

the Sloop's Log

Newsletter
of the
Chebeague
Island
Historical
Society

Spring 2016
Issue

Editor's Notes

Dear Sloop's Log Readers,

Greeting and welcome to the Spring 2016 Sloop's Log. We have again gathered some, we sincerely hope, enjoyable articles for our Chebeague audience. This summer the Chebeague Island Historical Society will be presenting a new show about island architecture up to 1889. I'd like to take this opportunity to invite you to please come and join us to celebrate another opening of another show.

Articles below are written or transcribed by the following:

- Toby Webb continues our series on the Chebeague census. We are now up to 1920.
- Donna Damon gives us the President's message, a further article on the "Toll of the Sea," a remembrance of Ken Hamilton, a mystery photo, and a tour around Chebeague written by Edward Hamilton in 1859.
- Jane Frizzell has transcribed some paragraphs from Wm. Hauk's "Stone Sloops of Chebeague" and from a camp West Winds Almanac written by Ted Wood, Jr. in 1938.
- J. Barrie Shepherd's poem about the Stone Wharf will be reprinted due to an unfortunate transcription mistake in our previous issue. Oooops!

Thanks to our contributors and Cathy MacNeil for her photos.

Thanks again for being part of our CIHS community.

Jane Frizzell, editor

Chebeague Center with
Reuben Cleaves Bakery
on left.

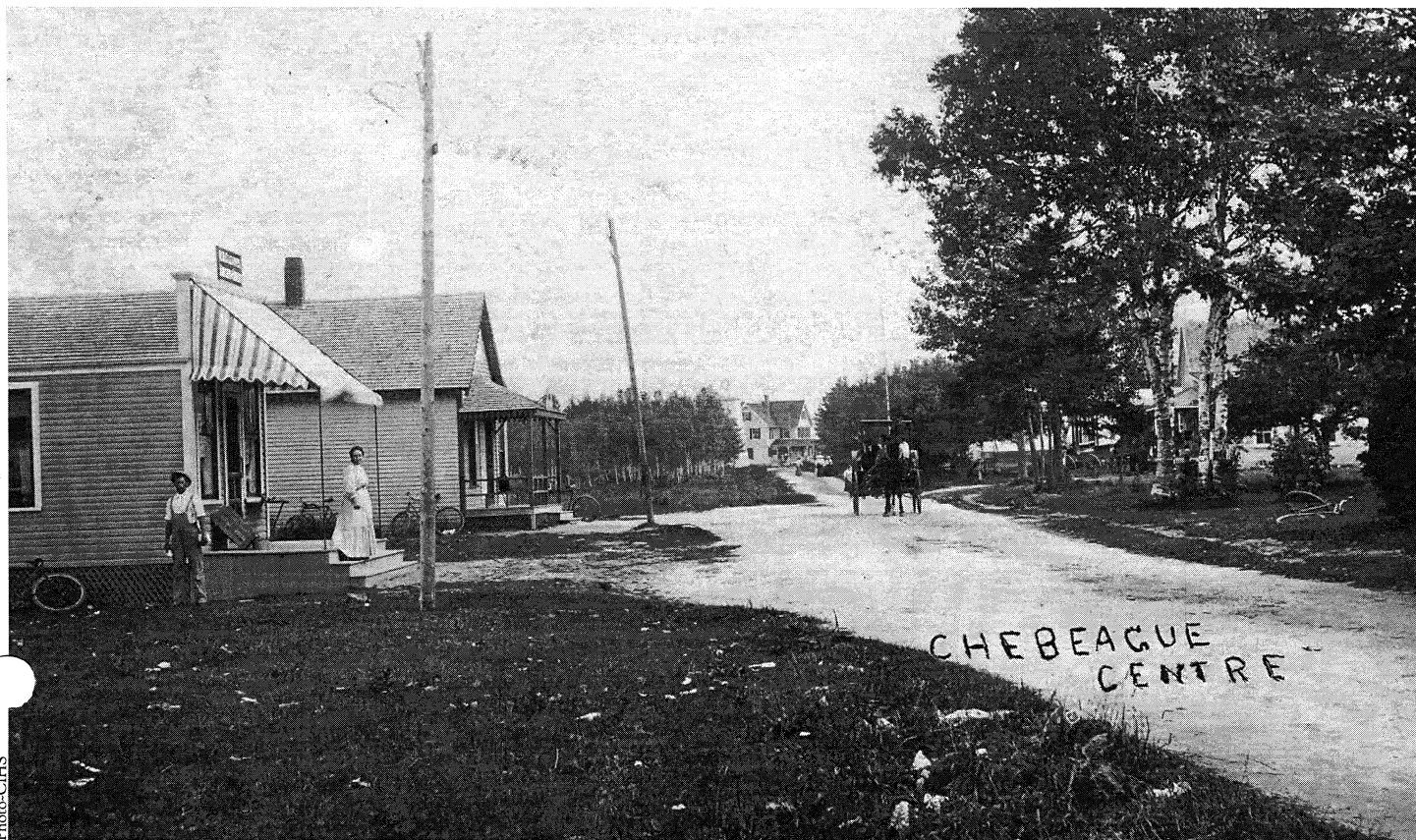
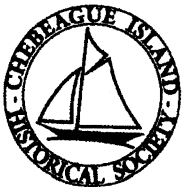


Photo: CIHS



Dear Friends:

Spring has come to Chebeague and the daffodils at the Museum are in full bloom. Lobstermen are painting, scraping and patching getting ready for a lobster season that is predicated to come early this year due to our mild winter.

Spring is the busiest time of the year at the Museum, and this year seems to be the busiest yet! Preparations are underway for this summer's exhibit, Island Architecture: Settlement to 1890. The exhibit will explore the evolution of island architecture from the basic traditional cape of the 18th century through the Greek revival and Italianate inspired houses of the mid 19th century and culminating with the introduction of the mansard roof during the 1880s. By 1890 more than 140 residential structures had been built on Chebeague! Schools, churches, more than fifty large barns and numerous outbuildings dotted the landscape. All constructed with out a screw gun or a power saw! A highlight of the exhibit is Michael Hamilton's 8 by 4 diorama depicting all of the houses and public buildings that were constructed during this period.

The spring Sloop's Log has gone to press; some exciting new merchandise has been purchased; donations are being catalogued; the annual meeting will take place on June 18; the Historic House Tour is scheduled for August 9; a Walking Tour of the East End is just one of the programs that will take place during the summer; and we hope to sponsor the dedication of the Toll of the Sea Memorial dedication in late August.

All of this activity takes time. During the past week Historical Society volunteers logged more than 80 hours scanning, researching, writing, purchasing, photographing, constructing, planning, cataloguing, and more.

We are fortunate to have so many volunteer hours and to receive grants from funds such as Recompense. But maintaining a 145 year-old building, and funding the exhibits and programs costs more than we earn from our small gift shop. We depend on support from our members and visitors to help us meet our expenses. We hope that you consider the Chebeague Island Historical Society's efforts to document the past so that islanders can better understand the present as they plan for the future to be an important resource to our community.

