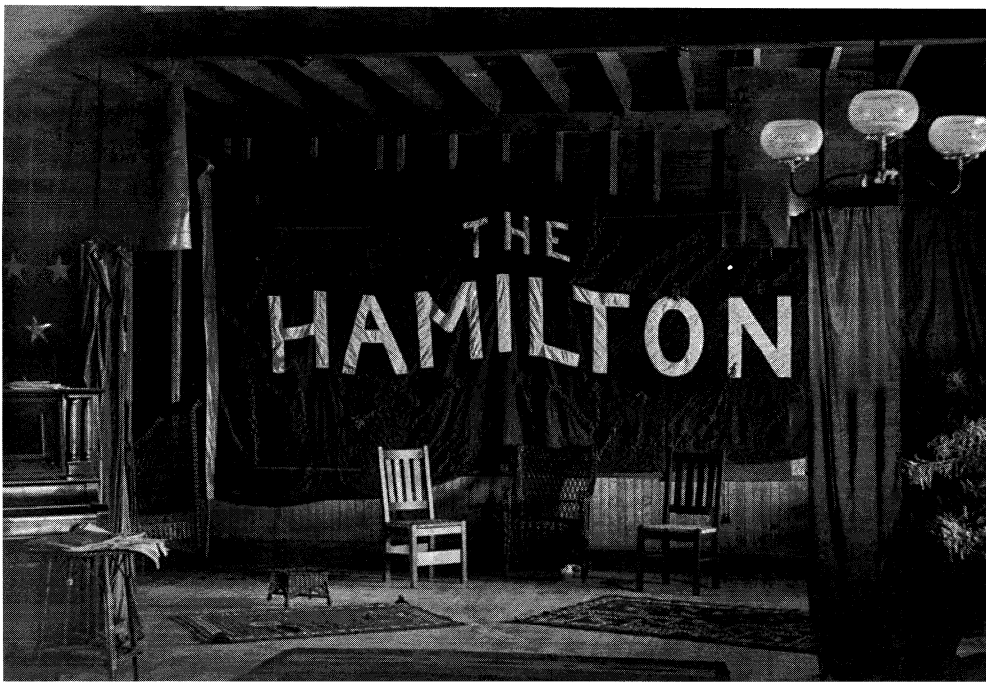
“The scheme of color in the rugs and cushions for the lobby and parlor harmonizes so completely with the heavy mission furniture in the former room and the neat green wicker seats and chairs of the latter, the impression is one of coolness, ease and luxury. The weathered brown and green effect of the walls is lightened and brightened by large rugs of solid colors red predominating and red cushions of the best make are fitted to the large chairs and window seats. The reading and card room and the writing room off the parlor are furnished in the same general style are both gems and thoroughly in taste and harmony with the interior of the two larger rooms. A heavy cast iron and bronze fire set gives the finishing touch to the affect of the lobby.

The dining room, kitchen, serving room and office which are also on the first floor are complete in their individual details, the 100 chairs in the dining room, being of the latest style with black oak with rush seats. Even the glass and china follow the colonial style after, which everything in the home is patterned. The water has been pronounced A+ by a prominent physician who says any spring flowing 3000 gallons a day must be pure.

On the sleeping floors the main halls running through the house from end to end are carpeted with a narrow tracker of grass green cocoa fiber. Every sleeping room is fashioned



The Hamilton Hotel interior



The Hamilton Hotel banner



Dinner time at the Hamilton.

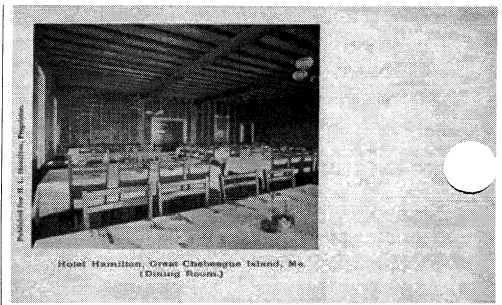
in handsome style also and with the best of springs and sanitary felt mattresses.

The help's quarters are entirely in the basement, there being eleven excellent rooms besides a dining hall here. The hot water heating plant supplying bath rooms, kitchen etc has a capacity of 300 gallons per hour. The large cooler or ice room, built by a Yarmouth ME firm, was so tight that the temperature before being iced up was below 44 degrees having been shut up since it was finished in April. Outside the house a recent addition is the dirt tennis court, rolled hard and smooth and made of clay and sand. This is one of the best courts recently made in the Bay.

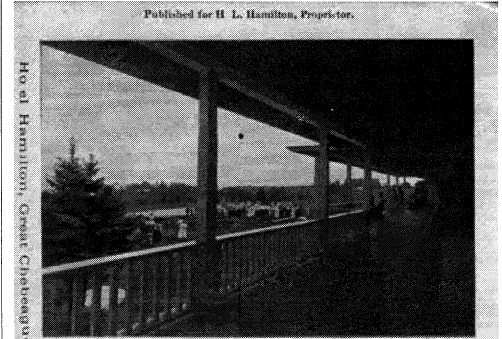
The opening dinner yesterday was attended by a select party of invited guests,

all of whom were shown over the house and inspected every part giving approbation to each, evidence of the superior equipment of the new hotel. Mr. Hamilton, has without question most commendably set the pace for Casco Bay hotels by building a house such as those which have made New Hampshire famous and of which we have too few at the present. Everything points to the filling of the Hamilton early in the summer with a most desirable class of tourists (CBB 2).

The story of the Hamilton Hotel will continue in the Spring 2010 issue of the Sloops Log. Learn more about the staff, visitors, activities, and dinner menus for the discriminating palate, as well as the eventual demise of the establishment.



Hotel Hamilton, Great Chebeague Island, Me. (Dining Room.)

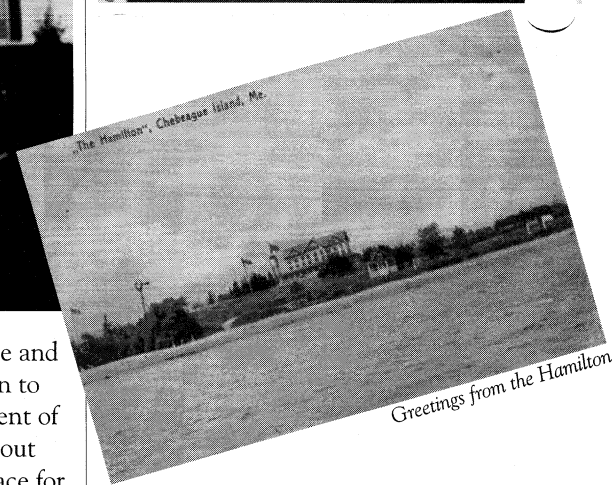


Published for H. L. Hamilton, Proprietor.

Hotel Hamilton, Great Chebeague Island, Me.



Views from Piazza.



