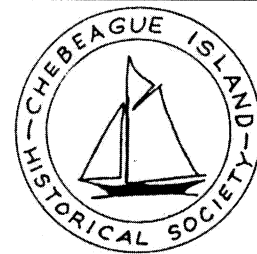

THE SLOOP'S LOG

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



Dear Readers,

Welcome to the fall 2007 issue of the Sloop's Log. We hope you enjoy our various tellings of Chebeague Island history. Since our last issue the Chebeague Island Historical Society has been busy with greeting visitors to our museum exhibit, with celebrating Chebeague's July 1, 2007 birthday, with putting on our monthly membership programs, with helping the Bisharats in planning trips to the Aegean Sea, and with planning for the long range health of our society and our buildings.

Please let us know how we can improve our Sloop's Log by sending us your story ideas or, better yet, by contributing an article written by your own self. Thanks for contributing to the Chebeague Island Historical Society by your enthusiastic reading and giving.

Jane Frizzell, President - CIHS

Mid-Fifties Memories

By Binkie Boxer



During the summers of the mid 1950's, my family rented what is now Ed and Julie Doughty's house. At that time, it was owned by summer residents, Mr. and Mrs. Eric P. Kelly. One of my fondest memories was when Billy, Bobby and Bruce Riddle would bring their pony, Small Fry, over to the house for us to ride. That was such a thrill for me and my siblings, Dodo, Jeff, Danny and Joyce that it became the highlight of our summer.

One afternoon, Aunt Priscilla and Uncle Red (Riddle), Aunt Evelyn and Uncle Charlie (Kuntz) decided to try breeding their horse, Bridie, with Small Fry. Well, the result of that, was a horse they named Surprise. We would go over to Aunt Evelyn's and Uncle Charlie's house and, along with Eddie Weagle and "Little" Charlie, were delighted in feeding Surprise and watching him grow. Aunt Evelyn and Uncle Charlie sold their home in the 1970's, and it belongs to the Groothoff family today. I frequently think of those days when I ride by the house and remember those special summers with my aunts, uncles, and cousins.

Holly Hamilton with Small Fry c. 1955
Donna Miller Damon photo

Off to Turkey and the Greek Islands

By Joan Robinson

There is no way one can write about this trip and make it short, but I will try since space is limited. It's even hard to write about the highlights, when everything was a highlight. This trip, like all of Suhail's other trips, was truly one of a kind. Everyone should be so lucky.

On May 16th 2007 nine hearty souls left for a great adventure. We left Boston at 9:00 P.M. arriving in Munich at 9:45 A.M. We waited almost 3 hours to take off for Izmir in Turkey. Our guide met us for a 2 hour drive to Kusatasi and the Charisma Hotel, right on the waters' edge. Very beautiful, wonderful view of the mountains and great food.

We settled in, had supper, and next AM were off to Ephesus where Mary went with Paul after the death of "Her Son." She couldn't have done much entertaining, as her house was very small. The tour, which was going to be 1 ½ hours ended up as 4 but that was great, because we just couldn't have covered everything or as much as we did in only 1 ½ hours. What could Suhail have been thinking.

Next day, went to Priene, another ancient site, also to Miletus an ancient Ionian City, then on to Didyma and Temple of Apollo. Sunday we were off to Bodrum. There we met Don Frey, Vice President of the Institute of Nautical Archaeology at the Castle of the Knights of Saint John for a very special personal tour. At Bodrum we boarded the *Paluko*, a great sailing vessel that only held 12 passengers and 4 crew members. How very elegant and special we felt. We sailed the Greek Islands of Kos, Tilos, Nisyros and Symi. All our meals were on board and each island has special sites for us to see. On Nisyros 4 very brave folks walked down into a crater where there was still bubbling springs and the smell of sulphur was very strong. Swimming off the *Paluko* into the Aegean was a special treat for all us swimmers. Our meals on this craft were exceptional. Our cook had once been the Captain but has since passed it on to his son.

We saw a lot, walked a lot, 4 got lost but didn't know it, laughed a lot and even saw how the silk worm spins threads to make rugs. We did it all and missed nothing. Somewhere along the line we even saw white peacocks.

On the way home we stayed overnight in Freising, Germany. Next morning we were able to walk through the town. It was some sort of a holiday so stores were closed, which was probably a good thing, but we did run into a beautiful Church where the choirs were practicing.

We said goodbye to Suhail and Nora and headed home. When we arrived in Boston, we were delayed in the airport so long that we missed an earlier bus to Portland and so missed the last boat. Greg Riddle came to the rescue and home we came. A wonderful trip and now that we've been home a few months I am ready to go again.



Deb Bowman, Leila Bisharat, Marianne Brenton, Kitty Freeman, Phil Jordan, Martha Hamilton, Nora Bisharat, Sheila Jordan, Joan Robinson and Suhail Bisharat at the Bouleterion at Priene
Leila Bisharat photo

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Honoring out Veterans

by Kenneth Hamilton

The recent television show by Ken Burns, The War, has once again brought to our attention that as high as 1000 Veterans are dying every hour in the United States. Without a written account of individual histories we could lose all record of the great dangers and sacrifices that our parents and great grandparents faced when they either enlisted or were drafted into the military to save our nation and our freedom from our enemies in Europe and Asia. Each issue of the Sloops Log allows the Chebeague Historical Society to add a written account of the experiences of island men and women as well as Veterans from away who have chosen to make their home on Chebeague.