This is my last message as president of the Chebeague Island Historical Society. It has been a great three years. The 30th anniversary of the CIHS was a high point. I will continue to write for the Sloop's Log and volunteer where needed. I am please to report that the organization will be in good hands as Morrison "Toby" Webb will be our next president and will be assisted by vice-president, Mary Holman.

Thanks in advance for your support and we hope to see you at the Museum this summer.

Sincerely,

Donna Miller Damon, President
Chebeague Island Historical Society

Chebeague in the 1920 U.S. Census: *A Community Shrinks and Ages*

by Morrison "Toby" Webb

This chapter in our ongoing study of the Chebeague Island community in the federal censuses brings us well into the twentieth century. In 1920, the "Chebeague Island District" was recognized for the first time by the census taker as a distinct part of the Town of Cumberland. From January 20 through January 23, 1920, census taker Osro L. Huston visited the island and recorded his findings on the inhabitants of the island, reporting them as a district of their own.

The 1920 census listed every person by name, gender, race, age, relationship to the head of the household and marital status. There were questions on citizenship status, education and occupation. What the census taker found was an island that had changed dramatically from 1910.

In 1910, Chebeague had 522 inhabitants, but in 1920 that total had fallen to 336. There were 165 males and 171 females. This was a population drop of 36% in only ten years. All were white, all spoke English, and almost all were native-born New Englanders. Only John Long's wife Eliza, the Newcomb family and the Train family were foreign born, naturalized citizens.

There were eighty-nine households, a decline from 136 only ten years before. Thirteen families rented their homes, the other seventy-six owned them and none were mortgaged.

One hundred and eighteen persons were aged 20 or less, 35% of the total population. This continued a decline of the young population from 40% in 1910 and more than 50% in the growth decades of the mid-1800s. The school population, which had been 193 in 1870 and 114 in 1910, was only 62 in 1920 (but the teaching staff had grown to 5.) There were fewer children of school age, but an additional reason for the decline in students may have been economic. Several teenagers who would have been attending school in earlier decades dropped out to work fulltime in 1920: sixteen year old George Ross was a fireman on a govern-

ment steamer; fifteen year old Ralph Small was a farmer; Donald Doughty and Raymond Ricker, 16 and 14 respectively, were both deep sea fishermen. Twenty-seven percent of the population was aged 50 or older and 29 people, or almost nine percent of the entire population, were over 70. Widow Betsy Hamilton, living with her grandson-in-law Frank Rines, was the island's oldest inhabitant at 88.

In some ways, occupations on the island suggested a stereotypical New England town. There was a Post Master with two letter carriers. There was a physician and two nurses; three merchants and three store clerks; five carpenters and three housepainters; a dry goods salesman; a blacksmith; a clergyman; a shoemaker; even a theatre manager. Vera Hamilton had a child's dream job, dipping chocolates in a candy factory. (Donna Damon notes that islanders would stop by the Portland window in which the vivacious Vera demonstrated candy-making.)

But the occupations on which Chebeague's overall economy had long been based were in decline.

Only 16 farms had enough of an operation to complete the census's special farm schedule. This was 6 fewer than in 1910. A century earlier, farming had been the island's principal occupation; now only twenty people lived as farmers or farm laborers.

Thirty-nine men worked as fisherman, a drop from 64 in 1910. The census taker distinguished them by where they fished: eight along the coast and 31 as deep sea fishermen. Fenderson's Clam Factory appears to have been in decline; only eighteen year old Leslie Fenderson, the head of his household, is listed as a clam factory worker.

A few other men found jobs on the water: a steamboat captain, a towboat captain, two steamer firemen and a marine engineer. But the days of many sloops captained and manned by Chebeague men had passed. The only remnant of the stone sloop industry appears to be

the skill it brought in stone construction. William Bennett continued as a Government contractor, probably in the lighthouse maintenance work that his father had done before him, and sixty-one year old Sylvester Hill was building bridges. Several hotels continued to serve summer visitors. Granville Hill was the proprietor of one, Josephine Sperry the proprietor of another. Lincoln Hamilton was a hotel manager and Clinton Hamilton a summer hotel "hotelman". Clarence Bowen was a "public car chauffer," perhaps the island's first occupant to give taxi driving as his occupation.

Many women were now at work outside the home, five as public school instructors, six doing housework, one owning a summer hotel, one in the chocolate factory and one in a laboratory. Seventy-four year old Etta Grannell was running the family farm. This contrasts with some decades in the 1800s when hardly a single woman was occupied outside the home.

What caused these changes on the island? Were they forced by economics? Did young families have to move away because the farming, fishing and tourism opportunities on the island no longer supported the middle-class lifestyle of the late 1800s? Or had larger external forces like World War I or the global influenza epidemic somehow impacted the community? The 1920 census does not answer these questions. It merely gives us data to show that a significant transformation was taking place. We must research elsewhere to find out why.

Note: As with prior transcriptions, the transcription of the original census pages from 1920 which follows attempts to record precisely what the census taker wrote, which was not always accurate, particularly as to spelling. In the interests of space, columns from the census which did not provide much additional information have been omitted: all Chebeague's inhabitants were white in 1920, all spoke English and, if old enough, all could read and write.

You Can Go Home Again

by Donna Miller Damon



Photo-CIHS

Toby Webb's analysis of the 1920 U. S. Census may come as a surprise to many people. The decline in Chebeague's population during the early twentieth century was dramatic. When I first discovered this decline I thought that a mistake had been made. You may remember from Toby's 1900 article that the census taker omitted about 50 people on Deer Point. Well, I went section by section along the island and could find no missing neighborhoods. So, why did the islanders go? Did they ever come back?

The island's economy had begun to shrink in the 20th century as employment opportunities declined. There appeared to be only two options to earn a living on Chebeague – catering to summer people or going fishing, so mill towns attracted families such as the Grannells, Littlefields, and some Hamiltons, while many families moved to Portland and

became merchants, laborers, or such. The accompanying chart shows the evolution of Chebeague's economy over close to a century. The children of farmers and stone sloopers became fishermen, handymen, island business owners or left the island looking for greener pastures.

As I researched this transition I started to think about my own family and realized that both of my grandfathers had moved their families off Chebeague during the decade between 1910-1920. My mother, Melba Hamilton, was an infant in 1913 when her family moved to Worcester, Massachusetts. My grandfather, Sherman Hamilton, was encouraged to leave Chebeague by his brother, Addison, who had followed his Mansfield brothers-in-law to work in the Norton Emery Mill. In less than two years Sherman and Alice Hamilton were disillusioned with life in Worcester and came back home to Chebeague where he returned to his life as a small boat trawl fisherman. Before long Addison Hamil-

ton also moved his family back home.