The Hamilton, Chebeague Island, Me.

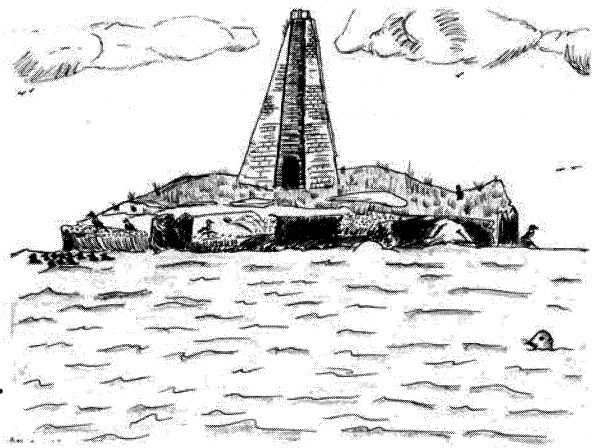
Greetings from the Hamilton

Photo credits:

Chebeague Historical Society
Post Card Collection

Swann Photos; Whiting, Bowen and
Leonard Collections

Little Mark Island Monument



By Eldon Mayer

Those of you who venture out towards Eagle Island are familiar with the Little Mark Island Monument, which has been there long before the memories of any extant Chebeaguers. Having sailed the length and breadth of the Maine coast a number of times, I am quite sure that there is nothing else like it in these parts, which has made it a popular topic of conversation for those who ply the waters of Casco Bay and beyond.

As most of us know, fishermen and other mariners have a penchant for telling tall tales. Perhaps this is done to “pull the leg” of a gullible listener, or perhaps it is just a way of passing the time or exercising the imagination. One thing’s for sure - stories of the origin and purpose of this monument have been told around the cracker barrel for a very long time, and there are many variations.

The one heard most often is that the twelve foot square room at the base of the monument was designed as a shelter for shipwrecked sailors. This version is usually told with a wry smile. According to some, Admiral Peary, who purchased nearby Eagle Island in 1877, provisioned the monument with food for any sailors so unfortunate as to end up at such an uninviting spot. Today the room is occupied by storage batteries used to power the monument’s light. Sorry, shipwrecked sailors! Another fanciful story is that the Coast Guard intended to build a lighthouse at this location but ran out of funds so settled for this much smaller structure, placing a small stationary light atop it. The story that was circulated in my childhood, which seems to be long forgotten,

is that local fishermen’s wives contributed their cookie jar money to build this monument as a beacon for their returning sons and husbands.

A tale with possibly more credibility appeared in the Portland Herald on June 4, 1935. According to it, the monument replaced a wooden structure which had once served as a “day mark to navigators”. The article seemed to become more whimsical when it stated that the small room in the monument’s base had “in the past” served as a shelter for sheep pastured on the island. Why anyone would graze sheep on such a small, barely accessible rocky outcrop is difficult to fathom. The article incorrectly calls the island “Mark Island”, and therein may lie the source of possible confusion – there are two other nearby islands called “Mark”, both much larger and more easily accessible, thus more logical venues for sheep grazing.

Another version that many have heard but no one seems to believe is that this is one of the few possible evidences of the early presence of Norsemen in our waters. Another is that the pre-Algonquin Red Paint People built it. While documented as seafaring people, the fact that they lived several thousand years ago raises serious questions, to say the least. Finally, and this seems the most credible, nineteenth century charts show a course extending from Small Point through the channel between Haskell and Little Mark Islands. The monument would serve as a highly visible navigation aid providing a beacon for mariners returning to Casco Bay from Downeast via this route, leaving it to port. This would be the shortest passage into the inner bay.

Turning to early recorded history, according to the Eastern Argus, Portland, September 11, 1827, a fifty foot high “stone column” had been erected “by order of government” on Little Mark Island, as a “land mark for vessels running into or passing Harpswell or Broad Sound”. It was constructed of rubble-stone collected on the island at a cost of \$1200. Today it stands sixty-five feet high, but I have been unable to learn the year it was rebuilt to today’s larger stature. With an eighteen foot square base and walls three feet thick, initially it was painted in “perpendicular” black and white stripes except near the top which was black on all sides. For as long as anyone I know can recall, it has been painted white all the way to the top with a broad vertical black stripe on each side, as the above sketch shows. The photo accompanying the above-mentioned 1935 article also clearly depicts this stripe.

According to Dorothy Simpson in *The Maine Islands in Story and Legend*, p.100, a beacon atop the structure was installed before World War II. Other sources date it to 1827, the year the monument was built, although how it would have been powered in that day is open to question.

There is no known record of who built it, although it was almost certainly someone local. Chebeague Islanders are considered, by Chebeaguers of course, the most likely artisans as they had a reputation for such work and were close at hand. One Chebeague senior “seems to remember” a newspaper article mentioning that Chebeague islanders were in fact the ones who built it. The crane on one of Chebeague’s numerous “stone sloops” of that era would have been a suitable mechanism for the heavy lifting involved in building such a structure.

In closing, the author admits to some concern that, by revealing the historical facts he may be depriving Casco Bay’s tellers of tall tales of one of the favorite targets of their whimsies. On second thought, these folk are not known for letting facts interfere with their imaginations, so there probably is little to worry about.

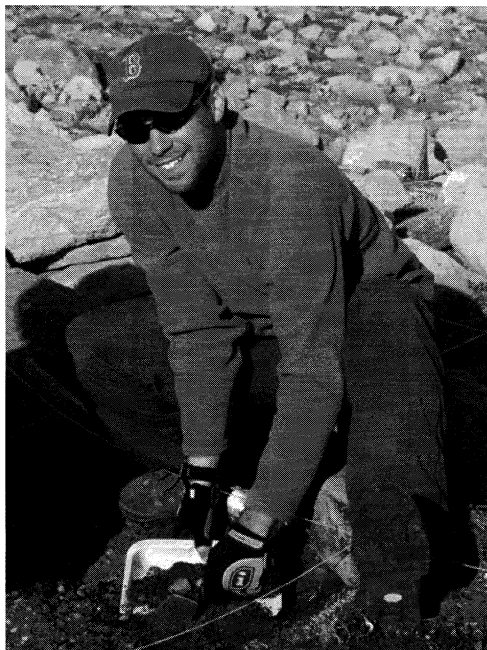
Drawing by Christian Gabrielsen

Eli Bossin Joins CIHS as the new Island Institute Fellow

Eli Bossin will be working with both the Historical Society and the Town of Chebeague for the next year. At CIHS, he will work closely with the Exhibit Committee as they prepare the 2010 exhibit on summer natives and tourism. Additionally, he will work with the Collections Committee to catalogue recent acquisitions. Another long-term goal for the year is for Eli to look into the feasibility of a Maine Island Historical Society Conference and to research various aspects of the potential conference.