Albert S. Traina

"In April, 1945, during my senior year in high school, I enlisted in the Navy and reported Sampson, N.Y. for naval training. At the completion of my training, I was sent to Shoemaker, CA to be shipped out to the Marshall Islands. While on my way across country on a troop train, the war in the Pacific ended. The Third Fleet was in the area of the Marshall Islands waiting for replacements. I was assigned to the USS Stoddard, a naval destroyer. We headed for Tokyo. On the third day we ran into a typhoon. Fortunately we lost none of our crew although the ship sustained some damage. Some of the accompanying ships did lose crew members. It was exciting to cruise into Tokyo Bay with the worlds largest Navy after we had just won the war. While in Japan we visited the Yokosuka Naval Base. The mountains around the base had been hollowed out and were made into a repository for tanks, weapons carriers, and trucks. We could have bombed those mountain fortifications for months and would not have made a dent. There were also hundreds of one and two man submarines armed and ready to go into action.

As our ship made ready to return to the United States, a navy tanker anchored nearby put out a message that they were in need of a radar man. Being a Radar Man 3rd Class, I was transferred to the USS Sabine, a navy tanker. We sailed the next day bound for Shanghai, which had been declared an open city during the war. There was a minimum of damage to the city. However, the Shanghai race track had been converted into an execution site for prisoners of war and members of the Chinese resistance..

We were anchored in the Yangtze River up-river from the city. Our job was to refuel ships coming in and out of the river. The high light of our entertainment was boxing matches between American and British sailors. We learned that a major sporting event was about to occur. It was to be a football game between the navy and army. It was to be called the Rice Bowl and all hands were to prepare. The navy flew in former college and professional football players from all over the Pacific, while the army fielded a team of troops stationed in the area. Needless to say the navy won big time.

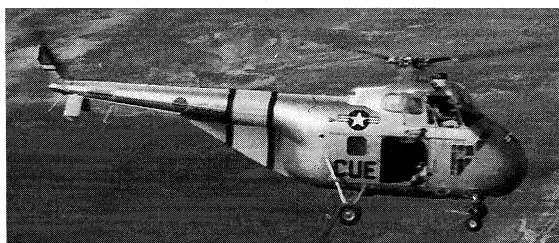
As the months passed, the Communists became increasingly belligerent. All shore leave was cancelled. The Communists began attacking merchant ships and confiscating their cargo. We were put on armed patrol to protect the

merchant ships. After five months we received orders to proceed to the Persian Gulf to take on oil from Biهران and Razatener in Arabia. On the way we sailed through the Indian Ocean stopping in Singapore and Ceylon, (now Sri Lanka), to pick up fresh fruit, which was badly needed. From the Persian Gulf we headed back to San Francisco, making one stop in the Hawaiian Islands. It was a long trip but we made it safely and were glad to be back in the States. I was very lucky. Because of serving in the navy and the G I Bill of Rights, I was able to go to college free of charge. I was also able to win a New York State War Service Scholarship and attend four years of graduate school."



Leroy S. Jackson

Roy was born in Flagstaff, Maine. He lived there until forced to move when the area was intentionally flooded. Later, while living in Wiscasset, ME, he joined the Air Force at 20 years of age during the time that draftees were being sought for the Korean War. In Mar. of 1952 he went to Sampson, N.Y. Air Base at Lake Seneca for basic training. After basic training, Roy was sent to Wichita Falls, Texas for training on aircraft engines. Upon graduation went to a Rotary Wing School in San Marcos, Texas. After this school he volunteered for duty at a Troop Carrier Base in Murfreesboro, Tenn. which based H-19-B helicopters used to drop paratroopers. Roy next volunteered for Far East duty in Air Rescue H-19 Helicopters where he spent over a year in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, and Beirut, Iraq. Also served in Lebanon, Jerusalem, and Egypt. (Because these search and rescue missions were done in peace time and in countries which forbid flashy dress, Roy could not wear his uniform: only jump suits with no insignia. His passport was full of visas when he returned to the states)



Roy Jackson in open door of helicopter

After more than a year in the Far East flying many rescue missions, Roy returned to the states and Maxwell Field in Montgomery, Alabama and then on to the 48th Air Rescue Wing at the Elgin Air Force base in Florida where he continued to fly many more rescue missions.

Roy was the flight engineer on a variety of aircraft such as the C-47, SA 16, H-5, and the H-19. While at Maxwell Field he was part of the ground crew on the B-17. For rescue the B-17 had a fiberglass boat attached to the hull which they dropped by parachute. The S-16 was a Search Aircraft Amphibian Twin Engine called the Albatross. The H-5 could carry three plus the pilot. The H-19 carried the pilot and co-pilot, the engineer (Roy) and 10 people in litters if necessary. The C-47 had 5- 20 man life rafts aboard. Each had 200ft of line between them. The plane would fly low and slow in a circle over the water while Roy (as engineer) would push the rafts out the door. The paramedics followed.

Roy was able to log enough time in the air to earn his Flight engineers wings. This was a goal he had made for himself and he accomplished it. He has said, "I could write for hours on what I did in the Air Force. I would say it was the best four years of my life. I have kept records of

all the missions I went on. I am proud of my accomplishments and if I was able today, I would like to go help that many people again."

Roy has among his records, Certificates of Proficiency, from at least three Air Force training schools. A certificate of appreciation from the State of Maine for serv-



ing in the Armed Forces during "that period of danger from June 27, 1950 to January 31, 1955 when our way of life was imperiled both in Korea and other points throughout the world."

Another paper reads: "This headquarters has received from the office of the Air Attache, American Embassy, Baghdad, Iraq, a gold medal conferred upon the above named individual by the government of Iraq for

his participation in the rescue operations and assistance in the delivery and distribution of supplies and provisions to the victims marooned by the Tigris river floods of 1954."