Meanwhile, my father was growing up in a house overlooking Coleman's Cove. In 1916 his family moved to Freeport so his mother, Carrie, could care for a sick relative. My grandfather, Harry, got a job in the South Freeport shipyard, where they were building wooden merchant vessels. My grandmother didn't want to return to Chebeague because she knew that my grandfather would go back to fishing and feared for his safety. He had survived the sinking of a boat after the pilot boat struck it, and he had ridden out the 1911 hurricane while fishing off the Grand Banks. The family settled into life in South Freeport and sold their Chebeague home. As fate would have it my grandmother died of influenza after WWI. Although Harry Miller wanted to return to Chebeague, he didn't want to disrupt his children who had just lost their mother. Eventually my grandfather remarried and his new wife was willing to follow him anywhere – even

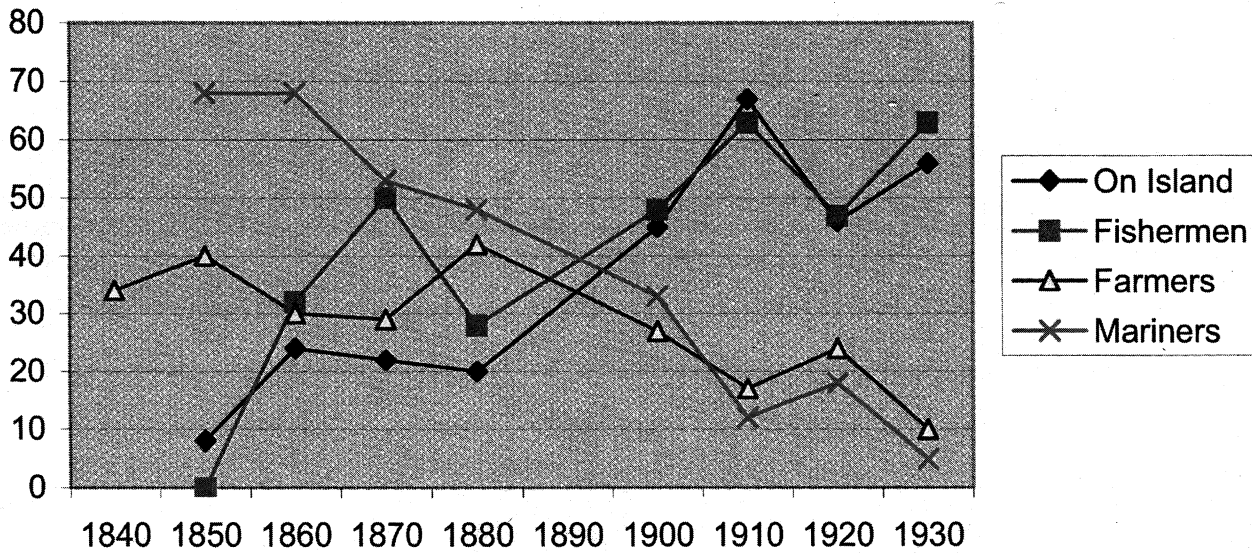
to Chebeague. In the fall of 1924 Harry moved back to Chebeague with his sons, Ellsworth and Haridon (Bill), wife Ethel and her children Edgar and Evelyn Blaisdell. (Evelyn was Chuck Varney's grandmother). By this time Harry's daughter,

Rachel, was a student at Northfield Academy in Massachusetts. Just like Sherman Hamilton, Harry returned to fishing as soon as he returned to Chebeague.

While these two families left and returned, it was not the norm until the

Great Depression when many islanders returned because they could feed their families from island gardens, live in family homes, and earn a living on the flats and the sea.

Chebeague Islanders' Occupations



Left: Alice and Sherman Hamilton hosting a family lobster feed at Ed Hamilton's shore.

Below: Ethel and Harry Miller looking over the traps at Fenderson's shore.



FINANCING CHEBEAGUE HOMES

by Jane Frizzell

In the summer of 2016 the Chebeague Island Historical Society will be presenting a new exhibit. We will be taking a close look at the architecture of island houses from the beginning to 1889. The money that built many of these houses came from the stone slooping business. Other sources of income certainly existed at the time—the Hamilton Co., deep sea transport of various goods, fishing, clamming, boarding houses, agriculture— but through most of this period the largest employer and perhaps the best investment opportunity came from transporting stones both small and large. Many of us have read Bill Hauk's book previously, but it is always fun and educational to peruse it again.

Below I quote from Z. William Hauk and his *Stone Sloops of Chebeague and the Men Who Sailed Them*:

The Stone Sloop, sometimes called Rock Sloop was a broad beamed, full-bellied vessel that freighted stone, rock and granite blocks.

This sloop was a feature of the nineteenth century. This was the century in which America built thousands upon thousands of ships and sailed them to all the ports in the world. The Stone Sloops carried the ballast used in the launching of those ships and freighted the granite that became light houses, harbor improvements and forts so that those ships could safely sail and land their cargoes.

It is an interesting fact that such a large portion of the stone sloop fleet should hail from the relatively small island of Great

Chebeague in Casco Bay, State of Maine. Chebeague men and their sloops were well known in the stone quarries and ports from Eastport to the Delaware. They proudly displayed on their sloops' sterns, the home port of "Cumberland, Maine"----- They printed this on the sterns of their sloops until the 1870's when Uncle Sam ruled that only the Port of Entry should be used---for Casco Bay it was and is Portland.

According to Martin Hamilton, Great Chebeague stone slooping started about 1795---right after the Revolution when a big boom in shipbuilding was on in the Bay--- small sloops carrying ballast to the many shipyards for launching their newly built ships and barks. As the years went by, the sloops increased in size and went farther afield---by the mid 1830's Chebeague sloops were doing harbor work in Massachusetts waters. But it was in the 1850's -1880's that produced the spectacular days. Then the sloops were huge, their sails enormous.....

The sloops were usually owned in shares. Family and neighbors would chip in, also the shipping people in Portland, Yarmouth, etc. were always willing to invest. For most of the century they paid good dividends.

The small vessels were operated with a crew of three. Even on the large sloops there were but five, including the captain..... They lived aboard as one family, and in fact crew and captain were very often one family, for it was the day and age when there was plenty of family available. If the captain did not have enough sons in his own household, there were always his brothers' and sisters' families... sometimes young men came from away, but they soon became in-laws by marrying the boss's daughters.

There were several phases of stone slooping:

As times changed, the work and the uses of the sloops changed. Below I have listed these phases as did Wm. Hauk, but I have used his explanation for only the Building Stone, Columns, Monuments section. While

big granite blocks were being sailed up and down the east coast of the U. S. to be used in building large projects, the sloopers themselves were building their own Greek Revival and Italianate houses on the island.

BALLAST CARRYING.....

CUT STONE --- GROUT.....

