



Newsletter
of the
Chebeague
Island
Historical
Society

Fall 2014
Issue

the Sloop's Log

Editor's Notes

Dear Sloop's Log Readers,
Welcome to the autumn 2014 issue. Please enjoy.

- A Letter From the President by Donna Miller Damon.
- We are continuing our series of census reports with Toby Webb. This time we look at the 18800 list of Chebeague residents.
- Donna Miller Damon will continue working with the above census and tell us how people were making a living on the island in 1880.
- Nancy Maull, one of our many island artists gives us the story of how she ended up on the east end of Chebeague.
- We have some wonderful photos from Ken Hamilton showing Chebeague and Crow Islands with very few trees.
- In this issue's *Toll of the Sea* update, Donna will focus on the twentieth century. Unlike the previous stories these tragedies are familiar to many islanders.
- It's the Portland waterfront back when with the most amusing tales from Mabel and Jackie Doughty, and, Sylvia and Audrey Hamilton.
- Suzie Stavropoulos has given us some quotes from the Six Town Times of 120 years ago and some recipes from the 1961 Chebeague Island Cookbook.
- Following up on Martha O's story of vanished island names, I will give a short history of the Curit family.
- And last but not least *Mystery Photo*, old and new!

Sincerely,
Jane Frizzell, Editor

Thanks to all our contributors.

Our address is:

Chebeague Island
Historical Society
PO Box 28
Chebeague Island, ME 04017

On the left is a painting by Louis Rich Todd. The painting depicts the small boats used by the West Winds Girls Sailing Camp on the north shore of Chebeague on Carter's Point Road. The camp was operated in the 1930's and 1940's by Jan and Marion Friis. The Sloops Log will be presenting articles on this camp in our next issue.

We are very glad to use a painting by Louis Rich Todd. We all fondly remember her life and will continue to enjoy her art for many years to come.

J.F.





From the President's Desk:

Although it is still fall, it feels like winter after the recent snow storm. A century from now folks will discover a diary written this fall and learn about the surprise storm. What else will they learn about what Chebeague was like in 2014? They will read about our triumphs and tragedies - the challenges we face as inhabitants of an unbridged island in the 21st century and a community that is busy beyond belief? Will they reflect on the various aspects of everyday life that we take for granted and learn that Louise Todd died and Carol Munroe had a baby the same week? Will they be surprised when they read that so many families have moved to the island that the writer can't name the children in the school? How different will life be like then? Will neighbors still help neighbors? I hope so, for throughout the centuries of Chebeague's recorded history, the one constant in an ever changing world has been the ability of this community to come together in time of need.

Over the years several diaries have been donated to the Museum. On the surface the daily recording of weather, vital statistics, and daily events aren't too exciting, but when one delves deeply you can be transported back in time and walk the roads to the post office, drive in a buggy to church, bait a trawl in a fish house, blast 40 tons of rock off from Banges, entertain friends at the Mayflower Club, win a prize speaking contest at the Hall, plant bluenose potatoes, or attend a seance. Diaries and journals connect the places and names and make the past come alive.

This past summer a woman named Virginia McGrath came by the Museum. She and her daughter were staying at the hotel. They had made a special trip to Chebeague from Massachusetts. Her mother and two uncles had played in a trio at Charlie Hamilton's Hill Crest Hotel in 1916. The Kearney trio, came from Connecticut, and was comprised of Adeline Mary, 19, piano; Alfred, 15, cornet; and John, 14, violin. Their parents had visited them once during the summer.



Photos-CIHS Collection

Taken at the Indian camp where we went to get my Indian baskets. They were made by the Indian woman whose name is Mrs. Dana. The little girl whose name is Maybelle also makes smaller baskets and is very proud to display them to the buyers.

Adeline kept a photographic journal chronically that summer. Virginia McGrath was 82, and she wanted to make sure that the journal and her mother's story was preserved. She arrived unannounced to make the gift. Entitled *Memories of a summer spent at Hill Crest at Chebeague Island, Maine, The Acadia of Casco Bay*. She chronicles the summer by including postcards, photographs, tide calendars, menus, and brochures and describes trips to Old Orchard, Portland, and Peaks Island. She includes photos of people playing tennis, fishing parties, and interactions with the Native Americans who summered here. Photographs of island houses and landmarks, coupled with journal entries, describe a Chebeague that no one now living ever experienced.

In several entries she mentioned Admiral Robert Peary and Eagle Island: "Peary and his wife visited the Hill Crest and our hotel is very proud to have his signature, which due to his hands being frozen on his northern journeys, is very indistinct."

They returned to Connecticut on the Eastern Steamship Ransom B. Fuller.

The story of life on Chebeague is richer because of journals such as the one donated by Virginia McGrath.

Donna Miller Damon
CIHS President

Chebeague in 1880: Agriculture Peaks on Chebeague

by Donna Miller Damon

While Chebeague's agricultural production had increased by 1880, stone slooping was still an important economic driver. Many Chebeaguers spent the decade of the 1880s in Penobscot Bay building the the Rockland Breakwater or carrying granite to railheads; tourism had yet to impact Chebeague. When Edward L. Elwell, an author and promoter of tourism in Portland and Casco Bay, published *Portland and Vicinity* in 1876, he predicted that: "...before the lapse of many years it [Casco Bay] must become one of the most frequented summer resorts on our coast...it offers a most desirable place for the recreation of visitors, and the happiness of its permanent inhabitants." While Elwell's prophesy for the islands' desirability as a tourist destination was coming true for Long Island and Peaks Island, a quarter century would elapse before tourism would be an economic driver on Chebeague. Ewell described Great Chebeague as: "...a large island...of two thousand acres, and has a considerable population, with churches and schools. It has never been much visited as a summer-resort." Chebeague was a community, and agriculture was an important segment of Chebeague's three legged economic stool. In 1880 Great Chebeague was home to 42 people who identified themselves as farmers. A total of 46 farms were included in the Agricultural Census, because four farmers were renters or hired hands.

Unfortunately, the names on part of one page of the Agricultural Census was illegible. The numbers could be deciphered but not the names. The long time farmers were aging and farms were being passed on to the next generation. Henry Mansfield Jr. had deeded his 65 acre homestead adjacent to Indian Island, to his son, Isaiah Mansfield, who continued the Mansfield tradition of having the top producing Chebeague farm. William V. Littlefield, lived in house razed by the Gilmartins, continued to manage and farm the large holdings of his father, William T. Littlefield, who owned farmland on both the back and front shores. Littlefield and Mansfield also operated stores at what is

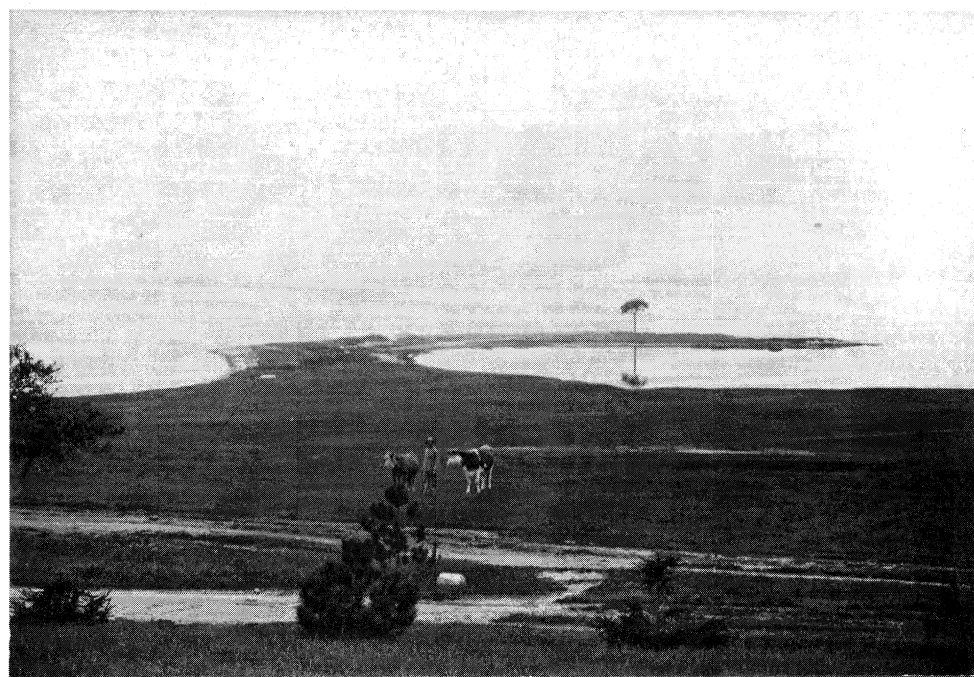
now known as Central and near the Hook, respectively, which provided a local market for the island's most valuable farms. Uncle Jack Hamilton had died and his son, John F. Hamilton, captain of the M.M. Hamilton, hired Sweden native, David Petersen, to operate the farm. Hamilton and his wife spent summers there. The Hamilton Company store at Hamilton's Landing, operated by Hamilton's brother, James, provided another market, as the store continued to buy from islanders as well. (see mystery photo article page 19).