A Letter from Major Thomas Shockley, Commander, USAF reads: "I wish to take this opportunity to express my appreciation for your outstanding performance of duty at Baghdad, Iraq, on Air Rescue Mission Number 7-59-4 from 2 April thru 16 April 1954. As a member of the H-19B helicopter and maintenance team at the advanced base of operations, your performance of duty reflected the greatest credit upon your technical and professional ability and upon your high sense of duty. The flight of two helicopters across 600 miles of desert from Dhahran, Saudi Arabia to Baghdad, Iraq and return without maintenance difficulty is in itself a note-worthy feat and reflective upon your helicopter maintenance knowledge. It is recognized, however, that the ability of this Squadron to carry on continuous operations on a daily basis for a period of twelve consecutive days without a single delay in a scheduled operation is sufficient testimony alone of your technical ability and high sense of duty."

Roy was discharged from the Air Force in March of 1956 while eligible for his master sergeants stripes. He says, "I never did apply for the Gold Medal Iraq gave me, maybe sometime."

Mac Passano

After three semesters at Harvard that immediately followed graduation from Staten Island Academy when I was 17 years old, in June of 1942, I was drafted into the Army at Camp Upton, Long Island the following June and assigned to the Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP). This was a program to train skilled professionals (doctors and Engineers) to fill future Army needs, but eventually scrapped as the needs for fighting soldiers became evident. My infantry basic training at Camp Fannin (Tyler, Texas) was delayed by hospitalization from a severe case of poison Ivy but then I was sent to Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge for ASTP training. The program was abruptly ended the following March because of the need for infantry replacements with the upcoming invasion of Europe in June 1944. I joined the heavy weapons Company D of the 394 Regiment, 99th Division at Camp Moxey, Texas for advanced training and remained with them until July, 1945.



Mac Passano on a beach in France

I was a member of the 81 mm mortar platoon; first as an ammunition bearer, then briefly a machine gunner, and finally a radio operator with our forward observer. I earned my Combat Infantryman's Badge, Presidential Unit Citation (1st Battalion, 394 Regiment), Belgian *Croix-de-Guerre* Unit Citation (394 Regiment) and ETO ribbon with three battle stars. We went over to Europe from Boston to Liverpool in Sept 1944, landed in Le Havre, France a month later and went on line in an "inactive Zone" in the Ardennes Forest. This changed on my 20th birthday December 16 when the German Army struck the American 9th Army with a ferocious attack eventually known as the 'Battle of the Bulge'. It was late that afternoon when I realized it was my birthday! Our positions were infiltrated and surrounded but we held fast for several days and eventually

regained the American lines at Elsenborn, Belgium. This resistance led to our unit citations.

The 99th Division was part of the push to the Rhine and then joined the 3rd Armored Division in the river crossing at the Ludendorff Bridge at Remagen(I crossed on a pontoon bridge just downstream from the captured bridge under heavy fire) We fought in the encirclement of the Ruhr pocket and then became part of the 3rd Army push down into Austria when German resistance collapsed and they surrendered in 1945. In six months of combat our battalion had over 60% casualties, but I escaped unharmed (my first great luck), promoted to PFC (!). The *Checkerboard* Division (from the design of our patch of 9 blue and 9 white squares surrounded by black representing western Pennsylvania coal), or the "battle babies", became a fine fighting unit of which I have always been proud; the component of ex-ASTP soldiers and the quality of our leadership were our strengths.

I was on the way back to the US to join the invasion of Japan, in a 40 by 8 cattle car, when the two atomic bombs led to the Japanese surrender. Half of the troop assignment continued to the US (where they probably were quickly demobilized) but I ended up an "engineer" in Bremerhaven, back in Germany, "supervising" skilled German POW engineers restoring the harbor for use by the American Army of Occupation. This was frustrating because for I had no training as an engineer, so I jumped at the chance(my second great luck) to be sent to Biarritz American University(BAU) in SW France, as a GI undergraduate student.

I remained in Biarritz for the final two terms of this great educational experiment in soldier rehabilitation, to help reprogram US combat hardened veterans. I then went directly home to the US for Immediate discharge at Fort Dix and resumption of college.

I was a soldier for 33 months, Harvard gave me credit for my BAU courses and my disability with "trench foot" along with the GI Bill helped pay for my undergraduate and graduate education to prepare for my career as a college teacher, to which I had been led by the example of being taught by outstanding BAU civilian professors who had voluntarily come from American liberal arts colleges to help us resume our studies.

Fighting Germany in the Second World War was a true life experience. I would not have chosen to be an infantry front line soldier, but when it happened to me and my generation, we are glad that we succeeded and survived to get on with our lives in what we hoped would be a better world.

Richard Phipps

"It was Dec 6, 1951 when Uncle Sam sent me a notice that I was selected for the service. I had just been married for about seven months. I had to report to Whitehall Street in New York City. We were lined up and a man walked up and down the line saying you are Navy, you are Army, and you are Marine. I was told that I was Army

From New York City I was sent to Camp Kilmer in New Jersey and then to Fort Jackson, South Carolina for placement training. On the very next day, the first day of training, the First Sergeant said I want to tell you men something and I want you to listen carefully." You are going to Korea. You will have eight weeks of basic training and eight more weeks of advanced combat training" I never forgot those words.

After 16 weeks of training we had 10 days leave at home. I was lucky as the First Sergeant told me the dates involved and that we had to report to Camp Stillman, California. You could go by train or by plane. I opted for the plane as it gave me more days at home. When we returned to Camp Stillman we were boarded on ship and headed out to Yokohama, Japan.

My older brother, Julio, was stationed in Japan. He was working for General Douglas MacArthur as his manager. He had my papers pulled and I was assigned to attend classes in chemical, biological and radiology courses. Each battalion had one man schooled in these classes. This gave me six more weeks before Korea. We dined on linens and ate with chinaware. We felt like kings.

