
THE SLOOP'S LOG

Newsletter of the Chebeague Island Historical Society
Volume XII, Issue 2



Dear Readers,

I am once again happy to have been part of a successful Chebeague Island Historical Society summer and year in 2008. Our biggest accomplishment for the year was our summer exhibit. We presented the history of World War II on Chebeague Island from the perspective of all of the groups involved whether they went to war, came to the island to defend Casco Bay, manned the observation tower, or looked for a husband among all those cute boys in uniform. The CIHS also provided lectures and boat trips which explained more about WW II to our audiences. My thanks go to all those who helped and to all those who contributed by joining us.

2009 will be the 25th anniversary of the formation of the CIHS. We are looking forward to doing some special programs for the celebration. We have come a long, long way since 1984. The creation of the Museum of Chebeague History at the District #9 Schoolhouse would certainly be at the top of the accomplishments list. Having our wonderful building has increased the responsibilities of the CIHS Board, but it has been a joy to all Chebeaguers and the subject of much praise from many visitors.

I hope you enjoy the articles and pictures which follow, several of the photographs are from the Press Herald thirty years ago. As always we look forward to your ideas and stories.

Jane Frizzell, President - CIHS



Martha Hamilton presides over the Chebeague Island Library in 1978
Portland Press Herald photo



SOME HOPE ISLAND HISTORY

Since almost all of Hope Island now belongs to the Town of Chebeague Island, we thought it would be fun to include some history from that part of town. The following is from an article in the Portland Press Herald of May 8, 1930. Pardon the "original" spelling of names.

Hope Island Once Sold for 30 Pounds

Governor Henry B. Cleaves

Became Owner of Isle

1891- Beautiful Spot

Hope Island lies midway between Cliff Island and Great Chebeague. It is one of the prettiest as well as one of the smallest islands in Casco Bay with an area of less than 30 acres. The first mention of this island in recorded history is on July 16th, 1688 when John Royall of North Yarmouth, from whom Royal's River takes its name, petitioned Governor Andros for 500 additional acres of land on the mainland and a small island called Hope.

Obadiah Eaton, an early owner of the island, transferred it to James Johnson, the consideration being 30 pounds. The island changed hands a good many times. And among the owners at different times and at widely varying prices, were Stephen Calef, Herzod Johnson, Barriaville Johnson, Alexander Johnson and Edward Sheals. This brings the date down to 1849 when Edward Sheals sold to John C. Remick and Hopfal Eaton for \$650 "two-thirds in common and undivided of Hope Island situated in Casco Bay within the limits of the town of Cumberland." In 1854 Obadiah E. Durgin became the owner of the island, with all the buildings thereon, at a cost of \$1,550. In 1868 Durgin sold the island to Joseph S. Johnson, the price being paid, \$3,000. In 1870 Durgin bought back the island for \$2,700 and in 1872 leased the island for ten years to Henry Horr. It was during the period of this lease to Horr that the large house was burned, and Horr moved to the mainland.

Obadiah E. Durgin died April 16, 1879 and by will left the island to his widow, who dying shortly afterward left her property to her two daughters, Almira H. and Eliza O. Durgin. In 1882 the daughters leased the island to Joshua B. Osgood, a native of Fryeburg, who built a boarding house in which he entertained summer guests and also carried on the farm. The lease to Osgood was cancelled and discharged in 1888, and in 1891 the island came into the possession Henry B. Cleaves (a governor of Maine) of Portland. The next owner of the island was Frederick E. Partington who in 1904 sold the property to George W. Elkins (a friend of the Ballard family) of Philadelphia. Elkins built a handsome summer residence on the island. On his death the property passed to his heirs who sold it to Wallace Alexander of Philadelphia.

Hope Island was subsequently owned by several groups of families from Philadelphia, some of whom formed the Hope Island Club in the 1940's. The present owners of the island are John and Phyllis Cacoulidis.

Honoring out Veterans

by *Kenneth Hamilton*

Stephen Hamilton

Stephen grew up on Chebeague and attended school here and on the mainland. He still owns his grandfathers home off the North Road near the Sunset Landing property. The following is Steve's military experiences in his own words during the Viet-Nam War.

In November, 1965 I was drafted into the United States Army. I went to Fort Lewis in the state of Washington for training with the 4th Infantry Division. On completion of basic training I was selected along with a few others for six weeks of specialized training in demolition, small weapons, compass reading and night vision equipment... Following this special training our group received orders to go to Viet-Nam as an advanced party.

