

THE SLOOP'S LOG

Newsletter of the Chebeague Island Historical Society
Volume XIII, Issue 1



Dear Sloop's Log Readers,

Thanks for joining us in our retelling of Chebeague Island history, and we hope you enjoy the following articles.

The year 2009 is the 25th anniversary of the creation of the Chebeague Island Historical Society. A lot has happened at the CIHS in those 25 years so we plan to do some celebrating this summer. We are planning a House Tour, a cruise to Fort Gorges in Portland Harbor, and programs about the history of the CIHS, the history of the Cottage Road Summer Colony, the history of artists who have painted Chebeague scenes, and the history of Suhail Bisharat's guided tours to other lands. And there could be more. We might even have a guided tour of Parker's/Littlefield's Woods. Watch the Calendar for dates and times.

Thank you to all our contributors and to Carly Knight for being our computer dude.

We would also like especially to extend our thanks, thoughts, and prayers to our loyal volunteers, Marianne Brenton and Hobie Hinchman. Please get well soon and come back and join us on the island.

I conclude with a quote from 1987 by Blanchard Bates, one of our founding members and a great lover of Chebeague and its history. "The land flows into the people here, and the people flow into the land."

Jane Frizzell, President - CIHS

Wanted Scenic Vistas!

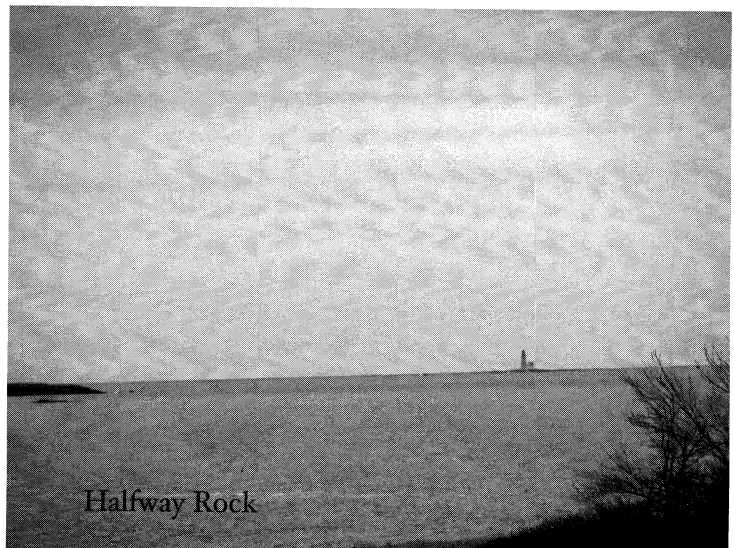
The editors of the *Chebeague Island Newsletter 2009* are preparing a color insert in the annual newsletter, which will consist of views of the island.

This is in response to the discussion of "scenic vistas" by the Town committee currently working on a revision of our Town Comprehensive Plan.

If you have your own "scenic vista" to suggest to us, perhaps even including a color photograph of it, please send it along to our photo editor, Beverly Johnson at bjohnson@chebeague.net.

We expect that the 2009 edition of the *Annual Newsletter* will be out for the Fourth of July celebration.

Still only \$8.00 (\$10 sent by first class USPS to any address in the country).



Chebeague Historical Society Celebrates 25 Years of Preserving Chebeague History

Twenty-five years ago a small group of Chebeaguers met at the Hall and decided to organize as a historical society. For years islanders had talked about the need. Every time a house changed hands and its contents ended up in the dump, more of Chebeague's past slipped away. Account books, photo albums, postcards, school records, shipping records, fancy hand work, fishing gear, folk art, paintings and more were rescued from the Dump. The material culture of a community and the heritage of a people were being discarded and with them the stories of the people and the past that they represented.

Over the years concerned Chebeaguers had taken it upon themselves to show up at the dump just as a truck dumped out generations of "junk." They saved what they could but more treasures were lost and buried than made their way to island barns, sheds and fish houses for safe keeping. Then they were faced with the question, "What do we do with it now?" Thanks to Martha Hamilton's personal interest in history the library also became a depository, but space was limited.

By 1984 the time had come to establish an organization that would become the keeper of the island's past. During the summer, by-laws were accepted and officers were elected. Donna Miller Damon, president; Sharon Burgess Bowman, vice president; B. Elizabeth Sinkinson, secretary; and Sheila Putnam, treasurer. By year's end, Chebeague's newest organization had over one hundred members thanks to the enthusiastic response for islanders and summer people, and Pommy Hatfield won a contest to design a new logo which is still in use.

From the very beginning CIHS presented programs to engage the community in understanding the island's past. From Civil War reenactors to the school marm and paupers of Norlands, the Society entertained and educated us. Programs about such topics as summer natives, island schools, fishing demonstrations, and boat tours taught the community to better understand its past and how that past impacts Chebeague's present and future. As we learned more, we began to read the landscape around us. The more we learned the more we wanted to know!

Members' barns, fish houses, attics and sheds began to swell and by 1998 the CIHS acquired a place to store the island's treasures. A fund raising campaign culminated with a renovated District 9 Schoolhouse and the creation of the Museum of Chebeague History. Since 2003 the Museum has presented exhibits interpreting a myriad of topics for islanders and visitors to enjoy.

Over the years the Historical Society has attempted to preserve island values as well as Chebeague's material culture. To demonstrate the island's custom of neighbor helping neighbor the Society sponsored several quilt projects, spear headed by the late Shirley Burgess, to benefit the library construction.



the acquisition of Stockman Island by the Land Trust, and the preservation of Maine lighthouses. When the Island Council was unable to continue the publication of the Island Newsletter, the CIHS took over and continues this important function even though it runs at a deficit.

The Historical Society plans a year of exciting programs to celebrate its 25 anniversary including favorites such as a house tour and a boat tour. Watch the Calendar and the WEB site for more info on programming for 2009.

No organization can sustain itself and continue to grow without the dedication of countless volunteers. Our annual meeting on June 20th will recognize the efforts of the many people who have worked so hard to make the CIHS what it is today. Special thanks goes out to Jane Frizzell, who has served as president for the past couple of years and has devoted many hours working to help keep this organization running as smoothly as possible. Thank you Jane! ~DMD~

The Great Depression and the Present Downturn

The three articles which follow present some history of the Great Depression on Chebeague Island. It has been eighty years since the Crash of 1929, and we thought it would be of interest to take a look at hard times from the past compared and contrasted with the present economic downturn. The first article is from Joan Robinson. It is stories which she heard from her family and neighbors both on and off the island. The second article comes from Ken Hamilton's memories from his childhood and the stories he heard from his family. The third article is an interview that Donna M. Damon conducted with her parents about their memories of the 1930's.

Some Glimpses of Chebeague Life during the Great Depression

(With editorial commentary.)

by Joan Bennett Robinson

The depression of 1929 brought much change. People lost jobs and we've all seen pictures of the bread lines where people lined up for hours for just a piece of bread.

When talking to Gerald Colbeth, he said his father, who was in the shipping business in Connecticut, packed them all up in 1932 and came back to Chebeague to a safe haven. Gerald, his brother Clyde, and three sisters, Hazel, Lorena, and Annette didn't realize the seriousness of it all. They were just happy to be back on the island.

Ashley Johnson, his wife Helen, who was a sister to Gerald's mother, and Gerry (*Johnson Ross*) came back at the same time from New Rochelle, NY. Ashley worked on yachts and there was certainly no money for "frivelry."

My father, who never had anything to start with, didn't have a large bank account, and always had to watch his pennies made out better than some. He and his brother Tom worked for Cushman Baking Co. and didn't lose their jobs.

Having been brought up by parents of the Depression Era, we've always known how to save, improvise, and be frugal. I don't know how 2009 compares to 1929, but I do know how things cost a lot, we can learn to do without, tighten our belts, and be thankful we didn't have anything invested with Madoff.

(We sincerely hope.)

Editor's note: If you do save up, tighten your belt, and act frugally, you too can become a world traveler just like the above author.

Depression Years

by Ken Hamilton

I suppose that I was a bit young to remember details of the depression years as a personal experience. The very first memory is of my father, who never discussed business at home, telling me that he was going to run for Postmaster in hope that it would bring more business to the Hamilton Store. He did get the Postmaster appointment, but too late to help pay the outstanding store bills. His experience was similar to the people today who lock in their fuel price and then see a further drastic cut in cost.

The Hamilton Store had a lot of credit out to people all over the island in 1929 and 30. It was what a store did if able. Soon the price of goods went down to an unknown level, my Dad stocked up the store for winter with all kinds of goods expecting prices to level off or rise. His problem was that the depression got worse and prices dropped to an unbelievable low level. People did not have money to pay their bills and the competition who had not stocked as early could sell at a lower price. The result was bankruptcy. I remember the few goods still on the shelves after the settlement with the bank. One was paint coloring, and the other was sauerkraut. Even mixed together they did not taste good!



I was soon to learn about farm life. We bought a cow, chickens, and two pigs. The garden got bigger and my mother started canning everything in site. My grandmother who was recently widowed was taking in as much washing as she was able. I remember how I hated to leave play to go home to make sure the eggs were gathered before the hens went to roost. We filled the cellar with apples in the fall, ate half and shoveled the other rotten half out in the spring. Every day in summer was weeding the garden for awhile. We had three hives of bees which I stayed well away from. The only thing left of that time is the cider press. All others have died or rotted with age; even the barn where all the hay was stored.

We had clams and mackerel, but I remember the salt cod or pollock the most. It seemed that any food that could not be dried was pickled. We never went hungry and because the bad times were not discussed in front of us kids, we did not know the difference. I have heard many say that they must have been poor, but they did not realize it because they were never cold nor hungry.

First Hand Account of the Great Depression

Ellsworth Miller (1910-2002) and Melba Hamilton Miller (1912-2002) were born on Chebeague and spent most of their lives on the island. They lived on Chebeague during the Great Depression and shared their memories of that time as part of an interview conducted in 1998 for the Island Journal. While some of the following interview was published in a 1999 Island Journal article, the majority of the interview has never been published.
~Donna Miller Damon~

DMD: How did the Great Depression affect the island?

EM: The Depression hit this place just like everywhere else. When your source of revenue dries up you picked up a dollar any way you could.