Each Census asks different questions making decade by decade comparisons difficult. The following is a composite picture of agriculture on Chebeague in 1880. Chebeaguers mowed 344 acres producing 270 tons of hay. They had 75 milk cows that produced 6760 pounds of butter and an excess of 912 gallons of milk that was sold. Islanders owned twelve horses, thirty oxen, and 38 other cattle. 66 calves were dropped (born) of which 27 were purchased, 26 were sold live, and 32 were slaughtered. Some of the calves were destined to become milk cows or oxen. The excess males were usually slaughtered. 14 new lambs were born of which 3 were sold

and 7 were slaughtered. 32 fleeces resulted in 110 pounds of wool. 33 swine were recorded. It would appear that the number of sheep were dwindling.

For the first time the Census recorded the number of chickens and eggs on the 46 farms. Based on the data, 585 chickens laid 4265 eggs! 16.5 acres produced 198 bushels of barley; 9 acres produced 205 bushels of corn; and 2027 bushels of potatoes grew on 43.5 acres. Islanders harvested 1386 bushels of beans. They cut 220 cords of wood that they sold for \$663, which is about \$3 a cord!!!

Several families moved to Chebeague after the Civil War. Perhaps one of the most interesting new Chebeague farmers was Andrew Tozier. He and his wife Lizzie bought a small 10 acre farm on the West End that extended from Coleman's Cove across South Road to the Cushmans. The Toziers had a cow that dropped a calf, 20 chickens that produced 150 eggs, and they grew about 40 bushels of potatoes. While a small farmer, Tozier had big stories. He regaled the island boys with tales of the Civil War. Tozier had served with Joshua Chamberlain during the War serving at Little Round Top, as well as Petersburg,

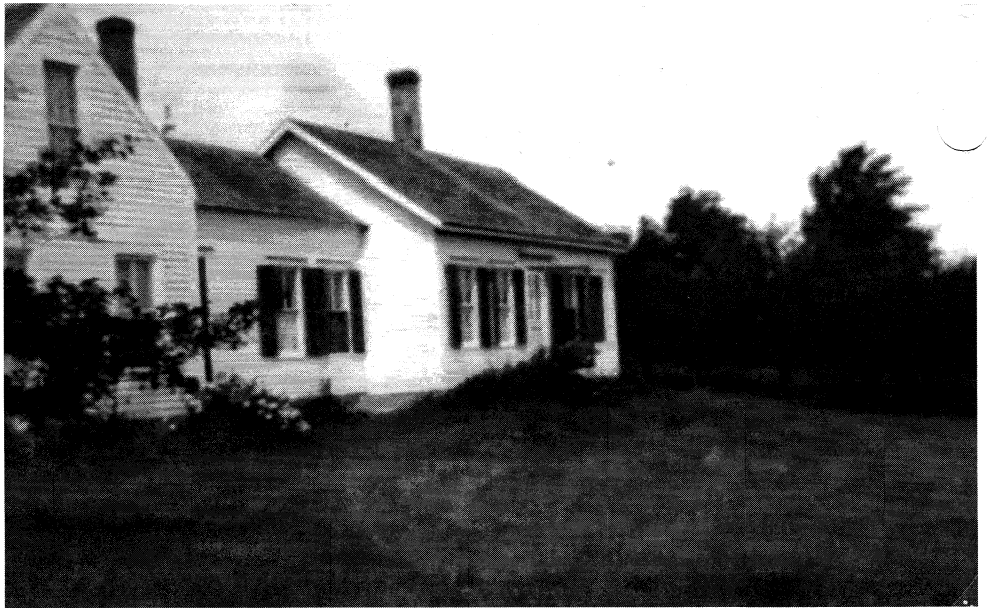


The farmland was clear and fully operational, when Ellis Ames Ballard bought the 65 acre Isaiah and Henry Mansfield farm in 1901.

where he carried the wounded Chamberlain from the field. The Toziers left Chebeague during the 1890s, but not before leaving islanders with an eye witness account of the turning point in the Civil War.

The in-migrants also including several members of the Hannaford family from Cape Elizabeth, who bought three farms off the North Road. John Hannaford's farm included the old Chebeague dump and cemetery; Roscoe Hannaford's farm was located in the Sunset area abutting what was referred to as "Pogy Cove"; and their father, George Greely Hannaford, lived a house that sat on the cellar hole that is visible at the intersection of Schoolhouse and North Road. When George Hannaford died his daughter Mary Dyer and her son, Quincy operated the farm. (The house was moved and is still extant diagonally across from the Kid's Place, now Kidd formerly Alvin Newcomb.) Later one of their relatives, who was a founder of Hannaford Brothers, would own one of the farms for a short time. The story goes that they and other islanders sold their extra products because increased immigration created a demand for food in large metropolitan areas such as New York. Together the Hannaford's had more than thirty acres under cultivation, which equaled the Mansfield's holdings near Indian Island and was five acres more than William Seabury (the Waldo Cove area) and ten more than the Higgins Farm (Dayton). All of these farms had additional acreage but this figure represents acreage that was actually under cultivation.

During the decade of the 1870s the number of apple orchards exploded! In 1870 there were only 3 commercial orchards listed. By 1880, 32 farmers harvested 592 bushels of apples from 934 trees on 42.5 acres. Some of the orchards were established but others had been just planted. Mary Hannaford Dyer's 125 apple trees produced 75 bushels indicating that the trees were established. It is likely that some of them had been planted decades before by the Morse family, whose



William V. Littlefield's farmhouse was originally the Solomon Hamilton home. It was located on the site of the Gilmartin house near Central, and then known as Littlefield's Landing.



Joseph Franklin Curit farm. Photo taken from the North Road looking down at the back of the farmhouse. The Howard Curit farmhouse is to the left (now Sillin/Lukac). This would have been a typical view from the North Road c. 1880 when most of that side of the island was under cultivation.

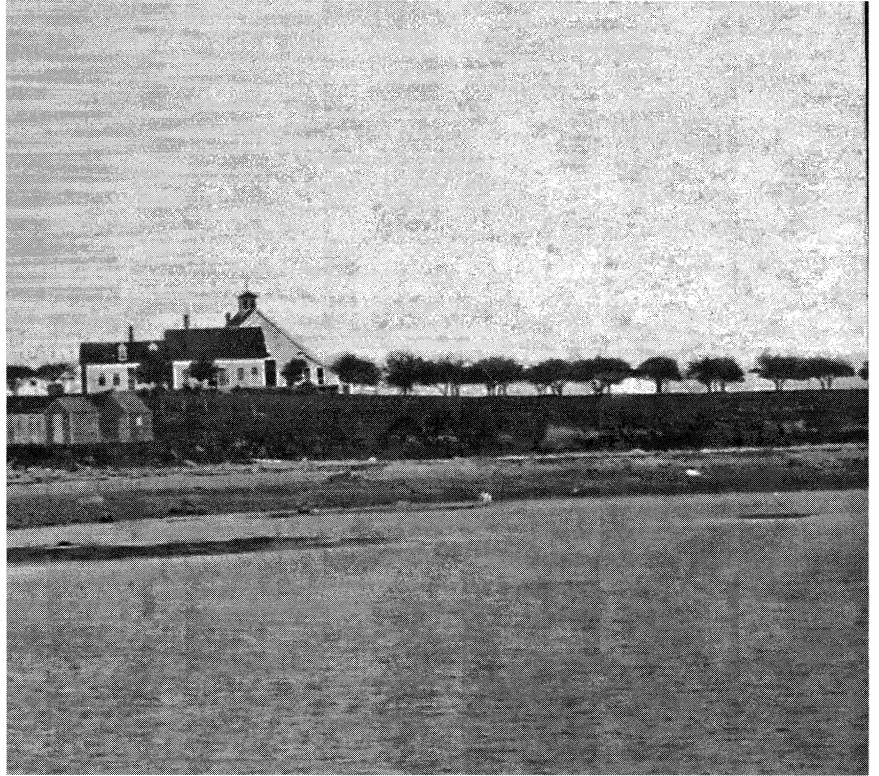
farm extended from North Road to the west of Schoolhouse Road, but they were not a commercial crop in 1870. William V. Littlefield picked 60 bushels from 120 trees. His farms included the Massachusetts Colony and the Carter's Point Road. Could some of the ancient apple trees tucked into the woods be this old? David Petersen, hired man at the John F. Hamilton farm (Gwillim), reported 30 apple trees that produced 18 bushels of apples that sold for \$10. Is it possible that the apple tree in MacDermott's (Jones) yard is one of those trees?