We left Fort Lewis on an Air Force Transport plane in the early part of July 1966. We landed at an Air Force Base outside of Bakers Field, California. We were then transported by bus to Oakland, California where we boarded the USS GORDON. (This ship had previously carried troops to Korea as well as in WW II.)

I spent 28 days at sea. During this time we rode out a typhoon off from Okinawa and had to eat the worst food I ever had in my life. We even had to pick bugs out of cereal and put up with temperatures well over 100 degrees. Then after the 28 days of hell I disembarked in Quinon, South Viet Nam. That is when the real hell started.

Two days later they put us on a truck convoy and sent us North to the Central Highlands near the Cambodian border.(this was not like the Scottish Highlands) We started going out on patrols. Over a period of time we were in several major fire fights for which I was awarded two campaign stars.

In the winter of 1966-67 I was assigned to many different Units and to many different areas of Viet-Nam. In July 1967 after serving 1 year and 3 days in Viet-Nam my Unit was replaced and we came home by plane. (17 hours air-time) I was on the island for the month of August 1967. In Sept. I was sent to Fort Bliss, Texas. I spent three months there with no more Hell. I was honorably discharged in November of 1967.

CPL William Cleaves Tebbetts

Bill graduated from Chebeague High in 1951 and entered the army in November of 1952. Initially, Bill was sent to Ft Devans, MA. He was then shipped in Dec. 1952 to Ft. Riley, Kansas for 16 weeks of basic training.

In May, 1953 Bill joined the 10th Infantry Division Motorpool and did eight weeks of further training in the driving of heavy 18 wheel vehicles. While at Fort Riley Bill earned an Expert Rifle Medal for scoring highest in Dog Com., of the 10th Div. (Must have been all that duck hunting.)

In March of 1954 Bill was shipped overseas with the 651st Transportation Com., the Red Ball Express. Toul, France became his home. His job became the transporting of cargo from the Atlantic coast of France across that country into Germany. Bill served in Europe at the same time as Dick Calder, Brother Ross and David Hamilton. Of the three he saw only David briefly in Belgium.

William left France in March of 1956 and was honorably discharged from the army that same month at Ft. Dix, NJ.



*Bill Tebbetts and mother, Alice Cleaves Blackwell
Jane Frizzell Collection*

ITEMS FROM THE CHEBEAGUE ISLAND COUNCIL NEWSLETTER 1952

The Chebeague Island Council, Inc. was established in 1945 "to promote and assist in the development of activities and projects designed to improve conditions important to the inhabitants of Great Chebeague Island. Its initial project was to seek the services of a resident physician and to provide a residence for his use." The CIC began publishing a Newsletter early on. The Chebeague Island Newsletter continues to be published, now under the auspices of the CIHS. Below are some items drawn from the Newsletter of February 1952. The newsletter was mimeographed and contained no pictures. We present here about a third of the news items and apologize to those who were left out.

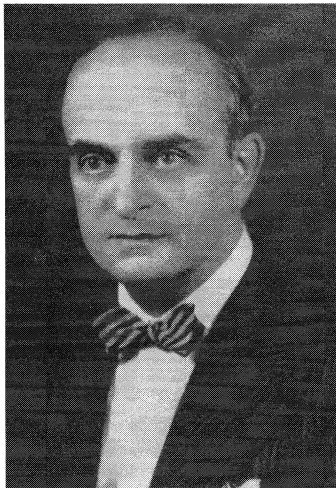
~ *There has been very little going on this year.*

~ *A Grange Lodge was established here with about 70 members. The President's name is Stan Libby.*

~ *The Richardson cottage has been moved some 300 feet toward the end of Chebeague Point and is being renovated and placed in first-class shape by Merle Ross and his crew.*

~ *The health of Dr. Loewenstein has not been too good this winter, he having had surgery at the Maine General Hospital.*

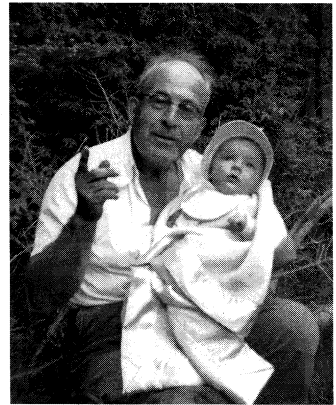
~ *Lawson McClellan is making improvements at the Hillcrest hotel...*