MM: In the winter, they shoveled snow. We had a lot of hard winters. I can see my father and Uncle Ad now. They didn't have to ask or anything, they just went down with their shovels. It was customary to keep the roads clear. It was expected of 'em, if a person was able to do it. Keeping the roads clear was an emergency. They'd go down by where Waneta lives and shovel until the South Road was open, then they'd shovel down over the hill so people could get to the Wharf at Central. After that they'd shovel up over the hill toward our house and Roy Hill's. They shoveled until it was clear enough for Archie to get through with the mail and George Leonard could get through with the groceries. They got 35 cents an hour, but that 35 cents an hour would buy ten dollars worth of groceries in today's money. The kids today don't know what snow is today.

EM: Speaking of snow and cold weather, in the 1930's, Bill Stilphen, my brother Bill, and I started down by Howard Curit's shore to see if we could find a mess of clams in the holes between the ice cakes. We walked from there right up around Moshiers



During the Depression Vernon Hamilton brought his family back to his parent's home. Everyone shoveled!

Island, down between the two Moshiers, and finally down between Cousins Island and Littlejohns. We ended up down where the wharf is now on Cousins Island. Each one of us got a peck of clams. We walked about ten miles and came ashore down by what was Kitty Mayers and waded up through the deep snow to get home. People drove automobiles across the ice to the mainland that winter.



Richard Bowen, Elliot Thompson, Albert Bennett, Milton Webber and Clyde Bowen drove to Portland to pick up the Sunday papers.

MM: [Melba is talking about before the depression when she was young, but the practice continued through the Depression] I can remember of my father going out is his little boat with Walter Calder. It was way below zero. I can see them now going out between Bangs disappearing in the vapor. I thought they'd probably never ever come back. It was lucky they did I guess. They were fishing off around the Elbow, about three or four miles outside of Half Way Rock light. Often as not it would be a blizzard when they'd come in. My mother would tell my brother, Leland and me to go down on the wharf. She would say to Leland, who was a few years older, "You take Melba's hand and don't leave go of it and you ring the bell down there on the freight shed". She thought it would help them get in. Sometimes they said they heard it when they rounded Bangs over by Sand Is-

land. In those bad winters, you had to go that way if you went at all.



Three of Chebeague's Depression cousins sitting on their grandmother's, Alice Hamilton, porch. Melba Hamilton Doughty holding Alice; Elsie Ross Hamilton holding Sherman; and Lida Hamilton Small holding Marjorie.

DD: How did the depression affect the summer people?

EM: When the Depression came some of the summer people went home and never came back. Some of them lost everything they tried to make other people think that they had.

During the depression the summer people lived just the same as the island people. They took anything they could get for nothing. They lived from hand to mouth. Just like Si, Calder said that day over to Bangs.

My father and I was hauling traps. It was dogfish time, so we put our lobster traps over there so we'd get a little money to eat on. We weren't doing anything trawling because the dogfish ate the fish up. We were down to the north end of Bangs on the west side and Si was coming down the shore while we was going up. There were three white punts from over here pulled up on the shore. There was one man clamming, another was picking up driftwood, and a bunch of women were up on the island picking berries. If you didn't know, you couldn't have told them from us! My father says to Si when he got along side of us, "Well Si, if it weren't for the berry bushes and the clam flats and the driftwood that gang would go hungry and cold. Si says, "Yes, they had a \$5 dollar

bill and a clean pair of drawers when they come here, and they don't change either one until they get ready to go home." He said it loud enough and he intended to, so they could hear it.

There were a lot of these people who were supposed to have a lot of money, who left here and people never knew what became of them. They left and never came back. The business people left, but the college professors stayed and their families still come here and kind of grew up in the place. They have a different feeling about us than some of the others did.

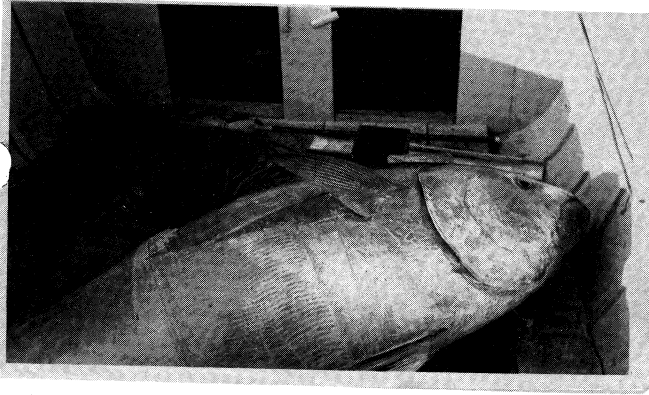
There was that fella, Scott that John Seabury ran the yacht for in Boston. He was a stockbroker in Boston. The last anyone ever saw of him was in New York down on the Bowery. He had a sign on his back, "Eat at Joe's." When asked what he was doing, old Scott said, "My wife and my family all kicked me out. They are blaming me for all their troubles. I'm working for a dish of beans."

DMD: Do you think the depression affected your life living here on Chebeague as much as it would if you had lived in a city or someplace else?

EM: We used to plant big gardens. We did it more during the Depression, so we'd have plenty of food that way. If I lived in a city, I probably wouldn't have had a job. Here we'd do anything we could get that they'd pay you for. There was always a market for our fish. The price weren't very high, but I've sold haddock for 2 cents a pound at Burnham Morrill. They made fish cakes and fish chowder in a can, you know.

We had all the vegetables we wanted. We had a whole cellar full. Rachel came home one year for Christmas [Ellsworth's sister was a student at Boston University.] My father went down cellar to get some potatoes. She looked down there, and she saw here was six barrels of potatoes in the cellar he'd raised. She got to telling about the starvation in Boston. She was working in a settlement house in the North End of Boston. Those people were going up around Beacon Hill robbing those grocery carts delivering groceries around to those well to do people. Nobody around here had to steal for food. Sometimes we'd go fishing and bring home half a trip to give to the neighbors. We'd bring fish home for the Calders, Archie and Henry. The neighbors took care of each other.

MM: We always had Christmas dinners. We had our own roosters and hens. We'd stuff them. You didn't think you had to buy a turkey or anything else.



Fish were plentiful during the Depression which helped Chebeaguers make it through the Depression. In 1938 Gus Doughty ironed this tuna from a Hampton that was tied up along side the schooner at South Harpswell. Eben and Sanford Doughty hauled it in and dressed off it weighed 535 pounds!

But one year my father was sick and we knew we wouldn't have any Christmas dinner let alone Christmas presents. When we woke up on Christmas morning Mama looked out on the porch. There was a big basket of food turkey and all! There were presents for everyone. We always knew that Aunt Minnie Bennett got it together. She was a saint. But we didn't let on we knew. You didn't do that.

EM: People lived like the old people had to live. One time my father and I was fishing and we didn't have any turkey for Thanksgiving Dinner, but we had plenty of vegetables and plenty of pie and everything like that. So the day before Thanksgiving we went down to shore and borrowed an old scallop drag. I don't know who it belonged to, but we thought we'd take it and get a mess of scallops for Thanksgiving dinner. We went over by the Horse Island bell buoy and we got scallops enough to shell out a quart and a half. We had our trawls all baited and two of them hadn't been set the trip before. So I suggested we set those two trawls and get the rotten bait off from them, then Bill and I could go down to the shore on Thanksgiving Day and bait them up again. We set those and fooled around with that old scallop drag until it all came apart on us. We had scallops enough for a couple of messes. Then we went to haul those trawls and there was a great big cod fish, a big white-bellied codfish! There was our Thanksgiving dinner, tought. We used to have them baked just like a big cusk. Before we got the trawls up, we had more fish then we wanted to eat for ourselves. My father said, "What are we gonna do with them fish that we don't

want to take home?" I said, "Let's go to Portland and sell the fish. We got enough out of it to buy us a Thanksgiving dinner. My father went up to Diamon's Meat market up on Market Street. He bought a loin of pork, 11 cents/pound and it weighed 14 pounds. We cut a roast off from each end of it, and we cut some pork chops out of the middle. We got that and we got a quart of cranberries, 10 gallons of gasoline, and \$5 to bring home from what few fish we got there. And we still had the big haddock that we took home to have baked fish. We had food enough to last us two weeks, and we got our Thanksgiving dinner!



Ellsworth, his father, Harry and brother, Bill fished together during the Depression. His uncle, Lewis Miller and his cousin, Albion continued the practice during WW II.

DMD: How did the island change during the Depression?

EM: Nobody had any money. They had to take care of themselves the best they could. Some people had gone away and raised families and they had to come back with their families and live with the old folks. Here they could pick up money enough to feed the gang and have a roof over their heads. Like Vernon Hamilton, he came home with his wife and four children to live with his folks and their three girls. There were eleven in that little house. [Gleason's on Roy Hill Road] You had several generations living under the same roof just as they did in the old days. Down to the West End, all those families came back like the Johnsons, the Colbeths, and the MacCormacks. By everybody working together, they survived.

DMD: Was credit issued at the stores?



Leonard's Store

EM: There were two grocery stores most of the time and a lot of credit was given. George Leonard let people cut ice. The only one's he'd give jobs working on the ice were people who owed him. Then he would just let it go on their credit or they could take it up in groceries. He used Charleson Ice Pond. He wouldn't hire me because he would only hire two to a family. Bill worked for them over there anyway and Edgar worked on the ice, so I stayed home and rigged trawls. It came on a blizzard, and the ones who had been cutting ice said they had work to do at home, so George Leonard told Bill to tell me to come to work on the ice. I was right in the middle of rigging a trawl, so I said the devil with that if them fellas can't do it in the bad weather, and I can't have a job in the good weather, let him cut his own ice. Bill told him what I said, and he was mad at me for quite a while. I didn't owe him anything. I kept the bills paid here to home.

DMD: When did you know the depression was winding down?

EM: It really ended when the Second World War came on, but before that when Roosevelt got to be President some people got government jobs. The money started circulating and people paid up their bills at the grocery stores. The war brought more jobs. People on Chebeague worked on WPA cutting bushes on the side of the road. Tommy Turner worked on it. He had been a tug boat captain in Boston, but the company failed that he worked for, so he had to come home.

