



Newsletter
of the
Chebeague Island
Historical
Society

Spring 2011
Issue

the Sloop's Log

Editor's Notes

Dear Sloop's Log Readers,

Welcome to the 2011 Spring Issue. We hope we have put together some enjoyable and informative log entries for you. Please find below the following presentations: Ashley's Fish House, Who's Who in the Cemetery, Poetry, Mayall Littlefield's Sawmill, the Harris Family, Seed Catalogs, the John Small Road, John Small's Bio, the "Old Schoolhouse" Fundraiser, Programs for the Summer, a Genealogy Offer, and a Mystery Photo.

I want to offer my huge thanks to our contributors. Needless to say without them there would be no Sloop's Log. We hope in the future you also will think of some stories that our Chebeague historical community would enjoy. Below

please find the names of our writers and photographers: Victoria Bowen, Donna Damon, Ken Hamilton, Martha Hamilton, Bev Johnson, Cathy MacNeill, Marjorie Munroe, Harris Putnam, Joan Robinson, Sylvia Ross, Susie Stavropoulos, Stacie Webb, and Mary Ellen Webber. I hope I have remembered you all.

We look forward to our busy season in the summer. Check out our programs and plan to join us for our lectures and our fundraising tours. We hope that if you receive this Sloop's Log and are not a member of the Chebeague Island Historical Society that you will join us.

Our address is:

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

Jane Frizzell



Hamilton Family - East End

1st. Robert Hamilton + wife Serena Healey

Robert Hamilton Jr. + wife Betsy Cozwell

Sons + daughters

b 1852 Alvin m Emily Seabury Nancy m Will Mansfield b 1871

b 1862 Harry m Emma Ross Bryan Lovisa m Michael Mansfield b 1867

Emma m Ammi Hamilton b 1864

Photo at left:
Look for Serena
in article on
Upton genealogy
starting on page 4.

What I Remember about Ashley's Fish House

Looking at Ashley Johnson's fish house from the Chandler's Wharf area.

By Mary Ellen Johnson Webber



Photo: Mary Ellen Johnson Webber collection

The fish house was built by my dad, Ashley Johnson, around the early forties while he was home for a short leave from the Merchant Marine. As my mom, Helen, told me he always had a plan to go lobstering and about 1950 this plan took shape.

Like many of the fish houses, Ashley's fish house had many facets. The majority of the time it was a place for Ashley to build and mend traps. Another use was my playhouse.

One summer Ashley invited old Uncle Ira, who was the grandfather of my neighbors and best friends, Albert and Dick Marsh, to use the fish house as a camp so he could remain on Chebeague Island and enjoy the summer. In order to repay Ashley's kindness, Ira offered to paint the fish house. Ira asked him what color he would like it painted. He told Ira that he really didn't care and that any color paint that Ira liked and could find in the basement would be good by him. So one beautiful afternoon when returning from lobstering, as Ashley came around Deer Point and into Chandler's, he spied a strange sight. While he was gone for the day, Ira had painted the fish house and

used a BRIGHT PINK paint. Ashley thought it was the funniest thing he had ever seen, but was quick to repaint the fish house to a more subdued color. In the meantime, the tourists on the Casco Bay boat had a great time taking pictures of the Out of Character Pink Fish House.

The fish house remained on our beach for many years until it made its final journey to the Cricks and the Ross family.

(I guess the onlookers didn't get to watch a "pink" building as it later traveled the Chebeague roads to Brother and Sylvia's house. See next story. JF)

Ashley's fish house in Brother's backyard.



Photo-Sylvia Ross collection

After Ashley Johnson retired from lobstering in the late 1950's, he gave James "Brother" Ross, an island fisherman, his 8' by 10' fish-house—if Brother could get it moved from the bank below Ashley's on Chandler's Cove and transport it to his own home on the John Small Road.

Realizing he would need a helping hand, Brother thought of no other than his friend and fishing buddy, Bob Dyer, who just happened to own a truck and a low-bed trailer with all the commodities to move a fish-house! Besides, Bob was quite often ready for a challenge, as well as helping out a friend—like floating a fish-house from Chandler's Cove around the bend and to the shore to Bennett's Cove. The building was hauled out near Sanford and Mabel Doughty's. Once on land the journey with the fish-house would continue by truck and low-bed trailer up the main road, over the John Small Road and beyond to Brother's property. Not surprisingly, Bob agreed to the challenge.

FROM COVE TO COVE

By Sylvia Ross

On that eventful day Brother and Bob floated the little fish-house from its "perch" on the rocks of Ashley's bank to Bennett's Cove without a hitch—even with both windows in tact! By the time they had reached the cove, other fishermen had arrived to give the men a hand. Cecil Amos Doughty recalls that he and Manly Dyer were in the midst. Bob says that most likely his brother, Ken, helped too, since he generally rode beside him in the truck back in those days. Richard "Pooch" Ross says he doesn't remember being there, but he very likely was.

For the day Brother's boat was left moored in Bennett's Cove; and with the use of planks, rollers, hoists, jacks, and plenty of rope, they hoisted and secured the fish-house to

Bob's low-bed. Leaving the cove with his faithful low-bed trailer and truck, Bob and company successfully hauled the fish-house up the main road to the John Small Road and to the neighborhood of the Cricks and into Brother's backyard. Ashley's fish-house had finally reached its destination.

Many years have passed since that day. The fish-house still stands (barely) while the memories continue on.

WHO'S WHO IN THE CEMETERY? WHAT THE STONES DON'T TELL

By Martha Hamilton with genealogical additions by the editor.



