

the Sloop's Log



» Newsletter of the Chebeague Island Historical Society

Winter 2020 Issue



Officers:

David Hill, President
Jackie Trask, Vice President
Gretchen Tonks Hartling, Treasurer
Toby Webb, Recording Secretary

Cathy MacNeill,
Corresponding Secretary

Trustees:

Melissa Ames
Tracy Ames
Karen Corson
Carol Lynn Davis
Chip Emery
Nancy Hill
Mary Holt
Marjorie Munroe
Alison Paradise
Pat St. Cyr

137 South Road,
Chebeague Island, ME 04017

From the Museum Desk

2019 was a busy year for the Chebeague Island Historical Society.

The 2018-19 exhibit, "Chebeague's Maritime Enterprises", was viewed by more than 2000 patrons this summer. Toby Webb and Cap Leonard combined efforts to create a wonderfully informative and visually impressive exhibit!

Congratulations to Chris Doughty who was named the CIHS volunteer of the year for all of his work digitizing hundreds of photographs. Thanks so much, Chris!!

The Ellsworth Miller Lecture Series was well attended. Islanders learned about Chebeague's role in WW 1 from Donna Damon; Malaga Island from John Mosher; Halfway Rock from Ford Reiche; the origins of Chebeague's Doughty family from Carol Gardner; Rt. 1 in the 1950s from Earle Shettleworth; and they heard stories about aquaculture from Muriel Hendrix.

Our August House Tour was a highlight of the summer. Special thanks to the folks who opened their homes including: the Hunter family, the Great Chebeague Golf Club, Jackie Cross, Kitty Freeman, Ben and Kyle Legg, and Michael and Beth McNalty, who hosted the luncheon as well as a thank you party for all of the many volunteers. The CIHS thanked Mary Holt for 10 years of organizing House Tours.

Continue on page 2 »

» Continued from page 1

While she has retired from heading up the House Tour, she will continue to work on the Historical Society's many projects.

During the summer Brennah Martin greeted visitors, manned the front desk, and scanned photos; Amanda Maskell helped to organize some of the Society's records; and Cameron Todd continued his project to digitize the Museum's audio and video recordings. We thank the Recompense Foundation for their continued support of our intern program.

As interest in genealogy continues to increase, the Museum, due in part to the ease of DNA kits, is frequently con-

tacted by folks who have just discovered that their roots are deeply entwined here on Chebeague. Each summer we enjoy showing these folks around the island. To that end we hosted a mini-Hamilton reunion in August. More than fifty people gathered at the Parish House to learn more about their roots and the history of the island. Special thanks to Martha Bucklin, Judy Cookson, Claudia Gardner, and Jay Wile Sewall, all descendants of John and Dorcas Hamilton Ross, for their inspiration and hard work to make the event a day to remember. Hopefully, the Doughty family will gather in 2020.

We are pleased to announce that the Sloop's Log has new designers, Elizabeth

Hill Schutte, daughter of David and Nancy Hill, and her husband Tom Schutte. The CIHS has certainly integrated its operation into the 21st century because Elizabeth and Tom live in the Netherlands, and we will be communicating via the internet! Thank you, Elizabeth and Tom, for helping us to preserve the past as we try to better understand the present, while planning for the future! We look forward to working with you!

JOIN US!

If you are already a member, thank you so much! The Sloop's Log is supported by membership dues. We couldn't publish it without you. Each issue costs about \$5 a copy. If you aren't a member yet, we hope you will join us as we work to preserve the story of Chebeague.

We also have plenty of volunteer opportunities. We need volunteers to assist with exhibits and publications as well help out with buildings and grounds. Collections, merchandise, grant writing, serving as a docent, and digitizing photos, are some other ways that you can help. Just call the museum 846-5237 or email chebeaguehistory@gmail.com and we will get back to you!



Noddle Head and Stone Wharf

From the 'Casco Bay Breeze'

The *Casco Bay Breeze* was a tourist paper that was published from 1901-1917. It covered the news of Casco Bay and its editorials frequently focused on how islanders could make their communities more attractive to summer visitors. The paper is a great source of information of about life on Chebeague in the early 20th century. It is available on micro film at the Museum of Chebeague History, Maine Historical, University of Maine Orono, Portland Public Library and some copies are

even online. The following article describes landscaping of "Noddle Head" now owned by the McNulty's.

"Noddle Head", the quaint island place of Mr. W. A. Harris and family of Springfield, Mass., which was first occupied last season (1907), has received a number of additions this year. Among these are the arranging of many new flower gardens and the replanting of several clusters of fruit trees and evergreens, which do much to add to the attractive appearance of the grounds.

A new rustic well house and summer arbor, have also been added, while stone gate posts and a stone wall near the garden aid in the desired effect for an old fashioned home. The landscape work has been in charge of the Messers. Howard and Elmer Curit, examples of whose capable work are familiar among summer homes on Chebeague.

‘How I Came to Chebeague’

As I listen to the stories of fellow Chebeaguers, my appreciation grows for what a powerful magnet this island is. Early days here, or previous generations who made their lives here, pull people back. In my case, the pull was strong enough to reach across the bay to the mainland.

By Phil Merrill

I grew up in Cumberland. As a young lad, Chebeague was my Treasure Island. Two or three times a summer I'd ride my bike, with my dog Coach running behind, down to Little John and hop a ride to the Stone Pier. Then Coach and I would explore the island. If we were thirsty, I'd knock on a door and ask for water and, as likely as not, be offered a cookie to go with it.

The same year I started at Greely, Chebeague kids started going to high school there. It was a tough row for them. No after school activities. No sports. My dad, Earle, drove the Island bus. My mom, Vena, reached out to the parents of my classmates and issued an open invitation for island kids to stay over with us. I remember she and Danny Todd's mom became friends.

My life journey has taken me all over Maine and in the last 8 years out of state to Boston and Washington. But Barbara and I are Mainers, and last summer we became serious about coming home. Our children and grandchildren live in Portland, and we wanted to be close by.

Then one day in August of 2018, we came to Chebeague to look for a place that could become our new Maine home. By the time we left we hadn't found the property, but we had decided on the town.

The next month, we bought the little house with the big barn at the top of the hill on the North Road. For me it was as close to coming home as possible. Cumberland is no longer the farm community where I was raised. Barbara knew the island casually from our boat trips here, in fact we decided to spend our life together during a visit to the Chebeague Inn almost 30 years ago. It only took one drive around the island to excite her about living here! Since we bought our home, she discovered that she is yet another one of those direct descendants of the Hamiltons, Rosses and Littlefields, and she now refers to half our neighbors as "Cousin."



I've spent this year fixing up the old place, and Barbara, still working a regular job, has journeyed up from Washington as often as possible. On the anniversary of our arrival, I can sum up our impressions in three sentences. One: our appreciation for the beauty of this place grows daily. Two: never do two days go by without some fellow islander reaching out to offer a neighborly hand. Three: the resources Chebeaguers have built together make us treasure the strength of the Chebeague community: the church, the Commons, the Community Hall, the library, the museum, the extraordinary number of public rights of way, the efficient and friendly town office and transfer station, and the Fire Department which once saved the house where we now live.

Some might say if my goal was to go home, I missed the mark by five miles. But, if home is where the heart is, we are exactly where we were meant to be – smack dab in the middle of Chebeague.

Mystery Photo Winter 2019

By Donna Miller Damon

There was a little confusion about the mystery photo in the last Sloop's Log. The photo was cropped and the explanation was placed adjacent to the wrong photo! So we are going to print the photo and include the description in the same issue.