Ironically, this is the last US Agricultural Census of Chebeague, for from the 1880s on agriculture declined as the old farmers died off and their descendants left the island. Many of these abandoned ancestral farms became cottage developments creating a new economic opportunity to replace agriculture. Despite the temptation to cash out, the Curits, Jenks, and Higgins continued to farm their land into the mid twentieth century. So when you walk through the woods and see a wheel rut think back to the days when much of Chebeague was cleared and under cultivation and a loaded ox cart traversed the farm field where you now stand.

Uncle Jack Hamilton's house and barn surrounded by one of the island's earliest orchards.



Howard Curit House with apple trees, which may have dated back to the 1870s.



William T. Littlefield (center with white beard) pictured with his children including his son William V., who together managed Chebeague's largest farm. They are standing in front of the Littlefield homestead (now Dick and Joan Phipps).



Chebeague in the 1880 U.S. Census

By Morrison "Toby" Webb

The Sloop's Log's ongoing series of census transcriptions continues with the Federal census of 1880. A nationwide count every ten years is required by the U. S. Constitution, principally to determine the allocation of seats in the House of Representatives. Various pieces of additional information have been gathered in each census, however, and from that information we can learn a lot about the island community.

The census of 1880 was the fourth in which the government did not merely count the population, but listed every citizen by name, gender and age. For the first time, the 1880 list also identified a person's specific relationship to the head of each household. It specified marital status, profession and literacy status and counted various medical issues. For births in the prior year, it even noted the month of the recent birth. Finally, in an era of greatly increasing immigration into the United States, it recorded each person's place of birth, as well as those of both of each person's parents.

Chebeague had not changed dramatically in the decade from 1870. The population had increased slightly, from 510 to 536, 276 males and 260 females. Half the population was aged 20 or younger, but this was a decline from 53% in 1870; the school population had similarly declined, from 193 to 154. One gets the sense that the island community was maturing; most households were led by men in their thirties or forties and there were now 41 people aged sixty or older. Lucy Webber was eighty-five, David Hamilton was eighty-two, farmers Robert Hamilton and Seth Higgins were eighty, David Bennett and his wife Susan and Joseph Thompson were all seventy-five. Twenty-one widows or widowers were living on the island.

The industrialization that was beginning to change America had not reached the island. Three professions continued to employ almost all the men: sailor (including two identified as sea captains and one as a rigger) (54), farmer (42), and fisherman (31). This was a decline in the number of fishermen, a slight increase in the number of sailors, and a surprising increase in the number of farmers (from only 22) in 1870. In addition, there were two teachers, five carpenters, one ship's carpenter, three retail grocers (running the Hamilton store on the Stone Wharf), one clergyman, one physician, and one mail carrier.

Almost all of the adult women were "keeping house." The only two exceptions were Ruth Ann Ross, 44, living with her parents David and Mary Hamilton, and Martha Mansfield, 48. Both were dressmakers. Both were widows.

Of interest given trends that emerged in the next two decades of the nineteenth century, no one on Chebeague in 1880 was employed in anything connected to the tourism industry.

Like industrialization, immigration had not had much of an effect on the island. Almost everyone had been born in Maine, as had his or her parents. One now well-established family had come from out of state: the Roses from Rhode Island, and a number of spouses had come from elsewhere in New England or New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. But Hugh Bowen, born in Ireland, and farmers David Petersen and Charles Gillott, both born in Sweden, were the only three men to have come from across the Atlantic. Petersen's house keeper, Mary Warner, was from England. Joanna, wife of William Ross, had been born in Prussia. John Hannaford's three daughters had been born in California. Everyone else was from the Northeast United States or Atlantic Canada.

Instead, the island families were growing in place. One hundred forty-six Hamiltons were more than a quarter of the island's population. There were thirty-four Rosses, twenty-nine Doughtys, twenty-five Webbers, twenty-four Thompsons, eighteen Curits, sixteen Littlefields and fourteen Hannafords.

Most of the records of the 1890 U. S. census (and all of those relating to Maine) were lost in a fire. The next article in this series, therefore, will jump ahead to 1900. During the two decade interlude, steam engines at sea and on railroads brought great changes to the stone sloop industry which had profited Chebeague – and brought tourists to Maine. Both led to significant changes in the life of the island.

As with prior transcriptions, the transcription of the original census pages which follows attempts to record precisely what the census taker wrote, which was not always accurate. The residents of Chebeague were not identified as such in the census; these names have been pulled from the Town of Cumberland census based upon our general knowledge of island history. To conserve space, columns in the census which offer no new information have been omitted: all people listed were "white," and there were no entries in columns headed "months unemployed," "sickness/disability," "blind," "deaf or dumb," "insane." The columns "cannot read" contained one name, "cannot write" contained four names, "crippled" one name and "idiotic" one name.

Chebeague in the 1880 U.S. Census Continued...

DWELLING	FAMILY	NAME	SEX	AGE	IF BORN WITHIN YEAR	RELATIONSHIP TO HEAD	SINGLE	MARRIED	WIDOWED / DIVORCED	MARRIED WITHIN CENSUS YEAR	PROFESSION	ATTENDED SCHOOL	BIRTH OF PERSON	BIRTH OF FATHER	BIRTH OF MOTHER
		Littlefield, Susan H.	f	63		Wife		x			Keeping house		ME	ME	ME
		Littlefield, Ammi R.	m	30		Son	x				School teacher		ME	ME	ME
		Littlefield, Mayall M.	m	21		Son		x			Farmer	x	ME	ME	ME
		Talbot, Izora	f	14			x					x	ME	NB	ME
263	283	Emmons, Hudson S.	m	26				x			Sailor		ME	ME	ME
		Emmons, Etta A.	f	25		Wife		x			Keeping house		ME	ME	ME
		Emmons, Rose V.	f	3		Daughter	x						ME	ME	ME
264	284	Swan, Albert L.	m	38				x			Fisherman		CT	CT	CT
		Swan, Abbie C.	f	29		Wife		x			Keeping house		ME	ME	ME
		Swan, Bertha R.	f	8		Daughter	x					x	ME	CT	ME
		Swan, Effie A.	f	7		Daughter	x					x	ME	CT	ME
		Swan, George F.	m	4		Son	x						ME	CT	ME
		Swan, William A.	m	2		Son	x						ME	CT	ME
		Swan, Ralph	m	4/12	Jan	Son	x						ME	CT	ME
265	285	Poor, Benj.	m	39				x			Rigger		ME	ME	ME
		Poor, Lucy E.	f	30		Wife		x			Keeping house		ME	ME	ME
		Poor, Freddie W.	m	4		Son	x						ME	ME	ME
		Poor, Edith B.	f	3/12	Feb	Daughter	x						ME	ME	ME
266	286	Curit, Joshua	m	46				x			Farmer		ME	ME	ME
		Curit, Maria	f	45		Wife		x			Keeping house		ME	ME	ME
		Curit, Addie A.	f	23		Daughter	x						ME	ME	ME
		Curit, Lilla B.	f	16		Daughter	x					x	ME	ME	ME
		Curit, Ellis M.	m	14		Son	x				at home	x	ME	ME	ME
		Curit, Merton E.	m	11		Son	x				at home	x	ME	ME	ME
		Curit, Walter J.	m	9		Son	x				at home	x	ME	ME	ME
		Curit, Clara F.	f	5		Daughter	x				at home	x	ME	ME	ME
		Curit, Minnie S.	f	2		Daughter	x				at home		ME	ME	ME
267	287	Kennedy, Wm. H.	m	33				x					ME	ME	ME
		Kennedy, Ella F.	f	28		Wife		x			Keeping house		ME	ME	ME
		Kennedy, Maggie E.	f	5		Daughter	x					x	ME	ME	ME
		Kennedy, Freddie A.	m	2		Son	x						ME	ME	ME
268	288	Hannafoord, John G.	m	52				x			Farmer		ME	ME	ME
		Hannafoord, Mary	f	42		Wife		x			Keeping house		NY	Ireland	Ireland
		Hannafoord, Minnie E.	f	13		Daughter	x					x	CA	ME	Ireland
		Hannafoord, Carrie J.	f	12		Daughter	x					x	CA	ME	Ireland
		Hannafoord, Malvina I.	f	9		Daughter	x					x	CA	ME	Ireland
***	***														
278	302	Doughty, Asa	m	38				x					ME	ME	ME
		Doughty, Hannah T.	f	35		Wife		x			Keeping house		ME	ME	ME
		Doughty, Herman L.	m	13		Son	x						ME	ME	ME
		Doughty, Bertrand J.	m	10		Son	x						ME	ME	ME
		Doughty, Amanda E.	f	5		Daughter	x						ME	ME	ME
		Doughty, Josie C.	f	10/12	July	Daughter	x						ME	ME	ME
279	303	Webber, Isaac H.	m	32				x			Mariner		ME	ME	ME
		Webber, Beckie W.	f	29		Wife		x			Keeping house		ME	ME	ME

Source: 1880 U.S. census, Cumberland County, Maine, population schedule, Town of Cumberland, enumeration district (ED) 29, pages 185-192 (stamped), dwelling 161, family 172 to dwelling 279, family 303; National Archives and Records Administration microfilm publication T9, roll 477.