Once school was over I was flown to Korea and immediately assigned to the Seventh Division, Fourth Platoon This was a heavy weapons and mortar outfit. The first day we were moved up to the front lines in a large open field. The next thing I remember we were being shelled by heavy artillery and mortar rounds. This was a wake up call for me, later that day we moved further out to the outpost in North Korea, in the central sector of the Kumwha Valley. Charlie Company set up positions; ours was a mortar pit on the reverse side the Out post. In front of us a large open valley with mountains in the background. North Koreans were there at the same time. There was also a Chinese Division in place as well. There were many sunny warm days—quiet days. Patrols were going back and forth and supply trucks were bringing ammo and food to our position three miles from the main line.

On October 5th 1951 my cousin, Went Hubbard, who was in Central Intelligence Command in charge of interrogation of prisoners, came to visit me. We sat and talked about home and our wives and enjoyed the sun and warmth and quiet.

On October 6th 1951 in the early morning hours we were shelled with artillery and mortars. And before anyone knew what was happening we were overrun by North Korean troops. We did not know it at the time but the whole line was being attacked. The Outposts were being hit first.

When the attack began I entered our bunker next to our mortar positions. A large mortar shell hit the roof of our bunker causing its collapse trapping us inside. Those of us who did escape had to run toward the rear in a large trench that was being fired upon from both sides. We made it back to the main lines and were in need of medical assistance. They put me on the hood of a jeep and transported me to a rear area. I was supposed to go to a hospital, however, with 10,000 casualties rather taking me to Japan; I was sent to Seoul for about three weeks.

We went back on the line for about a month. We were then sent to Chejudo Island to guard prisoners. We thought we were going to have some relief from combat but this was not to be. The same day we arrived a prison break occurred. The prisoners had dug a tunnel under the main gate.

After another month went by my Seventh Division was drawn back to the Main line. It was here that I re-met my good friend, the Mess Sergeant Jones, who had served in WW II and was now head cook took pity on me and asked me to be his second cook. Needless to say, I accepted. This was not quite as safe as I would have liked, as the shells came through the tent many times. We were lucky and did not sustain any further injuries.

After 10 months in Korea I was sent to Japan and home by ship to Seattle, Washington. From Seattle I was flown to Camp Kilmer, N. J. I went home on a thirty day leave to New York and then to Fort Drum, N.Y. From Fort Drum by truck convoy to Fort Devins, Mass. for sixty days and finally I was discharged.....Thank God!





President George Washington
Image from www.earlyamerica.com

Tar Bucket Night, February 22 *by Sylvia Ross*

Do you remember when February 22nd was especially meaningful to children, not only for the winter vacation that was already upon them, but because it was our first U.S. president, George Washington's birthday? It was the custom to celebrate Washington's Birthday with a bonfire of great magnitude and now the time had arrived.

Often, on this day, after supper, when all was dark, friends and neighbors young and old would congregate around an enormous heap of accumulated flammable debris, all quite methodically arranged in someone's open field, after being laboriously collected over the past few days or weeks, ready to be touched off at a moments notice. In further years past, the old-timers would call it Tar Bucket Night, although the reasoning behind this is rather vague. Years ago, certain professions used tar as a modern day preservative for fishing nets, ropes, twine, etc. The highly flammable liquid was presumably sold in buckets. Great fire starter! Hence, Tar Bucket night?

Chebeague neighborhoods loved readying their own bonfires. The hauling and tugging of old worn out lobster traps, long time dead Christmas trees (amassed for the occasion) other dead wood and brush, and even a tire or two would find it's way into the flames. This was a time of great anticipation. The bigger the fire, the better!

Sanford Doughty recalls how he and friends would borrow one of Ed Jenks' horse wagons and

haul it clear to Deer Point in order to load it solid full of dead wood and brush, then wheel it back to the field near the corner up behind his house, in preparation for "Tar Bucket". The eventual inferno would, of course, draw the whole neighborhood and beyond.

Frances Todd remembers the huge bonfires put on by Herbert Hamilton (Dianne and Marianne's grandfather) in the big field in back of Clyde Bowen's and just above Leah Webber's. Fran speaks of the numerous snowball fights and the fun they had while watching the sky light up the whole neighborhood.

Victoria Smith relates how her nephew, Bud Bennett, along with Dick Calder and Barry Hamilton, would practically exhaust themselves getting ready for their bonfire before it was ever ignited, and how Herbert Hamilton would sometimes take them on his horse and wagon to Springettes to gather up material for burning. They built their fire in the field below Gladys Bennett's, before Sue and Roy had a home there.

Ervin Hamilton used to get roaring bonfires going in the field above the Maglio's summer home. Sylvia remembers that the kids often would bring along hot chocolate for a treat.

This custom of celebrating George Washington's birthday with a bonfire is of unknown origin to this writer. Does anyone have a clue? Could it have taken the place of today's fireworks?

Veterans Day Remembered on the South Road Chebeague Island November 11, 2007



Ken Hamilton photo

One Halloween Night (or Old O'Donnell Had a Pig E-I-E-I-O)

Now friends, try if you can to imagine Beth (Wiles) and Kendra (McKinnon) dressed in tights, huge sneakers, men's underwear, old sweatshirts with bulging muscles, and motorcycle helmets; Doug Ross in sandals, tights, a woman's dress (mini no less), a long robe, and a blonde wig. The three of them were going into Glad and Albert Bennett's house. Beth was surprised to see Bennett's lawn dug up in many places. Suddenly, both girls screamed and fled for the truck- out from behind the house came two enormous pigs. Glad arrived at the door looking very worried, but laughing just the same. "Look what they've done to my lawn, what am I going to do?" Beth told her to call the cops. Glad disappeared inside the house. About that time one pig started digging with his snout a little trough up close to the house. The door opened and Sue (Jackson) stuck her head out and tried to "shoo away" a one hundred and sixty pound pig. He never moved a muscle. She then let him have it over the head with a broom.