For the Town of Chebeague, Eli will work to convert relevant paper town records from Cumberland into an electronically retrievable form accessible to the public. In addition, he will work to complete and organize road and paper street research as well as other projects for the Town as needed.

Eli graduated in the spring of 2009 from Bowdoin College, where he received a Bachelors degree in History, with an Anthropology minor and a concentration in Arctic Studies. A native of Sharon, Massachusetts, Eli has experience with museums and governmental work. He



Remembering an Old Song and a Joyful Time

By Joan Bennett Robinson

It's almost Thanksgiving and how well I remember singing "Over the River and Through the Woods to Grandmother's House We Go." This was sung by my mother, my father, my brother, Gene, and myself as we headed from Waterville to Portland and the Casco Bay Line. Back in those days there was no CTC and the Nellie G only ran from the Stone Wharf to Falmouth Foreside in the late spring, the summer, and the early fall.

We'd get on the boat and head to the island. We (Gene and I) would keep going outside to see if we were there yet. We'd stop at every landing on every island. Chandler's

Cove landing didn't come until WWII so we'd head for Western and finally Central. When we got off, my parents would hop into Cad Bowen's taxi. Gene and I would run up over the hill which was the road to Central Landing, and we'd get to Gramp's before them. I can just barely remember my Grandmother Bennett. I was only six when she died. She'd always be sitting in a chair by the window waiting for us to come. It was usually snowing.

The tradition has continued; and now my brother's family all arrive, making my table seat between 25 and 30. We have a wonderful time. I really feel blessed.

worked for 3 years at the Peary-MacMillan Arctic Museum at Bowdoin, participating in the creation of new exhibits, the cataloguing and condition reports of a large collection, and several aspects of outreach including guiding tours and presenting an academic paper at an Arctic Exploration symposium. He has spent the last two

summers in the Arctic, working in 2008 in Northwest Greenland on the National Science Foundation-funded Inglefield Land Archaeology Project. This past summer he worked in Tromsø, Norway as an intern on the Arctic Governance Project.

Eli Bossin

Buxbaum Family on Chebeague

Submitted by Don Buxbaum



Isidore Buxbaum

The history of the Buxbaum family on Chebeague Island began back around 1897 or 1898 when my grandfather, Isidore Buxbaum, saw an ad in a Boston newspaper for a rooming house on the island. He was just a teenager at the time working in the family market in Newton Center, Massachusetts. He answered the ad and arrived to spend some time at the "Hilltop" home of William G. "Billy" Hill. He must have been impressed with the island as he returned several times and became close friends with Billy.

He first bought a lot of land on the island from Milliken Tomlinson Co., a grocery wholesaler in Portland, in the summer of 1902. He was married to my grandmother, Lillian, in 1907; and she joined him in his visits to the island. They had three children; Herman, Lillian, and David, my father; and in the early 1920's they purchased what is now the Houghton house from Carroll Hamilton. He purchased other parcels of land that abutted their summer home from Charles W. Hamilton in 1924 and in 1933,

from Addie D. Hamilton also in 1933, and a parcel from the Town of Cumberland in 1938. During the 1930's my mother's (Mapes) side of the family summered at



Lillian Buxbaum



Sylvester and Nellie Hill House: Buxbaum House now Houghton House.

different locations including the Homewood Inn in Yarmouth. They saw an ad for the "old" Hillcrest Hotel on Chebeague and decided to try that. When they arrived they were disappointed to find the "new" Hillcrest instead of the one pictured in the ad. The ladies, including my mother, Marjorie, wanted to leave, but my grandfather, Lambert Mapes, had made arrangements to go fishing with one of the local fishermen

so they agreed to stay. That is when my mother and father met. The Mapes family returned to Chebeague after that and rented different cottages including the one I now live in. My parents were married in 1937 and began their own family in 1939. The family summered in the "Houghton" house until it was sold in the summer of 1945 to Winthrop "Doc" and Viola "Vi" Houghton. My grandparents decided that their newly acquired home on Cape Cod was more accessible to the family business in Newton. During that summer the next generation, Dave, Marj and children, returned to rent the Putnam cottage back on the "Hilltop" where it all had begun. In 1946 my parents purchased the cottage on East End point which now belongs to me. We summered there from that time on. As our family outgrew the cottage with families of our own, my brother Bob rented and then purchased the cottage next door from David Weld ; and my sister Jackie built a house on the land next to the Houghton's purchased by Isidore in 1933. All of the land abutting the house was not sold and stayed in our family.

I purchased the Croud's house, now belonging to Steve and Chris Auffant, across from Martha Hamilton's in 1975 when I moved to the island to live year round

with my own family. I purchased the family cottage from my brother and sister in 1997 after my parents had both passed on and sold the "Croud's" house. In 1998 I added the 2nd story and further winterized the "cottage" to it's present condition. My grandchildren, of which there are many, are the 5th generation of Buxbaums to frequent Chebeague. I am sure that it won't be very long before the 6th begins.

A FAMILY SAGA

By Martha Komlosy Hamilton

My uncle, Ralph Raymond... being an adventurous young man...came to Maine in the early 1900's, took the boat down the Bay, and saw Chebeague for the first time. We don't know if he was alone or whether he possibly stayed at Bay View – a boarding house near the Hillcrest Hotel. In any case, he liked what he saw and brought my Aunt Florrie (Florence Komlosy) here on their honeymoon. They pitched their own tent in the woods by what is now the fifth tee of the Golf Course for this occasion, but later the whole family came to Bay View frequently. Soon afterward my grandmother, Julia Oliver Komlosy, purchased the old Ross homestead under the hill on land that has been called Springettes in late years... thus establishing a foothold for the five generations of Komlosys to follow.

The property included an old farmhouse, the barn across the road to the shore, some



Komlosy Family children in the front row: Fred, Florence, Oliver - mother Julia between Fred and Florence and her mother between Florence and Oliver.



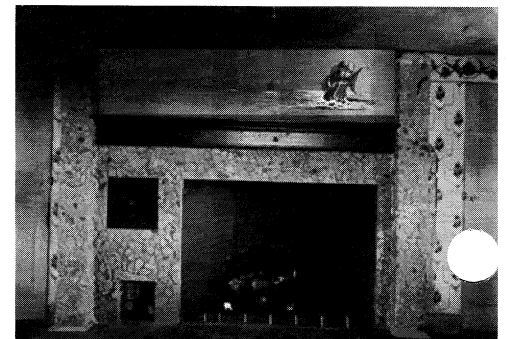
Above: Old Samuel and Amy H. Ross farmhouse - notice the Little (now Hales) cottage in background. Below: Komlosy house remodded.



sheds, and a large chicken house. My father, Fred, and his brother, Oliver, collaborated to improve and enlarge the farmhouse, adding porches and raising the roof for a second story. My father evidently stayed year 'round some years because there was a cow named "Imogene," and flocks of chickens and ducks. He would often ship live chickens to his mother in New York City. He was also painting scenes all over the island that show us now how it looked then. The land was open between the house and the beach...mostly sea marsh, sometimes flooded by very high tides. You could see the Little house on the shore to the right and the roofs of the fish houses on the beach to the left. The path that came down over the rocks by Ern Ross' house joined the rocky road that led to the fish houses...about five or six of them then being used by island men. Most of them moored Hampton boats there and went lobstering in the summer

and sometimes hand lining in the winter. Families represented were Ernest Ross and his son, Arnold "Bim," Fred Brewer and his son, Alden, Will Johnson, Carroll Hamilton, and Harry Mansfield.