Harry Mansfield, son of William and Nancy Hamilton Mansfield, joined the Navy during WWI. Harry grew up in the house near Hamilton Beach, now owned by the Brown family and is known as "Mainestay". He married Isabel (Dottie) Webber and was the father of Kay and Frank Mansfield. In the accompanying photo Harry is in uniform standing in front of his family home. The rock -mid left- in the photo can be found today near the road. The house to the right is the John Hamilton II home now owned by the Gwillim family. John Hamilton's son sold the farm in 1907 to Merriam-Horne Realty, a Portland company that developed the property as is shown in the accompanying plan. The barn shown in the 1881 photo was converted into a bowling alley c. 1907. The bowling alley burned in the January 1915, but it would have certainly been part of Harry's childhood. At the time of this photo the Hamilton house was a summer boarding house known as the Bellevue Cottage.

The house located in the background over Harry's left shoulder is now the summer home of Josh Rent. It faces Littlejohns, on lot 12 of the plan. Originally known as "Tarrymore", it was built for Lena Makee who rented it for many years to John Crowley, editor of the Casco Bay Breeze. It was later owned by the Walsh and Blanchard families.

The 1930s aerial view of the East End shows all three of the houses referenced in this article. See if you can find the Brown's "Mainestay", the Gwillim's "Bellevue", and the Rent's "Tarrymore".



Harry Mansfield



Photo taken c. 1881



Aerial view of East End

Chebeague Amusement Enterprises
At Eastern Landing, Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, Maine

<p>Bowling Pavilion <small>Shooting Range</small> <small>10 Tables, 100 Seats, Entry Free</small></p> <p>Shooting Gallery <small>Refreshment Counter</small> <small>Salt, Soda, Candy and Cigars</small></p> <p>Base Ball Park <small>Placed Built Field in Casco Bay, Maines</small> <small>For Natural Surroundings</small> <small>Nearest to Eastern Landing</small> <small>Grand Stand and Bleachers built this</small> <small>year</small> <small>Casco Bay League Games to be</small> <small>played here</small></p> <p>TENNIS <small>Double Tennis Courts, all enclosed, and</small> <small>hardwood-surface clay</small> <small>court in this building</small></p>		<p>Assembly Hall <small>3000 Feet</small> <small>Just Completed</small> DANCING <small>Tuesdays, Thursdays</small> <small>and Saturdays</small> <small>Perfect Dancing Surface</small> <small>Direct from Casco of Seats</small> <small>Five made by 2-Place Orchestra</small></p> <p>Moving Pictures <small>Mondays, Wednesdays</small> <small>and Fridays</small> <small>Change of Pictures Each Night</small> <small>Highest Class Film Used Regularly</small></p> <p><small>A few choice lots will possibly may be</small> <small>made by applying to</small> HENRY W. CALDWELL <small>BELLEVUE COTTAGE</small> <small>EASTERN LANDING, CHEBEAGUE</small></p>
--	--	---

Accommodations Within Sight of This Property Can Be Secured at the Following Hotels:
 Hill Crest Hamilton Hamilton Villa
 Summit House Bellevue Cottage Orchard Cottage

Don't Fail to Visit This Property While You Are in Casco Bay

Plan

Gone, but not Forgotten

In 1975 the Stavropoulos family, Theo and Susie and Dominique, joined Martha Hamilton to record the inscriptions on the stones at the Chebeague Island Cemetery. With a whole lot of time, effort, and rubbing, they produced a lengthy list, part of which you see quoted below.

By Jane Frizzell

I have often enjoyed searching out the stones with not only the names and dates of our ancestors, but also the verses and poems which those left behind thought to have written on the gravestones of their lost family members. These verses tell us stories. The remembrances can be found on the graves of very young children and on those of the middle aged and the very old. Religious and Victorian sentiments figure heavily in these sad words from those left behind.

I offer some of these words and verses through the Hamiltons in the alphabet. If anyone has been on the island for some time, they will know that in getting through the Hamiltons in the cemetery you will have probably gone at

least halfway through the alphabet. If this doesn't compute for you, ask an "old-timey" neighbor. In the spring, perhaps, we will do verses from the last part of this Stavropoulos/Hamilton project.

Hope you enjoy the quotes below and will visit the cemetery. Look at the notebook in the museum to find these and other engravings.

And if anyone has knowledge of whether these verses were chosen from a pre-written list or were created by the deceased's relatives, please write us a few paragraphs of explanation which we can use the next time. **THANKS!**

Lillian F. daughter of B. & S. Bishop

Died March 3, 1874, Aged 6 mos. 2dys.

*"Oh can this lovely flower be dead
That on our heart such joy did shed
No, doth (?) still in beauty bloom
Beyond the confines of the tomb."*

Rev. Stephen Bennett

Died March 24, 1862 Aet. 79

*"The Godly man has ceased from his
labors.
The faithful one has sailed (?) from
among the children of men."*

Mary widow of Jobe Bennet (sic)

Died June 8, 1835 Aet. 87

*"Blessed are the dead who die in the
Lord."*

Stephen Bennet (sic) Jr.

Died Nov. 4, 1838, Aged 23 yrs. 4 mos.
8 days

*"This flesh and blood I want no more
I land upon a purer shore
My work is done and I resign
That flesh which is no longer mine."*

George Gordon Breed

Born Dec. 30, 1896, Died July 1, 1950

*"He died in faith-
Not having received the promises-
but having seen them afar off and been
persuaded of them."*

Isaac H. Cleaves

Apr. 6 1861, July 12, 1901

*"Tho lost to sight to memory dear."
"Brother"*

Reuben H. Cleaves

Died Jan. 20, 1872, Aged 31 yrs. 11 ms.

*"Sleep on sweet soul thy rest has come
Thy sufferings are all over
No pain can reach thy gentle breast
But bliss forever more.
Though bound to earth by strongest ties
Of pure affection's chain
He meekly gave up all for Christ
And felt to die was gain."*



Continue on page 6 »

» Continued

Clarrisa wife of Stephen Curit

Died Mar. 6, 1875, Aged 72 yrs. 1mo. 15ds.

*“Dear Father may we meet again
Where all is bright and fair
Til then thy presence in the skies
Shall be in us closer here.”*

Charlotte E. dau. of Aaron and Eliza Cleaves

Died Feb. 21, 1861, Aged 12 yrs.

*“She has gone to heaven before us
But she turns and waves her hand
Pointing to the glories o'er her
In that happy spirit land.”*

Willie A. son of Josua L. and Maria Curit

Died Nov. 19, 1873, Aged 14 yrs. 11mos. and 15 ds.

*“The sweet flower has drooped and faded
One sweet youthful voice has fled
One fair brow the grave has shaded
Our dear Willie now is dead.
But we feel no thought of sadness
For we know he's happy now
He has knelt in heartfelt gladness
Where the blessed angels bow.
He has gone to heaven before us
But he turns and waves his hand
Pointing to the glories o'er us
In that happy spirit land.”*



Edmund son of Judah & Polly Chandler

Died Sept. 3, 1832, Aged 3 yrs. & 6 mos.

*“Suffer little children to come unto me
and forbid them not.”*

Polly wife of Judah (Chandler)

who died Aug. 14, 1834 Aet. 47

*“Adieu, my friends, dry up your tears
I must lie here til Christ appears.”*

Charity wife of Stephen Doughty

Died Mar. 17, 1858 Ae. 56 1mo.