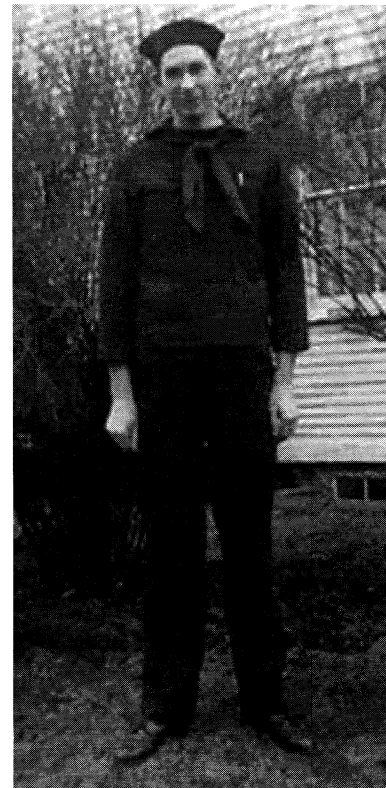
DMD: How did the island change during wartime?

EM: The place was infested with a bunch of soldiers. Anyone from here who had any gumption went to work. Most of our young fellas went overseas. They called it patriotism.

A lot of people went from here over to Long Island to work on all the Navy construction that was going on over there. They [the government] had boats running back and forth to take people to work on Long Island. I didn't go over there to work, because I figured that when that lobster season [1942] was over. I was going to go join the Coast Guard.

I figured that with the experience that I had and the knowledge I had of the coast that I could do more for the war effort. But they started turning out those Liberty ships so fast they needed men to man them so that is why Sanford and I went into it. We sailed back and forth across the Atlantic I don't know how many times. I sailed to England, France, Russia, Italy, North Africa, Egypt, and I even went to Germany right after the war ended. I saw ships sink all around me. I saw my share of war.

Ellsworth David Miller 1943



Chebeague's Response to the Spanish American War

In January of 1898 some Cubans began to resist Spanish control of the island and wanted freedom from Spanish rule. Fears about the safety of Americans living in Cuba prompted the United States government to send the USS Maine to Havana Harbor. On February 15, 1898 the Maine exploded – the cause of the explosion continues to be debated. War was declared and numerous encounters followed. But the war was short lived. A truce was called on August 14, 1898 and a treaty was signed that December. The brief war resulted in the US gaining control of most of Spain's colonies such as Puerto Rico, Guam and the Philippines and eventually included a perpetual lease on Guantanamo Bay. Casco Bay readied for the possibility that the war might reach its shores. Even though boat service was disrupted and militias were formed, life on Chebeague seemed to continue on as before. During the war the Golden Cross Hall was completed, the annex to the Orphanage built, and the island cooper started a boy's band. The following excerpts are from Chebeague columns that were published in the weekly newspaper, the Six Town Times (1892-1915).

February 11, 1898

The Boy's Cornet Band, numbering twelve pieces, organized here about three months ago under the direction of Mr. Will Jackson (cooper), are making fine progress. They will give a concert in early spring.

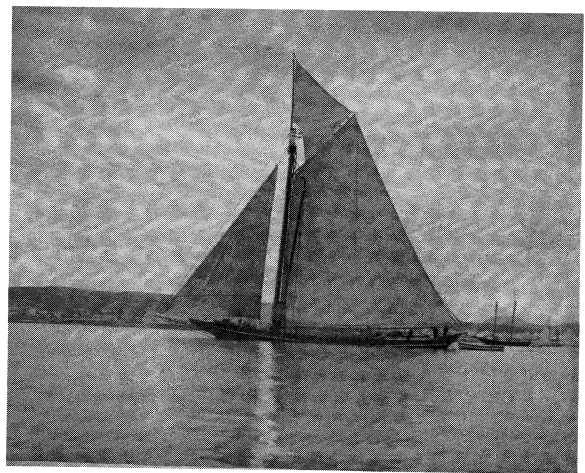


April 8, 1898:

Many imaginary battles have been fought with the Spaniards in the grocery stores here this past week. Jingoism (nationalism) has waxed so hot that the president has been in eminent danger by the tongues of some for his slowness as they term it. Uncle Sam's battleship destroyer has cut every Spanish craft that floats in two. But yet we live.

April 22, 1898:

Sloop A. L. Hamilton, Capt. George Cleaves, has gone to Saco River to load sand for the fortifications on Great Diamond Island.



April 27, 1898:

We understand that Mr. Jackson the cooper, a veteran of the Civil War, is about to organize and drill a company of men to act as a home guard during the war with Spain. Mr. Jackson should have the cooperation of all young, able bodied men in the undertaking. There is plenty of material of this kind here to work on. We don't suppose there is much here that the Spanish would care for, but nevertheless it is the best to be on the safe side. The proposed sight for planting mines between Chebeague and Littlejohn's Island will not in any way protect Chebeague. Let us do what we can to protect ourselves in case of accidents.

The Phantom's shrill whistle on Sunday after noon when she called here for her mate, Mr. John Seabury, woke many from their Sunday slumbers, several of whom hurried through the rain to the landing to get the latest war news.

May 6, 1898

The war is causing much inconvenience to our island. Both of our steamboat lines are handicapped. The Harpswell steamer has to run outside after leaving Cliff Island which makes it very unpleasant in rough weather. The Freeport line is shut off altogether except touching at Sunset Landing on the extreme western end of the island. It is hoped that if the war continues that the tornadoes planted between here (Chebeague) and Littlejohn's Island may before the summer season opens be changed to one of several other locations just as good so that we may have one steamboat line unmolested.

May 20, 1898

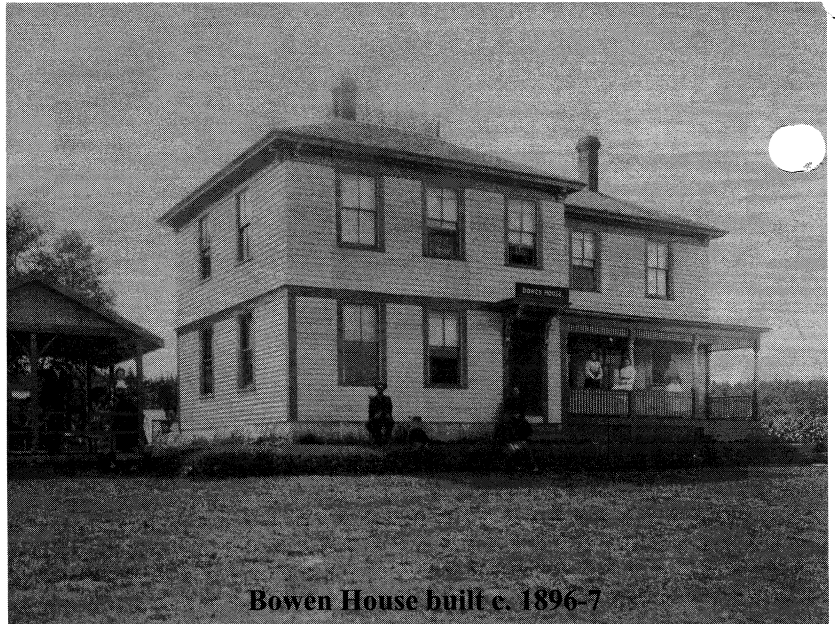
Sloop M.M. Hamilton, Capt. I. S. Hill (Sylvester Hill), left here the 13th for Fort Knox to do some work for the war department. Capt. Hill takes with him as crew from here Messers. R.S. Hamilton, G. and S. Hill. Capt. Hill is accompanied by his wife.

June 3, 1898

Jackson's Cornet Band gave a very pleasing concert at the Bowen House (boarding house) on the evening of the 26th. Much credit is due Mr. Jackson leader of the band, for the able manner in which the members of the same execute their music since they have only been practicing several months, and considering that all of the boys are in their teens except one, their ages ranging from 13 to 18 years. With the same teacher, should the band remain together, we predict a brilliant future for them.

June 10, 1898

In an interview by a reporter of the Six Town Times with Mr. Daniels, the manager of the Harpswell Steamboat Co. last week, Mr. Daniels reports, that the prospects for business this season are very encouraging. He believes the war scare is very nearly spent, and people have come to the conclusion that Casco Bay is a safe place to rusticate this season. The only drawback at the present time is the blocking of the channel between Long Island and the Diamond Islands, which necessitates the passage through Portland Head passage by the line in order to get on to the route to Harpswell, and loses the lower end of Long Island to the line. The company will, however, run a boat there as soon as the season opens with any degree of travel demands. The company is putting their

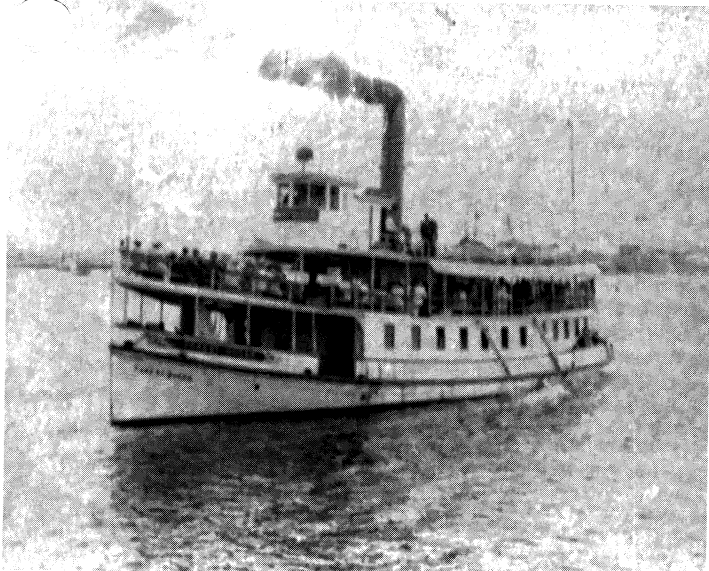


boats in first class order for business, and it is to be hoped that the obstructions will be removed in the channel before July. But if it doesn't occur, the new route still has some attractions which otherwise would not occur on the old route...The steamers leave Portland Pier and pass across the harbor through Portland Head Passage. Her first stopping place is Cliff Island, after which she runs for Chebeague, taking in all stopping places on that island (south side)...We do not advertise this new attraction, because we believe the old route will be opened before the season fairly is operative.