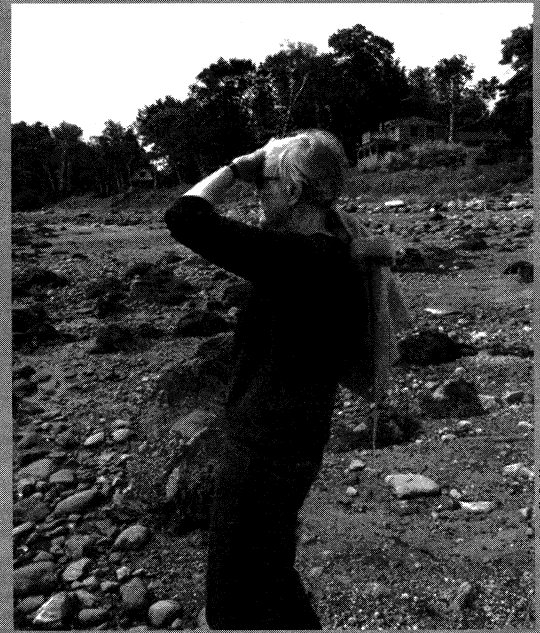


Photo-Nancy Maull Collection

How I Came to Chebeague

by Nancy Maull

Just after my son was born, we rented a Harvard-owned house on Sutton Island off Northeast Harbor. I had never been to Maine. I was enchanted. Then, Harvard still had three Maine rental houses—donated by alums—for the use of faculty and staff. Generations of Harvard people came to know and love Maine this way, just as the donors had intended.

But Sutton's was not my first northern island. When I was a kid, we lived year round on an island in the Oslofjord: Nesøya, or Nose Island. It was about an hour from Oslo. The island was then sparsely populated in the winter, lively in the summer, and with access across a very old high wooden bridge. When we took the island bus, we had to get out and walk over a wooden bridge too old for a fully loaded bus.

Coming back to an island was always a dream. (My brother ended up living on Kauai.) When my parents died, I wanted to remember them with what they left me. I was looking up and down the coast and came to spend a Chebeague week-end with my great friends Irene Winter and Bob Hunt.

And that is how I came to Chebeague. I found a cottage on the East End that had belonged to the Tanguays and then the Olivers. Doug Higgins and others helped me fix it up. The Porters were my store of lore and information. Fran Calder was my lifeline to the mainland. So many others welcomed me. I am endlessly grateful.

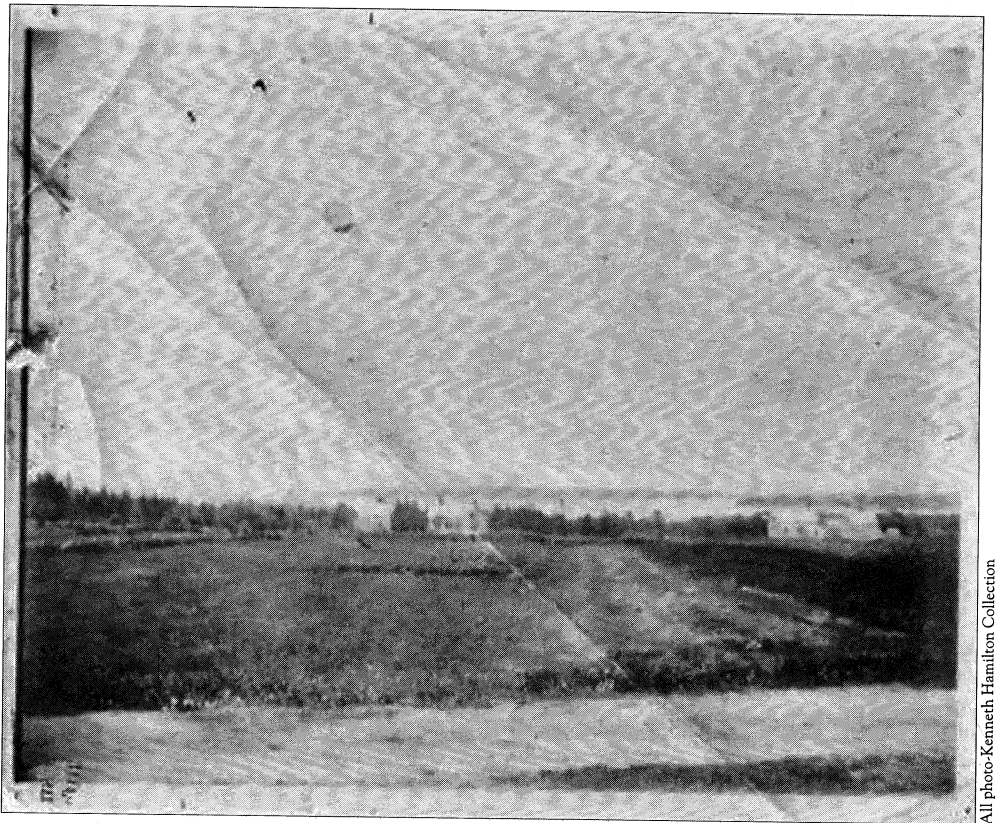
On my narrow Chebeague end, the water's reflected light comes from both sides: there is almost always a windward and leeward shore. Out for a walk on the beach, take your pick. The confluence of light, wind, and water makes a shining play of color, an atmosphere unparalleled. And then there are the birds.

Without the romance we'd live somewhere else, somewhere more convenient, less make-do, more manufactured. Not a Maine island.

A Different Chebeague

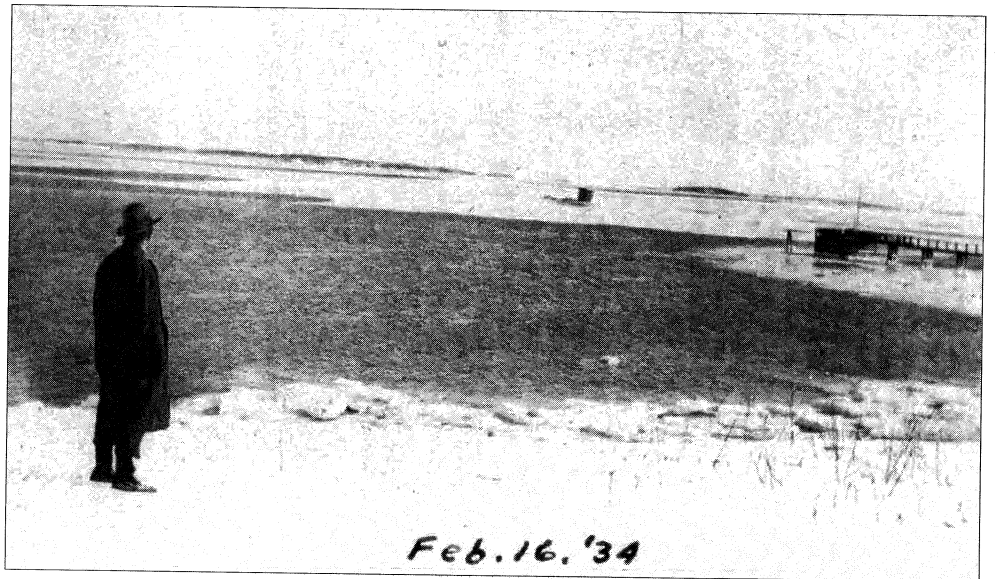
The photos on this page were sent to us by Ken Hamilton. They all show a different Chebeague from the one we now know. In them we can see the lack of trees and views even from the middle of the island.

The first photo gives us the view from Ken's brother Theron's house. The Island Commons is on the left, and the Loder's house is on the right. Bangs Island is in the background.



All photo-Kenneth Hamilton Collection

The second photo is a picture of Waldo Krafts watching the ice taking out the end of Eastern landing, along with the little shed on the end.



The third photo shows Crow Island with nary a tree.



Thank you Ken for sharing these.