Dr. Loewenstein c. 1932
CIHS Collection

~ *One of our older residents, Royal Bennett, passed away last Fall; he is missed.*

~ *Saw Waldo Crafts the other day and he was busy working on the records associated with his bottled gas business, and also was in the midst of papering his kitchen.*



Waldo Crafts
CIHS Collection

~ *The Todds, Harold and Frances, have been blessed with a baby girl.*

~ *Will Johnson got tangled up with a cat on his doorstep a while back and Will didn't come out so good...*

~ *Most of the lobstermen have quit for the winter, although Raymond Hamilton and Ralph Small are still running a few traps outside the bay in deep water.*

~ *Ern Ross, Alger Burgess, Manley Dyer, Carroll Dyer, Emery Ross and a few others are winter fishing.*

~ *Leah Webber is carrying the mail to and from the boat as usual. Her daughter Marianne is attending Bates College this year.*

~ *The Mayflower Club meets weekly and recently had a fine supper at Mrs. KomLosy's.*

~ *George and Emmy Leonard took off in December for St. Petersburg. Clifford and Betsy, with the assistance of George Ross, are running the store.*

~ Dick MacCormack took over the milk and bakery business.

~ We are sorry to learn of the passing of Mrs. Zaugg last fall. The Zauggs have been coming here for many years.

~ Ed Jenks and George Higgins have been busy cutting cord wood this winter.

~ The monthly meetings of the fire department company have been well attended and the suppers put on by the various members (or their wives) have been enjoyed.

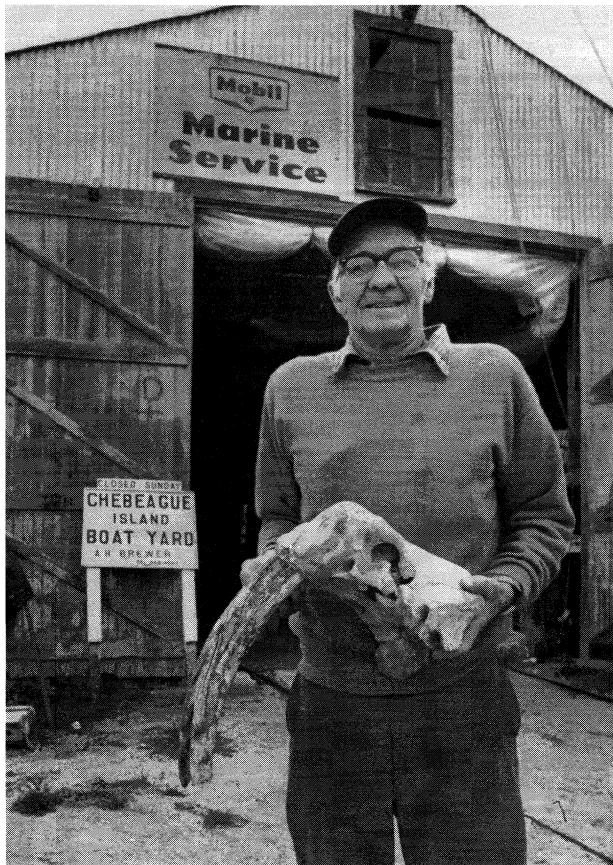
~ Albert Bennett has put another addition on his store; we believe this is the third one.



Albert Bennett's Store c. 1950s CIHS Postcard Collection

~ Pearl Robinson, our postmistress, is living in the Kelly house--nice and handy.

~ "Smitty" has a blade plow hooked onto his big truck, and at times is quite busy with it.



Alden Brewer holding the skull of a walrus in this 1978 photo. Hartley Brewer hauled this up in his buoy warp off the southwest end of Crow Island on Nov. 22, 1963. At the time Hartley was told it was one of three such skulls found in the Portland area and that it probably dated from the last ice age.