*“She was a tender mother here.
And in her life the lord did fear
Have(?) trust our loss will be her gain
And that with Christ she's gone to
reign.”*

Rachel dau. of Stephen & Charity Doughty

Died July 23, 1848 AE. 23

*“God in his wisdom has recalled
The precious boon His love has given
And though the casket moulders
The gem is sparkling now in heaven.”*

Mary A. Doughty dau. of Job & Lucretia Doughty

Died Nov. 11, 1863 Ae. 22yrs. 22 ds

*“A sister here beneath the sod is laid
Whose gentle spirit upward high has
flown
To Christ's own foot kindly said
Put trust in me a place in heaven you'll
own (?)”*

Amanda E. dau. Joanna F. & Asa Doughty

Born Apr. 10, 1875, Died Aug. 1896

*“Dear is the spot where Amanda sleeps
And sweet the strains that angels pour
Oh why should we in anguish weep
She is not lost but gone before.”*

Private Gerald C. son of Geo. H. & Lillian F. Doughty

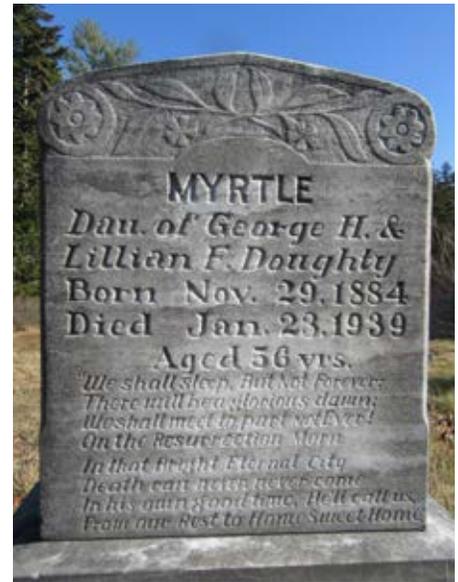
May 17, 1894-Sept. 25, 1918

*“Our dear one has gone home
To the beautiful land
He is lovingly calling with
Beckoning hands.”*

Myrtle dau. of George H. & Lillian F. Doughty

Born Nov. 29, 1884, Died Jan. 23, 1939 aged 56 yrs.

*“We shall sleep but not forever
There will be a glorious dawn
We shall meet to part not ever
On the resurrection morn.
In that Bright Eternal City
Death can never never come
In His own good time He'll call us
From our Rest to Home Sweet Home.”*



Mary wife of David Doughty

Died June 26, 1850 AE. 72 ys.

*“We felt thy worth yet scarcely knew
How pure a light thy spirit shed
Until it faded from our view
And thou wert numbered with the
dead.”*

Sarah wife of Delaney Grannell

Died May 3, 1859 AE. 53

*“Blessed are the dead which die in the
Lord
From henceforth “yea” saith the spirit
that
That they may rest from their labors.”*

**Our Mother- Ruth wife of
Ambrose Hamilton**

Died July 22, 1844 AE. 78 yrs 6 mos.

*"We miss thy voice
We those tones of gladness
That thrilled our hearts like some low
music strain
We mourn for thee yet in each hour of
sadness
Hope whippers (sic) our loss thy eternal
gain."*

**William E. son of Simeon &
Sarah C. Hamilton**

Died Jan. 25, 1861, Aged 21 yrs. 4ms.

*"Dearest brother thou hast left us
Here thy loss we deeply feel
But tis God that has bereft us
He can all our sorrows heal."*

**Mary W. wife of John Hamilton,
2nd.**

Died Apr. 1st 1872, Aged 70 yrs. & 12 ms.

*"The lights are from our household gone
Voices we loved are stilled
Places are vacant at the hearth
Which never come be filled
Dear one, we lay the (sic) in the tomb
But there ye will not dwell
We know tis not the last adieu
Tis but a short farewell."*

Deacon John Hamilton

Died June 8, 1855 AE. 90

*"Our father has gone to a mansion of
rest
From a region of sorrow and pain
To the glorious land of the Deity blest
Where he never can suffer again."*

Eliza W. wife of Benjamin Hamilton

Died May 9, 1895 AEt. 83 yrs. 25ds.

*"Our mother thy gentle voice is hushed
Thy warm true heart is still
And on thy pale and peaceful face
Is resting death's cold chill."*

Louisa wife of Elijah Hamilton

Died Aug. 24, 1852 AEt. 23

*"Now dry your tears dear mourning
friends
For there's a voice sounds gently from
above
It says O weep no more for me
I'm safe in Jesus' love."*

**Sallie Hutchinson wife of James
Hamilton, Jr.**

Died Jan.29, 1889 AE. 91 yrs. 4mos

*"Though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil for thou art with me."*

James Hamilton, Jr.

Died May 8, 1863 AE. 63 yrs. 11mos.

*"No pain nor grief, nor anxious fears
invades thy
bounds; nor mortal woes can reach the
peaceful
sleeper here while angels watch thy soft
repose."*

Mary wife of James Hamilton

Died Sept. 29, 1825 Ae. 49

*"Soon will the great arch-angel's voice
Make all that die in Christ rejoic (sic)
May we, like her, be found prepar'd
To meet our Saviour's great reward."*

James S. Hamilton

Died May 26, 1869 AE. 90yrs. 10mos.

*"A light is from our household gone
A voice we loved is stilled
A place is vacant at our hearth
Which never can be filled."*

**Mother - Sarah T. wife of
James Hamilton**

Died June 22, 1881 aged 74 yrs. 2mos.

*"We shall meet no more on the desert of
time
Nor hear the glad sound of your voice
But if faithful at last shall reach that
blest clime
And with you forever rejoice."*

**Roswell E. son of Robert Hamilton,
Jr. & Betsy, his wife**

Died June 6, 1861, Aged 2 yrs. 11mos. &
15 ds.

*"He left us when most lovely seemed
This fresh green earth of ours
But purer, fresher scenes are his."*

**Osborn L. son of Robert Hamilton,
Jr. & his wife, Betsy**

Died June 6, 1861, Aged 9 mos. 15ds.

*"So fades the lovely blooming flower
Frail smiling solace of an hour
So soon our transient comforts fly
And pleasure only blooms to die."*

And finally an appropriate verse for a man who lived a very full and sad life. Following his poem are listed 3 wives: Harriet aged 53 yrs.; Jane aged 45 yrs.; Hannah aged 59 and several children who predeceased him.

Ambrose Hamilton, Jr.

Died Feb. 25, 1873, Aged 63 yrs. 6mos.

*"I have fought the good fight
I have finished my course
I have kept the faith
Henceforth there is laid up for me a
crown
of righteousness which the Lord, the
righteous
judge, shall give me on the day."*

Chebeague and Maritime Enterprise (Part One)

During 2018 and 2019, the Historical Society's museum exhibit was entitled "Chebeague and Maritime Enterprise." It was an effort to capture some of the ways that Chebeaguers have supported themselves while living on this island, from the first English settlement to today.



Hamilton & Co. store and warehouse on the Stone Wharf

by Toby Webb

Chebeaguers have always lived at the ocean's edge. In the 280 years since permanent settlement began here, how have they created livelihoods for themselves? In the exhibit, we explored some of the many occupations Chebeaguers have pursued that put the ocean to use. We introduced just some of those enterprising islanders: boat builders, ships' captains, lighthouse builders, merchants, "stone sloopers," fishermen, mariners and more. We saw how they often pursued more than one occupation at a time or changed careers as the economy of the island or its natural resources changed.

We couldn't tell every islander's story, but the history of the island is made up

of the histories of individuals. The ones we chose were representative of the hardworking and entrepreneurial types that have always inhabited Chebeague. Here in the Sloop's Log, we will preserve some of their stories, now that the exhibit has been taken down.