The old farmhouse was rectangular with no frills, but the Komlosy/Oliver clan were a jovial bunch and attracted many friends as well as the family. The house grew and changed to fit all comers. Fred and Oliver built a marvelous fireplace, using field



Fireplace with caravel



Benjamin and Sarah Hamilton - the Komlosys bought the house from the Hamiltons.



Florence
and
Ralph
Raymond

stone, in the main room with a mural over it showing caravels "a la Columbus." Most of the original woodwork, hinges, door latches, etc. remained. The stairs to the upper floors were in the right hand corner as you entered the front door, curving in pie shapes at the top. They were very noisy. At the top were a couple of bedrooms, but to the right there were more bed rooms two or three steps down into the wing over the dining room and kitchen below. Another flight of stairs went up from the dining room and a huge cherry wood wardrobe stood on the landing. It had belonged to my grandmother, and there was some of her china in a corner cupboard in the dining room. Just inside the front door there were built in benches against the wall to the left. A small table there displayed a carved wooden fisherman pulling a metal mesh net which served to collect matchbooks, keys, etc. I mention these particular items... the cupboard, the china, and the fisherman...because they belonged to my grandmother. She died when I was a year old and that made them special for me. Only the fisherman survived the fire that destroyed the entire house and contents in the spring of 1942. Aunt Florrie had given me the fisherman the summer before.

My parents bought the Aaron Cleaves house on the North Road in 1923. I will be adding more family history to the CIHS exhibit for the summer of 2010.



Julia
Kumlosy



Komlosys gather on the porch.

The Children of Chebeague Birth through Sixth Grade January 1987

By Donna Damon/Gail B. Miller Photo



- Top: L-R Bradley Putnam, Jeremy Putnam, Mark Bowman, Ryan Ross, Robert McCollom, Chris McCollom
- Second Row: Scott Varney, Eric Ross, Rachel Damon, Carrie Matteson, Lauren Miller, Matt McCollom, Greg Riddle, Ruthie Putnam
- Third Row: Brian Phipps, Caitlyn Bowman, Mikele Kuntz, Chris Towle, Jeff Putnam, Seth Porter
- Fourth Row: Erin Whetham, Becky Towle, Amy Sidor, Meredith Lestan, Chelsea Agee, Hank Whethan
- Front Row: David Vitinneer, Tom Damon, Heather Buxbaum, Jonny Miller
(Missing Jennifer Vitinneer; Tyler Putnam was born the next month.)

While we grapple with ways to sustain our community, we must consider past trends and challenges. Since the Civil War, the island has been faced with issues surrounding out migration. From the 1890s to 1920 Chebeague's population dropped by nearly 250, and the island lost approximately 130 people between 1910-1920. Only one of the ten students in the Class of 1952 remained on Chebeague to raise a family. Chebeague Island High School closed in 1956 due to declining enrollment, even though there were nine students in kindergarten that year. The trend continued during the 1980s when Chebeague's population dipped to its lowest level since the 1830s. At that time the school population declined to an all time low of 13 K-6 students, which resulted in the reduction in the school staff to one teacher and an assistant. The future of the school and the viability of the community appeared to be in jeopardy. The photograph left, which first



School Photo c. 1890ss

appeared on the Island's Annual Newsletter in 1987, was meant to show that the island's future depended on its children. Although the school and island population returned to pre 1980 levels during the 1990s and has remained stable ever since, the problem of the out-migration of Chebeague's youth continues. Of the 32 children from this era, only five of them currently live on Chebeague. (Jeff Putnam, Hank Whetham, Greg Riddle, Mark Bowman, and Tom Damon). Four of the five are currently lobstermen. The lack of economic opportunity, affordable housing and inexpensive transportation contribute to the drain of the island's youth. But all is not gloom and doom. This photo has another message for the discerning viewer. Of the 32 children represented in the study only one third had a parent who attended the Chebeague School, while nineteen had roots in either the summer or year round communities. Only the Whetham's migrated to Chebeague without previous long time connections, and ironically, Hank is one of the few in the photo to put down roots on the island. Should the trend of in migration continue, it may cancel out the negative effects of out migration. Will a new generation of summer folks move to the island? Chances are that they may. Are there people with no connection to Chebeague giving island living a try? Perhaps. Will many of those former pupils of the Chebeague School return to the island? Don't count on it. Some islanders who left are clear that they have no intention of returning. They are content with mainland living. One islander who has lived on the mainland since graduating from high school in 1977 recently said, "Some of us are made to stay, while others are made to leave." The inconvenience and expense of island living proved to be too much for this informant.

Will the day ever come when the school classrooms will be filled as they were in 1955 when there were 24 students in the Sub Primary – Fourth grade classroom? Will we every return to the turn of the twentieth century when about 250 young people, aged 4-20, lived on Chebeague? This is a different time and our young people have aspirations that do not include island living. Is there anyway to turn things around? Can people learn from the statistics of the past? Time will tell if people will listen to the historical news flashes.

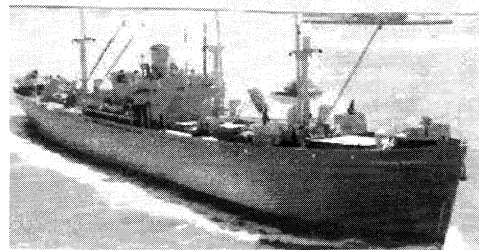
CHEBEAGUE VETERANS

The following short biographies of World War Two veterans are part of a series of articles on veterans written for the Sloop's Log over the last several years by Kenneth Hamilton. We have added a letter to the Portland Press herald from Cal Dyer.

Ashley Johnson U.S. Merchant Marine



The Harriet Tubman was 441.5 ft. in length with a beam of 56 ft. She did 11 knots, had a compliment of 41, and was armed with a stern-mounted 4 in. deck gun, for use against surfaced submarines, and a variety of anti-aircraft guns. These Liberty Ships were sometimes referred to as "Ugly Ducklings". They poured out of newly built shipyards to the amazement of both the Allies and



Ashley, like Ellsworth Miller, Sanford Doughty, and Lewis Moynihan served in the Merchant Marine during WW II. It is very difficult to trace down the activities of these sailors as time has obscured the history of their activities. In Ashley's case we do have a few notes from his daughter, Mary Ellen Webber, and granddaughter, Beth Wiles.