BUILDING STONE, COLUMNS, MONUMENTS

The greatest granite warehouses that you see in every old time town port along the coast are part and parcel of the great waterfront building days 1830's-1870's, the bulk of them built in the 30's and 40's. In the later years came the spectacular monumental building that were built everywhere---pillars, columns, carved lintels---Greek Revival Architecture at its zenith---all of granite---that was the style. Chebeague Stone Sloops carried the granite: The Washington Monument at Washington---Captain Sylvester Hill (1858-1929) carried that granite on the sloop M. M. Hamilton from down Rockland, Maine way to New York, thence it went to Washington by rail---State War and Navy Building at Washington, Chicago Auditorium, Chicago Board of Trade, the "General Grant" Post Offices at Boston and New York (both now gone), the back wing of the State house at Boston (those columns over the Mount Vernon Street arch sailed on the Sloop Island Belle. Some of the bases that were supposed to be under those columns in other words ---rejects) are on Chebeague---supports for flower boxes.

CELLAR STONE.....

PAVING STONE, CURBSTONE.....

LIGHTERING, SALVAGING, GENERAL HEAVY WEIGHT.....

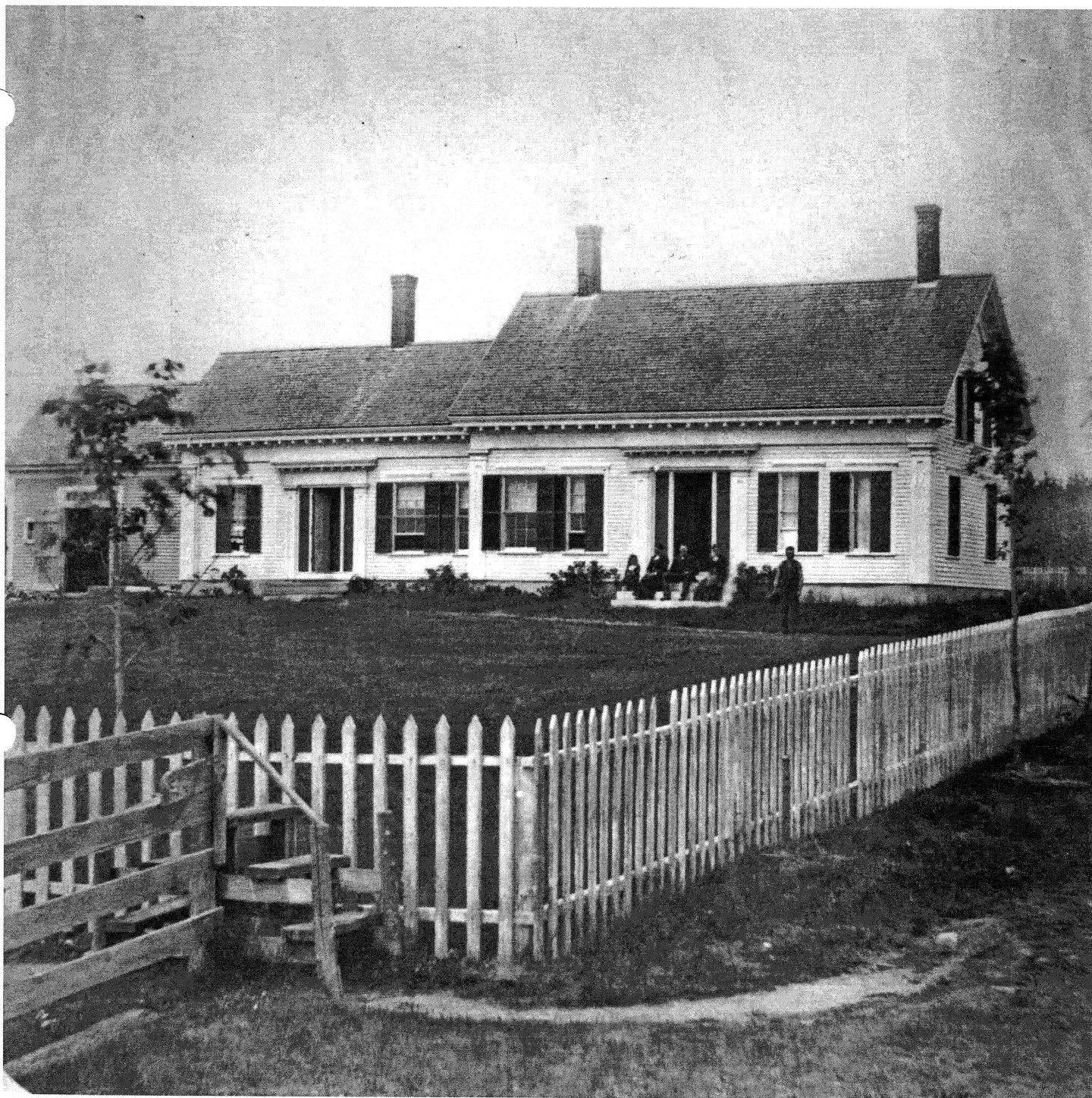


Photo-CIHS

The Home of Isaac and Lavinia Chase Hamilton

This photo is a stereopticon view of the home of Isaac and Lavinia Chase Hamilton. Isaac was a stone sloop who was killed aboard his vessel in 1885 by a rigging block falling on him. Isaac and Lavinia's house was built in 1861 and burned with the original Hillcrest Hotel in 1924. Ted Curtis, who now lives on the island, is a descendant of Isaac and Lavinia.

I chose to include this photo in the Sloop's Log because it was a chance to present a great image of a house that no longer exists and that was part of the Greek Revival architectural style often built on the island at that time. I use it also because Greek Revival architecture on Chebeague will be a large part of our summer exhibit for 2016. (In this picture notice the English barn with transom light over the door, the corner pilasters, the fancy door treatments-both front and kitchen, and the dentils etc.)

WEST WINDS CAMP

take 2

Diane and Dick Calder own three West Winds Almanacs dated from 1938 to 1940. In these publications is information sent to campers and councilors at West Winds, the girl's sailing camp on Chebeague. This news was from Jan and Marian Friis and Ted Wood, Jr. Included in these almanacs are tide charts, maps, rowing and sailing instructions, weather facts and many more items that would be of interest to the campers. The following comes from Ted Wood in the April/May 1938 issue. Ted is returning in the spring to check up on the campgrounds and to talk with a few year-rounders about some projects to be done. Note that the accompanying map shows the home locations of these islanders and their places of business. It was important for the girl sailors and campers to be able to find the ice cream shop and the town landings etc. J.F.

Ted Wood, Jr.:

At 6:30 last Sunday morning, having lost an hour's sleep by the change from Standard to Daylight Time, Mr. & Mrs. Friis and I jumped into the beach wagon and headed for Great Chebeague Island. It was a clear, cool day and too early for much traffic, so the trip up was easy.

We had planned to catch the 9:45 "Nellie G" from Falmouth Foreside and as luck would have it, we rolled down the wharf just as she was ready to leave.