By August the war had come to an end. Despite the springtime worries that the Spanish American War might impact Chebeague and Casco Bay, the Chebeague correspondent to the Six Town Times reported in the August 28th edition that: "There have been more summer people on the island the past two weeks than ever before. Many rooms have been booked for next season. Several cottage lots have been sold on condition that they shall be used for building upon another year." The only fireworks that summer occurred on August 22 when "the illumination and band concert at the Willis House (thought to be the original name of the Hill Crest Hotel) was much enjoyed by not only the summer visitors but the residents as well." It seems that Mr. Jackson was more successful in creating a boys band than he was organizing a militia to protect Chebeaguers from the threat of invasion by the Spanish! ~DMD~

Steamboat Navigation in Casco Bay

by Ken Hamilton



Forest Queen Pre 1920

When the Chebeague Island Comprehensive Planning Committee sent out their Questionnaire for comment by the citizens of the island, one question started me thinking about the progress of boat navigation in Casco Bay. The question referred to "what one imagined the future means of transportation on and off the island should be." Of course boat transportation has been the mainstay since the island was inhabited; we are after all, an island surrounded by water.

Steam-boating started in Casco Bay in the 1820's with the early paddle wheel type of propulsion. During the next century rapid progress occurred with the advent of several different transportation companies vying for the most passengers. I grew up hearing the names of certain boats held in great reverence and others with some disdain.

The names of the old steamers still hold imagination and wonderment for me. Sebascodegan, Maquoit, Aucocisco, Machigonne, Merryconeag, Emita, Pilgrim, Forest Queen., and Sabino are only some of the steamboats that visited the islands of Casco Bay and of which I have heard stories and some on which I have ridden. Although, I never rode on her, I especially liked the Forest Queen because my great uncle (*Hebert Thompson*) was her captain. Some folks may have thought one boat may have been slower than

another, or didn't ride a following sea as well, or was slow righting itself from a rolling wave, or had once caught on fire, or perhaps one Captain was not held in as great esteem as another. Any personal experience would last a long time. However, these great passenger boats sailed the waters of the bay with very few mishaps over the two centuries in which they have served the transportation needs of the islands.

The question, that causes me to wonder, is how these boats were able to navigate the hazards of hidden ledges, rocky points, sand bars, and other vessels through fog, snow and wind with so few mishaps over these many years. There were not many navigational aids available to the boat captains during this period of time. One was the compass, second and nearly as important was an accurate clock or watch, and finally a bow watch with good hearing and excellent eye sight. In a heavy fog the compass got you

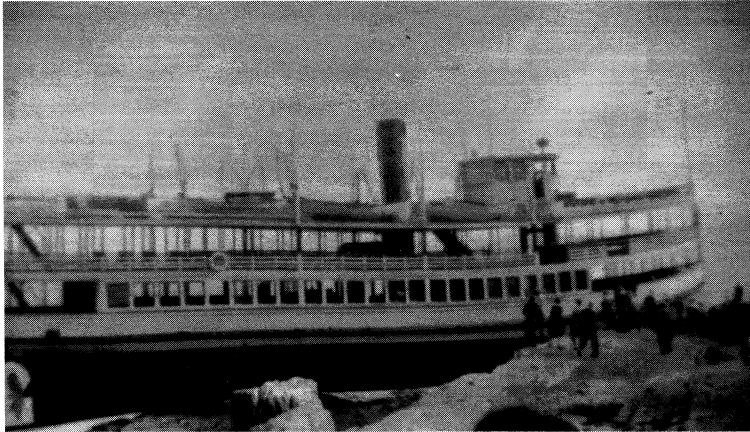


**Captain Herbert Thompson of Chebeague
(3rd from left)**

very near your destination, but your time piece was critical particularly for a bearing change. If land was expected dead ahead, the sharp eyes and ears of the lookout were necessary. Every freight shed had a large bell attached to the wall. An incoming boat would sound their horn so that people on the wharf could ring the bell in answer. (see picture) This way the boat captain could be almost "talked" into the dock. The people waiting for the boat were nearly praying for sight of her through the fog. William Dunn states in his *Steamboat Album*: "Standing in the mist on the wharf of Littlejohn Island, we would listen for the eight o'clock steamer from Birch Island, Mere Point and Bustins as she approached Dickerman's Point. By some mysterious art she would sud-

denly break through the gray mist, toot and make for the wharf”.

For rounding points of land, knowledge of the local tides, along with the direction and strength of the wind at that moment was knowledge that not all want-to-be captains possessed. But the respected skippers sailed year after year with hardly ever a mishap. However, things could go awry for even the most experienced. Capt. James Long, a highly respected



skipper, left Western Landing, Chebeague Island, with the **Pilgrim**

to return to Portland in a dense pea soup fog in July, 1929. When he rounded Deer Pt. using the only navigational tools of the day, which was navigating by compass, by time, engine

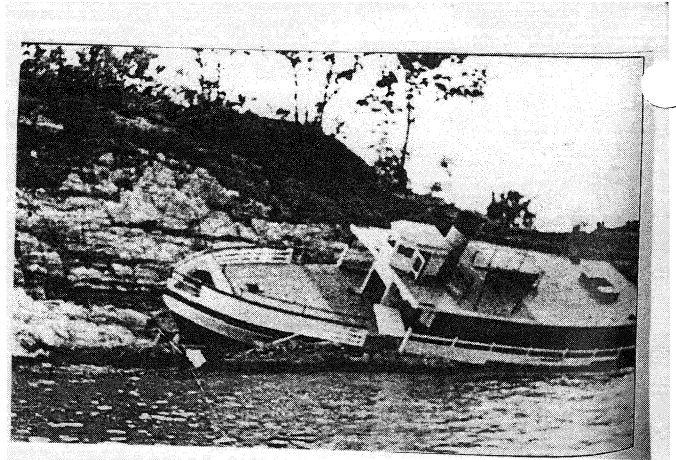


speed, and tide current, something went wrong and by turning too sharp the steamer slid high and dry on Deer Point at Chebeague. No passengers were harmed and the boat floated on the next high tide. She was pulled off the point by the Coast Guard Cutter Chi-

copee and then fastened along side the Emita for the long trip back to Portland. (See picture) Soon afterward, the need of a navigational aid was recognized and a bell buoy was stationed off Deer Point.

A similar experience had befallen the **Sebasco-d-gan** some years earlier in July of 1908. This time another respected captain, Charles Morrill, left Mackerel Cove and coming up the inside of Bailey’s island made the “long arching turn” around the western point of Bailey Island only to find the flat ledges on this point. She sustained no structural damage and floated on the next tide to continue her run.

The most unlucky of vessel-mishaps in recent time occurring in Casco Bay happened to the **Sunshine** while crossing Hussey Sound headed back to Portland on a late night run in 1956. This time the accident was blamed on an inexperienced captain and the Coast Guard lifted his license for two months and warned Casco Bay Lines to stop operating in foggy weather. The benefit, if one can call it that, was the installation of ship-to-shore radios in the Casco Bay Line boats. There was an obvious need because the



Sunshine High and Dry on Great Diamond 1956

passengers after crawling off the boat, made a fire on the island to keep warm for the night. They were discovered at daylight when the early morning boat came down the bay.

Licenses were required for Steamboat captains but smaller boats carrying passengers for hire did not require a license until the mid 1940’s. I was hired to operate the inner bay boat, **Joan**, in the summer of 1951 without holding this license. But just before the first trip, the Casco Bay Lines general manager remembered this regulation, I was rushed to the

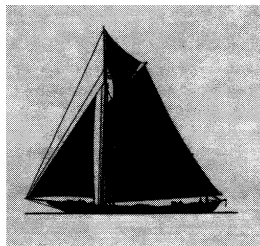
Coast Guard office to sit for my license. Then with my license in hand and Warren Everett Doughty as my deckhand I was off for a summer of living on Birch Island and picking my way through what seemed like a perpetual bank of fog every morning on the first run into Portland.

In 1951 we did not have radios, sounding machines, radar, or chart plot finders. My recollection is that we had eight or nine course changes to get from Birch Island to Portland Harbor. It always seemed to me that the inner bay fog was the worst so strict adherence to direction and elapsed time was truly critical. No distraction by talking with the passengers. The trip one way was approximately one hour long. What a relief it would have been to have known the depth of water at all times, or to have seen the outline of an island on a screen, or to have radioed the office when an engine breakdown occurred. But, on the other

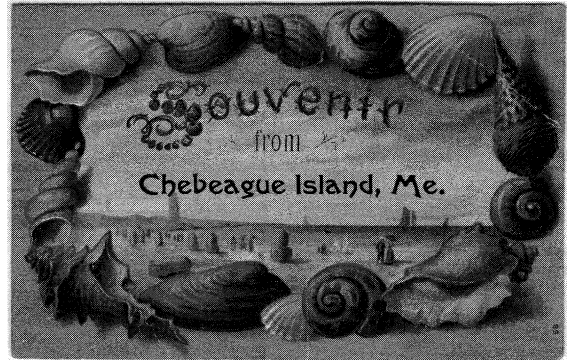
hand, there would have been fewer stories to tell of both scary and amusing incidents. The navigational aids of today have eliminated many of the old aids, such as lighthouses, lightships, bell buoys and the like. It would appear that present day boat travel with a careful skipper and modern navigation is now a very safe way to travel in Casco Bay.



Bibliography: William Dunn
 William Frappier
 James Millinger
 Ruth Sargent



**POSTCARD INVENTORY
 PROJECT UNDERWAY
 MEETING MAY 2, 2009 at 9AM
 at the MUSEUM**



A century ago postcards served the same purpose as today's email. A quick, inexpensive way to keep in touch. The only difference was that postcard images and the brief messages evoked a connection to place and people that made folks want to save them. The Historical Society would like to inventory and document all Chebeague post card collections as a way to attempt to determine how many Chebeague cards (both manufacturers and real photo cards) were actually published. Once we know what exists and we have documented them we would like to produce some subject based DVDs which could be a Society fund raiser. We hope to include messages when ever possible, because they are first hand accounts of a time gone by. If you have a post card collection please come and bring your collection on May 2. If you cannot make it please call the Museum 846-5237 and leave a message or email history@chebeague.net. We will add you to our list and let you know our plans going forward.