Henry O. Hamilton (1841-1918) *Master Clammer*

Typical of the hard work done by Chebeaguers over the centuries was the clamming of Henry Hamilton. When salted clams were used as bait by New England's Grand Banks fishing vessels, Hamilton & Co., located on the Stone Wharf, provided the bait.

Between February and May of 1886, one of Chebeague's clammers, Henry O. Hamilton, dug approximately 828 bushels of clams. He then shelled them, filling 69 bait barrels. Hamilton & Co. paid him \$4 per barrel (about \$60 in 2019).



Henry Oren Hamilton

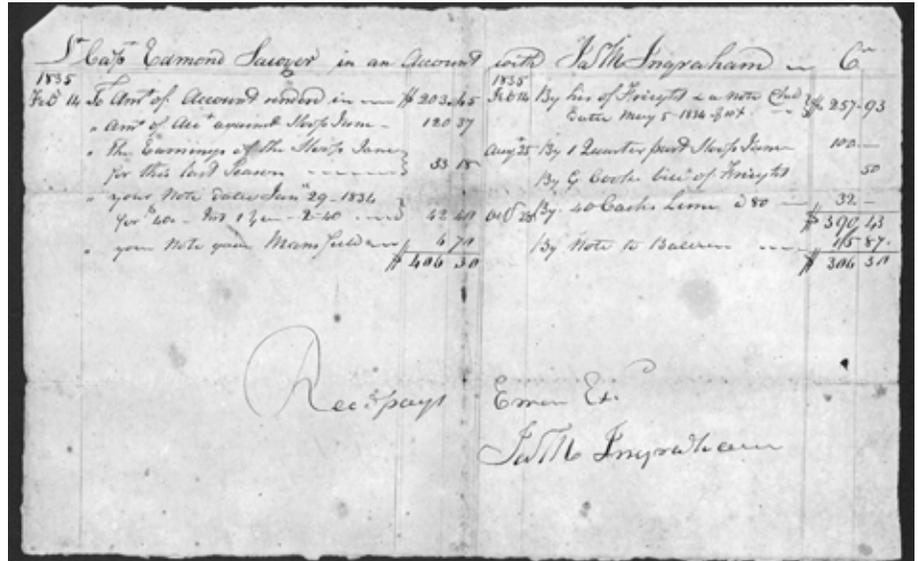
If you lived on an island, in a beautiful bay, at the edge of the Atlantic Ocean ... what would you do for a living?

Coasting and Early Involvement in the Atlantic World

In an article in the Sloop's Log in 2017, David Ruscak and I explored the early land ownership of Chebeague. King Charles I of England gave Fernando Gorges a patent for the Province of Maine, including Casco Bay, in 1639. But in the 1640s, after Charles was executed and Oliver Cromwell led Parliament, George Cleeves represented a competing grant that was approved by Cromwell. Settling Chebeague was delayed as competing claimants under these and other grants argued over ownership, and as all Europeans in Casco Bay fought in a series of wars with Native Americans. It was not until the 1730s that Massachusetts settled the competing land claims and settlement could truly begin. Thomas Westbrook got clear title to the East End in 1735 and Zachariah Chandler bought the West End in 1746. He sold land west of Division Point to Ambrose Hamilton in 1756. The early English settlers of Chebeague were primarily farmers. The island offered them land and timber. But for the islanders, the waters of the Bay became the essential highway. Delivery of crops to market and communication with the mainland required boats. And so farmers became boatmen as well.



Chebeague in 1776



Edmund Sawyer Receipt from Merrill

By the early 1800s, a trade known as “coasting” had developed, which involved sailing vessels along the Atlantic Coast to deliver cargoes of many sorts. Many Chebeague families were active in this trade. Some owned shares in the vessels they captained, while others entered into agreements with ship owners who received a percentage of the vessel’s profits as their payment. In 1832, Edmund Sawyer of Chebeague agreed to pay Thomas Merrill of Portland 2/5 of the profits made in coasting with the sloop *Henry*, which Merrill owned, and to pay for any repairs to the sloop. Sawyer family papers in the Maine Historical Society’s archives show that Sawyer carried a variety of cargo from apples to lime.

Many coasters transported lumber that had been milled after being harvested in Maine’s forests. In 1834 tragedy hit Chebeague’s Ross family when the schooner *Chancellor*, captained by John Ross and crewed by two of his sons, was damaged in mid-winter delivering lumber to Boston. They were found a week later ninety miles off the coast of Massachusetts, but ultimately they all died of exposure. Their names

can be found on Chebeague’s Toll of the Sea memorial in Chandler’s Cove Field. As time went on, Chebeaguers came to excel in one kind of coasting, carrying rock blasted from the islands of Casco Bay to construction projects in Portland. This business evolved



Toll of the Sea Memorial

into carrying granite from the coastal quarries of Maine and Massachusetts to points along the eastern seaboard. But research has uncovered one Chebeaguer ready to travel much farther, in ships of his own making.

Continue on next page »

Growing Up On Chebeague

Whether you grew up on the island year-round or spent childhood summers on Chebeague, the people, places, and events of youth are rooted in the person you have become. You can sit around a table having lunch decades later and the years melt away as those memories of a shared childhood surface and dominate the conversation. If you go to school, church, scouts, hang-out afternoons, and go to town to the movies with the same youngsters - day in and day out for more than a decade - you create a shared background. When you talk about places like the “Blowdowns”; toys like a “Ginny Doll, dollhouse” or a “Roy Rogers play set”; or remember practices such as raising your arm when you “pledge allegiance”, no explanations are needed.

If you shared experiences such as walking home in the dark after MYF, playing ball in the “Center”, or watching a friend ride his horse to Bible school, you know that a neighbor will also remember. You hear “Swatfest” stories or hear someone say that the “tide’s out at the water hole”, no explanations are needed. If you can’t remember a name, you know who to call. As the saying goes: “You can’t make old friends!”

The Chebeague Island Historical Society will explore Chebeague childhood - birth to marriage - in its 2020 exhibit: Growing Up On Chebeague. We will tell Chebeague’s story - the evolution of the community - through the eyes of its children.

The exhibit will share all aspects of childhood, both year-round and summer, but we need your help. We hope you will allow us to scan some of your favorite photos of you, your children, grandchildren and/or ancestors that show what being a kid on Chebeague



Wayne Dyer, Donna and David Miller, Cappy Dyer

means. We also need your memories, artifacts, and memorabilia to enhance the exhibit. They can be lent or donated if you prefer, but objects make an exhibit! For example we are looking for some specific things, like a Little League shirt from Ray Hayward’s 1960s team, a “Game Boy”, or more generic items like games, toys, and costumes. If you have a photo of you using the item, even better! Stories can be shared in writing, audio, or video. We would be happy to visit you to capture your memories of parties, adventures, school, play, work, events, shows, memorable Chebeaguers, hangouts, etc. Just let us know.

Written memories can be emailed to chebeaguehistory@gmail.com or sent to CIHS PO Box 28, Chebeague Island ME 04017. For more information, call the Museum, leave a message, and we will call you back - 207-846-5237.

While we won’t be able to use everything, the information and photos will be archived and may appear in notebooks that will be created for the exhibit. That said, we will include at least one image of anyone who submits a photo and hope to incorporate the photos of hundreds of other people who are in other collections!