We know that he was serving aboard the S. S. Harriet Tubman in 1944 and 1945. The ship was sailed from Hull, England on Sept. 22, 1944 and arrived in New York Oct. 12. On Mar. 4, 1945 Ashley was leaving Oran for New York. while still on the S.S. Harriet Tubman. He was sailing as 3rd assistant Engineer on this trip.

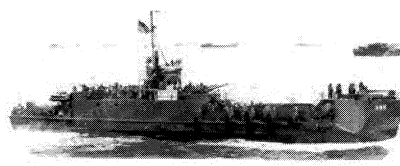
In June of 1945 Ashley was aboard the S. S. Elwin F. Knowles bound for New York from Hull, England sailing as the 2nd Assistant Engineer

Both of these ships were the typical LIBERTY SHIPS that were built in South Portland and other ports during WW II.

the Axis nations. Later a more modern and faster Victory ship was introduced, but it never quite received the affection nor the love/hate feeling accorded the Liberty Ship.

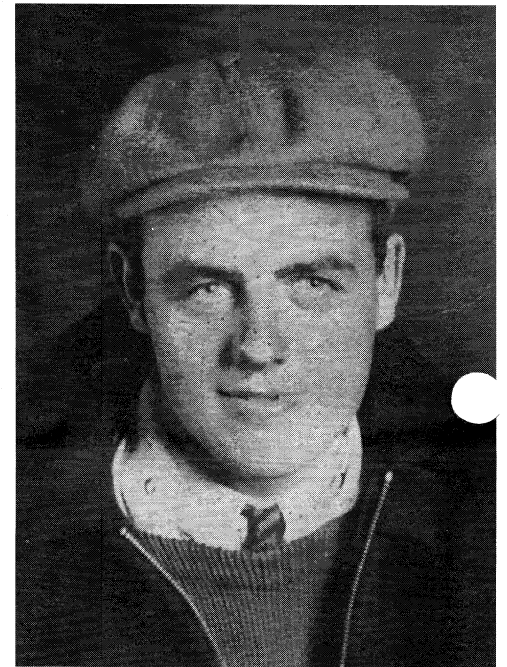
Ashley attended merchant marine training at Kings Point, New York. He spent his early career in the merchant marine service. One vessel manifest lists his time at sea as 15 years and another as 25 years.

Ashley returned to Chebeague after WW II and went into the lobster fishing business. He was the sheriff on the island for several years.



Carroll Dyer's ship

Carroll Dyer U.S. Navy



Carroll entered the Navy in 1943. He was approximately 28 years old at this time. It is reported that he had little or no basic training, instead was shipped over seas immediately for duty on a LCI, which was a large landing craft designed to take infantry onto the beaches. In a letter to the Press Herald Carroll says that he has taken part in landings Sicily and Italy. His experience in Italy was at Salerno where the Allies waged a really tough battle. Carroll was rushed overseas in time to take part in the first wave of the landing at Anzio. (Apparently personnel with fishing boat handling experience were in great demand.) He got shot in the leg and was put into a British Hospital for six months at a facility on the Rock of Gibraltar.

He received the Purple Heart for his injury. His daughter remembers the terrible

night mares he had after discharge and getting treatment from a doctor. He never talked about his war time experience and his papers and all belongings have unfortunately been lost, so we have only two sources of information. One is a copy of a letter he sent to the Portland Press Herald and the other is bits and pieces of history remembered by his children. Carroll was rated as a Boatswains Mate First Class at the time he wrote to the Press Herald.

An interesting anecdote that is talked about here on the island is that the day before Carroll left for the Navy, he waited in his boat for the tide to get high and then at top speed hit the beach sliding across the sand and coming to rest at the edge of the tree line. When she laid over, he stepped out and walked home without a backward glance.

The following is the letter to the Editor of the Press Herald that Carroll wrote:

**Press Herald in North Africa
Editor of the Press Herald**

"I ran across a copy of the Press Herald at the American Red Cross Club here in North Africa, so I thought I'd drop you a few lines to show my appreciation for this news. We get a lot of regular news, but that was the first time I came across any news from the Press Herald. Oh, yes, thanks for the swell sports section. It sure was wonderful to read.

I am on an LCI, a large sized type of Infantry carrying landing craft, and have seen some action in the Invasion of Sicily and also of the Invasion of Italy. In Italy we took part in the Salerno area where the fighting was the 'toughest.'

I have been overseas for over six months, and came across a few of the fellows from home. But as I haven't got a very good memory, I can't say just who they are.

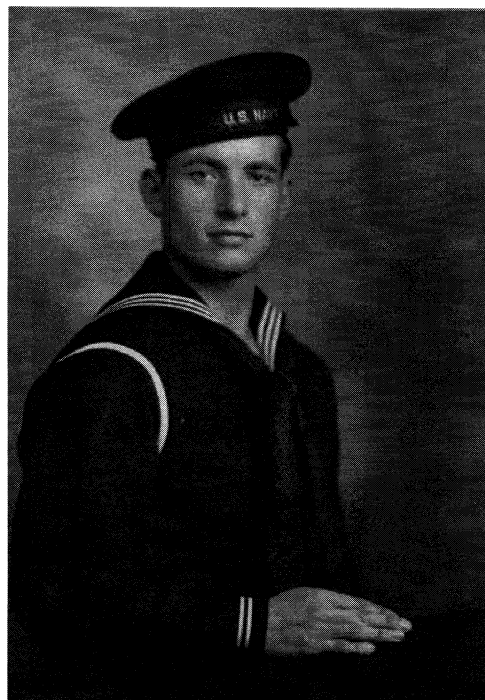
By the way, what is good old Portland like anyway? I sure wish that I was back there now, but as it is, the government needs me here, so here I'll stay until things are different.

I haven't much more to say except that the Red Cross and USO are doing a very fine job here to make the boys happy, and I guess I speak for all the sailors when I say that I take my hat off to the U. S. Army and Air Corps as we have seen them in action. They really are 'tough.'

I send all my love to my wife, mother and brothers, and to all my very good friends back here. I wish those in the service the 'best o' luck,' and am hoping to be seeing them very soon.