Remembering Chebeague Agriculture- Horses of the Past

by Sylvia H. Ross

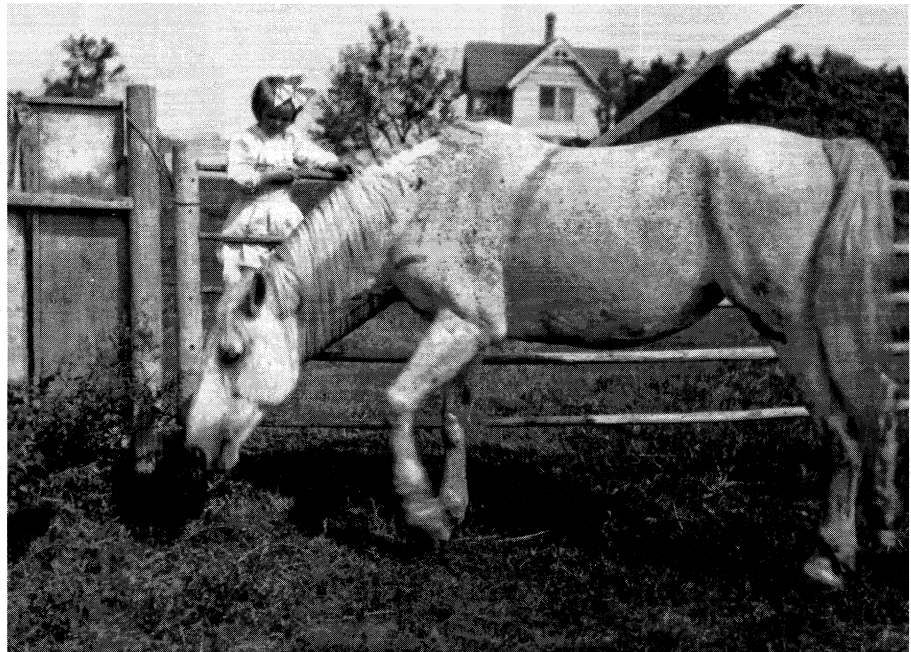


The picture above shows (left) John Long with Clarence Bowen; Martin Hamilton and Ed Long (center); John Rose

It has been at least fifty years since horses were a common sight on Chebeague. These horses were owned by men that kept farms, built fences and rock walls, hauled logs, tilled gardens, and toted huge rocks. They also hauled timber from the woods for their wood-burning stove. This was all a way of life and hard work.

Before the '20s, horses were practically the sole means of transportation everywhere. Our grandparents and great grandparents, through the years, have told of many adventures of hay rides and sleigh rides. Most people walked to church, to school, and to the boat. But they were heavily dependent on horses for their farm work.

Kids loved haying season when at that time they were allowed to help tamp down the hay in the wagons by jumping in it, thus helping the farmer to pile more hay into the wagons. Some Chebeaguers who were horse owners during the time between 1900-1955 were Francis Hamilton, Herbert Hamilton, Herman Hamilton, Martin Hamilton, James Hamilton, John Rose, Walter Curit, Howard Curit, John Long, Dr. Leon Hale, Sylvanus Higgins, George Higgins, Aaron Cleaves, Henry Bowen, Harry Miller, Rufus Soule, Reuben Cleaves, and Ed Jenks (We would like to hear if there were others). George Higgins and Ed Jenks still owned working horses well into the fifties.



Alice Cleaves and Aaron's Daisy c. 1910

How the Soucheks Came to Chebeague

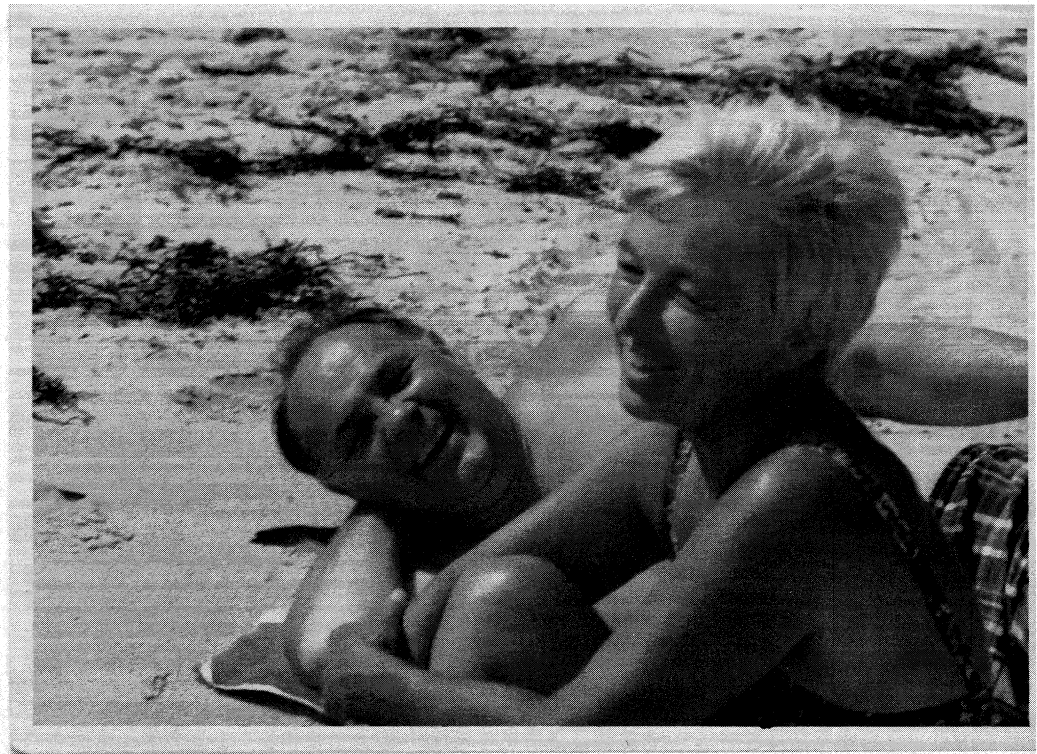
by Joyce Souchek

I was asked to tell how we came to Chebeague so here goes. My husband, Don, was transferred from the G M to the Chevrolet plant in Framingham, MA in Oct. 1959. On Oct. 13, 1959, Don, myself, and our sons, Steven, age 5, and Richard, age 10 months, moved to Holliston, MA. We became good friends with our neighbors up the hill-Edith (Vi Houghton's sister) and her husband, Bill. One day while having coffee with Edith, I asked where they went for vacation. In response she showed me an aerial view of a golf course. I asked for a location and she said, "It's on an island in Casco Bay. It's OK if you like golf and cold water."

I was in absolute awe. I was raised in the Midwest and grew up reading every Nancy Drew book available. Apparently, Nancy spent every summer of her life batting around the rock-bound, fir treed coast of Maine in her little, nifty yellow roadster. How I envied her and thought and fervently hoped that someday—someday I'd be fortunate enough to see these wonders for myself. So the following summer, when the Wallaces were kind enough to invite us for a weekend on Chebeague, they didn't have to repeat the invitation. Little did we realize the impact on the direction of our lives this invitation wrought.

The Wallaces rented the little house behind what is now our red house from Monroe Hamilton, who owned the white next door to the red house. The invitation was extended for the following week to myself and the boys, and Don and Bill returned

to work. Edith remarked one day that the little house behind them was for sale. OOOH BOY! I leapt up and down peering in the windows and couldn't wait to tell Don that there was actually such a place available. He concurred, albeit somewhat reluctantly. Later that summer we left for our annual two week vacation in Michigan, spending one week with my family in southern Mich. and one week with Don's parents in northern Mich. As we began our return on M 55 near Manistee, Mich., Don casually



remarked he thought we shouldn't buy the place on the island. I had a captive audience and I refuted every reason he had for why we shouldn't buy for a reason why we should. I talked non-stop until we reached Natick, MA at which point he turned wearily to me and said, "OK we'll buy it. It will be your house and you can see to the maintenance, rent, taxes, etc, etc." OOPS! A classic Pyrrhic victory. It wasn't meant to be I said to myself and to Don I said, "No, it's not worth it to me if you don't love it as I do."

The house was sold to a Chevrolet dealer in Lexington, MA. Don contacted him and for the next three years we rented the house for ten days each summer. Then we decided to see if we could rent for Columbus weekend. We could and we did. The following Monday morning Don called me from work and asked if I was sitting down.

I did so promptly, privately thinking, "Dear God, we've been transferred again." Instead I heard Don say, "I just bought your Christmas, Valentine's Day, birthday, and Mother's Day presents for 20 years—I just bought the place on Chebeague." He followed up by saying, "Say something." I couldn't respond; tears of joy had me all choked up. Unbeknownst to me each time Don had returned the key to the dealer, he'd always said to him, "If you ever decide to sell that place, would you give me first refusal?" The dealer agreed. His recall, however, was not at all acute as his intention was to list the house for sale the very next day! His reason for the original purchase was because Monroe had property in Lexington that the dealer wanted for his business, and he figured that with the possibility of a bridge to Chebeague pending that owning an adjacent property to Monroe on the Island would give him leverage to acquire the Lexington property.