Ethyl Newcomb



Gary Ross

Rachel Ellen Miller Sanderson (1906-1994)



Childhood experiences create the foundation on which our lives are built. For some of us those memories are rooted in place. Growing up on an island provides unique opportunities to develop connections that are difficult to replicate in other settings. With geographic isolation comes opportunities and creates a strong sense of place. As we age, those early memories become even more important.

By Donna Miller Damon

Such was the case with Rachel Ellen Miller, who was born in a house overlooking Coleman's Cove, located where Ariette Scott's home now sits. The daughter of Harry and Carrie Jewett Miller, Rachel was delivered by Dr. Leon L. Hale who attended the births of the majority of Chebeague's children from the 1880s-1930s. She was born (as she later wrote) "as the sun was rising over Casco Bay and the

Harry, Carrie and Rachel Miller - Western Landing 1906



2. West End School c. 1914 - George Hicks, Photographer

*Front Row L-R: Charlie Ross, Warren Doughty Sr., Barton Curit, Eugene Hale, Manley Dyer, Harold Ricker, Leon Hale, Margaret Doughty, Lida Ricker, Rachel Miller, Laura Ross, Florence Bailey, Teacher
Back Row L-R: Bailey Osgood, Clifford Doughty, Ralph Small, George Ross, Ray Ricker, Herbert Ross, Nettie Doughty, Helen Curit, Henry Dyer, Sr., Evelyn Hicks, Venora Westman, Stella Osgood, Melissa Ricker, Violet Doughty, Etta Doughty.*



Rachel, Bill, and Ellsworth Miller



Ellsworth, Rachel, and Bill Miller

lilacs were in bloom.” Rachel had two younger brothers: Ellsworth b. 1910 and Haridon William “Bill” b. 1913.

Rachel remembered walking to the Higgins’ farm to get milk before going to school. Mary Higgins would always greet her with a warm biscuit slathered in butter and homemade strawberry preserves. She attended the West End School where she was inspired by older student Nettie Doughty’s beautifully illustrated journal of original poems. From the schoolhouse steps she saw Dr. Hale go by in his buggy and was surprised when another student told her that she would have a new baby at her house when she got home and sure enough it was true – her brother Bill had arrived. Although she eventually lived in Boston, she remained close to her brothers.

These memories and more stayed with her throughout the many transitions in her life. Rachel Miller went on to attend Northfield Academy and Boston University. She married Philip Sanderson, a Baptist minister and supported his work until his death when she was only 42. She went on to have a career as a book reviewer and seller for Boston’s flagship Jordan Marsh, where she met many of the best-selling authors of the 1950s and 1960s. She later worked for Harris Stamp Company evaluating old stamp collections. But all through the years of working and raising her family, she stayed connected to Chebeague. Rachel and her husband built a small camp on the island from wood salvaged from the Hamilton Hotel. The camp is now owned by her daughter, Norma Morahan, and is enjoyed by four generations of Rachel’s descendants.

Over the years Rachel Miller Sanderson’s interests were many, but writing was a constant. She and her husband were early participants of the Maine Writer’s Conference at Ocean Park. Founded in 1941, Rachel attended the summer retreats until the late 1980s. The Conference began in 1941 to provide, “an informal meeting place of inspiration and instruction for all persons interested in the writing arts, whether prose or poetry, whether or not they themselves are writers.” A prize for environmental writing was named for her late husband. After her retirement, Rachel focused on poetry as what she described as “a cheap hobby.” All she needed was a pen, a piece of paper, an envelope, and a stamp. She lived to see her work published in more than 500 periodicals, newspapers, and poetry journals across the country. Her subject matter ranged from the environment, religion, home and family, to the tranquility of the Maine coast and the many facets of the city life in Boston. As her poems were published, she neatly hand wrote them in a series of journals. She included the name of the publication and the date it was published.

At the time of her death in 1994, Rachel was president of the Boston Browning Society as well as a member of many other Boston organizations. The accompanying poems are just a sample of those inspired by her childhood growing up on Chebeague Island, Maine.

Continue on next page »

Rachel Ellen Miller Sanderson (1906-1994)

A Thank You to My Father

In a surround
of silence
my father held me,
a three-year old,
in his left arm.
With his right hand
he dipped a tin dipper
into a water pail
and held it for me to drink.
Gently he placed me back in bed.

Now,
more than three quarters
of century later,
I wish that I could tell him,
“Thank You.”

Rachel Miller Sanderson 1993



Harry and Rachel Miller

Letting Go

Each day we must let go
of something / something
our knowing cherishes:
the time - rotted apple tree
that held the children's swings
the family home when smaller
space is space enough;
close people who leave for a
faraway place or even farther.

A mental file stays with us
of memories we keep in order
For them we give our daily thanks.

Rachel Miller Sanderson 1992

Wreaths Across Chebeague



Donnie MacNeill has come up with a great idea. If each Chebeaguer adopts a veteran's grave and places a wreath on the stone the community can recognize the contribution of the veterans throughout the winter just as we do in the summer and fall when we observe the sea of flags placed on Memorial Day. To that end several islanders trekked into the cemetery to place wreaths. Donnie began with the Revolutionary War and others helped out! Cathy MacNeill's photos show the wreaths on the stones of David Upton (1), Benjamin Mitchell (2), and Solomon Sawyer (3), who all served in the Revolution. They all have descendants living on Chebeague. Jane Frizzell, some Rosses, as well as Burgeses and Todds are descendants of David Upton, while some islanders are descendants of more than one! Beth Putnam, her father Rick, and her three sons are descendants of Mitchell and Sawyer!

We hope many islanders will place wreaths next winter!

Chebeaguers Go to War - Part II

While the major battles of World War I were fought an ocean away from Chebeague, the impact was felt as, one by one, 24 islanders volunteered or were called up for active duty. Part one of Chebeague Goes to War (Sloops Log Winter 2019) focused on the community the soldiers and sailors left behind and followed the exploits of the men who travelled overseas. We pick up the story of the Chebeaguers serving in World War I in the late summer of 1918.

By Donna Miller Damon

Although there appeared to be an end in sight in Europe, the USA continued to call up soldiers and sailors. Island boys travelled to Massachusetts for basic training. Soldiers went to Fort Devens in Ayer, MA, which is north of Boston, while sailors went south of Boston to Hingham.

Soldiers and sailors lived and trained in close quarters which created a petri dish environment for germs and viruses. Antibiotics were yet to be

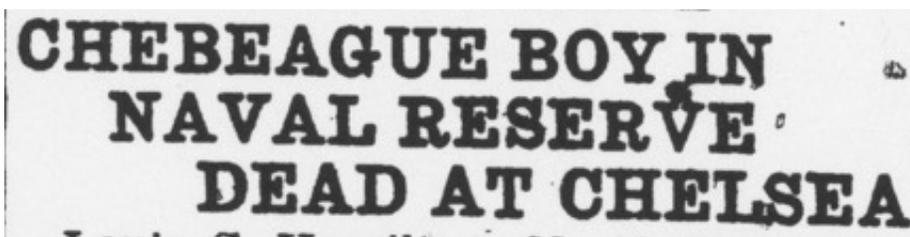
million, or one third of the world's population at the time, contracted the flu; more than 675,000 Americans died; and the flu killed 15,849 US soldiers in France and another 30,000 servicemen in stateside camps. The total loss of 45,849 flu deaths eclipsed those in the Meuse-Argonne campaign in France by more than 18,572!