About that time the cop car came around the corner and Beth and Kendra flagged it down. Officers David Shorey and Calvin Doughty got out of the car and looked over the situation. Whether it was the girls or the pigs they looked so puzzled over we're not sure. It was then that Glad appeared again dressed in an old black trench coat that came to her ankles, a pair of old-fashioned bathing shoes; her hair was sticking out all over the place, and she was missing her glasses. Albert was standing behind her with his shotgun. "Calvin," she said, "we've got trouble!"

The pigs took another dash across the lawn grunting and squealing. David, Doug, and Calvin all got brooms and started to "herd 'em up." Glad then discovered Albert with his gun and asked in no uncertain terms what he thought he was going to do. "Gonna shoot the fool things," he said. "Albert, get in the house, Calvin's here, he'll take care of it!" Suddenly a pig came charging around the corner and Al took a swipe at it with the butt of his gun, missed and almost landed on his can. The pig disappeared around back again and Kendra and Beth decided it was as good a time as any to make a run for the house. They got about half way when both pigs appeared again. Kendra jumped into the back of the truck with a little extra help from Beth who was right behind. Kendra was traveling so fast she almost kept on going but Beth caught her before she fell off the other side. It was also then that Doug either tripped on his robe, or slipped in "something" and fell down. The pig he had been chasing, turned and started nuzzling his nose up

poor Doug's dress. Beth was laughing so hard Kendra had to hold her up.

Calvin kept repeating, "I've never seen anything like this in all my life." Now do you suppose he meant the pigs or something else? Finally several other guys arrived on the scene to help. Wayne Dyer was the hero when he got one going in the right direction. Bill St. Cyr took several dives at the other and largest pig before he got him where he wanted him- by the tail. That old pig stood braved in one direction and Bill in the other. Unfortunately the pig was facing the wrong way so Bill promptly lifted his hind legs and got him straightened out, and away they went. Of course to appreciate this, you had to be there. It's all true.

Beth Wiles and Kendra McKinnon
Published in the Chebeague Newsletter, 1976



Gladys Bennett in her store
Swann Collection, CIHS

Roads on Chebeague?

Well, yes, we do have some, and a few years back we had to give them “official” names. That all had to do with the introduction of the emergency telephone number 911. And then the Town wanted to put up road signs on all the roads so that the rescue or fire vehicles could find the houses! As if Chebeaguers didn’t know? After all, we are only 350-strong in the winter, and everyone knows where everyone else lives! But the truth of the matter is that the road signs wouldn’t have lasted long. Unfortunately there’s not a lot to do on Chebeague on a Saturday night.

So we’ve got 81 named roads...well, not quite. We’ve got 58 roads, 11 lanes, 6 drives, 2 circles, 2 streets, a boulevard, and an avenue.

For what is proclaimed by many to be a rural island, the 58 roads fit right in BUT a boulevard? On Chebeague Island? Isn’t that something!? And 6 drives? Aren’t those the things you find in developments? Roads and streets are acceptable and even a dead lane is O.K., but these sissified names really get to me: drives, circles, boulevard, and avenues- I call it creeping suburbia!

Of the thirty-four roads named for people, twenty have traditional island names- three with full island names (Will Ross, Ben Webber, John Small- his is well named...he built part of it!). Thirteen have last names only, and four are simply island first names (Aaron, Ashley, Ruel, Sherman’s). [So you think you know Chebeague History? Question #1: Can you supply the last names of these men?] Fourteen roads have been named for summer people. Who have been so honored? Do you know? [So you think you know Chebeague History? Question #2]

Where do they go? Well, mostly to houses, but some are pointed, as a matter of fact, three go to a point, two to a cove, and one each to a farm, a beach, and a wharf, and one passes by a head- no, not that kind!

The six drives? Well, four have last names and they go to their houses, but two are much sexier- East Shore and South Shore Drives. Wouldn’t you like to build your McMansion on South Shore Drive? I’ve heard it called Dyer Straits. Renaming it South Shore Drive is a bit like the good ladies of Diamond Cove on Great Hog Island who petitioned (successfully) to get the whole island name changed to Great Diamond Island. Further downeast they did the same with Herring Gut. Do you know its present name?

The two circles? Neither Huddum nor Niblic are circular. They each have four distinct sides and are in the shapes of a rectangle and a trapezoid, but who would want to live on Huddum Rectangle or Niblic Trapezoid? Niblic? Isn’t that a golf club nine iron? Where did that name come from? [So you think you know Chebeague History? Question #3] Huddum? We all know that one, don’t we?

Our two and only streets are at the East End. I am wondering if that nomenclature is left over from the big development that was planned on the East End in the 1890s?

Our only boulevard: Wouldn’t Buxhill Road or Buxhill Lane, or even Buxhill Drive (It does overlook the golf course) sound better? (Someone must have loved it because the nice metal sign lasted only two nights! Must be in somebody’s dorm room! S.H.R.)

Why don’t we have a contest? There are three numbered questions in this rant including twenty-one answers. Jot the numbers down on a piece of paper, provide some answers and drop it off at the Hysterical Society Museum. All entries will be held confidential but if you come up with twenty-one correct answers you might get a prize!