It was cool on the deck of the little steamer, but the air was the cleanest I had breathed for a long time. The islands looked browner than usual and a little bald. I was rather disappointed, but soon remembered that spring up this way was two weeks behind her Cambridge schedule. I knew that the next time I rode over on the "Nellie," the islands would be billowing with puffy green boughs. Three boys and a dog got off at Cousin's Island, but noone wanted to get off at Littlejohn's, so we headed for the old stone pier on Chebeague. It was low tide and I noticed a schooner tied up at the pier inside the cove, which at high tide makes a fine water-hole for the golfers. As we got nearer, I recognized the vessel--it was my friend Captain Gus Doughty's "Reliance." She was having the barnacles and a beard of sea-moss scraped off her.

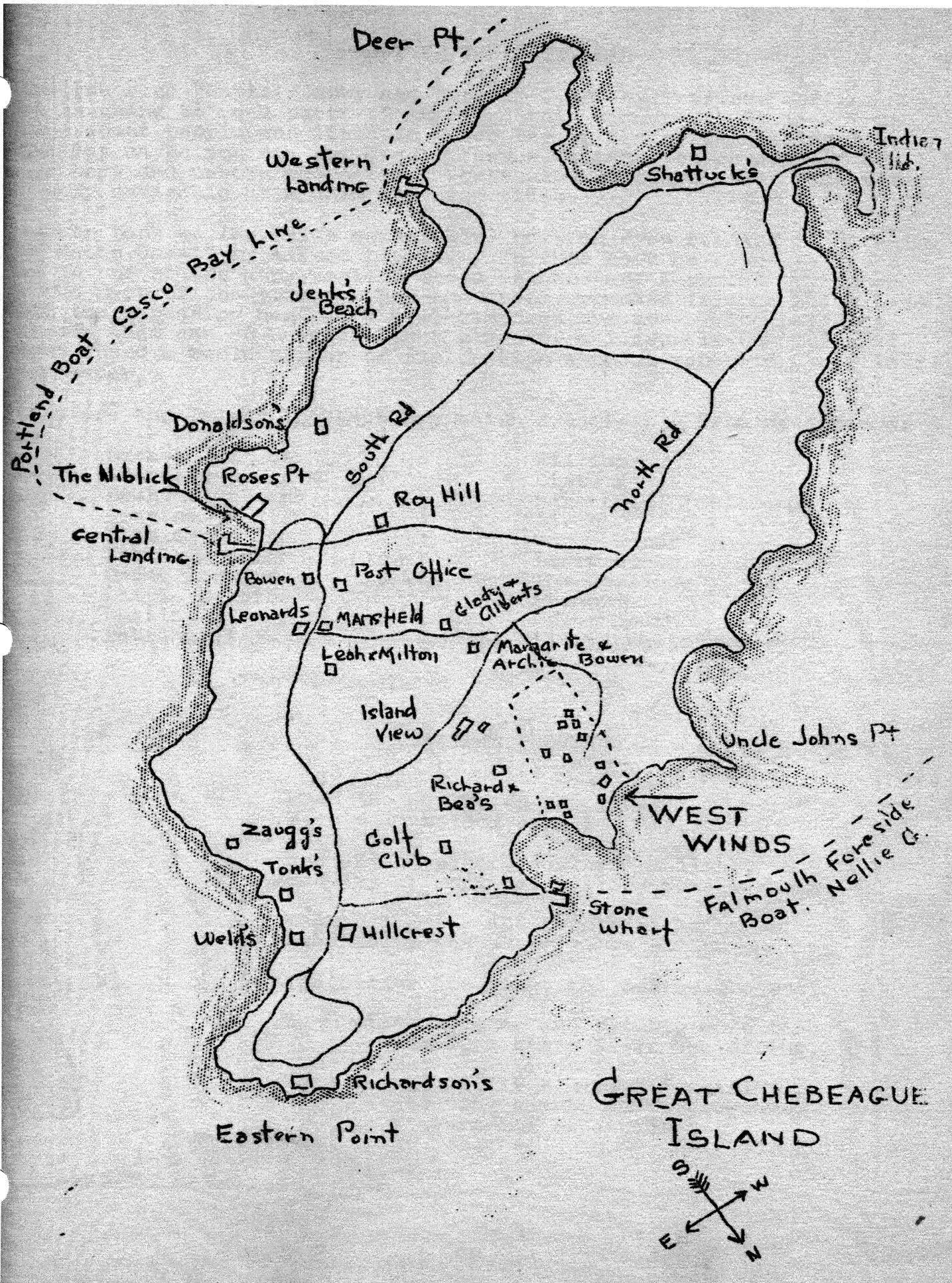
Archie Bowen met us at the dock and took us over to "West Winds." The house was just as we had left it, but the lawn was soggy--very soggy. It needed May sunshine to dry up the April showers. I went down to the beach to see how the sand had held up under the winter storms and found it all pretty much in place. Mr. & Mrs. Friis stayed up at the house with Roy Hill who had come down to talk over plans for building tent floors, a recreation house etc. Archie had gone back up to his house (see map) to get his rubbers. Pretty soon Roy left and while we were waiting for Richard Bowen, who had sent a message by his father (Archie) that he wanted to see us, we dove into the sandwiches. There was only one left when Dick arrived. Now Dick, although one of the best men in the National Bank of Portland at adding and multiplying figures, had forgotten to bring the tape-measure his father had told to bring with him, so we three men went off up

town, leaving Mrs. Friis to dry her wet and very muddy high-heeled shoes (imagine) by the fire.

We saw lots of friends up town--- Albert Bennett was charging batteries, Em Leonard was tending store and Leah and Milton were sorting out Mayflowers they had picked over on the mainland that morning. After we had finished our errands and having at last remembered what we came up for (the tape-measure), we rode down to "West Winds" and started measuring for the buildings. We found that the tents would fit beautifully in a grove of birches north of the main cottage. We set out stakes for the other buildings in the pine grove behind the cottage. The artesian well driller was to come the next day, so we showed Richard where we wanted the well dug and asked him to keep us informed on the progress.

By this time it was getting pretty near boat time, so we scraped the mud off our shoes, tossed the one remaining sandwich to the sea-gulls, and headed back to the stone pier. Archie and Marguerite and Gladys and her children were all there, so we had quite a send-off. The silly-sounding horn of the "Nellie" squawked, and we were off for the mainland again. Just as we got to the red spar-buoy off Uncle John's Point, I looked back at the "West Wind shoreline"---I blinked my eyes---was I seeing things?---I saw five white sailboats riding at anchor a few yards off shore; just beyond them a raft rode easily at anchor. There were tents up on the bank, their sides rolled up to let the cool breeze pass through them----I blinked my eyes and looked again---it must have been a mirage. But I was happy just the same, because I knew the next time I saw those boats and rafts and tents, they wouldn't fade. They'd stay there and I'd stay there too.

Ted Wood, Jr.