The 1918 influenza pandemic killed more American soldiers and sailors during World War I than all the weapons

However, three of their peers, who never left New England, died of what came to be known as the Spanish Influenza. They are considered World War I casualties the same as if they had died in a battle on the Western Front. Chebeague lost three native sons in nine days. We can only imagine the veil of sorrow that enveloped the community as islanders tried to support the families of these young men. In those days Chebeague's family connections were even more intertwined than they are today, so all islanders lost a relative or a friend. All three young men were brought home and are buried in family plots in the Chebeague cemetery.

Their stories are based on family letters, newspaper clippings, photographs, certificates, and stories that have been passed down by people who knew them. While the sources and amount of material varies from person to person, they were all part of the Chebeague community and were held in high regard. We just have more information about some of them than others.

Continue on next page »



discovered, so the environment was ripe for the transmission of disease. While many theories exist regarding origin of the 1918 influenza pandemic, one thing is certain, 1543 soldiers at Fort Devens were diagnosed with the flu in a single day. More than 500

in France. Surprisingly, those who were young and strong seemed to be most susceptible, lowering the average age of those who died in the pandemic to 28. Chebeague was not spared. While the war in France was horrific, all the Chebeaguers who went overseas survived.

1. <https://www.cdc.gov/features/1918-flu-pandemic/index.html>

2. <https://www.worldwar1centennial.org/index.php/communicate/press-media/wwi-centennial-news/3978-flu-killed-more-world-war-i-troops-than-any-battle.html>



Louis Francis Hamilton USN (1896-1918)

Louis Francis Hamilton was born on Chebeague, the son of Sherman and Alice Dyer Hamilton, and grew up in

the house now owned by Tina Runge. Louis attended the District 9 Schoolhouse until he was old enough to go fishing.

By the time he enlisted in the Navy in May 1918, he owned a Hampton fishing boat that he named after his youngest sister, Melba. Louis was very close to his siblings. It is not surprising that he spent one of his last trips home with family at the beach next to Central which was below his home.

He completed basic training in Hingham, Massachusetts before being assigned to the *U.S.S. Eleanor*, a converted yacht. Based in Boston, the *Eleanor* patrolled the New England coast. Louis Hamilton was rated a seaman second class. He described his duties in his last letter home written on August 14, 1918:

The captain is a great fellow, about 30 years old. We have to be up at 5 o'clock every morning and swab the decks, oil down all the ropes, and make everything secure. Besides that I have to take care of all of the guns, also the big gun, which is a one pounder. Keep all of the rust off from them.

The letter stopped, and he picked it up a few days later after a sightseeing tour in Boston:

I have visited the Bunker Hill Monument. Although I couldn't get into it, I was all around it. It seems as though the government has asked the authorities of Boston to close it until the end of the War.



At the beach next to Central (Winona, Melba, Vera, and Louis Hamilton and Ruth Osgood)



School photo - Louis mid back with bow tie

He went on to ask about family and friends, including some of Chebeague's old folks. The letter was upbeat but ended on a comment that would foreshadow the tragedy that would unfold:

The fellows on the ship are all young fellows, jolly all the time. I have great fun swimming. I go in everyday out at sea, and I have got a cold from it so I cough every minute or two.

Within a week Louis Hamilton's condition worsened, and he was admitted to the Chelsea Naval Hospital. His family was notified and his parents and his sister, Vera, rushed to Boston.

Chebeaguers Go to War - Part II

Louis' oldest sister, Statira Hamilton Osgood, stayed with his younger siblings - Lida (Small) 13, Leland 11, and Melba (Miller) 6. Chebeague had no telephones so Statie told them that when their folks returned and walked up the hill from Central Landing that their heads would be up if it was good news - and down if the worst had happened. The children waited. When their parents and sister Vera came home, they walked up the hill from the wharf - heads down. Louis Francis Hamilton had died on September 16th, on his mother's birthday. Louis' body laid in the family's living room, casket open, before being taken to the Methodist Church for the funeral. He was interred in the Chebeague Cemetery.

LOUIS F. HAMILTON.
CHEBEAGUE ISLAND, Sept. 28.— This community was shocked to hear of the death of Louis Francis Hamilton, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Hamilton, which occurred at Chelsea Naval Hospital, Chelsea, Mass, the death occurring on the birthday of the mother which made it doubly sad for the family. Double pneumonia, following an attack of Spanish influenza was the immediate cause.

The deceased who was but 21 years of age, was of a most lovable disposition and noble character, and will be greatly missed by all who were fortunate enough to know him. When he enlisted in the service last summer he wrote home to his parents that he was in the war to win whether it be one year or five.

He was stationed on the U. S. S. Eleanor, Boston Harbor. He gave his young life as truly for his Country as though struck down by the enemy's bullet, and all through his illness not a murmur of complaint escaped his lips.

Besides his father and mother he leaves four sisters and one brother to mourn his loss. This loved one has gone, but his memory will ever live in the hearts of his family, relatives and friends.

The funeral took place the 19th from the Methodist Church at Chebeague Island.

The many beautiful floral pieces spoke of the love and esteem in which he was held, among them being an anchor of roses, marked Louis from father and mother, and a pillow marked brother, from sisters Statie and Vera. We have laid him to rest with the blessed assurance that we shall meet our dear Louis when Jesus comes to make up His jewels.

We have laid him to rest with sorrow,
 Our hearts breaking with grief and pain,
 But we know there's a glad tomorrow
 And we'll meet with our loved one again.



Bert Ricker

Robert Lyndon Ricker USN (1895-1918)

The island community was devastated by the loss of Louis Hamilton, but it had no time to recover. Four days later word came that Robert Lyndon Ricker, known as Bert had also succumbed to the influenza at the Chelsea Naval Hospital. Bert Ricker, the son of Charles and Cora Ricker, was born and grew up on Chebeague in the house now occupied by Bruce Bowman. He attended the West End School. Like Louis Hamilton, Bert was a fisherman with his own boat and gear.

Bert Ricker wrote nine letters to his mother, Cora, between August 16 and September 13, 1918, which are part of the CIHS Priscilla Ricker Rich Collection donated by Cathy MacNeill. Bert's love of his family and community are evident in his letters, but he also provides details about his life in basic training. Through his writings, Bert Ricker provides an insight into how a Chebeague fisherman adjusted to the life of a sailor in basic training during World War I.

By August 16, 1918, Bert Ricker was stationed at the Hingham Naval Training Station in Hingham, Massachusetts,

Continue on next page »



West End School



and remained there until early September. As the letters show, he made the best of the situation, but family and friends were not far from his thoughts. He inquired about family and friends, including Ed Jenks. Thanks to Paul Cleary, we have a postcard of Bert Ricker's Hingham barracks, written by Bert thanking Ed Jenks for a letter. It is moving that Ed kept the card to remember his young friend.

Bert Ricker was anxious to know the whereabouts of his peers who were serving in the military. In several letters, he asked for news about Carlos Newcomb, his West End schoolmate. Little did he know that Carlos was amid the worst fighting on the Western Front.

As a man who made his living from the sea, basic training such as learning to row and tie knots must have seemed comical. It wasn't long before Bert was helping to teach the new sailors how to row and even though the food was good, he missed island cooking:

I don't like it as well as fishing but it is alright. (August 16) Tell my father and grandfather that I will show them how to tie knots when I get home. I am the best eater that is here. We have ice cream and everything. Tell Ernest (his cousin) to save a carful of lobsters, for when I get home, for I will be hungry for them. (August 18)

I had a haddock chowder for my dinner the other day. It didn't seem like the ones I got at home or any of the food don't seem the same. (Sept 1)

Bert Ricker reported that he was given three suits of white uniforms, two suits of blue uniforms, and three sets of underwear. On August 22, 1918, he described the base showers:

We have the finest place to wash I ever saw there is hot and cold water spray to get under. I have seen as many as fifty in there at once.