Portland Press Herald photo, 1978

HAMILTON STORE

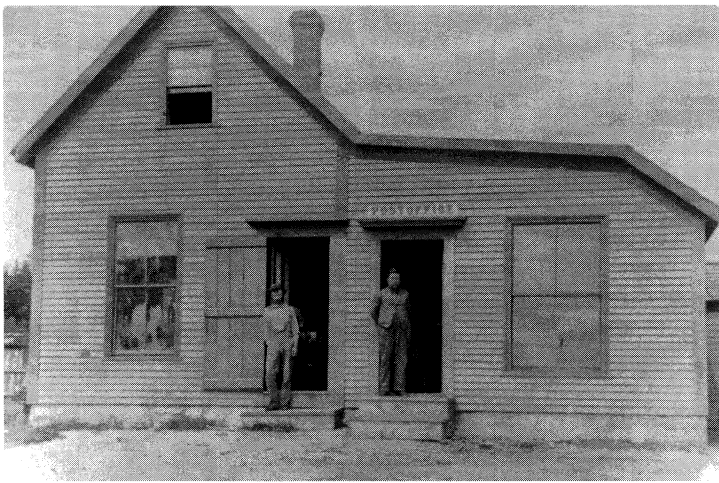
by Kenneth Hamilton

The Hamilton Store should not be confused with the Hamilton & Company Store that was located on Hamilton Landing. [Stone Wharf]

However, the first proprietor of the Hamilton Store was very much connected with the stone wharf enterprise. One of the partners in the Hamilton & Company store along with James Munroe Hamilton was Stephen Bennett Hamilton. He was eventually bought out by James Munroe's son, Clinton. Stephen Bennett then started the Hamilton Store next door to his parents' home in the center of the island. This house now belongs to Edmund Doughty. The store burned down in the winter of 1959.



Stephen Bennett Hamilton and Store
CIHS Collection



Stephen Bennett's stepmother was the early postmaster on Chebeague for many years and was known as Aunt Eleanor by most everyone. A store next door to the Post Office probably looked to be a wise idea so Stephen Bennett went into business of his own. Eventually the store was sold to Solomon Francis Hamilton in 1899. After his death the store became the property of his son, Herman W. Hamilton. Herman was in business with his two sons, Ervin and Bernard, as helpers until his death of a heart attack in 1929. Ervin O. Hamilton then became the owner. Ervin went out of business in the depression years due primarily to extending too much credit to those who were in need. He was Postmaster at this time. Like Stephen Bennett he felt that the Post Office would draw customers so he applied as a democrat under Franklin Roosevelt's administration and got the appointment. The building remained a Post Office for several years after the store closed. Eventually the store was sold to Alden Brewer who was the owner when it burned on a very cold winter night when all fire ponds were frozen top to bottom.

The daily activities in a store selling groceries and provisions in the early 1900s were a far cry from what is entailed today. That was a time before most people on the island had any means of transportation other than horse and wagon and the summer folk did not have that. A day started early in the morning when two teams went out taking orders. One went to the East End and one went to the West End of the island. There were many homes to visit so speed was of the essence. The drivers did little walking; almost entirely running. Each team (team of horses) got back to the store about noon and it was a frenzy to get orders boxed up for delivery. Sides of meat which were hanging in the ice coolers had to be cut, chickens from up back had to be plucked and cleaned, kerosene pails to be filled, ice retrieved from the ice house then cut to size and washed, orders tallied ready for collection on the return trip in the afternoon. Again it was "hurry up" to get everything delivered and get back before dark and it started all over again the next day.

When the Model T came on the scene it was not quite the rush, but the same routine prevailed. The vehicles were still referred to as teams which always seemed odd to me. Many short cuts were used to hurry the logistics problem. The routes of the horse and wagon and later the early automobile are mostly all grown up today. The teams did not travel to a corner if a short cut through a neighbor's yard or through a path in the woods was available. No one complained that I remember of. I have ridden on a "team" from Springettes to beyond the Hamilton

Hotel without being on any of today's town roads. I can also recollect of my Uncle Bernard running from the "team" to the house with a box of groceries under his arm and coming out to jump off the porch rather than using the steps because hurry-up was such a necessity.

The store itself was a place for men folk in particular to gather to discuss the topic of the day or to just "shoot-the-breeze". Checkers were always a favorite pastime and many were ready to take up a challenge; particularly on cold days when the pot belied stove was crimson from a good hot coal fire.

The early Fords were a problem in winter because the roads were not plowed well at all. For a while the answer was the "Ford Snowmobile". I think this was a Model T which had a set of rider wheels just ahead of the drive wheels. In the summer these riders just hung and did nothing, but in the winter a steel set of tracks went over the double wheels and the front wheels were replaced with wooden skis trimmed with steel bottoms. This vehicle did not last long however because they would almost go over backward on a good sized snowdrift.