The bridge failed. Given all the nuances, variables, coincidences, and incredible timing- how could I doubt the validity of predestination? So here we are almost fifty years and nine moves later. The tenth move finds us permanently and happily living on Chebeague. We only move twice a year now. I sold my little yellow roadster last year; but when I look out the right window at either house, I can see the black fir trees and the rock-bound coast. And every day is Christmas morn.

~~~~~  
**-Mystery Photo -**

**Do you know where these buildings are located?**

*To make it more difficult the picture is taken from the shore! The following tidbit from the Six Town Times is a hint. This place will be featured in the Fall 2009 Sloops Log. We'd love to hear from you if you have info to share about this set of buildings. Call 846-5237 or email [history@chebeague.net](mailto:history@chebeague.net)*

**Six Town Times ~ May 20, 1898**

We are glad to hear that Mr. H. L. Hamilton (Harry), the carpenter, has secured the contract for building the annex to the Orphan Asylum building at the West End. We understand the new building will be 30x52 three stories high, with pitch roof. The full board of managers of the institution were here the 14<sup>th</sup> looking over the grounds and perfecting the plans. Mr. H. B. Hamilton has been hired for the season for the man of all work (caretaker).





## How My Family Came to Chebeague Island

by Katherine Habig



Khaki Habig's grandfather Professor William Henry Howell and her father, Roger Howell Sr.

My grandfather Howell was the first person in our family to come to Chebeague. He came with another scientist who, I think, was Ted Morse's grandfather. My grandfather, William Henry Howell, obviously loved it here and bought the yellow house (Hulbert's) on the corner below the Mead's house (Dorticos house at the time.) Dad spent time up here for summers in his youth. Meanwhile, when my grandfather bought the yellow house, he also purchased the now red house that currently belongs to the Breeds. He did this so my dad could have a house for his family. That is where I grew up summers here. I came when I was one year old

To go back a bit, my mother happened to come to Chebeague to visit her best friend who in her youth was Sister Mary Regina. My mother lived in Portland and Cape Elizabeth. So my dad and mother met here on Chebeague and here we have been for years. We had a ritual of spending June and September in Cape Elizabeth with my mother's mother right on the water and July and August on Chebeague.

When my grandfather died he left the houses to his children. When Bob and I got married we spent our time at the yellow house, but we had to share it with other

grandchildren. My older sister Louise got the house up the road for her family as her husband was a school teacher and could spend summers here. Consequently, Joan, Kathy, and Kris Rohver grew up in that house for many, many summers.

Eventually Caroline Craighill wished to get out of her house if we would build her a smaller place. Thanks to Lewis Ross the log cabin was built. Bob, Cliff, and I moved to this house (in 1965, I think). Anyway, we are still here. This whole house is completely winterized (including a basement) for year-round, and we are very pleased and happy with it.

## The Case of the Souvenir Dish

by Donna Miller Damon

The Leonard Family and friends established the Leonard Fund after the death of Henrietta Leonard to provide the Historical Society with an increased ability to purchase Chebeague items for our collection. Thanks to their generosity we have made several outstanding purchases this winter. We continue to build this fund and donations are always welcome. Interestingly one of those purchases has ties to our stories about the impact of the Great Depression on folks who stayed on the island and those who moved away.

For the past couple of years we have watched Chebeague items come up for bid on EBAY, and have made some interesting purchases. We have also increased our knowledge of Chebeague history along the way. So we were very excited when we saw a beautiful souvenir Ruby dish come up for bid. It was made for Henry Bowen, postmaster, store owner and postcard publisher. The relish dish had a gold trim and was in mint condition. We "won" the dish and when it arrived we showed it off to the collections committee. Ken Hamilton's first question was where did it come from. The committee was amazed when I said Oregon.

Then everyone started brainstorming and someone, maybe, Ken remembered that an island couple Paul and Edna Ricker Hamilton had moved to Oregon. Well, a couple of weeks later while looking for some photos stored on the Museum computer I happened upon a large collection of photos covering nearly a century that had been provided by the descendants of Paul and Edna. I am easily distracted, so I was soon immersed in the photos. Soon I was enlarging photos looking for family resemblances (Edna's mother was my father's cousin). While admiring Edna's nearly wrinkle free skin (a family trait) something caught my eye - sitting beside elderly Edna was a small pitcher or vase that looked very much like the souvenir china that Henry Bowen also sold. We enlarged the photo and while the image



blurred as it was enlarged it looked like a Chebeague souvenir! Could the dish from Oregon have once belonged to some transplanted Chebeaguers? Like so many others, Paul and Edna returned to Chebeague to ride out the Depression. They lived in the houses now owned by the Matrazzos and Karen Hamilton. After the Depression they moved back out west. Edna died in 1992 and Paul died years before that but we are fortunate to have a great collection of their family photos at the Museum! We now are tracking down their relatives to find out if our new acquisition may have taken a few trips across the country!



**Paul Hamilton WW I Veteran**

Edna Ricker Hamilton  
Chebeague Island High School 1917

## From the Archives Room

*The following is a newspaper clipping from our archives. It appears to have been written in 1954, but speaks to the present. Where is Uncle Ed when we need him?*

### Greed is Root of World's Troubles, Veteran Chebeague Lobsterman Believes

Chebeague Island, March 2 (1954)

Edward M. Jenks, 76, put aside his dust cloth, wiggled his toes in his inseparable rubber boots and got quickly to what he says is the root of the world's troubles.

"It's greed," declared the veteran lobsterman, pausing from a head-start on spring house cleaning which includes dusting off countless history books.

"Uncle Ed" as he is known by the islanders, is one of Chebeague's most avid readers when he isn't lobstering or growing strawberries. He has been collecting history books more than half his long life. His library would make any mainland historian green with envy.

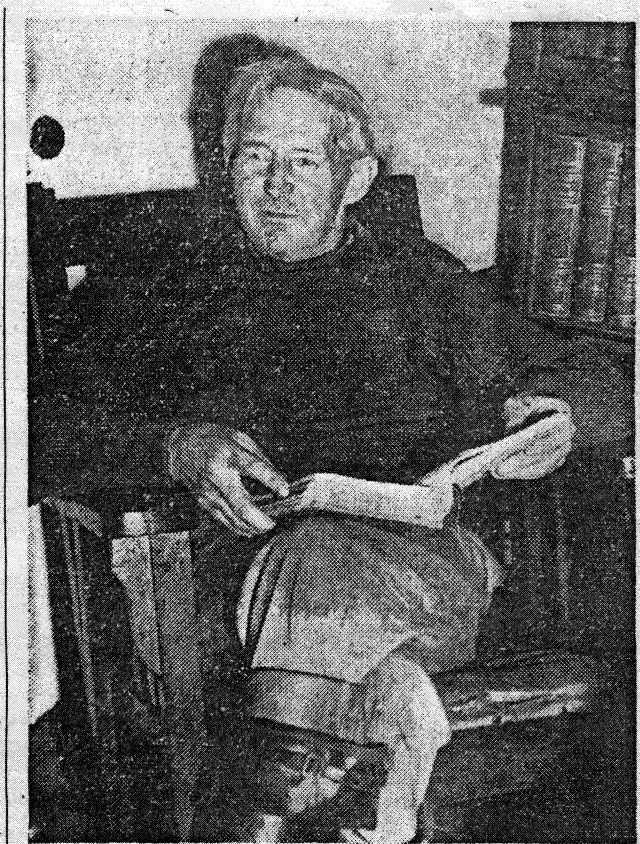
"Greed among nations, reflected by greed among individuals, is the cause of nine-tenths of the world's woes and has been since time began," he philosophized. "Ultimately, it becomes so overpowering it results in decadence of the nations and people it embraces. This has been witnessed in the decline of civilizations throughout history."

Uncle Ed says he doesn't hold out much hope for the future, because the world keeps making the same mistakes over and over.