Signing off (for now), *Uncle Jim Millinger*

Outhouse Story: or be careful who you are tipping

by Jane Frizzell

As remembered by Melba Hamilton Miller in the poem below, several pranks were perpetrated on a moonlit Fourth of July eve in the early 1930's. On the aforementioned evening a group of Chebeague young people out looking for fun, among other ventures, tipped over the outhouses of WWI vet Colonel Frank Welch, a summer resident, and of Lizzie Cleaves Curit, a Chebeague native and a force unto herself. This sort of fun was generally tolerated by the parents and neighbors of these young people, but the Colonel and Lizzie felt that this time things had gone too far.

The police were notified and arrived at Central Landing aboard the Coast Guard boat *Chicopee*. Several revelers were summoned to court in Portland. Our own Raymond Hamilton, now age 97, remembers well the incident, the trip to Portland, and the courtroom appearance. As a consequence of their night of fun, the judge decided that the young Chebeaguers would have to hire someone to repair the damage done. Ivan Bryan and Ray Hamilton (who was Waneta Cleaves' brother and Jim Hamilton's father), were employed for the task of putting things right.

We didn't ask Raymond if his life of crime continued, but he and his fellow pranksters are presumed to be innocent until somebody blabs.

Chebeague is a wonderful Island
An Island of great height.
We don't get much excitement there-
So t'was on a moonlit night,
That a group of the young people
Including Lad and Lass,
Set out to raise the dickens,
But we must not call them fast-
For they included: Newcombs, Rosses, Doughtys, Rickers,
Millers, Leonards, Bowens, Johnsons and even Hamiltons
the story runs.
You must not judge them harshly
For they could have been one of your sons.

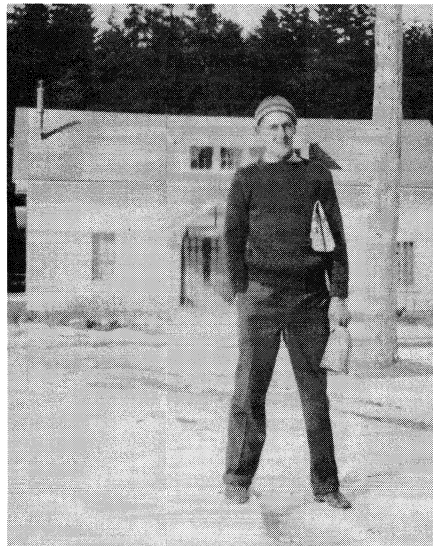
They tipped over a few houses,
that were mostly painted white,
And caused a terrible odor
On this beautiful moonlit night.
If they hadn't meddled with Welch's
And Lizzie's people say,
The policeman in the *Chicopee*
Would have never appeared that day
And entered the Chebeague High School
And taken the kids away.

But Col. Welch was a big man,
A man of great renown-
And the kids should have never
Attempted to tip his Back House down.
But I think that it taught them a lesson-
A lesson that is right,
To keep away from Back Houses,
On any moonlit night

written by Melba Hamilton Miller
early 1930s



Melba, c. 1929
Donna Miller
Damon photo



Cross over door
when built?
Raymond
Hamilton @ school?
c. 1930
Ray Hamilton
Collection,
CIHS

The Green A
snow?
wool hat
Electricity 1929

CASCO BAY BREEZE

My, What a Difference a Century Makes! Chebeague in 1907

By Donna Miller Damon

We sometimes complain about the boat being crowded, that there are too many houses ~~are~~ being built, and strangers are traveling on our roads! We long for the good old days. What was Chebeague like one hundred years ago? Was it a quiet idyllic place? Not hardly! Thanks to the reporting of the *Casco Bay Breeze*, we are able to look back in time for a glimpse of life on Chebeague in 1907. Hammers were pounding, cash registers were jingling, wharves were filled with people, and there was hardly a bed to be had for a tired tourist.

The big news during the spring of 1907 was the sale of the John F. Hamilton estate on the East End. Described as "one of the biggest real estate transactions that had passed in Casco Bay for many years," Hamilton sold the house, that originally belonged to his father, John "Uncle Jack" Hamilton to the Merriam Horne Realty Company. The house, now owned by the Gwillim family, was converted into the Bellevue boarding house.

Merriam Point!



CIHS Collection

The barn was transformed into a four lane Bowling Alley. The Breeze predicted: "Bowlers will flock here by the hundreds from nearby islands and also from the city and other resorts..." The land, which extended to the East End Point, was subdivided into more than one hundred cottage lots. Howard Hamilton's crew built one of the two cottages that were constructed that year by Merriam Horne. Each cottage cost \$2000! "Merriam and Horne are careful to whom they sell" reported the *Casco Bay Breeze*. Chebeague only wanted the "right" kind of tourists.

*Competition? CBS
challenging HSB
EAST of
Long Island*

The Portland steamers were bringing more and more tourists to the island, which meant that new landings and upgraded facilities were needed. Eastern Landing, located on the northeast end of the Bathing Beach (Hamilton), was built in the spring of 1907 for Casco Bay Steamboat Company. The wharf was 245 feet long and 50 feet wide. The Selectmen also approved two other new wharves that spring. One was at Deer Point, which became Western Landing, while the other, located on the Charleson estate near Roses Point, was never constructed. The Harpswell Steamboat Company added 30 feet onto the end of Littlefield's Landing and widened it to 50 feet to accommodate the freight and passengers that were landed at the wharf. Improvements were also made to Fenderson's Wharf. Jenks, Hamilton and Sunset were also used in 1907. By the end of the year the two steamboat companies merged into the Casco Bay and Harpswell Lines.