Carroll A. Dyer, BM 1/c
Formerly of Chebeague Island

Gerald C. Goodwin U.S. Navy



Gerald graduated from Chebeague Island High School in 1938. He entered the Navy on Aug. 13, 1943. He attended boot camp at Newport, Rhode Island and then was sent to a Navy-Radar School in Virginia. He was then sent to the South Pacific and became a radarman aboard CVL 30, USS San Jacinto. (A radarman's duty was to warn the captain of any approaching Japanese planes.) The San Jacinto had sailed immediately after launch and sea trials for Pearl Harbor and the Pacific War Zone by way of the Panama Canal. She became part of Admiral



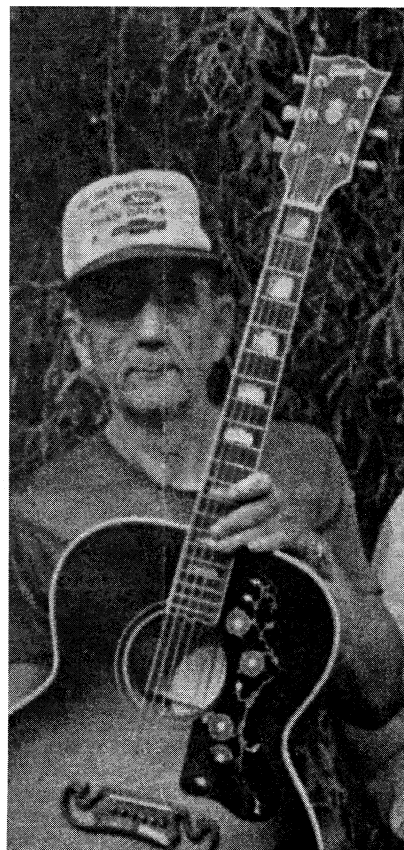
Mitscher's Task Force 58/38, the fast carrier striking force of the Pacific Fleet. Gerald's ship participated in battles in the Marianas, "the Mariana turkey shoot" and provided air strikes against Saipan and Iwo Jima. The San Jacinto was the ship which President George H. W. Bush flew from before he was shot down and parachuted into the sea. The San Jacinto saw duty in many Pacific battles, fought the Kamikaze, and operated in close proximity to Japan's coast before returning stateside in Sept. 1945. This duty up close

to Japan's coast was considered a suicide mission. When the Captain opened the sealed orders, all aboard thought that they would never see home again. However, even after sending out two waves of bombers, they did not lose a man or a plane. Gerald was discharged in Nov. 1945. His ship had earned five battle stars and was awarded the Presidential Unit Citation while he was aboard.

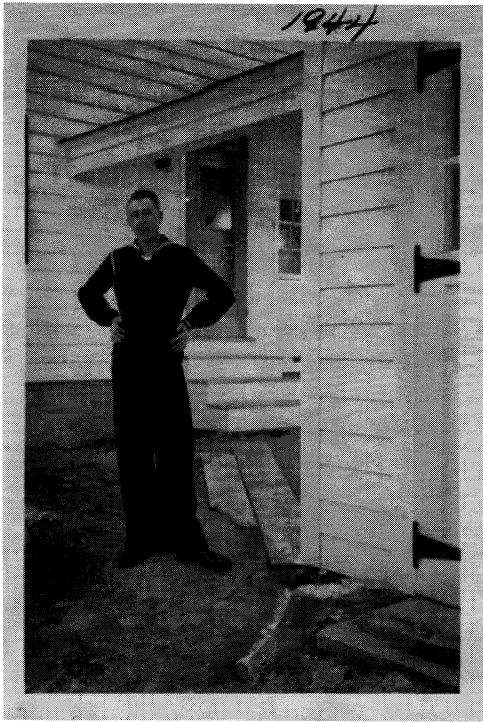
At the time he was discharged, he had accumulated several ribbons and citations which have become lost over time. He did make radarman 3/c and then chose to come home to see his son who had been only one month old when he left for boot camp. During his time in the Navy, Gerald "crossed the equator, went to Australia, New Zealand, and probably every island group in the Pacific."

Neville F. Goodwin U.S. Navy

Neville entered the service of his country in Jan. of 1943 after his graduation from Chebeague Island High School in the class of '41. He went into the SeaBees and got sent to the South Pacific. He was stationed in the Philippines where he saw "tough and rugged fighting." He was discharged in Jan. of 1946 with the usual number of combat ribbons. The war left lasting scars on Neville. These Goodwin boys were brothers.



Walter Rines U.S. Navy



Walter attended Elementary School on Chebeague Island, but graduated from Portland High School as Chebeague did not have a high school at that time. He was the son of Frank and Eva Rines. Frank was the selectman from Chebeague for many years. Walter was married at the time of his enlistment. He served the entire duration of WW II at a US Naval Supply Depot at Oakland, CA.

In letters written home to relatives, he indicated that he was not happy with his land based duty. His wish was to be aboard ship. He was discharged as a Yeoman 2/c.

Soon after his discharge he and Frank moved to Cornish, ME where they opened a grocery store.

Thornton H. Ross U.S. Army



Thornton attended school on Chebeague Island. His parents were Merle and Ethyl Ross. He was a brother to Lewis Ross, a well known construction/ business man on Chebeague Island. He entered the Army in 1944 and was sent to Camp Croft in South Carolina; a camp with a very tough reputation. As an Army private he had to do all of the long marches (8 miles a day in high South Carolina heat), rifle practice and assembly, and the firing of mortars, bazookas, and machine guns. He wrote that he scored 2nd highest at rifle practice in his company.

We have some history of Thornton's military life due to letters written home to his aunt and uncle, Stella and Carroll Hamilton. He was in a hospital in Belgium for a while in February of 1945. Thornton had been in the Battle of the Bulge where he had frozen his feet. In March he was in Germany rounding up German prisoners. He reports that the censors are returning his letters because of some things he had said. In March he is writing letters with materials captured from the Germans.

On April 12, he writes that he is having a real break from the noise of battle and is aware of the apple blossoms of spring time. By April 22, he has been removed from the front line. Two months later in June he learns that his Division is being transferred

to the States. He expects to be transferred to the Pacific for more fighting. He has received five battle stars at this point; three for action in Belgium, Central Europe, and German and two for Normandy and Southern France. July finds him at Camp Pittsburg in France where his outfit is turning in all of their equipment.

After returning to the States, an October letter states that he is on guard duty manning a 20 foot tower at Camp Bowie, Texas. He is still at Camp Bowie in November guarding prisoners and relates that the prisoners have some how got their hands on a pair of wire cutters which they have attempted to use but failed in their attempt for freedom. Repeated searches had not been able to find the cutters.

Thornton was discharged soon after this and returned home to Chebeague where he was in business with his father and brother for a short time. He later moved west when his wife, Terry, developed bad asthma attacks.

We are indebted to Thornton's daughter, Sheila, for researching old letters for information, as Thornton, like so many others, never talked about his military life.

Island Doctors

By Sylvia H. Ross

Many Doctors have come and gone over the years, each one leaving special memories to those who knew them. Each one deserving of their own story.

Below you will find a list of doctors from Chebeague's past. Some stayed only for a short period of time while others made their homes on the island and became very much a part of the community. We, the editors, have added a couple of obituaries to this section which we thought would expand Sylvia's doctors story.