"We may think we're striving toward perfection, but I don't think we'll ever attain it in this world. I hate to say it, by Godfrey, but I just haven't got that much faith in human nature. Sure, I believe I could offer a solution. It's a simple sounding one. You hear it a lot. However, few are willing to practice it sincerely and wholeheartedly. The key to a better world is to love your neighbor as yourself. That applies to both nations and people. However, relatively few dedicate themselves to it. When it comes to a showdown, most everyone looks out for himself first instead of his neighbor. It's just human nature to favor one's self."

Uncle Ed was born on Little Chebeague Island Dec. 23, 1878, son of Joshua and Nettie L. Jenks, and moved to Chebeague Island with his parents at the age of six months.

His massive collection of history books is spread in all corners of the house where he resides alone. Some of the books, such as a recently acquired 1851 American history, were obtained at auctions. Many were given him by friends. He studies both American and European history



#### 'Uncle Ed' Relaxes

Whether it's spring housecleaning, relaxing with a history book, or a visit to the mainland, Ed Jenks doesn't feel at home unless he's wearing his lobstering rubber boots. To him the boots are a symbol of preparedness.

“To me, history reads like a romance,” he noted, “just as interesting as any novel.”

He believes the United States hasn't yet reached its peak in history. It's decline may never come. Atom, hydrogen and cobalt bombs may erase all life from the face of the earth before it happens, he warned. Time is growing short, he says. The time has come for peoples of the world to think straight, and search their hearts.

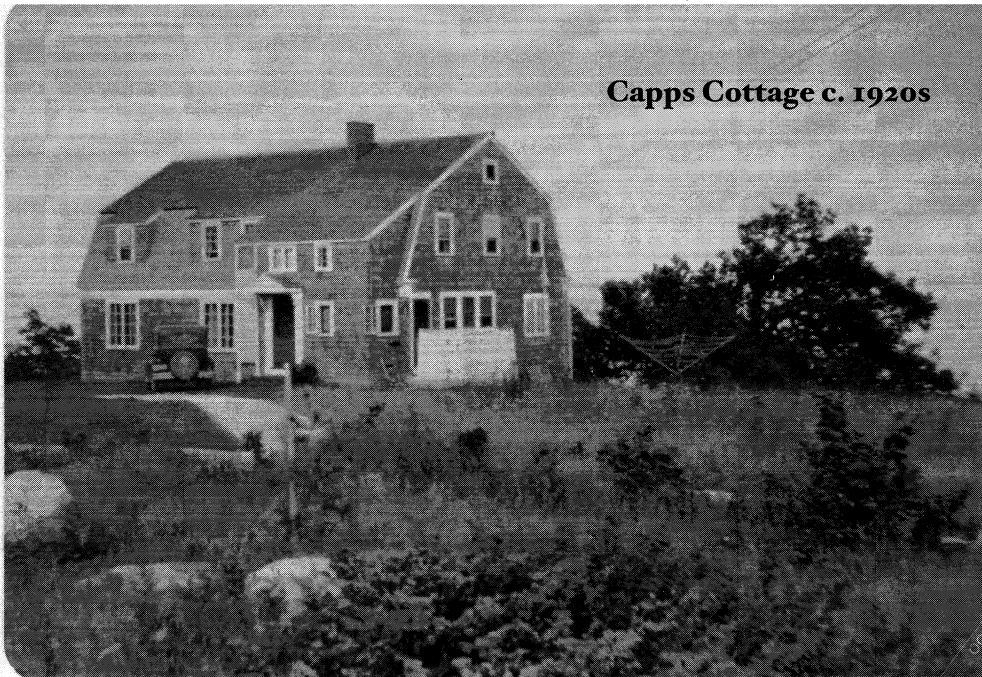
*The following article appeared in the Portland Sunday Telegram October 13, 1935. Please note that the original article may have inaccuracies and omissions. Our apologies.*

## **Chebeague Island Boasts a Potential “Brain Trust” in Professors Row**

by Commander Louis Gulliver, U.S. N.

Chebeague Island, unlike the Gaul divided by Caesar, is in four parts: the East End, the West End, Fisherman's Village, and Professors Row. Here in the last reside the summer colony of university professors and their families, who, having established themselves on the southerly shore of the island, are figuratively set apart from the others. Actually, however, the professorial summer Chebeaguers have merged with the summer East Enders, the West Enders and the native islanders, including the men who toil on the sea. The result is a very happy family on Chebeague where brains, scholarship, travel and culture, stand on common ground with the permanent islanders who labor honestly and honorably at fishing and farming without benefit of studious research in mathematics, Greek literature, and ascents in the stratosphere.

### **Brains Aplenty**



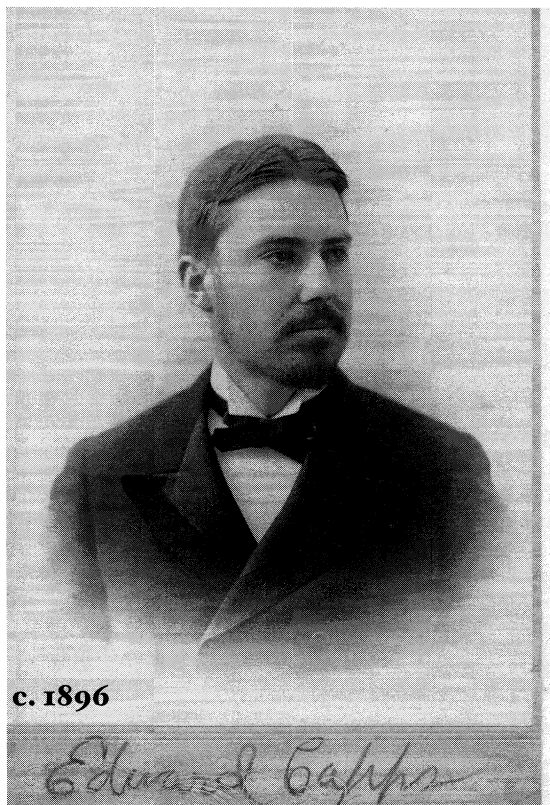
Chebeague Island if it wanted to could stage an exhibition of brain trusting that would equal anything that has been seen at Washington. Chebeague has the brains in plenty to do this. Such an event, however, is not likely to happen because Chebeague's professors are modest gentlemen who have no flair for the limelight or the spectacular. The coming of the professors to Chebeague can, like most other events of importance, be traced to a woman. This lady, (Grace Alexander) now the wife of Prof. Edward Capps, was, before her marriage, a summer resident of the

island. The summer home of the Capps family and the founding of Professors Row resulted.

In the years that followed other professors came to Chebeague. The word of the island's beauty, unchanged by the passage of years, traveled by word of mouth from professor to professor, from university to university, until now the colony has grown to include 14 professors from 10 different colleges—from Yale in New Haven to as far west as the Univ. of Minnesota at Minneapolis. These men, together with their wives, children and help, number 50 people, and their investment in Chebeague totals well over \$70,000. Obviously, Chebeague has good reasons to be proud of Professors Row and pleased too with the prosperity that has come to the island by means of it.

### Dean of Colony

The dean of the colony is Professor Capps, recently retired as professor emeritus from Princeton. He has no peer in knowledge of ancient and modern Greek language and literature. He has specialized also in Latin and archaeology. Through his friendship with Woodrow Wilson, who was President of Princeton at one time, Professor Capps was appointed U. S. consul to Greece. He is now on route to Greece with Mrs. Capps to become head of the American College at Athens. They will there join their daughter who is head of the Near East work for women. The Franklin Institute of Philadelphia is represented on the island by Dr. William F. Swann, head of the new Bartol laboratory of physics. Professor Swann is one of the half dozen men in the world who have ascended into the stratosphere. He has invented a number of instruments that have been used in American ascents in the regions 60,000 ft above the earth. His son, William, now at Harvard, assisted his father in these inventions. Both Professor and Mrs. Swan are accomplished musicians and composers. The colony has three men from Yale. Prof. Maurice Harmon is head of the classical department of Latin and Greek at the college. The Harmons are small boat enthusiasts, the professor having taught his young daughters how to sail. When not on the water, Prof. Harmon works as head greenskeeper at the island golf course.



Prof. Harry Hubbell, Greek and Latin teacher, is also from Yale. He too majors in boats and boasts of a sailboat built by himself and his son, Henry. Mrs. Hubbell is both artist and musician. Her work in watercolor and her decorative designs are well known to islanders and summer residents. Prof. George Hedricks of Yale is also a summer Chebeaguer.

### Other Professors

Vassar College is represented on the island by Prof. Oliver Tonks, head of the department of history of art. Dr. Tonks loves the boating in the waters off the island. Mrs. Tonks is noted for her oils and water color pictures of scenes on Chebeague, Cousins and Orr's Islands.

Professor Passano, head of mathematics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology is the only educator on the island from the Bay State. Prof. Eric Kelly, head of the English Department at Dartmouth, Prof. Lunt of Haverford College, Prof. Carl Kayan of Columbia Univ., Prof. William Ash, head of the Teachers College at the Univ. of Pennsylvania, Prof. Eaves, retired professor of astronomy, Prof. David Dodd, friend of Tugwell, head of the department of Finance and Economics at Columbia and author of several books on his specialty, and Prof. George Fillepetti, teacher of economics at the Univ. of Minnesota, round out the list of Chebeague's distinguished educators.

Four native born Chebeague boys have made good in colleges. Victor Bowen, a graduate of Bates, is now a teacher in the Framingham (Mass.) High School. Russell Ross, also a Bates graduate, is now teaching in New York. Willis Cleaves, graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, is now a lieutenant in the Navy on duty along the West Coast. Louis Leonard is enrolled in Brown University.