1907 may have seen more residential and commercial construction than any other year in Chebeague's history. The island contractors were busy building cottages and stores and making improvements to existing buildings from one end of the island to another. The chief builders were Howard and Harry Hamilton. The cousins each had their own business and each

employed as many as twenty four men at times. Frequently they put their crews together to finish a job on time.

On the East End, Postmaster Hyde from Springfield MA commissioned Howard Hamilton to build an eight room house on the "Bathing Beach," which is now owned by John and Amanda Layng. At the same time, Howard's crew was finishing up a new cottage for William Harris, another of the group of cottagers from Springfield Ma. The ten-room cottage was christened Noddlehead, a name preserved from a nineteenth century deed. Most summer people left the island in September, but the Harris family was a notable exception. They stayed on the island until December 5, 1907, and the girls attended the District 9 school. (The Harris estate is owned by Harris' granddaughter, Harris Putnam). The Gliddens were readying to move into their new summer home, also built by Howard Hamilton, near Ricker's Head (now Jim and Jeanne Lunt). John Shearman of Portland bought land and was on the list for a new cottage across from Glidden (now Howell/Wolf). Fisherman, Will Mansfield moved his growing family into a new house on the East End, now known as Mainestay by the Richardson heirs. Built by Harry Hamilton, Mansfield's house had nine rooms and cost \$2000! Harry Hamilton also finished a new cottage for Kate Bankson located next to the Ash cottage at Springettes (now Rice). Harry's crew put the finishing touches on the Needham Cottage (now Hunter) in June of 1907. The Hunter Cottage, a bungalow designed by a Boston architect was the first of its kind in Casco Bay. Its living room extended from the front to the back of the house. Howard Hamilton adopted this design and built several similar cottages. Down on the Littlefield Estate Mr. Crossman was anxiously awaiting the completion of his new cottage (now Lynch). George Hicks was supervising the building of the Charles Berry house nearby (now Holman). Mr. Codington was planning to build a cottage valued at \$1000 next door to Berry (Lynch).

Before the summer was over Howard Hamilton was hard at work building the Ball cottage on Parson's Bluff (now Brian and Sue Layng), as well as working on a new 28 x 40 house for Mrs R. N. Thomas (now Hinchman), which was to be situated near her daughter, Mrs. Norman Ellison (now Belesca). Howard Hamilton was also contracted to build a 16x30 addition on the Ellison house. Plans were being made for the development of Sunset and Freeman Ross was hired to put together a crew to clear the road down to Sunset Landing during the winter of 1907-08.

1905?
The hotels and boarding houses were bursting at the seams. The Hamilton Hotel, only two years old was planning to expand. "It is Mr. Hamilton's policy to give his house wide spread advertising, not confining to any one set of mediums, and this seems to be a winning system."



Field Day at the Hamilton, CIHS Postcard Collection

Della Hamilton Truffant, "wisely decided to open her home (Ed, Julie and Josephine Doughty) to the entertaining of tourists." The Hamilton, Hillcrest, Summit House, Island View, Hamilton Villa, Bellevue, Orchard Cottage, as well as Sunnyside and Westman's at the West End were filled to capacity. Many islanders rented out extra bedrooms in their houses to accommodate the tourists, who frequently arrived on the island bag and baggage with no reservations. Tourist housing was in such demand that Henry Bowen and Reuben Cleaves rented their houses on North Road (Victoria Smith and McCuskey/Wessell) and moved into additions built onto their stores in the Center.



Hill Crest, CIHS Postcard Collection

"The island is entertaining more people this year than its fondest well-wishers could desire. All hotels and boarding houses to say nothing of all of the private houses that rent rooms are crowded to overflowing. Since the first of the month it has been impossible to get accommodations in any of the houses and this is to be the case right up until the end of the Field Day events. Chebeague has reached the place where they can lay claim to entertaining more guests than any other island in the bay."

The pressure was on. By the end of the 1907 season, the Summit House, under the proprietorship of Addie Hamilton, broke ground for an annex (now Komlosy). Charlie Willis Hamilton, owner of the Hillcrest made plans to move his large barn from its foundation below the hotel (still visible) up to a location behind the hotel. He planned to have the roof raised 20 feet and to create the "the largest unbroken dance floor on the island." The Hillcrest annex was planned to have 18 sleeping rooms so they "wouldn't have to board folks around." The Hillcrest also made plans for an enlarged dining room, a new fireplace and "embossed steel on the walls and ceilings of the kitchen." Increased demand for tourist housing in 1907 resulted in plans being made for the 1908 opening of Cleaves Villa and the Central House, both on North Road (now Komlosy and Taliento). Fields were opened up for camping. Several groups including Crowley and Lunt, editors of the *Breeze* and the Strollers, group of young men from outside Boston camped on the north shore of the East End opposite the fifth tee of the Golf Course.

Many Chebeaguers had made the transition from stone sloop to store keeper. Ed Webber and Horace Hamilton moved a building down on Hamilton's Landing to be used as a fish market. Meanwhile, Harry Hamilton's crew built them an ice cream parlor "a few feet from the Hillcrest...with interior red stain and green trim" (now Soucek), while Henry Bowen built a souvenir shop right next door. "It is expected that Mr. Bowen will hustle his store along so that the place will be opened for the Fourth when there will be many tourists on the island." (now Mead)

Chebeague had four grocery stores, each with its own horse drawn delivery wagons. The wagons traveled the island picking up orders, brought them back to the store, and returned later in the day with the goods. Clinton Hamilton and Arthur Grannell's store was the former Hamilton and Company located on the Stone Wharf. Reuben Cleaves and Solomon Francis

Hamilton had grocery stores in the Center, while Arthur Hamilton had just taken over Ammi Littlefield's store at the head of Littlefield's Landing (Central). Cleaves' store also had a bakery and ice cream parlor, operated by Nell Cleaves, where tourists could also pick up a light lunch. (later Leonard's) Stanley Bennett, founder of Oakhurst dairy, drove the delivery wagon for Cleaves after he graduated from Chebeague High School in 1907.