Ice at the Hamilton Store was cut at "Herman's Pond". In those days there was no lack of men wanting to work a few days for a couple of boxes of groceries. I can recall only one winter of cutting ice at Herman's Pond and it was exciting. The ice was scored and sawed with ice saws into long strips after which the strips were cut into ice cakes which were too heavy to lift but were dragged with tongs to the sleds and taken to the ice house. The ice house had many door levels. The ice was spread out on the first layer and covered with sawdust then another layer which covered up the first door so another higher entrance was needed. Eventually the ice was being dragged up a very steep ramp to the last layer in the top of the ice house. In summer when the reverse process was undertaken the ice cakes were nearly half the size as when they went in due to melting even though covered with saw dust. Of course the ice melted some more on the way to delivery which was again another reason to be on the run or the "hurry-up". The largest ice house was behind the Hamilton Store but there was another back of Leonard's Store and another at the Howard Curit

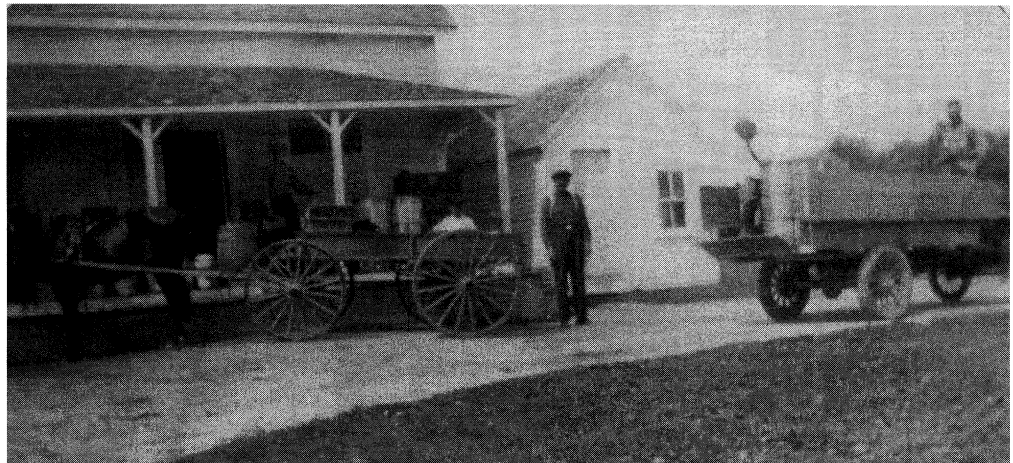
farm. Ice was also cut at Charleston's Pond.(Levy's now)

The store had a public telephone before they were available in private homes. This meant that messages to summer residents had to be sent either by Telephone Message or Western Union Telegraph. Then the store had to find a way for them to be delivered. That was me for a couple of seasons. I hated it because of unfriendly dogs at many summer cottages.

Hamilton Store liked to have tests of strength and endurance. I think it was LePages Glue that set up a display of things being glued together and the invitation to try to pull them apart. One item was two pieces of leather glued together so that one could try to pull them apart. It was good glue because I remember of boys trying real hard without success to break the bond. The younger kids strained mightily to dig a penny from its glued spot because it was theirs if they succeeded. There was also a machine which you grasped and squeezed the handles to make an electric shock. The more times you squeezed the greater the current. The men liked to see if they could out do one another in the amount of electricity they could take. It was soon discovered that by holding hands the resistance was increased and so was the shock at the end of the line. No one should pass near when this contest was going on because if the end guy reached out and touched your ear you would likely see lights and lightning while your hair stood straight up.

I miss those days in the Store. Everything was in bulk. There were boxes of cookies and crackers, barrels of sugar, flour, molasses, salt pork, and pickles. There were also bags of potatoes, chicken feed, and grain for horses. And of course my favorite at the time- Penny Candy under glass at the counter!

Herman Hamilton and Store, *CIHS Collection*



How I Came to Chebeague

By Laurie Wood

I have always told people that Chebeague Island is in my blood. It is the place that feels more like home than any other. There is nothing that restores my soul like the sights and sounds and smells one takes in from the front porch of our house on Carter's Point. Perhaps that is because my great-great-great-great-great-grandfather decided way back in 1760 that Chebeague Island was to be his home; perhaps it is some sort of mystical connection to him that restores my soul. I know that it is the important connection to my more recent family that keeps me coming back no matter what.