Early doctors who lived on the island from the Annual Report of the Town of Cumberland (\$1000.00 appropriation)

- 1893: Dr. French
 - 1904: Leon L. Hale (wife Alice Curit Hale) — He owned Peggie Jones' house.
 - 1916-18: Leroi Syphers (son, Leroi, sold insurance in Portland)
 - 1918-19: H.E. Fifield.
 - 1919-23: Frank C. Walker.
 - 1923-29: Ralph Clark (wife Sarah), lived in the Prescott house on the Firehouse road.
 - 1929-36: Elizabeth Gross, lived in Joan Robinson's house. Vaccinated children for smallpox.
 - 1932-33: Henry B. Esmond.
 - 1933-34: Leon Hale (here intermittently) had moved to Cape Elizabeth.
 - 1934-35: G. Bruce Chisholm (may have stayed at Dr. Hale's).
 - 1935-37: William R. Tymms, stayed in Leland and Karen Hamilton's house.
 - 1937-40: Frederick Brandenburg.
 - 1940-46: Wilber Leighton, pd. \$16.80; Ernest MacVane, pd. \$108.45, Harvey Howard, pd. \$16; Jason Gardner, pd \$10; Arthur Woodman, pd \$48.50; Nathaniel Barker, pd \$41.50.
- Annual appropriation of \$400-600).

Dr. George Lowenstein, a doctor from Chicago and a leading physician in Germany for many years, was hired by the Chebeague Council in 1946. He and his wife Hansi, a nurse, were cordially received by the island people. Parents in particular were relieved, as an outbreak of measles had arrived in the schools of Chebeague, and many youngsters were very ill. Fortunately, all the children recuperated and all was well, thanks to penicillin and sulpha drugs in addition to the expertise of Dr. Lowenstein and Hansi. The Doctor's House was ready and waiting for them after major renovations had been done by many island volunteers under the supervision of Merle Ross, builder, and Philip Seabury, president of the Island Council. It was provided to the doctor rent free, along with a subsidy of \$1200 per year. Dr. Lowenstein was 108 when he died in Clearwater, FL.

Dr. Herman Petterson, a licensed pediatrician, and his wife, Ruth, an R.N., moved to Chebeague in 1952, living briefly in the Doctor's house before they purchased the farmhouse near Central Landing, where they resided until his death in 1977. Throughout the years they made countless house calls together, day and night, along with his regular home visits. They became an integral part of the community, with Ruth involved in several organizations. It is mainly Chebeague's middle-aged and older population that may remember the doctor and his dry wit. It has been said that Gene Robinson was the first infant on the island to be examined by Dr. Petterson. It

was "Dr. Pete" who administered the DPT (diphtheria, pertussis, typhoid) shots to most of this age group. After Dr. Petterson became ill in 1967, he resigned from practice, but retired on Chebeague until he died at the age of eighty-four. Years later, his home was purchased by Raymond and Gladys Gilmartin, from Massachusetts.

The Island Council was now in need of another doctor. In 1970, Dr. Guardo was hired, but was seemingly not as well received as his predecessors. Although he was distant and aloof, the people felt lucky to have him on the Island. Still, he was here only a year or so.



Dr. Garland Gray



The Bridge Committee: Cliff Leonard, Dr. Herman Petterson, Roy Hill, and Howard Beehler.

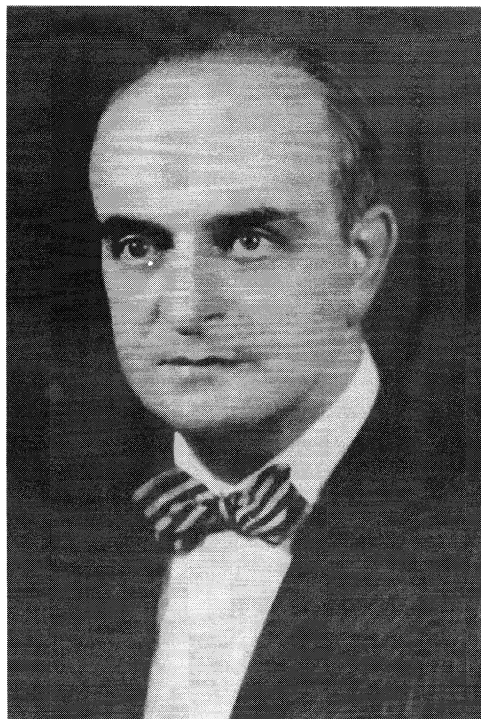
Dr. Loewenstein Obituary May, 1998

Dr. Loewenstein, honored physician

In 1968, Garland Gray retired from the Navy as a Naval Captain on the battleship Wisconsin and as an M.D. He and his devoted wife Bertha, an R.N., chose to move to Chebeague permanently. In 1952, they had purchased their East End home as a summer house. It was known as the "Falmouth." Chebeague quickly became acquainted with Dr. Gray and recognized his capacity as a very fine physician. In no time, Chebeague became quite dependent on Dr. Gray and started taking him for granted as the island physician. He willingly made house calls, if urgently needed; but it could be more pleasurable inside his home - says his daughter Sheila - where one might observe dear Bertha sterilizing the Doc's medical instruments by boiling them in a pan atop their shiny black stove. Dr. Gray was all you could ask for in a doctor. He was patient, reassuring, and very kind. It was a great loss to Chebeague when he died in 1983 at the age of almost eighty.

Ginny Ballard, P.A. has been a godsend to Chebeague for approximately the last ten years. At the Chebeague Health Center she saw patients twice a week for over ten years, until doctor's orders slowed her down - but not much. Today though, we still see Ginny on the Islander riding to Chebeague to serve the Island Commons residents. Ginny keeps us updated, via the monthly Calendar, on health news and flu reports, always with a few health tips of her own. Chebeague will always be indebted to Ginny. She travels with her faithful companion, Sasha regularly to their island home - Khatmandhu- and is never but a phone call away.

At this point we circle back to 1992 at the Chebeague Health Care Center, where Dr. Patricia Philips was the first doctor hired by the Chebeague Island Council. Two years later, Dr. Philips set up her own practice in Yarmouth and is now a well-known doctor there. The volunteerism in the Clinic's office by Gerry Ross, Joan Robinson, and Susie Stavropolous over the past eighteen years should be noted. Chris Silva and Nancy Hill, R.N. would probably vouch for that. To Chris Silva and Nancy: Thank you so much for doing a great job. May you be with us for a long time.



"Clearwater-Dr. George Wolfgang Loewenstein, whose distinguished medical career took him from his native Germany to the United States, where he came to escape Nazi persecution died Wednesday (May 27, 1998) at Palm Garden of Largo nursing home. He was 108 years old.

Dr. Loewenstein, who retired in 1965 to Clearwater, was born April 18, 1890, in Breslau, Silesia, Germany, the child of a millionaire. When he was four, his father lost everything in the stock market. A diligent youngster, he sold newspapers, delivered prescriptions for a pharmacy and earned a college scholarship to achieve his dream of becoming a doctor.