TOLL OF THE SEA

by Donna Miller Damon

To date nearly \$3000 has been donated to the Toll of the Sea Memorial in memory of Sanford Doughty. We are still accepting donations as we deliberate the appropriate type of memorial. In the last issue we began to document Chebeague's long list of the Toll of the Sea focusing on the nineteenth century. In this issue we focus on the twentieth century. Unlike the previous stories these tragedies are familiar to many islanders.

The Doughty family has had more than their share of tragedies on the sea. The first is the story of the loss of Melvin Doughty, one of Sanford Doughty's brothers. The story is transcribed from an article that was published on the front page of the Portland Press Herald, June 26, 1933. [The following is an accurate transcription. That is not to say all of the facts presented are accurate.]

Melvin H. Doughty



Melvin H. Doughty, 19, Is Swept To Death Off Father's Vessel

Great Chebeague Island Youth May Have Been Knocked Overboard As Boom Kicked Over

Another sea tragedy was written Saturday night and recorded here early Sunday when the fishing schooner *Reliance* returned to its home port at the western end of Great Chebeague Island following a three weeks' swordfishing trip off Block Island, Mass. The *Reliance*, skippered by its owner and widely-known local fisherman, Capt. Eben "Gus" Doughty, returned home without the skipper's second youngest son, Melvin Herbert Doughty, 19, swept to his death from his lone vigil at the wheel while his father, two brothers and a brother-in-law were in the forecabin below. They are ignorant of the exact manner in which the youth went to his death. The tragedy occurred near Gurnet Point Light, 15 miles off the Cape Cod Canal.

In a halting voice and to a group of heartbroken relatives and friends, Captain "Gus" Sunday morning related the harrowing account of dashing from the forecabin to the deck when he felt the boom suddenly jibe over. Reaching the deck, Captain Doughty related, he stood paralyzed for several seconds to discover that his son was not in sight. Immediately his other two boys, both in their early twenties, Ellis and Eben, Jr., and his son-in-law, James Rich, rushed to the stern seeking vainly a trace of Melvin in a comparatively calm sea. It was just after 6 p.m. when the tragedy occurred, Captain Doughty related. For almost three hours the little schooner circled round and round, four pairs of eyes glued to the waters seeking the body of the missing boy. Long after dark the distraught father gave orders to head for home. The return trip was a night of horror to the heavy-hearted crew of four. None went below, each piercing the darkness with hopeful eyes - hoping at least might surrender the body of Melvin.

Captain Doughty has two conjectures concerning the manner in which his son went to his death. He might have been swept off the railless deck when the boom kicked over or, attempting to drag in the sun-bleached swords being towed, have been dragged across

the stern deck into the water, he believes.

Not more than 10 minutes had elapsed between the time Melvin had gone on watch and when his disappearance was noted, his father said. The rest of the small crew was below playing cards when the sudden jerking of the boat brought Captain Doughty to the deck.

Captain Doughty said that he is inclined to believe that Melvin turned for a moment to loosen the rope which held the swords to draw them aboard when the boom swung around and knocked him unconscious into the sea. The schooner, he reported was making good time when the accident occurred and it is possible that by the time the schooner was halted and its course retraced that the youth had sunk for the last time. The swords were missing, lending weight to Captain Doughty's theory.

The mother of the drowned youth was in a state of collapse at her home Sunday while neighbors and friends lovingly ministered to her and the physical needs of her family. Captain "Gus" was obviously () by his experience and remained close to his home and family throughout the day.

Melvin was described as a husky boy and a capable swimmer. He, with his brothers, frequently accompanied his father on his fishing expeditions. Most tragic of all, from the viewpoint of the neighbors, was the fact that the anxious mother at home had been rejoicing Saturday that her "man" and her boys would soon be home. They had been gone approximately three weeks on their latest trip when the seaworthy schooner pointed her nose into its familiar cove on the upper end of the island.

Surviving the drowned youth besides his mother and those who accompanied him on his last trip are his four sisters, Mrs. James Ross (Etta), Mrs. James Rich (Nettie), Miss Margaret Doughty and Miss Marilyn Doughty; and three brothers, Warren E. Doughty, and Sanford Doughty, his youngest, and Sidney A. Doughty, the oldest. All survivors are residents of the island.

The accompanying newspaper clipping tells the story of the loss of Melvin Doughty's oldest brother Sidney Doughty and nephews, Sidney Jr. and Roger Doughty. It was a snowy New Year's Eve and there had been a dance at the Men's Club (located on what is now the Randy Dunfey lot on South Road). Sid Doughty, a well-known Chebeague fisherman, set out for a fishing trip on his boat, Marlene, with his two oldest sons. They never returned. Sanford Doughty, Sid's youngster brother, went up and down the coast trying to locate them but to no avail.



Sidney A. Doughty, 45, left, Chebeague Island fisherman, and his two sons, Sidney A., Jr., 20, center, and Roger E., 22, right, unreported since they left for the vicinity of Boothbay Harbor on fishing trip in their 46-foot boat Marlene on New Year's Eve. Increasing concern was felt for their safety Friday night after a widespread search failed to locate them. Awaiting word of the missing trio at the island are the older man's mother, Mrs. Minnie Doughty, his wife, three daughters and three sons.

Years later, Sanford heard that some Navy documents had been released and a log book told about a Navy vessel coming into Portland in a snow storm on New Year's Eve 1941 and thought they might have hit something. Sanford always felt that the Marlene had been run over by that ship.

Sid left his wife Venora, who was pregnant with Lawson, sons Charlie, Wesley, and Manley and daughters Mabel (Campbell), Katharine (Morrill), and Marlene (Bowen) as well as his mother, Minnie Doughty and siblings. There would more tragedies on the sea in the Doughty family in the years to come.

We received this letter from Russell Cleary, Paul Cleary's brother. He wrote it after reading the last Sloops Log.
Donna MillerDamon

Billy Troy

By Russell Cleary

Looking again at the list I now see my cousin's name, William Troy - always "Billy" to us.

We were staying that August of 1966 at the Morse Cottage, which was then being rented by my Great Aunt Alice Gorman and her sister Anna G. Norton, my Grandmother. My Aunt "Nan" Norton Troy, her son, and his playmate, had gone to the Hook to swim.

The first indication that something was different that Summer's day was that from the porch a few of us saw a group of Chebeague men, about 5 or 6 abreast, striding rapidly and very purposefully on the road and heading toward the Hook in the middle of a bright, sunny workday which immediately struck us as unusual.

They were members of the Island solid citizenry of the time, and included Jasper Smith and Clyde Bowen.

How were they summoned and how did they so assemble so quickly? There were no 'cell' phones then. Was there a fire whistle, or were two-way radios involved? In any case, it was a rapid response.

Billy had drowned at the Hook, as the tidal current swept over the sand-bar. His mother was able to save Billy's playmate, but not her son.

Earle Doughty donned his SCUBA gear to look for the body, and as I recall found it in water so shallow that he had not even submerged, but was still walking back-ward in his swim-fins toward water deep enough to dive in.

Someone called out "get the family away", or something close to that, as I

recall. (My sister Susan Cleary Rittgers, my other cousin John Troy, as well as "Nan" Norton Troy and I were present.)

In the ensuing days many Islanders and Summer folks expressed their condolences and support in many ways.

The Island pastor, the Revered Mr. Tanner, called on the Mrs. Troy and the family at the cottage. After the tragic events were dealt with the conversation turned to other Island matters that had recently engaged the ministrations of the clergyman, including the marijuana bust that had just taken place.

Billy was 10 years old at the time. His remains were interred in a burial plot at the "Yard", as were his mother's after her death in 1985. The graves today remain unmarked.

THE PORTLAND WATERFRONT BACK WHEN

I was talking with Leon Hamilton before he and Jen left for Florida. A good part of the conversation was about going to the Portland waterfront decades ago before it became "gentrified". I subsequently thought what fun it would be to have Chebeaguers who remembered that time (and there are quite a few) tell us some stories.

If you would like to contribute a story in our next issue, please let us know.

In this issue we have Mabel and Jackie Doughty writing about going uptown with Sanford in those old days.