In 1760, Benjamin Waite, whose father had been a ship's captain running between Boston and Portland, Maine, decided to purchase 809 acres on an island off of Falmouth. His wife, Abigail Isley, had grown up in Falmouth and presumably this would give them a sizable homestead close to her family. The deed gave him the east half of the island as delineated by a line from a "heap of stones" on Division Point (should we suppose that is where it got its name?) to a white pine tree at Duck Cove (a place name that I must confess eludes me). We don't know exactly what he did with this land but we might suppose that he farmed on it or had livestock, at least until he took a position as a major and a mustering officer in Portland during the American Revolution. By 1773, he was ready to sell it to his brother, John. I do not know when John sold it but I am guessing that others might be able to fill that gap for me as the land records on Chebeague have been so thoroughly researched.

Now is when the magic of fate comes into play. When little Marian Trott was brought to the island as an infant just before 1900, no one could have foretold how the Wood family would be woven back into the fabric of Chebeague. Marian's father was a reporter for the Boston Globe but he had been born and raised in Wiscasset. At some point he must have longed for some ocean breezes, as so many others have done over the decades, and returned to Chebeague Island to buy some land for their summer retreat. As a result of her early arrival, Marian was always considered "most island" by those who mattered.

Sometime around 1915 or so, Marian Trott came here on her summer break from Tufts College. It turns out that a handsome young classmate from Tufts by the name of Jan Friis had a summer job in Harpswell and kept his suit alive by rowing over to Chebeague on Sundays to see Marian. His heroic

efforts were rewarded; they were married in Boston in 1921. Jan was the cousin of my grandmother, Gladys Waite Wood whose ancestor was Benjamin Waite.

In 1926, the Wood family made its first sojourn to Chebeague. Ted, Sr., Gladys, Ted, Jr. and young Everett arrived to spend some time in a rented house, most likely at the suggestion of Jan and Marian. Over the next several years they lived in different rented cottages but the one they spent the most



Jan Friis, *Friis/Hauk Collection, CIHS*

time in is near Aaron's Wharf and is now (at least to my knowledge) owned by Nick Wessell. (Another interesting coincidence there: Nick's father, Nils, was president of Tufts College in the 1950's and 60's when Marian and Jan lived there with Ted, Jr. It was there that Ted met and fell in love with a beautiful woman named Marcia, my mother.)

Eventually, Ted, Sr. decided he wanted to buy his own place on Chebeague. Right next door to Marian and Jan, there was a log cabin-style place that had been built just a few years before by the same builder who built Olive Webster's (now Olivia Nyhan's) house. The family rumor was always that Marian and Jan did not care for the woman who owned the house; apparently she wore a pink negligee and went about with curlers in her hair. They were happy to have Ted buy the house that he came to call the "Hollow Log". I recall Marian telling me that Ted wanted to buy the house and came to make an offer but the woman who owned it would not deal with him (perhaps she did not like HIS clothing choices). He then went back to New York City and hired his secretary to come and make an offer under the guise of buying it as her own little getaway. The ruse worked; Ted bought the house and spent some or all of every summer there until just before his death in 1963.

From that time on, the Wood family connection to Chebeague has only deepened with every new family member and every passing year. My father spent the glorious summers of his youth there throughout his college days, he sought refuge there the summer after his much beloved mother died of breast cancer and he helped Marian and Jan run their little Girl Scout sailing camp known as West Winds. I spent my childhood summers there following Jan around as he pulled weeds from his vegetable garden. I was always with him when he went to Ida Stilphen's to buy a quart of freshly picked blueberries (I will never forget how she would pronounce the word "blubries") and fresh summer squash from Reggie Day. A special treat was a French vanilla cone from Gladys's store on a hot summer night. My brother Chip and I are both married to island residents (one of whom has a Chebeague bloodline longer than our own!). Our children now see Chebeague as the place to go for family events. Several times each summer we come together on the porches and in the yards of our homes and we spend those glorious summer sunsets remembering what keeps us close and why we love this place. And finally, Marian's and Jan's and my father's ashes are interred in the cemetery where mine will one day rest and my sister's ashes were sprinkled into the cold blue waters off our shores.

To me, the connections between my family and Chebeague Island are mystical and far-reaching. Given our history, I envision the Woods, Emerys, McColloms, McDonoughs and all the other progeny walking the beaches and watching the sunsets from the shores of Chebeague Island for many generations yet to come.

Laurie Wood



HOW I BECAME A "MINUS-ONE GENERATION" CHEBEAGUER!

Tom Adams

First I should say that while I love Chebeague Island, I am also very fond of ALL of the the Casco Bay Islands...or at least the ones served by Casco Bay Lines as they are essentially the ones I am familiar with.