Chebeague is proud of its professors and their families. These people love the island and would not change it for any other spot. They enter cooperatively into island activities-social, sports and community life. Their number increases gradually every year. *(And she still is proud.)*

## CIHS CURRENT MEMBERSHIP – APRIL 15, 2009

Abel, Suzanne  
Abrahamson, Jane  
Arnold, Chester and Wendy  
Ash, John M. IV  
Ballard, Joe  
Ballard, Sam and Sally  
Bartsch, John/Alexandria  
Bass, Katherine  
Bates, George / Car. Schultz  
Belesca, Ann  
Belesca, Paul and Jen  
Bennett, Alden  
Bennett, Joe and Pros  
Bennett, John/Abigail Synder  
Bennett, Stan. and Chris.  
Bennett, Tom and Norma  
Birbaum, Jesse and Lisa  
Bisharat, Leila and Suhail  
Bishop, Ruth  
Bogle, Warren and Sue  
Boisvert, Richard and Doris  
Bonebakker, Erno and Vicky  
Bourget, David and Patricia  
Bowen, Richard  
Bowman, Deborah  
Bowman, Sharon  
Boxer, Vivian  
Bradish, Ruth  
Breed, Robert and Tineke  
Brenton, Marianne  
Brown, Anne  
Brown, Margaret  
Buczynski, Wanda  
Burgess, Ernest and Sue  
Buxbaum, Robert and Susan  
Calder, Diane and Richard  
Calder, Tom and Virginia  
Calthorpe, William  
Campbell, Carol  
Carleton, Peter and Linda  
Carter, Genevieve  
Chamberlin, Woody /Nancy  
Champagne, Martha  
Clark, Donna and Doug  
Clark, Edie and Tim  
Clugston, Alan  
Cobb, Dana and Theresa  
Colbeth, Gerald and Dot  
Collins, Audrey and Dick  
Coon, Howard  
Corson-Weiss, Karen/Jay  
Cox, Cheryl and Bruce  
Crapser, Richard and Sally  
Cross, Jacqueline/Richard  
Curran, Helen  
Curtis, Ann  
Cushman, Tom and Mary  
Damon, Donna and Doug  
Dayton, Robert and Joan  
Dobush, Henry and Pat  
Doherty, Gail and Paul  
Doughty, Cecil and Louise

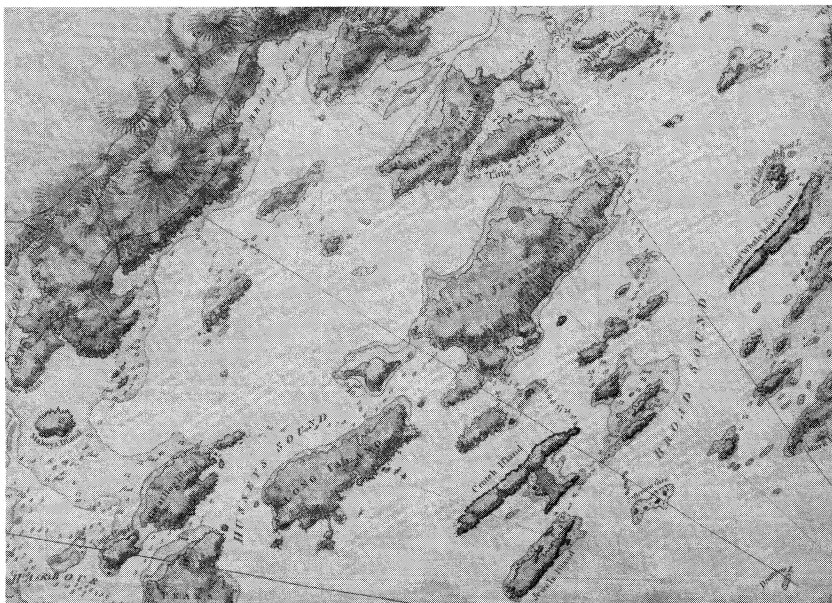
Doughty, Edmund and Julie  
Doughty, Sanford and Mabel  
Doughty, Warren  
Dunn, Gail  
Durgin, Marianne  
Dyer, Mark and Beth  
Dyer, Bob and Beverly  
Dyer, Virginia  
Earnest, Bob and Nancy  
Eaton, Gilbert and Grace  
Emery, Clifton and Vicki  
Ericson, Dan/Bonnie Frisard  
Eyster, Darlene/Jeff Dreyer  
Faubert, Emil  
Freeman, Kitty  
Frey, Helen  
Frizzell, Jane  
Garsoe, Barbara  
Gaskins, Darius/Stephanie  
Gaskins, Susan  
Gaston, Betsy  
Gaston, Margaret  
Gilmartin, Raymond/Gladys  
Gilpatrick, Jean  
Glynn, Julie D.  
Goodman, Ellen/ Levey, Bob  
Grannell, Andrew/Dorothy  
Grant, Bob and Geordie  
Grant, Schuyler and Linda  
Greppin, Ernest/Barbara  
Grunko, Michael and Beth  
Gustafson, Mel./Dav. Scrase  
Habig, Robert and Khaki  
Hackel, Richard/Jennifer  
Hahn, Jeff and Maricel  
Haines, Alice  
Hales, Charles/Mary Ann  
Hamilton, Barry/Virginia  
Hamilton, David  
Hamilton, Elsie  
Hamilton, Karen  
Hamilton, Ken and Jeanette  
Hamilton, Leon and Jennifer  
Hamilton, Martha  
Hamilton, Ricker  
Hamilton, Rod and Barbara  
Hamilton, Roland /Thelma  
Hamilton, Theron  
Hammond, Frederick  
Hanscon, Gail  
Hatfield, Pommy  
Hayden, Barbara  
Helbig, Gayle  
Hilly, Charles/Mary Lee  
Hiniker, Jerry and Mary  
Hobart, Ginger/Rob Campbell  
Hodge, Paul and Avis  
Holman, Lewis and Mary  
Holmbom, Anne and James  
Holt, Jay/Jenny Goff  
Holt, John and Mary  
Holtzman, Marc and Anita

Howell, Marcia  
Hubbell, Rich and Jennifer  
Hulburt, Edward and Joan  
Hunt, Robert/Irene Winter  
Hunter, Bruce and Cassie  
Hunter, Russell and Kathy  
Hutchinson, Bruce  
Ingram, Margaret  
Isenberg, Anne and Mike  
Jackson, Roy and Suzanne  
Johnson, Beverly/Stephen  
Johnson, Birger and Linda  
Johnson, Dawn  
Johnson, Pam  
Johnson, Phil and Betty  
Johnston, Kit and Jerry  
Kaebnick, Greg and Gwen  
Kennedy, Kate  
Kennedy, Nancy  
Kihanya, Kathy  
Kilmon, Mary  
Kuntz, Charles/Kathleen  
Laird, William  
Larreau, Carol  
Lawson, Barbara  
Layng, John and Amanda  
Leffingwell, Jim and Lee  
Leonard, George and Jane  
Leonard, Ann/Rob Hogan  
Leonard, Susan/John  
Sullivan  
Leslie, Bob and Nancy  
Lessing-Evans, Mary  
Lipton, Greg/Sara Crisp  
Lunt, James and Jeanne  
Luther, Elizabeth Allison  
Lynch, Art and Nancy  
MacNeil, Cathy  
Maher, Peter and Ellen  
Maine, Herb/Carol White  
Maloney, Allen and Jill  
Mansfield, Frank/Barbara  
Marion, Peter and Vicky  
Marks, Barbara/Charles  
Marsee, Jill and Donald  
Marsh, Carolyn  
Marshall, Barbara/William  
Martindale, Fred and Donna  
Matrazzo, Milo/Mary Jane  
Mayer, Eldon C. and Betts  
McCatherin, Charles  
McCusky Brian and Kristine  
McCusky, William/Roberta  
McGirr, Althea and Robert  
McQuire, William/Barbara  
McKane, David  
McKinnon, Kendra  
McLean, Sandra/Michael  
Finio  
Mead, John  
Mead, William/Marie  
Melkonian, Greg/Jennifer

Mellin, Alice and Peter  
 Merchant, Rosemary/John  
 Middleton, Blackford and  
 Ursula King  
 Miller, Betty Jean and Tom  
 Millinger, James  
 Morgan, Manny and Chris  
 Corbett  
 Morse, Carlton and Charlotte  
 Morse, E. H. and Barbara  
 Morse, John and Dixie  
 Moulton, Mimi  
 Moynihan, Lewis  
 Muller, Brian and Emily  
 Munroe, Marjorie  
 Murdock, Robert  
 Myles, Margo and Sean  
 Nicklas, Marilyn S.  
 Odom, George and Vicki  
 Olney, Peter and Nancy  
 Oppel, Eleanor  
 Parker, Loretta  
 Passano, Mac/Beth Howe  
 Perkins, David and Beverly  
 Peryer, Lawrence/Family  
 Phipps, Geraldine  
 Phipps, Richard and Joan  
 Porter, Michael and Barbara  
 Putnam, Robert  
 Putnam, Sheila  
 Putnam, Shelby and Harris  
 Ragan, Jim and Sandy  
 Ragan, Ralph and Ruth  
 Raymond, Robert  
 Rent, John and Sharon  
 Rice, Rochelle  
 Rice, Sandra and Malcolm  
 Rich, Jon and Amy  
 Richardson, Ernest and

Leslie Clark  
 Riddle, Bruce and Cindy  
 Robinson, Joan  
 Robinson, Mike/Lee  
 Rogers, Jon and Monica  
 Rogers, Mary  
 Ross, Betsy  
 Ross, Charles  
 Ross, Gertrude  
 Ross, James and Sylvia  
 Ross, Richard and Priscilla  
 Rothschild, Adam/Sarah  
 Madsen  
 Rothschild, Luke/Holly  
 Tyrrell  
 Runge, Tad and Tina  
 Ruscak, David and Nicole  
 Sabasteanski, Carol / Frank  
 Sachs, Murray and Merle  
 Sanborn, Roberta  
 Sawyer, Norma and Ben  
 Sawyer, Robert  
 Sawyer, Susan/Ken Pelton  
 Schaefer, Rebecca and Drew  
 Scott, Helen  
 Shattuck, Jane  
 Shepherd, Barrie and Mhairi  
 Silin, Steve/ Diane Lukac  
 Smith, Linden and Allyson  
 Smith, Victoria  
 Soucek, Donald and Joyce  
 Springer, James and Carol  
 Squires, David  
 Stavropoulos, Susie  
 Stephens, Michael and Linda  
 Stepler, Paul and Beverly  
 Stranahan, Susan  
 Stubbs, Janet  
 Szewczyk, Brian and Susan

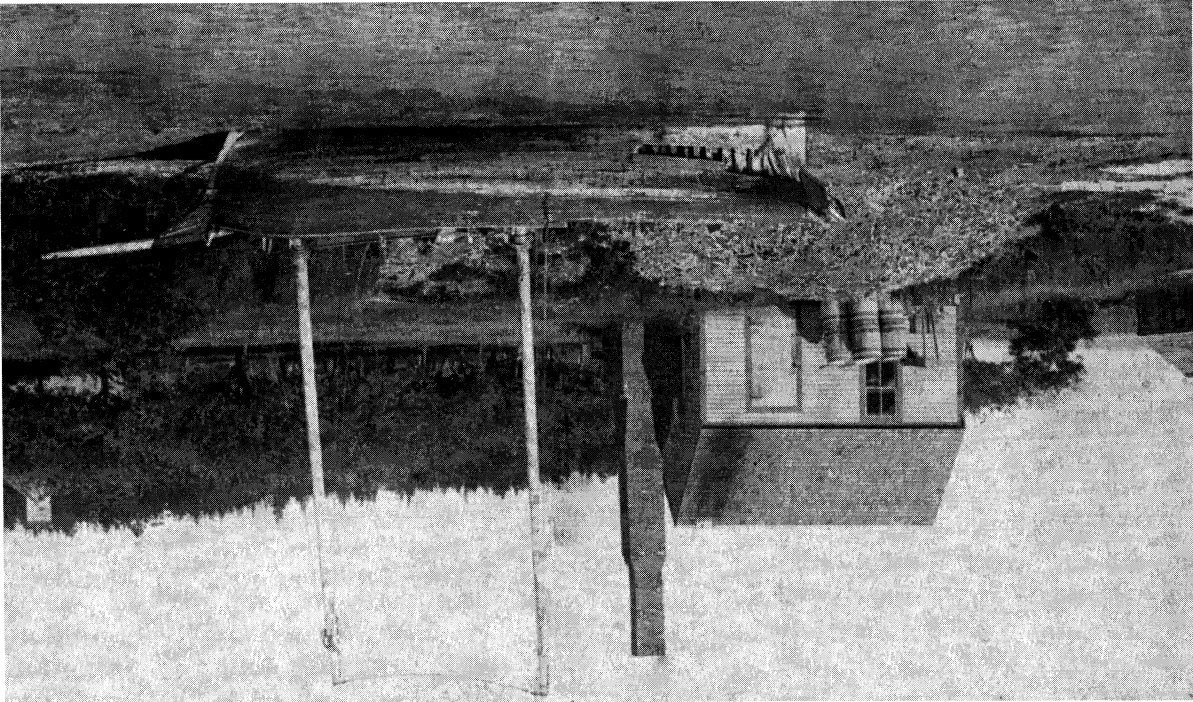
Tetreau, Thomas and Mary  
 Thaxter, John and Ann  
 Thaxter, John and Ann  
 Todd, Louise  
 Tracy, David and Gabby  
 Trower, Martha  
 Tubbesing, Carl and Sally  
 Turner-Taggart, Jack/Tee  
 Vaughan, Maggie/Will  
 Webb, Jean  
 Webb, Rod and Elise  
 Webb, Toby and Stacie  
 Webber, Harland/Mary Ellen  
 Wemesfelder, Betsy  
 Wentling, Joe and Jan  
 Wessell, Nils and Kerry  
 Wethe, Christian  
 Whiston, David and Sandra  
 Whitaker, Janice  
 Whitaker, Al and Jean  
 White, Linda  
 Whitman, Robert/Elizabeth  
 Whittier, Charles and Lee  
 Wiles, Beth and Jerry  
 Williams, Gail and Jack  
 Wilson, Carol  
 Wilson, David and Julie  
 Wilson, George and Marily  
 Wilson, John and Susan  
 Wood, Nina  
 Wood, Stephen and Felicia  
 Woodbury, Peter / Barbara  
 Worthen, Rae and William  
 York, Ceres Gaskins  
 Young, Dorothy  
 Zaugg-Anstice, David/Mimi



**Des Barres Map of Casco Bay 1776**

*Courtesy of the Muddy Rudder*

What can you tell us about this photo? When? Where? What?



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 #2  
Chebeague Island, ME 04017

Postal Patron  
04017