We also have Audrey and Sylvia Hamilton, as they were then known, talking about commuting to Portland and Commercial St. via the Casco Bay boats.

by Jane Frizzell

The Portland Waterfront Then and Now

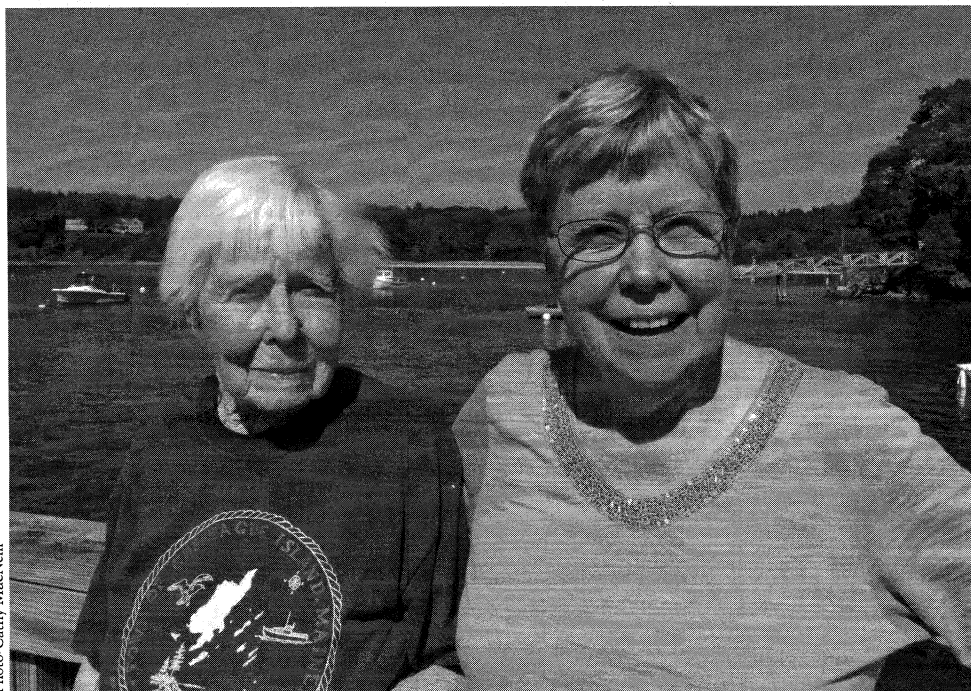


Photo-Cathy MacNeill

by Mabel and Jackie Doughty

The Portland waterfront today is vastly different from that of the mid twentieth century, as is Congress St.

Mabel remembers coming to Chebeague in the summer of 1940 via one of the wooden steamboats- perhaps the Maquitt- and docking at Western Landing. (She came from a little town near Greenville called Shirley's Mill). From there she was transported to Camp West Winds- via Bowen's taxi. (Clarence Bowen was the driver) where she would plan and cook meals for upwards of 50 camp girls and councilors.

In her early married life she recounts that most islanders were able to buy the necessities of life between Commercial

St. and Monument Sq. The area between Commercial St. and Middle St. did not become "the Old Port" until the 1970's.

Jackie and Mabel agree with the historian, Joseph Conforti, who describes the area as "seedy" during the '50's and '60's.

Mabel remembers calling in grocery orders consisting mostly of canned goods to the Patrons Cooperative- a large business on the corner of Commercial St. and the Portland Pier. Meats came from Sargent and Lord's. Sargent's and the Harris Co. served as purveyors of food and ship chandlers- marine suppliers- both to large tankers and to fishing families on the islands.

As a child Jackie remembers trips to

Portland in the Sirius, docking at the float on the Harborside, and walking through Sargent and Lord. The people who worked there were known by their first names, including "Prock" the meat cutter in his white apron. From Sargent's we often stopped at the Anchor Lunch just up the street, a veritable greasy spoon, often referred to as "Ptomaine Tavern" by Sanford and Ellsworth!

Both Jackie and Mabel remember the many storefronts, especially the three hardware stores between Commercial St. and Monument Sq. At Sulkowitch's you could hand pick screws and bolts from a wooden bin and weigh out as many as you needed. Other hardware stores included King and Dexter and Edwards and Walker. A 4 to 5 story building in Monument Sq. Mabel remembers that the store faced uptown and occupied nearly the entire block between Middle St. and Congress St. (Jane remembers that the wooden floors creaked very badly.)

"Uptown" contained two authentic drug stores called upper and lower H. H. Hayes. There were also 3 department stores: Porteus, Mithchell and Braun, Rines Brothers and Owen Moore- all within a stone's throw of each other on Congress St.

And, of course, 2 5&10's: Woolworth's and W. T. Grant's. We usually had lunch at the latter, sitting at the counter. There were also 3 movie theaters in the area.

As I was driving through Portland recently, I was saddened to see not only a Starbucks, but also a Marriot Hotel in the waterfront area... and the consequent loss of space for the fishing industry.



Commuting in the Fifties

Sylvia and Joan ready to commute.

by Sylvia and Audrey Hamilton

In response to Jane Frizzell's question to Audrey and me one day on Cousin's Island wharf, "couldn't you two write about some of your adventures during your commuting days for the Sloop's Log"? Audrey is now in Florida but I had fun reminiscing.

During winters in the 1950s, commuters heavily relied on Casco Bay Lines except in an emergency when Sanford or other fishermen would rush the patient to the mainland in their fishing boats where an ambulance would be waiting at the dock.

Commuting involved an hour and a half each way. Today, a fifteen minute ride to Cousin's Island is a huge contrast from the boat trips of sixty-five years ago. People choosing to live in town, and commute weekly, depended heavily on the bus and apartment living.

In the summertime, the Nellie G., owned and operated by Walter Swett and his sons Walter Jr. and Paul, ran several trips daily between the Stone Wharf and Falmouth Foreside, about a thirty minute ride. Jim Millinger was a deckhand for years. Their bus waited at the Foreside Landing and took the passengers to the Greyhound Bus Terminal that was then located at the corner of High and State Streets. The terminal served partly as the Nellie G. waiting room. Here, one could purchase newspapers, magazines, rimetables, candy, etc. Most everyone, including myself, commuted every day during summer. Bus fares - I don't remember.

In the '50s the Korean War was top news. From Chebeague, Dick Calder, Brother

Ross, Billy Tebbetts, (Jane Frizzell's brother), Larry Bennett and Doug Dyer all served. Cell phones, iphones, tablets, and computers, had yet to be developed. Maine Mall and WalMart didn't exist, nor did MacDonalds, Wendys or Burger King. It was Kentucky Fried Chicken, the movies, the radio, bowling, and a casual drive-in, that kept us from boredom. We dined out usually the day after receiving our paycheck.

Every Sunday before leaving home we checked the newspaper to see what was playing at the theaters (State, Strand, Civic or Empire). These were the golden years for Metro Golden Mayer, Twentieth Century Fox and Paramount - we didn't miss many movies. Monday nights, after work, we did our weekly grocery shopping at Shaws on upper Congress Street. At the top of our list was always Crown Pilot crackers. Sure do miss 'em!

Many of us today remember when Congress Street was everybody's "Maine Mall" - alive with department stores, banks, restaurants, five & tens, ice cream

parlors and drug stores. Benois, Porteous Mitchells, Rines, Owen Moore, Grants, Woolworths, Maine Savings Bank, First National Bank, Canal Bank, the Puritan and Moustaki's restaurants, and Hays and Liggets Drug Stores. During Christmas time Congress Street was literally lit up like a Christmas tree. Streets were always crowded with shoppers- until the Maine Mall was developed. For many years, Congress Street was a neat little city in itself.

The cold winter months commuting with Casco Bay Lines was not without memorable experiences. Never will forget the Aucocisco, the Emita, the Macquoit, the Gurnet, the Sabino and the Tourist, as well as one engineer, Bill Ricker Sr., from Chebeague, who shoveled the coal in the hot engine rooms of some of these unforgettable "Steam Boats". My sister, Audrey commuted while attending Gray's Business School in Portland, alternating with certain days at the Chebeague Post office while working for her aunt, Pearl Robinson. One day her aunt got sick and called for Audrey's help at the office. A bad snowstorm had developed along the coast with high wind warnings. Audrey was the only passenger on the boat that morning and the captain called for her to come inside the Pilot House to brave out the storm. By the time the old Aucocisco reached Peaks Island, the crew was forced to turn around and head back to Portland. Obviously, Audrey never made it to work that day. Years later she worked as secretary for Honeywell Trucking Co., and eventually at Massachusetts Mutual Insurance Company in Portland for many years.

As for the six years



Audrey in our well furnished apartment. c. 1952

during my employment in Portland for the New England Telephone Co., an incident that I vividly remember is one afternoon after Audrey and I returned from Chebeague to our apartment on Oak St., only to find that the lock on our door had been tampered with. That night, after moving a bureau tight against the door, my sister slept soundly, but I, a more timid soul, sat bolt upright in bed all night long - awake! The lock got fixed the next day but we never learned who the culprit was.

Many years and fun times have passed since "way back then." To remember other Chebeaguers who lived and worked in Portland during this time is a must. They were my schoolmates and friends; Chebeague High School graduates who were very much a part of our lives.