A Trip Around Chebeague in 1859

by Donna Miller Damon

The following description of Chebeague was written Edward W. Hamilton (Betty Duff Shute's Great-Grandfather) in 1859 for a Chebeague publication known as the Floral Wreath in December 1859. The name was changed later to the Great Chebeague Times. Manuscripts of these publications were found by the Grannell family in their North Road home. Some of the writers included the Grannell's ancestor, Charles Andrew Grannell, Solomon D. Sawyer, Reuben Cleaves and Edward Hamilton. They were young mariners who were still taking classes in philosophy and accounting at the old District 9 School. (The Museum building wasn't built until 1871 and the extant District 8 school wasn't built until 1896.) Chebeague was a prosperous community at this time and there was a great deal of interest in culture, literature, music, history, and debate as evidenced by these writings as well as contemporary diaries. Chebeague even had a lyceum! We thank the Grannell Family for sharing this document with us.

Tour of Chebeague Contest

After discovering Edward W. Hamilton's 1859 trip around Chebeague we spent a lot of time trying to determine what he was describing. There were place names that were new to us and we weren't sure which road he was on at certain points. We thought that it would be fun to give all of you the same opportunity. Take the description and travel around the island and see if you can retrace his steps and determine what is still here and what is gone. Then using his description note what the place is called today or who lives there. If the building is gone where was it located? On which road or path did you travel? We are including a map of Chebeague in 1857 to help you out. There will also be clues in this summer's exhibit focusing on Chebeague's architecture, at the Society's Annual Meeting in June, as well as in the House Tour Brochure. The deadline for submissions is August 10th. The grand prize, a \$100 gift certificate to the Museum Gift Shop, will be given to the first person that submits the most correct answers. A smaller prize will be given to those who have the right answers but submitted after the winning entry. Only one prize will be given per family and only one prize will be given to people who work together in a group.

Call or Email Donna Damon with questions, but she will only clarify the rules not give answers!

Good Luck and have fun! CIHS Governing Board

will find the Store and Loafers' Stand kept by Ross and Hamilton. This store is built on a point, which makes out to the N. E. of Temperance Cove.

Leaving Temperance on your right hand you pass a beautiful farm and again find yourself on the main road. Here you observe the road separates leaving one branch to the East and another to the West. Taking the western road you pass two farms bringing you to the schoolhouse, which is on the South side of Temperance Cove. Passing on if you are very observing you may observe a walking post office.

Passing on you see a fine farm until you find the T. (Temperance) Hall and Brick Meeting House. One half mile to the South you find the old M. (Methodist) Church with the old churchyard and its beautiful marble slabs. A little to the East of this stands the new Methodist Meeting House built in '55.

Still passing on you pass many beautiful farms until you see

Chandler's Cove the western part of the island. Turning a little to the left you come to the South West called Deer Point. Here you find a collection of houses but none very beautiful.

You take the Eastern branch of the road passing a fine farm. You see the Schoolhouse of the Western District. This schoolhouse is situated on the Western side of what the boys call Sordom Creek.

From this schoolhouse you pass many beautiful farms until you reach the new M.P.M.H., (Methodist Protestant Meeting House) built in '57. Passing down the road you pass 6 fine farms to where the (road) joins again in the pasture of Mr. David Hill.



Edward W. Hamilton

A Description of the Island of Chebeague To Mr. S. D. Sawyer (Solomon D) To the Editor of the Floral Wreath Chebeague

Mr. Editor:

As I proposed to give you a slight description of the Island, I would take you first to the North East point a very pleasant grove commonly inhabited by Indians in the summer season.

From thence you take a South West course, which will lead you through six beautiful farms and brings you to the base of a hill formerly called Mt. Pleasant.

Leaving a beautiful farm on your left, you will pass on the right another farm and you

Captain Ebenezer Hill

1781-1827

by Dr. Daniel Hamilton and
Donna Miller Damon

Tales and tradition create folk heroes. Over the years folklore is embellished as people remember the big picture but forget the details. How do we sort fact from fiction? Followers of this column will remember that several tales have been sorted out based on clues from family stories.

Ebenezer Hill was born on Cousins Island, the son of one of the patriots at the Boston Tea Party. He married Lucy Hamilton, daughter of Ambrose and Deborah Hamilton Soule, and built his home on Division Point from bricks that he made himself. Hill, his brothers, and others built five vessels near the gully by Specks and Grace Eaton's house. Records of some of his voyages to the Caribbean and Europe have survived for two centuries. Ken Hamilton inherited some of the papers and on one of my serendipitous adventures, I discovered a treasure trove at Maine Historical Society including letters written by Hill to his friend and investor, Portland businessman, John Fox.

Family folklore had it that Hill contracted a fever on a voyage from the Caribbean. As master of the ship, he got out of a sick bed to take the vessel into New York in the midst of a freak fall snowstorm. Ebenezer Hill died and the family thought he was buried in Trinity Churchyard in Manhattan. Many people looked for his grave but it was not to be found. I even visited there and asked if there were burial records but to no avail. As it happens while he wasn't in the Trinity graveyard, he was very close by!

What happened to Master Ebenezer Hill, the man who had been a privateer in the War of 1812 and as the story goes was imprisoned with American war hero, Stephen Decatur? (still working on verifying that story)

Dr. Daniel Hamilton of Kennebunkport, akin to many of us, was intrigued

by the story of Captain Ebenezer Hill, one of Chebeague's most industrious settlers in the early 1800s. The following is an excerpt from Dr. Hamilton's essay, Ebenezer's Final Journey.

The Parish Archives of Trinity Church in New York City recorded Ebenezer Hill's internment at St. John's burial ground on October 30, 1827. His age was listed as forty-seven years. No other information was to be found in the archive records regarding his death. There is no mention of a service or relatives in attendance.

Fifty years later, Ebenezer Hill had been at rest longer than he had ever lived. The year was 1897, and the town fathers of New York decided that the old burial ground might make a fine place for a park for the good citizens of the city. When news came out that the city planned to take the burial ground, first established in 1814, an outcry erupted.

The Trinity Corporation...declared the city's actions to be "an act of desecration to thus convert the hallowed ground." Newspaper clippings dated December 30, 1891 noted that St. John's Churchyard, located between Hudson, Clarkson, and Leroy Street in Old Greenwich Village, was a [pastoral spot, "shaded by fine old trees, and some filled with the graves of many persons, whose names, once well known in New York, can now only be found on the worn and shattered headstones or in the memory of some of New York's oldest inhabitants." More than ten thousand souls shared their resting place with Ebenezer Hill of Chebeague Island...

The trustees of Trinity Church reportedly put up a good fight in opposition to the city's plan, utilizing "long and tedious litigation". The city, however, won in all of the courts. The newspapers of the day, not withholding their bias on the subject, predicted that the case would reach the United States Supreme Court as lawsuits were filed by relatives...

Upon taking the cemetery, the City of New York also assumed any obligation for the remains of those persons interred there, and the preservation of the tombstones. An advertisement appeared in the newspapers at the time notifying all persons interested in the removal of the remains to notify the city before November 15th, 1896. (One doubts that the good citizens of Chebeague, and the Hill family survivors, were ever made aware of such an advertisement) [DH] According to Parish Records, of the thousands buried at St. John's the remains of only thirty people and some tombstones were removed. The remains of the rest of the people were not disturbed. Their headstones were laid down, and placed about two feet below the surface of the ground.