It should be noted that at that time many Chebeaguers lived in homes with outdoor plumbing. He described

sleeping in hammocks with mattresses and blankets and found it comfortable.

Throughout the letters, Ricker expressed the belief that the War was nearly over:

I don't think that the boys around here will have to take much part in the war, for it will soon be done, by what everybody thinks. (August 23)

In Bert Ricker's opinion, Hingham was more of a working camp than training camp. One of his duties included loading ammunition that was headed for France:

Well, yesterday forenoon we all went over to a big storehouse where they keep a lot of boxes to ship - gun shells to France - We handle and pile up over five thousand of them in number in three hours. They are about five feet long and 8 by 8 inches wide. (September 2)

They also spent shifts wheeling coal to the barracks. But he still had hope of getting out to sea on a patrol boat.

Chebeaguers Go to War - Part II

If I get on a patrol boat, I will be home a whole lot of time. Sinnett (a common last name in Harpswell) says that the boys from Bailey Island are home two to three nights to a time. That is where I will be- on one of them boats before a month - around Portland. This is not half bad up here as it might be, only it is out of my line of business. (August 23)

As his time in Hingham came to an end, Bert yearned to be on the water:

Well, me and Roy (a fellow sailor from Aroostook County ME) began to learn the signals which they use on the patrol boats. They do their talking by flags when they want to talk to them on shore. (September 2)

During the first week of September 1918, Bert Ricker was transferred to the Naval Rifle Range in Wakefield, Massachusetts. Before leaving Hingham, he took out a life insurance policy for \$10,000. In 1914 Congress had created a War Risk Insurance program to cover shipping and personnel during World War I. Even though the United States hadn't entered the war in 1914, the maritime industry was threatened by German U-Boats. Little did Bert know that his mother would soon collect on that policy and that she would receive a check for

September 13, 1918
Dear mother just a line to let you know that I will be home Saturday. I am at Wakefield yet we will stay here for a little while yet. I went up and seen the Captain last night he said that we was coming home Saturday that we was going to leave at 5 o'clock at night, that means to get in Portland at 11 o'clock at night. Well write from Bert

Bert Ricker letter September 13, 1918

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL	WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM		CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Telegram				Telegram	
Day Letter	DL			Day Letter	DL
Night Message	NM			Night Message	NM
Night Letter	NL			Night Letter	NL
<small>If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.</small>		<small>NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT</small>		<small>If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.</small>	

Form 1204

RECEIVED AT
B2B 012
WAKEFIELD MASS 305P SEPT 13-18
SARGENT LORD CO 173
COMMERCIAL ST PORTLAND ME
NOTIFY CHARLES RICKER I AM SICK WILL NOT MEET HIM SATURDAY NIGHT
ROBERT RICKER
355PM

Bert Ricker telegram September, 1918

\$57.50 a month for the next fifteen years. When Bert Ricker arrived in Hingham, he formed a friendship with a young man named Roy Wyman from Aroostook County, Maine. Ricker mentions Wyman in nearly every letter. They went on excursions together and frequently wrote letters home side by side.

My chum Roy is around with me all the time. He is a very fine fellow. He is a farmer. I gave him some of the apples and the cake that was sent to me. (August 31)

Therefore, it is not surprising that Bert Ricker took his friend home with him on his first leave, September 6-8. Travel from Wakefield, Massachusetts to Portland took about six hours, but it must have been worth the time for Bert planned a return trip the next weekend.

Training at the Navy Rifle Range in Wakefield seems more like the Army than the Navy:

This forenoon I was out shoveling dirt till eleven-30 and this afternoon I was down in the trenches putting up targets for a while. Then I was shooting with the rifle the rest of the afternoon. (September 9)

Four days later Bert Ricker wrote home describing plans for his next furlough. But it wasn't meant to be because later that day he sent a telegram to Sargent Lord Co., a Portland ship chandlery fre-

quented by Chebeague fishermen, asking them to notify his father that he was sick and would not be coming home. (11 Telegram) The next day, September 14, Bert Ricker was admitted to the Chelsea Naval Hospital where Louis Hamilton lay dying. While we don't

OBITUARY

Robert Lyndon Ricker, U. S. N., R.
(Communicated.)
On Tuesday, Sept. 24, Robert Lyndon Ricker, son of Charles and Cora Ricker, was laid at rest in the cemetery of Chebeague Island. For a month he had served as apprentice seaman in the United States Naval Reserve, where he had done his work with thoroughness and intelligence. By those who knew him this record of work well done was only the last chapter of a life history that is an inspiration to all good men. From the beginning of his career as a fisherman he was honest, industrious, and thrifty. When but 18 years old he had already bought his own boat (one of the finest Hamptons in the bay) and all his gear. With the true spirit of independence he brought content and happiness to the home in which he lived, and never sought the pecuniary assistance which most children take as their due. In business and in all dealings he was honest, alert, clear-minded, generous. Guided by high principles, he leaves the record of a noble young life cut short in the performance of duty to his Country.

know for sure, it is probable that the Rickers were at the hospital holding vigil with the Hamilton family when Louis died. Robert Lyndon Ricker succumbed to the influenza on September 20th, four days after Louis passed. He is buried in the Chebeague Cemetery.

Continue on next page »

Chebeaguers Go to War - Part II

Form 1 REGISTRATION CARD 448 No. 12

1 Name in full Gerald Clifford Doughty Age in yrs 23

2 Home address Chebeague Isl. Maine

3 Date of birth May 17 1894

4 Are you (1) a natural born citizen, (2) a naturalized citizen, (3) an alien, (4) or have you declared your intention (specify which)? Natural born Citizen

5 Where were you born? Chebeague Island Maine

6 If not a citizen, of what country are you a citizen or subject?

7 What is your present trade, occupation, or office? Fisherman

8 By whom employed?

9 Where employed?

10 Have you a father, mother, wife, child under 18, or a sister or brother under 18, wholly dependent on you for support (specify which)? No

11 Married or single (which)? Single Race (specify which)? Caucasian

12 What military service have you had? Rank No Branch

13 Do you claim exemption from draft (specify grounds)? No

I affirm that I have verified above answers and that they are true.

Gerald Clifford Doughty

Gerald Clifford Doughty Registration

REGISTRAR'S REPORT

18-1-3-A

1 Tall, medium, or short (specify which)? Medium Slender, medium, or stout (which)? Medium

2 Color of eyes? Black Color of hair? Black Bald? No

3 Has person lost arm, leg, hand, foot, or both eyes, or is he otherwise disabled (specify)? No

I certify that my answers are true, that the person registered has read his own answers, that I have witnessed his signature, and that all of his answers of which I have knowledge are true, except as follows:

Winfield R Hamilton
(Signature of registrar)

Locality Island Chebeague

City or County Kennebec

Date June 5 1917
(Date of registration)

Chebeague was a small community so it is not surprising that four sets of brothers served in World War I: Harland and Roland Webber; Carlyle and Perley MacDonald; Harry and Walter Mansfield; and George Stanley and Gerald Clifford "Cliff" Doughty.

The Doughty brothers were inducted into the Army in Yarmouth on June 24, 1918. They were sons of George and Lillian Wallace Doughty and grew up in a large family on the West End. Their siblings included sister Goldie, who was known to many for her musical talents, and brother, Cecil "Pete", who was Cecil Amos Doughty's father. The Doughty brothers were fishermen like most of the islanders who served in World War I.