Dianne Calder worked for Robert's Supply Co. and lived next door, on the same floor. Roberta White worked at Melina's Hair Salon. Connie Stilphen Fowler, who roomed with Audrey and me for two years while working for Central Maine Power Co. What fun times! My classmate, Anne KomLosy Thurlow, who worked a long time for Union Mutual Insurance Co. and my classmate, Louise Rich Todd and her sister, Minie Rich MacNeill both employed at Paper Box Co., we'll always remember. Not to forget Joan Robinson. Even though graduating from Morse High School in Bath, she worked in Portland for Central Maine Power Co. and lived with her grandmother on Grant Street until she married Bud Robinson-from Chebeague. Always one of the crowd, Joan stems from many Bennetts who were born on Chebeague.

My brother, Theron Hamilton and cousin, Bud Bennett, later rented the same apartment where Audrey and I had previously lived. Theron was employed by Portland Pipe Line, and Bud, (Suzanne Bennett Jackson's brother), by the New England Telephone Co. Theron and Bud were not as lucky. On the 30 of January 1956, the Oakview apartment caught fire. Theron ran down the fire escape. He was very lucky to get out but lost everything, including his navy discharge lapel pin that he valued. Bud lost everything although he had just recently moved in. Audrey lost a jar full of pennies and I lost a Motorola portable radio, among other things. Apparently, the fire was caused by a man in the apartment below who fell asleep in an overstuffed chair while smoking. Over all, these were some of the most memorable years of my early life.

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CHEBEAGUE NEWS ITEMS FROM THE SIX TOWN TIMES

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY YEARS AGO-1894

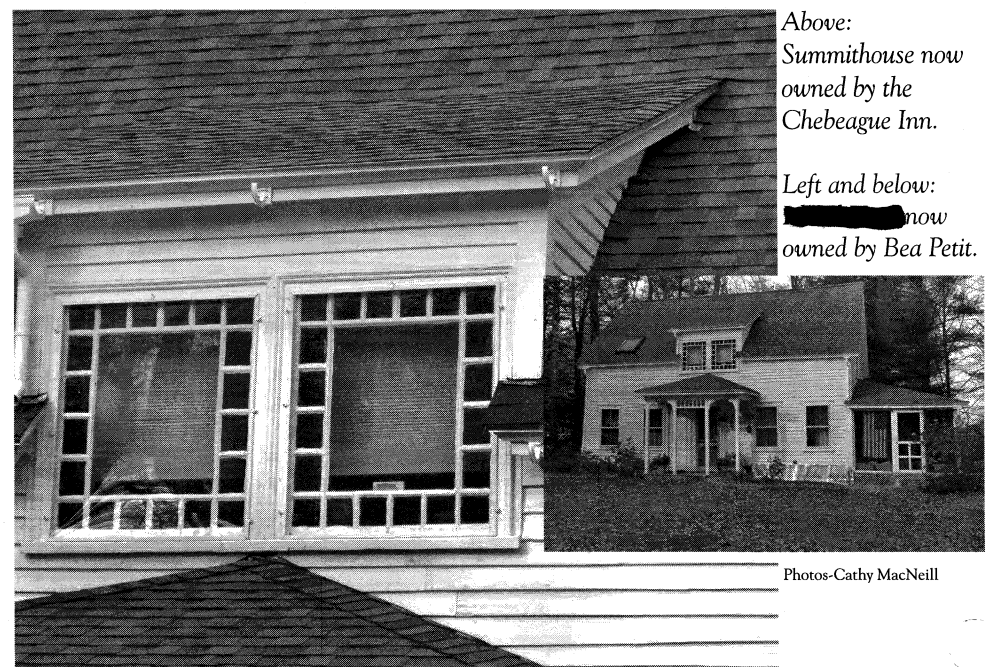
by Susie Stavropoulos

HOME TRANSFORMATIONS



The year 1894 seems to have been quite a busy one for upgrading homes. To wit:

"Mr. Allan Duff, the carpenter, has completed the house of Mr. Clinton J. Hamilton on the outside. We think it is one of the prettiest on the island."



Photos-Cathy MacNeill

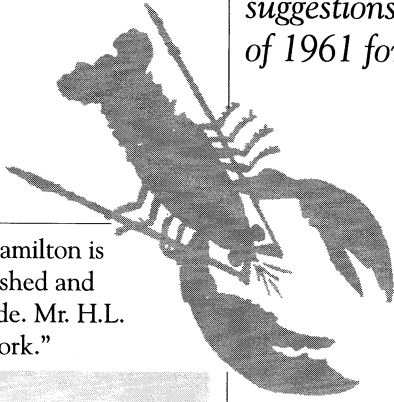
The year 2014 appears have some of the same ilk going on with the old Island View. Other renewals from the Six Town Times:

"Mr. Ambrose Hamilton is putting on a double Queen Anne window in the roof of his house and making other improvements."

Fall 2014

We wish you the same cheer and offer these suggestions from the Chebeague Island Cookbook of 1961 for your perusal:

CHEBEAGUE ISLAND COOK BOOK



"Mr. Solomon Francis Hamilton is having his chambers finished and other improvements made. Mr. H.L. Hamilton is doing the work."

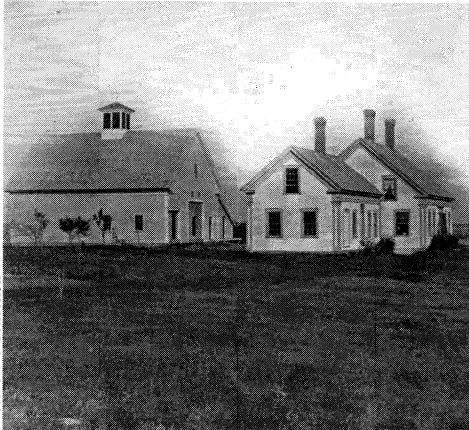


Photo-CIHS Collection

Belleview now owned by Mark Gwillim.

"Captain John Hamilton of Portland is having his farm buildings here painted, new chimneys built, and other improvements made. Messrs. Hamilton and Wescott are doing the work."

Later, the paper recorded the following unfortunate event:

"The most severe thunder shower witnessed for many years passed over this place the 18th inst., doing considerable damage. The summer residence of Capt. John F. Hamilton of Portland, who is spending the summer here with his family, was struck with no slight damage. The lightning struck the chimney throwing off many bricks and passed on to the roof, where, it badly shattered that part, and so on to the lower floor, where it did the most damage."

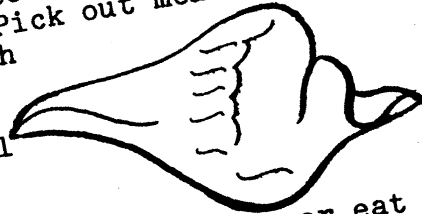
Improvements sometimes prove risky, say we.

"Thanksgiving Day (1894) was observed with the usual festivities and home gatherings, and the hearts of many were cheered by the presence of the children and friends, and all enjoyed the glad tidings of the day."



CONCHES
Collect conches. Boil in salted water until critter emerges. Pick out meat. Place in dish and cover with

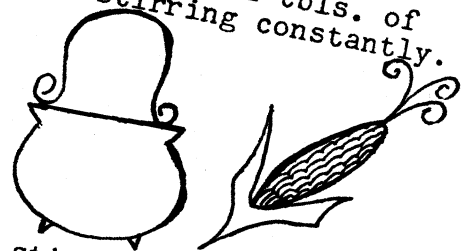
2 parts vinegar
1 part olive oil
salt and pepper
to taste



Let stand overnight. Throw away or eat cold.

GRANDMOTHER'S INDIAN PUDDING

Scald 1 pt. milk. Stir in 4 level tbs. of corn meal. Cook 10 min. stirring constantly. To this add:
1/2 c. molasses
1/2 c. sugar
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. ginger
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1 well beaten egg
2 tbs. butter
To above mixture (well stirred) add 1 pt. cold milk. Pour into well buttered bean pot and bake 1/2 hr. at 400°. Then stir in 1 c. cream. After it has started to cook, reduce temp. to 250°. Continue to bake for 3 hrs., stirring often. Serve with cream or ice cream.



Thanksgiving without a microwave!

Marian Friis

Illustrations by Betsy Ross, Martha Hamilton, Madeline Brewer

Vanished Chebeague Names

by Jane Frizzell

In the last issue Martha O. Hamilton wrote an article about names that used to be very evident in Chebeague history, but have now disappeared except on many cemetery headstones. She wrote of the Bennetts. In this issue I'd like to bring another family to the attention of our readers. That family is the Curits, of which I am a descendant. Many of you probably remember some Curit names such as Barton, Howard, Walter, or Lizzie, who was a Curit by marriage. There is currently a road on the island named Curit Farm Road. I have fond memories of visiting this farm, owned by Howard and Cora Hamilton Curit to buy vegetables and to see Howard's horse, Prince (I think). It was such a wonderful, peaceful setting down under the hill-complete with pond.