Cleaves Bakery with L to R: Clinton Cleaves, Reuben Cleaves, Nell Cleaves, Margery Hamilton?, Stanley Bennett and Elizabeth Currit Rush Collection, CIHS

In 1907 Dr. L. L. Hale decided that the island needed a drugstore. He contracted Howard Hamilton to build a 20x22 "first class apothecary store" across from Reuben Cleaves store and Henry Bowen's postoffice: "...a large soda fountain will be one of its many features." Hale hired a registered druggist named Forbes to operate the drug store, which later became Mansfield's Spa. The area had become Chebeague's mercantile center.

The increased grocery business meant more horses. A. A. Quimby built a blacksmith shop below what is now Lindy Smith's house, which operated until the automobile replaced the horses and wagons for deliveries.

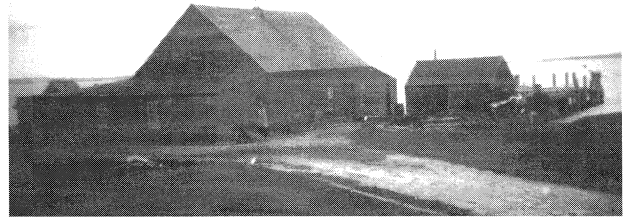
Baseball was a popular pastime on the island. The team, which had previously played on a field where the firehouse sits, built a new ball field on the southwesterly corner of South Road and Wharf Road across from Houghton's. It was hoped "that seats would be built to accommodate the ladies." The team proudly wore new uniforms when they whipped Cumberland and Yarmouth teams at the Cumberland Fair. Team photos of Chebeague's heroes were available for 35 cents at the post office.



29 + 1
5/10 - Hamilton
L-R back: Ben Hamilton, Winfield Hamilton, A.C. Robbins, Mer-
ton Soule, Clarence Hamilton
Seated: Walter Curit, George W. Hamilton, John M. Hamilton,
Josh Berry, George Higgins - why the different uniforms?
Elizabeth Curit Rush Collection, CIHS

While some tourists came to sit and rock, others came looking for organized recreation. The hotels and many of the cottages had tennis and croquet courts. Sailing and swimming were popular and initiatives such as the Bowling Alley gave people a place to go. Field Day was a popular combination of athleticism and entertainment. Organized by island businessmen and summer tourists, Field Day provided an opportunity to show Chebeague pride and created a sense of place in many of the tourists. The hotels had numerous balls, while the Golden Cross Hall had frequent dances. The *Casco Bay Breeze* encouraged tourists to come to the dances at the Hall, which were usually attended by islanders, but the tourists rarely attended in 1907. That would change as the years went on. Eben Bates built nine punts during the spring of 1907. The tourists wanted to be on the water and islanders such as Bates were ready to accommodate them. Royal Bennett took a boatload of tourists out deep-sea fishing near Halfway Rock: "The day was most charming and they met with splendid success as well as having a good time. 107 cod and haddock weighing over three hundred pounds was the catch."

What were the islanders doing who weren't catering to the tourists or involved in the tourist trade doing in 1907? Many Chebeaguers were successful fishermen, and a few were still involved in the last days of stone slooping. Several farms still flourished. Fenderson's clam factory employed some people for about half of the year. While the tourist business provided plenty



Fenderson's Clam Factory and Wharf, CIHS

of seasonal employment, many Chebeaguers found themselves moving to the mainland to find winter work. Lester Hamilton went to Colorado. "Billy Hill accepted a position which necessitates his traveling a greater part of the time." Carroll Curit went to Boston to work as a hotel carpenter. The mills of Rumford and Portland waterfront businesses provided opportunities for many Chebeaguers. Even Clinton Hamilton, owner of the Summit House, spent his winters ashore as a night watchman. Despite the seeming prosperity, times were changing and the island of Great Chebeague changed along with the rest of the world.

Islanders were under pressure to support initiatives that were sometimes the idea of the *Casco Bay Breeze*, a group of tourists, hotelkeepers or all of the above! December of 1907 saw a proposal supported by a few of these stakeholders, although it never came to fruition, it was actively pursued for more than three years. The group decided to build a new church across from what is now Beth Howe's and Mac Passano's home. "A credible and handsome structure, doing honor to the island and adding dignity to the religious worship...In seating capacity it should be ample as the largely augmented congregation in the summer must be cared for, as well as the considerable number of church goers who live at the east end of the island." No one living on Chebeague today realized that the community considered building a new church in 1907 until we read about it in the *Casco Bay Breeze*, which covered this story and many others from 1901 to 1917. Thanks to a cooperative venture between the Fogler Library at UMO, Maine Historical Society, MBNA, and the Chebeague Island Historical Society, many issues of the *Casco Bay Breeze* are available on microfilm at the Chebeague Island Historical Society. Many islanders and summer natives are mentioned on a regular basis. Stop by and learn what Chebeague was really like a century ago as reported in the *Casco Bay Breeze*!

October 28, 2007 Open House at Museum. Pictured are pupils who attended the District 9 School L to R: Harland Webber, Mary Ellen Webber, Rodney Hamilton, Marianne Brenton, Charlotte St. Cyr, Sylvia Ross, Betsy Ross, Ken Hamilton, Marjorie Munroe, Fred Ross, Bill Munroe, Dianne Calder, Hartley Brewer, Dick Calder



14
3 - students
2 - younger
9 in the museum



The Sloop's Log
Chebeague Island Historical Society
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