In August, Gerald Clifford Doughty, who was known as Cliff, was sent to Fort Devens in Massachusetts. He was in basic training when he contracted the Spanish Influenza in mid-September. The flu had been running rampant through the camp and 15 soldiers died on September 20th! Soldiers were not allowed to leave the camp for fear that they would spread the disease, which

was already an epidemic. It is not known when Cliff contracted the flu, but he died on September 25, 1918. His obituary describes a musical, fun-loving young man who was popular with the Cottage Road summer folks. At the time of his death, Cliff was engaged to be married to Celia Curit, daughter of the Ballard caretakers, Walter and Lizzie Curit.



CLIFFORD G. DOUGHTY.

(Communicated).
"Eternal youth is death's surpassing gift to those He claimed too soon." This is the compensating and comforting thought that sustains the sorrowing relatives and friends through the otherwise unbearable sadness of the loss of their beloved young relative; and comrade, Private Clifford G. Doughty of Chebeague Island who died at the age of 22 years on Wednesday from the dread Spanish influenza that is ravaging the camp. His brief life was an exceedingly happy one and was passed in continually dispensing pleasure to those around him.

Private Doughty was the possessor of many natural talents. He had a singing voice of rare quality and excelled in the art of dancing and mimicry, making him a valuable addition to any gathering. These gifts he lavished freely among his friends and seemingly never tired of giving himself, although frequently sought after.

Private Doughty went to Camp Devens in August and was at his home on short leave two weeks ago. His death comes as a severe blow to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Doughty, of Chebeague Island, his brothers, Captain Ernest S. Doughty, Stanley, Cecil and Bernard Doughty, and to his sisters, the Misses Myrtle and Goldie Doughty, and Mrs. Violet Goodwin, all of Chebeague Island. Also in the household of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Curit, to whose daughter, Miss Celia Curit, he was engaged to be married, practically making the Curit Farm his home, as he was employed there for three years, on the Ballard estate. "Cliff" was the idol of all. Summer residents of the fashionable colony of Chebeague made the first inquiries every season for "Cliff" and included him in all their sports and gatherings. He was a base ball player of skill and was a member of the island team for several seasons. The funeral will be held today from his parents' home at west end. Chebeague. Interment will be in the Chebeague Island cemetery.

Chebeaguers Go to War - Part II

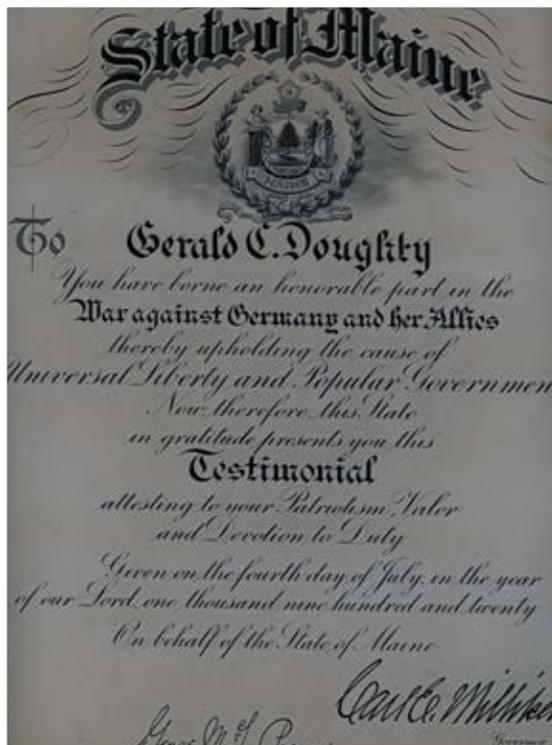
How does an island community deal with such a tragedy? It took several years to determine a proper way to recognize the contribution of the twenty-four young men who served their country during World War I and to memorialize those who died during that service. In 1921 the City of Portland planted a linden tree along Baxter Bou-

levard for each Mainer who died during the war including Louis, Bert and Gerald. Memorial tags identify which tree is dedicated to which veteran. The State of Maine sent each participant a certificate of appreciation. Thanks to Nila Lilley, copies of her great uncles' certificates, have been shared with us.

the graves of deceased veterans. But that was not enough. The people of Chebeague decided that they needed to erect a permanent memorial honoring those who served in World War I and dedicated to the memory of the three island boys who died. On March 6, 1923 the voters in the Town of Cumberland held a Town Meeting. The warrant records that Selectman Frank Rines had included several initiatives to benefit the people of Chebeague including buying the Stone Wharf, extending the gas street light system, expanding the cemetery, digging a cemetery well, as well as the erection of a World War 1 memorial on Chebeague. Article 31 read:

To see if the town will vote to permit a committee to place a memorial tablet in memory of those serving in the world war, within the limits of the town highway on Chebeague Island.

But what would be Chebeague's response? Henry Bowen, minister, storekeeper, and community organizer, before there was such a term, inspired the island to take a two-pronged approach. The first was to establish a Memorial Day observance to recognize the contribution that islanders had made serving in all branches of the service. Together with Minnie Grannell Bennett, they followed the church service by putting wreaths and flags on



Gerald Clifford Doughty Certificate





Henry Bowen, assisted by Mina Doughty and others oversaw the project. The tablet, installed on a five-ton granite rock, which had been found on the shore, was dedicated on Memorial Day 1923. It still stands in front of what was then the Chebeague Island High School and now is known as Schoolhouse Seconds.

The tradition of honoring our veterans continues each Memorial Day as islanders gather at the Methodist Church to remember the World War I veterans as well as other veterans who are buried on Chebeague. The community, including the children, put out the flags in the cemetery and flank the World War I memorial tablet with flags just as generations Chebeaguers did before them. The Memorial Day observance, one of Chebeague's oldest traditions, continues to remind us about Chebeague's contribution to World War I and of the sacrifices of those who serve in the military, their families, and the communities they leave behind.

World War I Veterans from Chebeague

(Photos from Chebeague Island Historical Society)



Roland I. Webber
(Army)



Clifton E. Ross
(Army)



Carlyle A. MacDonald
(Army)



Sidney W. Hamilton
(Navy)



Harland B. Webber
(Army)



Perley J. MacDonald
(Army)



Paul J. Hamilton
(Army)



George A. Cleaves
(Army)



Everett L. Soule
(Navy)



Carlos A. Newcomb
(Army)



Gerald C. Doughty*
(Army)



Robert L. Ricker*
(Navy)



Charles A. (Carl) Grannell
(Navy)



Ervin O. Hamilton
(Army)



James W. Ross
(Army)



Louis F. Hamilton*
(Navy)



Capt. Thomas D. Turner
(Navy)



Capt. James L. Long
(Navy)



Ernest W. Hamilton



Harry L. Mansfield
(Navy)



Joseph C. Thompson
(Army)



George S. Doughty
(Army)

Walter H. Mansfield **Theodore P. Hill**
(Army) (Army)

** Veterans who died from the 1918 flu pandemic*

Credit: Beverly Johnson



the Sloop's Log

Chebeague Island Historical Society
P.O. Box 28
Chebeague Island, ME 04017

NON PROFIT ORGANIZATION

Chebeague Island Historical Society
US Postage Paid Permit #6
Chebeague Island, ME 04017

Postal Patron
04017

the Sloop's Log



» Newsletter of the Chebeague Island Historical Society

Winter 2020 Issue

Mystery Photo Winter 2020

Chebeague's shoreline and abutting landmarks are ever changing. Where is this photo, about when was it taken, and who is the child growing up on Chebeague?