THE CURIT FAMILY

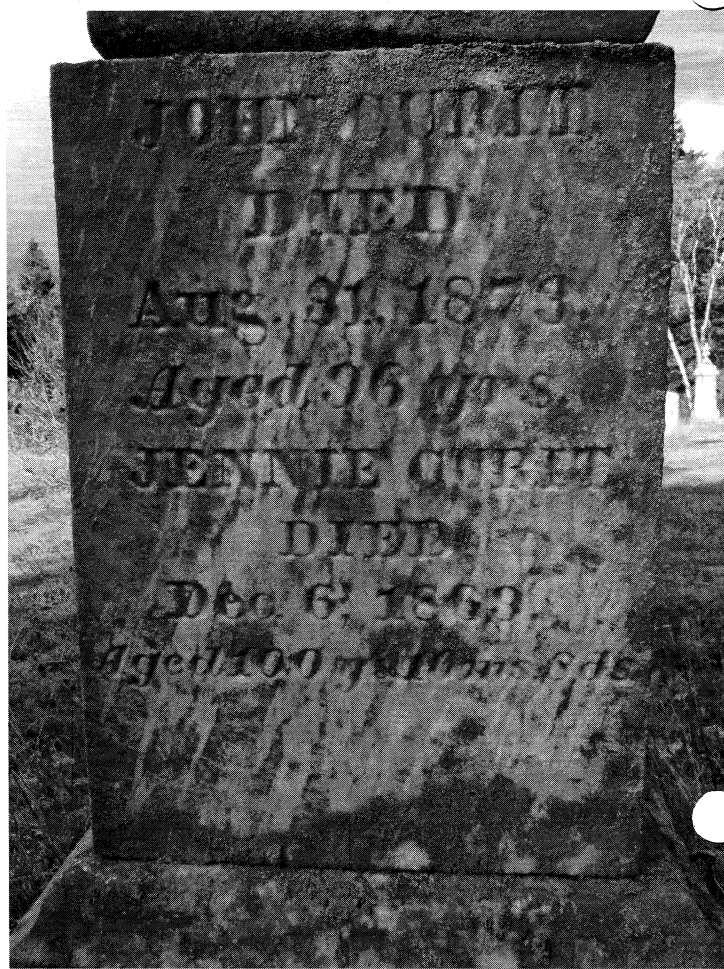
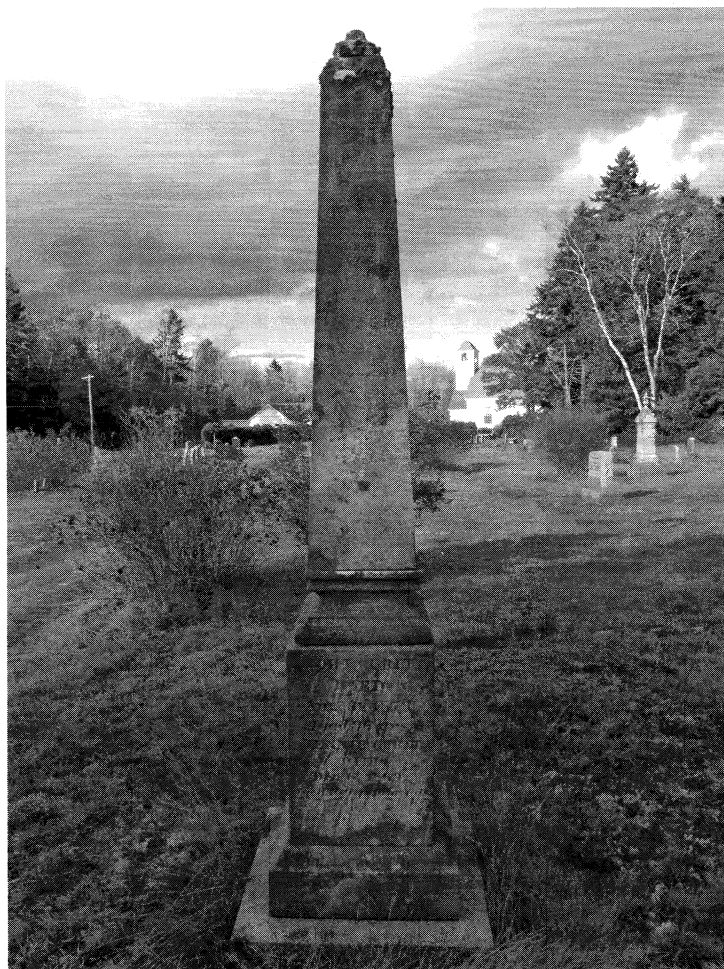
The siblings Elizabeth and John Curit were the first of that name to come to the island. This sister and brother were born in the 1770's in Maine, but the family story says that the family came originally from Guadeloupe. Elizabeth married Ambrose

and Deborah Soule Hamilton's son, Jonathan, and John married their daughter, Jane. As a consequence, all Curits are Hamiltons and many Hamiltons are Curits. (It is OK if this seems more than you wanted to know.)

Elizabeth and John's children married islanders with the following familiar Chebeague names: Doughty, Hutchinson, Ross, and Webber. John and Jane's children married into another large Chebeague family: the Littlefields. From there it gets very complicated, as at that time people had quite large families. I can think of many on Chebeague who are descendants, but you will have to accept my apologies for not coming up with a complete list.

Jane (Jennie) Hamilton Curit lived to be 100 years 10 months and 8 days old and her husband John Curit lived to be 96. Please see the accompanying photos of the obelisk in the cemetery.

Let us know if you are a Curit descendant. We like surprises.



Mystery Photo ~ Fall 2014

Several people identified the Spring 2014 Mystery Photo as the John Hamilton “Uncle Jack” House. Others identified it as the Gwillim House. All were correct!

The house was built for Uncle Jack and his wife, Mary “Polly” Henley Hamilton in the late 1850s. Because there were something like eleven John Hamiltons and fourteen Mary Hamiltons living on Chebeague during the nineteenth century, they all had nicknames! The son of James and Mary Webber Hamilton, he was officially known as John Hamilton 2nd to differentiate him from his uncle who was known as Deacon John Hamilton. During the nineteenth and much of the twentieth centuries the term uncle denoted endearment

respect as well relationship. A person who was not liked or respected was known as “old man surname” or “old lady surname”.

Uncle Jack’s original house sat across the road - somewhere between Graves and Martindales. The new Greek revival house was a case of John keeping up with the next generation of Hamiltons! He was one of the early stone sloopers who blasted the shores of Casco Bay and helped build the Portland waterfront. He invested his money in sloops and bought an interest in Sam Ross’ store on the Stone Wharf. While he didn’t work in the store, his money allowed his son, James Munroe Hamilton to create a salt bait business that employed Chebeaguers for nearly half a century. He showed his entrepreneurial skills by selling stock in a fish oil factory, known as the Hamilton Oil Works. The company processed the skins of pogies, after the “slivers” had been cut off, salted and sold. The “gurry” that remained after the oil had been processed was spread on the fields for fertilizer.

Uncle Jack owned about 24 acres that



Photo-CHS Collection

ran from the stone wall by Martindale’s across the island to the Back Shore and included all of the East End Point. Despite his business success, John Hamilton 2nd always considered himself a farmer. He raised sheep and summered them on his share of Bangs Island and planted one of the island’s first orchards of which some of the trees still survive.

After his death his son, John “Flatfoot” Hamilton, master and principal owner of the M.M. Hamilton, the largest of the Chebeague Stone Fleet, bought the house and farm from his siblings. Hamilton had moved to Portland but continued to spend nearly half of the year on Chebeague. He hired a Swedish

farmer, named David Petersen, to operate the farm. The mystery photo, which was taken by a stereopticon photographer in 1881-82, shows woman who is thought to be Mercy Melissa Henley Hamilton, John F. Hamilton’s wife. It is assumed that Hamilton is holding the reins of the horse and Petersen is in the doorway. The man with the silk hat, cane and white beard is a mystery.

John F. Hamilton sold the farm to Merriam Horne Realty and the house became the Bellevue Boarding House, the barn became the Bowling Alley and the farmland became cottage lots. The Bowling Alley burned in January 1915 and the Gwillim family bought the house c. 1917.



The Sloop's log
Chebeague Island Historical Society
P.O. Box 28
Chebeague Island, ME 04017

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Newsletter
of the
Chebeague
Island
Historical
Society

Fall 2014
Issue

Mystery Photo

The scene above was taken by Adeline Kearney in 1916. Call Donna Damon or email chebeaguehistory@gmail.com if you can identify the location and the buildings. See the "From the President's Desk" for more info about Ms. Kearney.

the Sloop's Log