It all began on Cliff Island. My former wife and my three children - all about ten years of age - visited friends who were staying in a cottage owned by a relative (all parties to this part of the story shall remain anonymous to protect the innocent!). It was important that they were related to the owner, we were told, because the cottage was off-limits to anyone who was not "family". This seemed a little odd because they still had to pay rent. On the other hand it is fair to say that the "rent" was very low - really just enough to cover expenses.

We really wanted to return and spend more time on Cliff and our friends said that we should just say that we were related to them in some distant way and we could rent the same cottage so we went ahead and made the arrangements for a week's stay the next year. As it turned out, offering him one Geary's after another counted for more than being family, but that's another story.

We returned for several years and those visits constituted the good times in a marriage that was, in all other ways, coming apart. By the time it finally did the kids were in high school.

All the while I was getting jobs on Peaks, Long and Great Diamond and was quickly concluding that none of them could match the beauty of Cliff. Oddly, my work never brought me to Chebeague.

About a year after my divorce became final I met Linda and learned right of the bat how much of an adventurer and "country girl" she was. There was no doubt that in my mind that she would love Cliff Island as much as I and indeed, she did on our very first day trip which was not our last.

And when the kids were grown and the empty nest syndrome was upon us, we started to think about selling our house in Portland that was bigger than we needed anymore and looking for something "smaller". We looked all around southern Maine, but the only bids we made were on Cliff and those bids were not countered. In the meantime, my eldest son, Ben, had become very good friends during high school with Barry Boisvert and after "hanging out" with Barry on Chebeague he had formed quite a few other friendships with Chebeaguers.

Both Ben and Barry were unequivocal with their advice...."Go to Chebeague!" they said over and over. They would offer persuasions like much more frequent ferry service and much shorter rides, but that just made it sound more to us like Peaks and we knew we preferred Cliff to that. They described the Chebeague Island Inn (and fine restaurant) but that just made it sound kind of "yuppyish". The one point that sounded pretty good to me was the 9-hole golf course, but to Linda the fact that there was a golf course just confirmed that the place was a "yuppyland" and no match for the primitive, natural beauty of Cliff.

But Ben and Barry were persistent and persuasive enough that we decided to come to Chebeague "for a look" and it seems fair to say we were both sold before we even looked at any of the houses that were on the market at the time. We didn't formally meet a lot of Chebeaguers on that first visit so much as we "encountered" them on the boat, coming and going on Stone Wharf, at the store and at the Historical Society, and it was the people who made us feel like this was where we belonged.

So I will always be indebted to my son Ben for quite literally "bringing us to Chebeague". And that's how I became a "minus-one generation" Chebeaguer.



Linda Ewing and Tom Adams

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SOME ITEMS FROM THE TOWN REPORT 100 YEARS AGO- FEB. 1908

Edward Ross was our Selectman, Overseer of the Poor, and a Trustee of Greely Institute

Warrant items of particular interest to Chebeague:

- 12th. To see if the town will vote to raise money for the Free High School on Chebeague Island. (This school was built in 1912 and is presently occupied by the Grange).
- 26th. To see what action the town will take to exterminate the brown tail moth, and raise money for the same.
- 30th. To see if the town will vote to build the road on Chebeague as layed out by the selectmen and raise money for the same.
- 32nd. To see if the town will vote to instruct the selectmen to petition the next Legislature to repeal the law passed by the last Legislature giving the control of the clam flats belonging to Cumberland to the towns of North Yarmouth and Yarmouth.

Selectmen and Assessors' Report.

MONEY TAXES ASSESSED FOR 1907.

For State tax,		\$3,001 61
For County tax,		958 32
Schools,	\$1,404 00	
Roads and Bridges,	1,800 00	
Interest,	1,200 00	
Contingent	1,500 00	
Snow bills,	1,000 00	
Island High School,	700 00	
Support of Poor,	650 00	
State Road,	400 00	
School books,	200 00	
School house repairs,	150 00	
Blasting on Turkey Lane road,	100 00	
Moth Nests,	50 00	
Overlay,	409 06	
Collector's premium,	347 38	
Supplemental,	25 57½	
		\$9,936 01½
		13,895 94½

No. of polls,	438	
Rate of taxation,	\$13.50 on \$1,000 00	
Poll tax,	\$2.00	
Total valuation,		\$962,498 00



Ed Ross, CIHS Collection

Chebeague Deaths 1907:

		Age
Feb. 23	Joseph Francis Curit,	Chebeague, 63
April 14	Harriet E. Smith	“ “ 38
June 30	James J. Thompson	“ “ 59
July 18	Simeon Hamilton	Augusta, 74
July 26	Mary F. Hill	Chebeague, 85

Chebeague Births 1907:

Date of Birth.	Name.	Name of Parents:
Feb. 9	Eugene E. Hale,	L. L. Hale & Alice M.
1. May 14	Ricker	Wm. R. & Annie B.
2. May 16	Doughty	Eben A. Doughty & Minnie M.
3. July 19	Hamilton	Herbert W. Hamilton & Ella J
4. Sept. 2	Thompson	Geo. Thompson & Berniece DeL.
5. Sept 6	Hamilton	Sherman & Alice E.
6. Sept 27	Dyer	Augustus G. Dyer & Maggie L.
7. Nov. 13	Fenderson	Wm. M. Fenderson & Mary C.
8. Dec 17	Turner	Thomas D. Turner & Edna H.
9. Dec 29	Curit	Walter J. Curit & Elizabeth V.

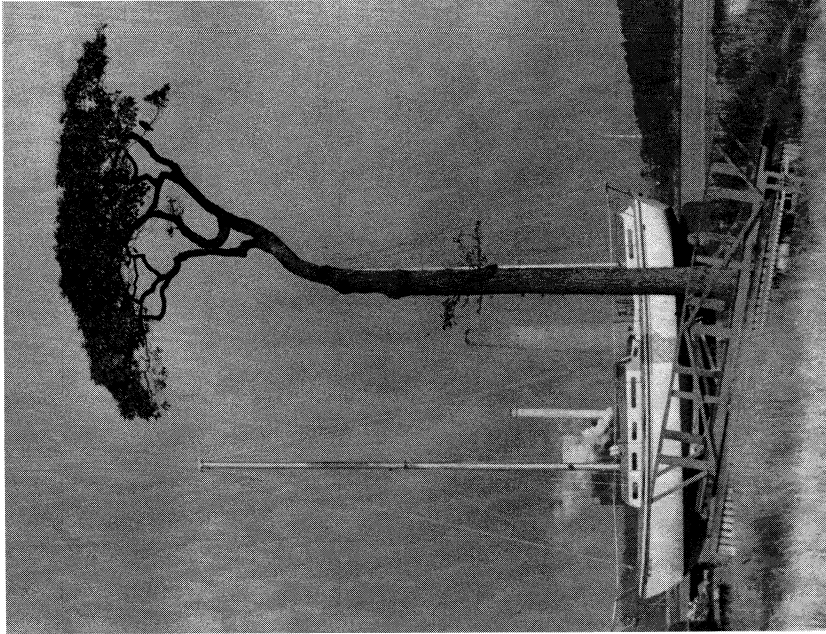
Note at end reads: “Parents will please send at once name of child, for record, to Town Clerk at Cumberland Center.” Looks as if communications just were not what they are now. See how well you can guess these children’s names! Answers will appear on the last page.

Collection News!

~Leonard Fund Established ~ Museum Receives Artifact Donations~

Our collections continue to grow due to the generosity of islanders just like you! Recent donations, just to name a few, include: souvenir china and an Albion Miller rug by the Villandry family, an oil painting of Hamilton Beach by Mrs. Gerald Bates, artifacts from a World War II barricade by Beth Grunko, Servicemen Photos, Account Books of Herring and Ground Fishing by a Chebeague Fisherman, Report Cards by Leon Hamilton, numerous artifacts found in the Ross house by the Corsons, a Stan Libby hooked rug by Barbara Hamilton and Photographs by Martha Hamilton. Please call Donna Damon, Jane Frizzell or Jim Millinger if you have something you would like to donate!

From time to time we find out about Chebeague items that are for sale. Thanks to the generosity of the Leonard Family we now have funds available to make strategic purchases. The fund was established by the Leonard Family after the death of Henrietta Leonard and is to be known as the Leonard Fund. Watch for Leonard items in upcoming exhibits. To date we have bought several early twentieth century souvenirs on Ebay. Without the Leonard Fund these gems would have gone to private collectors. Monetary donations to the Leonard Fund are always welcome!



*The Umbrella Tree and Sam Ballard's boat
in the background
Portland Press Herald photo, 1978*



The Sloop's Log
Chebeague Island Historical Society
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