In their final act of respect to the dead who were about to be remanded from public view forever, Trinity Church inventoried all of the tombstones and their inscriptions. The Parish archives do not show a stone in memory of Ebenezer Hill.

Upon its dedication in 1898, the former St. John's burial Ground was named Hudson Park. In 1947, it was renamed James J. Walker Park upon the death of Mayor Walker.

Today, Ebenezer Hill rests at the corner of what is now Clarkson and Seventh Avenue in New York City...

For anyone venturing to this section of New York City, not far from the site of the September 11th disaster, a nice gesture might be to visit the former St. John's burial ground, and remember Ebenezer Hill from Great Chebeague Island in Casco Bay, Maine. Just a bit further east, with proper winds, and some good luck, Ebenezer might have made it home to Lucy and his many children on that stormy day in 1847. Fate, as is often the case, had other plans. May Ebenezer's journey be long remembered by those who stake a claim on Chebeague Island and to its long rich history.

Note: Apparently repurposing cemeteries is common practice in New York. While Captain Hill lies under a city park, my great-grandfather, William Miller, lies under a Staten Island golf course. But

perhaps the most shocking repurposing that I have discovered is that of the Dyckman's, (for whom Dyckman Street is named) and the Dutch ancestors of my husband who settled the northwestern

end of Manhattan in the 1660s. In the early 1900s their sacred ground was disrupted for a subway station! (DMD) The following is an excerpt from a letter written by Ebenezer Hill to John Fox in 1824. (Found in the John Fox papers at Maine Historical Society)

...My freight for this voyage about 2700 dollars I am in hopes not being so long as last voyage on return to Wilmington I to find orders to return home. Other wise, it may be (that while) I may seek for business "till I (lose more?). The last voyage I consider one of the worst that I ever made in my life. It is said where money is lost them seek for it. (?)

Ebenezer Hill
Wilmington (NC)
May 27, 1824
(To John Fox)

I wish you get funds for me one thousand dollars on the best terms you can for a voyage to Jamaica back to Wilmington again on the Brig Fountain of Portland. I have but a few minutes to write.

I remain your friend
Ebenezer Hill

I wish you would encourage my son Eben to stay by the family to settle what business he can to collect what is due me.

I remain your friend
Ebenezer Hill

I wish you get funds for me one thousand dollars on the best terms you can for a voyage to Jamaica back to Wilmington again on the Brig Fountain of Portland. I have but a few minutes to write.

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I wish you would encourage my son Eben to stay by the family to settle what business he can to collect what is due me.

Update: Toll of the Sea Memorial

When Sanford Doughty died in 2013 the family set up a fund in his memory to fulfill Sanford's dream of have a memorial to honor Chebeague's Toll of the Sea. To date more than thirty individuals and families have donated more than \$2500 toward the memorial effort. Pat St. Cyr donated an unfinished antique Chebeague quilt and Karen Corson and Lola Armstrong have spent the winter putting it together to raffle, the proceeds to benefit this fund. A committee of Mabel Doughty, Jackie Trask, Binkie Boxer, Sylvia Ross, Pat. St. Cyr, considered many island locations before deciding that a large rock overlooking Chandlers Cove would be a good location for a bronze memorial plaque. It is especially appropriate because the island wouldn't have this wonderful beach and upland if it hadn't been for the generosity of Sanford and Mabel.

We will be accepting donations until June when a committee will research and consider various options for the type of memorial and the location. The committee is looking for ideas. Please contact Jackie Trask, Donna Damon, Binkie Boxer, Sylvia Ross, or Pat St. Cyr if you have any thoughts regarding the type of memorial and location. Donations may be sent to the Chebeague Island Historical Society, PO Box 28, Chebeague Island ME 04017. Donations are tax deductible to the extent allowed by the law.

The CIHS has compiled a list of more than fifty people who were lost at sea, drowned, or died on board a vessel. We are also trying to document each loss. If you know of someone with Chebeague ties that passed away as the result of a maritime event please contact us. If you know the specific details about a loss (date, location, etc) please contact CIHS

by writing to PO Box 28, Chebeague Island ME 04017, email Chebeaguehistory@gmail.com, or call Donna Damon 846-5140. We want the list to be as inclusive as possible.

List to date of Chebeague's Toll of the Sea (Drownings and other maritime related deaths)
Please add to this list by giving us more names, dates, and details!

1800s

Job Bennett
Job Bennett Jr.
Andrew Doughty
Hartley Doughty
Mellen Ross
Alex Ross
John Hamilton
William Hutchinson

continued next page...

William Hutchinson (nephew)
Ambrose Hamilton
Nathaniel Long
Mary Pittee
Eliza Pittee
Horace Upton
Mary Horr Hamilton
Benjamin Hamilton
William Hamilton
John Ross Sr.
John Ross Jr.
Ammi Ross
Michael Kennedy
Spencer Rose
Sarah (Bates) Johnson
John Mansfield
Jane Bates
Daniel Doughty
Ebenezer Hill
Lewis Sylvester
Isaac Hamilton

1900s

Warren "Bud" Cowdrey
Ivan Doughty
Royal Ross
James Johnson
Joseph Rich
Earle Everett Doughty
Melvin Doughty
Ellis Doughty
Sidney Doughty
Sidney Doughty Jr.
Roger Doughty
Manley Doughty Sr.
Charles Doughty
Evans Doughty
Jeffrey Doughty
Roger Rich
William Riddle
Herman "Red" Riddle
James Rich Jr.
William Troy
Philip Hill
Emery Ross
Margaret Haskell

2000s

Mark Doughty
Nathan Stewart
Bill Whetham

Kenneth Herman Hamilton

1926~2016

by Donna Miller Damon

Ken Hamilton joined the board of the Chebeague Island Historical Society in the 1990s at the urging of Jim Millinger. During the next twenty years Ken served the organization in many important roles. He was treasurer, vice-president, and most importantly clerk of the works during the renovation of the District 9 Schoolhouse.



He oversaw the \$500,000 transformation of his old high school from the Town Garage to the Museum of Chebeague History. He was the go to guy when it came to maintaining the building and grounds at the Museum. At 88 he was still climbing the high ladder to replace light bulbs! He made sure the oil tank was full, the outside bathroom was drained, and much more. A gifted handyman, he could do it all!

Ken had a deep love for Chebeague and so much knowledge about island history, which he willingly shared in his many contributions to the Sloop's Log. As a long-time island teacher, he also recognized the im-

portance of documenting recent history for future generations. To that end he compiled photographs and biographies of many of Chebeague's service men and women and was in the process of putting them together into a book when he passed away in January just a few days short of his goth birthday.

Never afraid to try new things, it is not surprising that he embraced computer technology, often scanning historic photographs to illustrate his writing. He also worked on many exhibits finding a new medium in which to share his knowledge of the island.