During WWI, Dr. Loewenstein was shot down several times as he served as an aerial observer in the German Army. At his 100th birthday celebration in 1990, he talked of his experiences. 'After the war, I became a Quaker and a pacifist when I realized that war seldom settles anything,' he said. ...

From 1920 to 1939, served as medical director in Potsdam and Berlin.

These were frightening times for the Jewish man. He left his native home when a close friend, Hermann Goering (a top Nazi official) said that he could no longer protect the family.' In 1940, Dr. Loewenstein emigrated with his wife and their twin son and daughter from Germany to England.

In 1941, the Loewensteins were admitted to the United States with the help of another friend, Albert Einstein, along with an affidavit from his wife's cousin, Rep. Adolph Joachim Sabath of Illinois and Superior Court Judge Joseph Sabath.

He was an intern at Saint Bernard Hospital in Chicago for a year and then practiced medicine for seven years in that city before moving to Maine. He was physician and health officer on Chebeague Island and Islesboro-Dark Harbor, Maine, until he retired in 1959.

He continued to work for the German Consulate in Atlanta until he was 90. He worked for the American Red Cross for 70 years and wrote books and 200 papers on preventive, forensic, tropical and sports medicine. ...

These are among the honors Dr. Loewenstein earned for his work in medicine and the American Foreign Policy Association and Clearwater United Nations Association and his efforts to promote world peace: President Harry S. Truman commended him for his work with Selective Service and President Richard Nixon cited him for service to mankind. He held gold pins and peace medals and the German Cross of Merit. He received the Harris Fellowship from Rotary International.

When his wife (Hansi) died at age 97 in 1995 they had been married 71 years. Survivors include a daughter, Ruth Gallagher of Pelham, MA; two grandchildren and five great grandchildren."

Answer to mystery photo.
The house was built in the 1850s for Edwin and Lavinia Ross Emmons on the original Samuel Ross parcel. Lavinia Emmons was Sam Ross' daughter. In Emmons was Chebeague's first postmaster, Emmons House is now owned by Frank Mansfield and is located on South Road, diagonally across from the Museum. The photograph was taken from the lawn near Ernie and Sue Buegess' house. At the time of the photo the house was a summer boarding house known as the Pleasant View Cottage. The next year it became known as the Island View Cottage. In 1907 Lincoln Hamilton moved his operation (including the building on the left) to North Road, when he bought the former Hugh Bowen house. (now Bill LaGamke) The building on the left was moved to North Road and was part of the Island View House, until Gunner Wood bought it in the 1970s and moved the building to Cart Road Acres (now occupied by Valerie Riddle).

“Chebeague Island Physician Dies”

Obituary from a Portland newspaper.



“Dr. Leon L. Hale

—Was Born At Westbrook in 1854 And Practiced Half Century”

“Dr. Leon L. Hale, 80, veteran physician of Chebeague Island, died Sunday in his home at 597 Cottage Road, Cape Elizabeth, after an illness of two weeks. Dr. Hale became seriously ill with a heart ailment two weeks ago at Chebeague Island and was taken to his home at Cape Elizabeth on a government boat. He had been practicing his profession more than 50 years and had spent the greater part of that time serving Chebeague Island residents.

Dr. Hale was born June 26, 1854, at Westbrook, son of George R. and Lucy Gammon Hale. He was the great grandson of Nathaniel Hale, an early resident of Portland. After completing his education in the public schools of Westbrook and at Gray's Business College, he spent several years in Boston and N.Y. City.

He studied dentistry with Dr. Samuel A. Packard at 223 Middle St. and practiced that profession at Boothbay Harbor. In his spare time he wrote articles for the Boothbay Register and studied medicine with Dr. Charles Rice. In 1880 he moved to Boston and practiced until 1883, when he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He was graduated with honors in 1884 and practiced medicine in Boston two years.

Dr. Hale came to Chebeague in 1886. In 1916 he moved to Cape Elizabeth but continued his work at the island.

He was a member of the I. O. O.F. of Portland and of the Maine Medical Association from which he received a medal honoring 50 years' service.

Surviving are his widow, Alice Curit Hale; two sons, Leon C., of Westbrook, and Eugene E., of Cape Elizabeth; four daughters, Mrs. Harold Hawkes of this city, Mrs. Raymond Phipps of New York City, Mrs. Charles A. Perry of Camden, and Mrs. John R. Jordan of Cape Elizabeth; and eight grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at 9 am Tuesday at 749 Congress Street. Prayers will be said at 11:15 o'clock in the Methodist Church at Great Chebeague Island. Internment will be at Chebeague Island.”

A Memorial to Dr. Nils Wessell

By Ken Hamilton



In perusing some old editions of the Casco Bay Island News, Nor' by East, I came across an old edition in which an article had been written about Dr. Nils Wessell. Nils was a summer resident of Chebeague

Island and the father of Nick Wessell and Bobby McCuskey. Briefly stated, the article was alerting the readers to the fact that Dr. Wessell had just become president of the Alfred Sloan Foundation in New York; he had been named by Governor Curtis to the Super-Board for the University of Maine and that he was receiving an honorary degree from Bates College. These were all wonderful accolades, but as a native “Chebeaguer”, I immediately recalled a short piece that he had written in 1961 while president of Tufts College. I would like to share this as I believe it gives a real and honest description of Chebeague Island and very possibly the magnet which draws others to our island. The following are all Dr Wessell's words, but I would hasten the opinion that there are many who would agree enthusiastically.

Chebeague, Isle of Refreshment

“No man is an island.” runs the well-known quotation.

In the complex world of today this claim is more true than ever. Yet the same complex world makes the more necessary the chance for every individual to be himself, to be removed if only for irregular and short periods of time from the routine distractions that mar his perspective.

It is the search for such an opportunity, to be natural and to be true to myself, that brings me to Casco Bay and Chebeague Island. Chebeague is called the island of many springs. In the refreshment Chebeague offers it certainly lives up to its name.

Each Chebeague morning, winter or summer, and I know both seasons, is cleansed by three thousand miles of fresh Atlantic air through which it passes. Mainland soot or smoke or car exhaust do not pollute its freshness. Each morning brings a day that is new and bright and undefiled indeed.

It is plain God meant people to live on Chebeague. Its woods, green at all seasons, and its many springs, its clear blue skies in May and in October, the sparkle of the water in the bay, were not bestowed to go unobserved or unappreciated. The price required, insulation from some conveniences and from mainland bustle, happily too high for most, represents a bargain rate for me.’



The Sloop's Log
Chebeague Island historical Society
P.O. Box 28
Chebeague Island, ME 04017

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Newsletter
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Volume XIV
Issue 1

*Early days
at the
Chebeague Island
Golf Course.*