We miss Ken's common sense approach to problem solving and his ability to share humorous anecdotes while relating the story of Chebeague. The Chebeague Island Historical Society is a stronger institution because of Ken's participation, but there is a big hole. He is sorely missed.



Ken in World War II

An Apology to a Chebeague Poet

In last fall's Sloop's Log we published a poem by Rev. J. Barrie Shepherd. Due to transcription errors the poem did not appear as originally written. Poets are very understandably keen about their words; so with apologies to Barrie, we republish his wonderful poem about the Stone Wharf and its history. It will be good to read this poem once again as references to stone sloopers and the Greek Revival houses they built will be part of this year's CIHS Museum exhibit. Thanks again, Barrie

J. F.

Waiting For the Ferry:

Standing on the Stone Wharf Thinking About the Past

by Rev. J. Barrie Shepherd

August 2014

*This wall of solid granite dances
as reflected light from Casco Bay flows and falls,
then elevates again along the jagged, lichen-printed faces.
There is a floating feeling to the way these flickering lines of light
traverse the giant, rough-cut blocks, a suggestion, at the least,
that this old dock just might decide to up and glide away
in a gay, yet ponderous still, rendition of Swan Lake.
These massive, megalithic forms-The Stone Wharf,
as it is named round here-were hauled down
to this island back in the stone-slooping days
when enterprising seamen sailed from "Down East" quarries
with vast blocks of blasted rock, shipping rough stone to
the great city building projects-Boston, New York, Philadelphia-
of The Gilded Age. They say the rock for George's towering obelisk
down in D C was delivered by stone sloops from Maine.
Wealthy men, they were, those long-winter-weathered captains,
working their tall and beamy boats with one enormous mainsail
and the solid boom, as thick as a man's trunk, that doubled as a crane
for harbor work. They sailed back and forth and, coming home,
built elegant Greek Revival mansions-carved white pillars, porches
and pilasters-here at the East End. Left a long seafaring legacy
that nowadays has been slimmed down to lobster fishing,
setting pots and hauling lines of traps, all the while hoping
that a bumper catch will not drag down the price for yet another year.
Still glad to be afloat each day on this steep-blue and swaying element that,
days like this one, gleams and glistens, sparkles with a shimmering light*

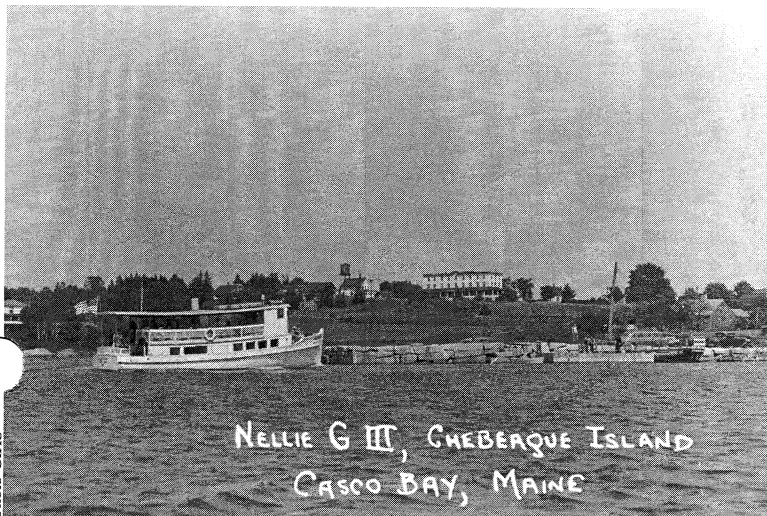


Photo-CIHS

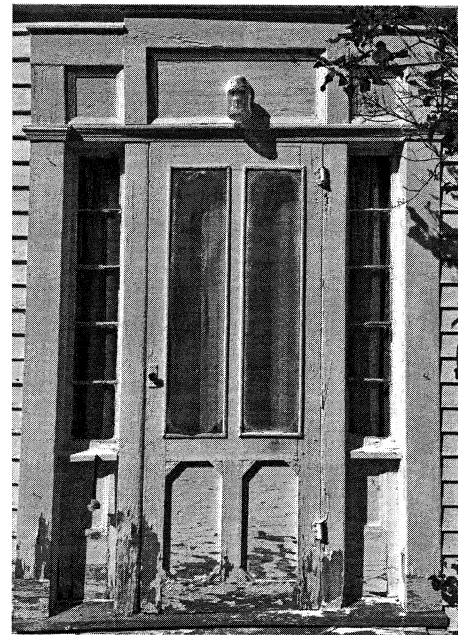


Photo-Cathy MacNeill

Mystery Photo Fall 2015

by Donna Miller Damon

The Greek revival doorway in the Fall Sloops Log was a real stumper. We often forget that Chebeague has a long history and there was a time before our present roads when many houses faced the sea. We also forget that houses that were once shorefront and shore view property surrounded by open fields may now appear landlocked-forested domiciles. Such is the case of the Daniel and Hannah Upton Stowell House. Built in the late 1840s it is believed to be the second Greek revival house built on Chebeague. The center chimney cape was built with a large cooking fireplace typical of the capes that dominated domestic architecture during the first half of the 19th century. Stowell was a deep-water shipmaster, and he built his house on land belonging to his wife's family who owned Richard "Poochie" Ross' house.

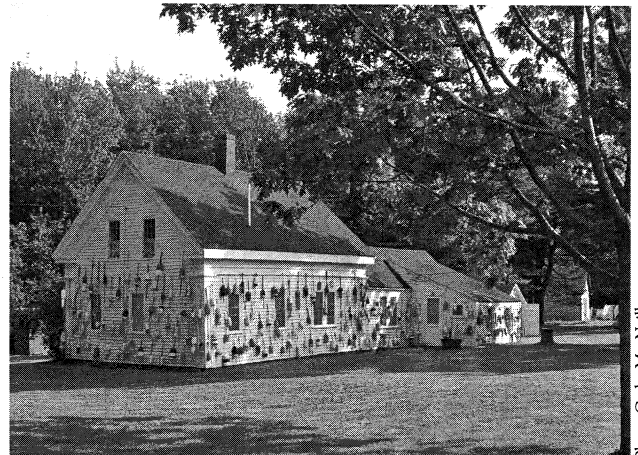
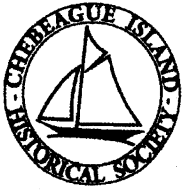


Photo-Cathy MacNeill

Because you can't see the front of the house from the road it is not surprising that a person who had lived there was the first to correctly identify the doorway. Bob Ricker (the winner) family's owned the house for many years before selling it to Doris Boxer Boisvert in the mid-1960s. Known to many as the "Buoy House", it exhibits many elements identified with Greek revival architecture. However, the doorway is unique among the many other Greek revival houses on Chebeague.



The Sloop's Log
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the Sloop's Log



The Spring
Mystery Photo
has many elements.
While you may
think you know the

location of the photo, few still living ever saw it as it is depicted in the Mystery Photo. Please tell us what you know! Call, email, or write to Donna Damon with your thoughts and memories!