Photo- Martha Hamilton collection

*Elizabeth Boise of the DAR leaving a marker at the stone of David Upton.
The other stone in the picture belongs to Mary Hiller Upton, the wife of David's son, David.*

IN 1975 the regent for the Elizabeth Wadsworth Chapter of the NSDAR, Elizabeth Boise, and several other DAR members attended our Memorial Day Service and left DAR markers by the stones of three Revolutionary War veterans... Nathaniel Doughty, Solo-

mon Sawyer, and David Upton...none of whom are actually buried in the current Chebeague cemetery! Upton family stones are in the section of the cemetery near the church, but the older David Upton's remains are buried in the Chandler's Cove cemetery now on the Belvin property. He was in the Battle of Bunker Hill and lived in

Reading, MA. He and/or his family later lived in various Maine locations—in North Norway, on Birch Island, and on Cliff Island and on Chebeague where they moved in 1839.

The Upton name is not familiar on Chebeague now, but there are many descendants still on the island. Etta Upton married Willie

Mary Hiller Upton, wife of the second David Upton.



Photo-Clara Woodbury collection.

David Upton, the son of the Revolutionary War vet and uncle of Serena Henley Hamilton.

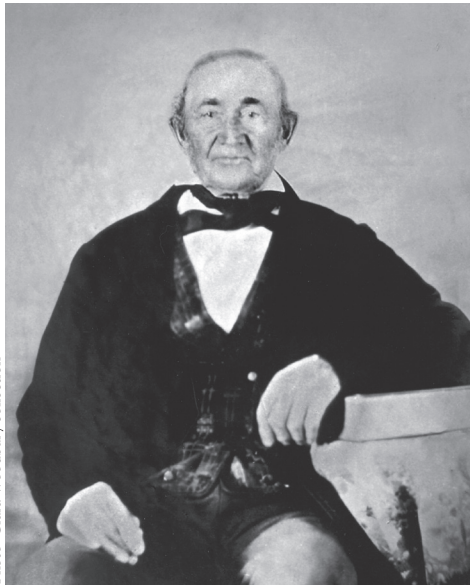


Photo-Clara Woodbury collection.

Ross so all of Elsie Ross and Leland Hamilton's family are descended from David Uptons 1,2, 3, Joseph and then Etta. Captain Joseph Upton, Etta's father was a well-known lighthouse keeper at Two Lights on Cape Elizabeth. Leon Hamilton, their descendant, currently lives on Chebeague. The descendants of Bill and Pearl Ross have the same Upton heritage and another through Serena Henley. Betsy Ross lives on Chebeague. Other descendants of the original David include Jane Frizzell and Barbara Marks. They are descended through David 1,2, Sarah and Annie.

The original David's daughter, Sarah "Sally" Upton, married John Henley, and their daughter, Serena, married Robert Hamilton, Sr. : Raymond Hamilton; Marianne Durgin and family; Marshall Bowen; Arlene Dyer and her family ; Freddie Ross; Skip Mansfield and his family; Charlie Wheldon and his family;

Michael Hamilton and his family; and Ralph Munroe and his family are also descendants of this line currently living on or visiting Chebeague. Of interest also to Chebeaguers and CTC riders is the name, Nancy Blanchard. She is also descended from the Uptons through Robert and Serena.

GENEALOGY QUESTIONS?

By Martha Hamilton

Do you know your ancestry? Who were your great, great grandparents? Did they live on Chebeague and, if so, where? Gloria Brown, who is a "whiz" at finding answers to questions like these, and other "experts" are willing to help you find information about Chebeague families. Send your questions to:

Chebeague Island Historical Society
P O Box 28
Chebeague Island, ME 04017
Or to:
history@chebeague.net

REVOLUTIONARY WAR VETS AND CHEBEAGUE

By Donna Damon

The following is part of a response by Donna to a question about Revolutionary War veterans with Chebeague burials

J. F.

RE: Revolutionary War soldiers. None of them (with the possible exception of [Benjamin] Mitchell are buried in the cemetery. His bones were dug up along with other family members when they built the Rose's Point Road. They were in unmarked graves and they were deposited in a common grave on a descendant's lot. Wentworth Ricker is (buried) by Ballard's. David Upton and Nathaniel Doughty are at Chandler's Cove. Solomon Sawyer is probably in an unmarked grave near Belescas. Nathaniel Doughty was not the ancestor of the Chebeague Doughtys, but may have been a cousin. David Upton lived on Cliff Island and may have spent his last days here as his family (son David) moved here c. 1839 and he is buried at Chandler's Cove.

None of the above lived here during the Revolution although the Sawyers may arrived during that time. Ambrose Hamilton may have been the only one who lived on Chebeague when he served. Jane and I tracked him to Northport, Maine and he is buried there in an unmarked grave. He owned 200 acres of land on Penobscot Bay and died of typhoid fever (there) in 1795.

The old
Baptist
brick
church



Photo- Clam Woodbury collection

The Old Brick Church

by Susie Stavropoulos

The building was constructed from bricks made on Chebeague to build the home of Ebenezer and Lucy Hill.

Their house was later torn down and the bricks found new life in the building of a Baptist meeting house in the woods by what is now the Roy Hill Road / Meeting House Lane. Land had been deeded in 1831 to a small congregation of some 18 Baptists by Lucy McLellan "in consideration of one dollar with a proviso that the building never be used for any other purpose "than a house of public worship."

We trust that Ms Lucy lies quiet in her grave as the house was later sold to Harry Burt Hamilton whose visitor, Mr Kilby wrote so beguilingly of bucolic summer days on Chebeague in the 1920's.

'Bonnie Briar' THE OLD BRICK HOUSE THAT USED TO BE A CHURCH

The old brick house that used to be a church,
Now nestles cozily among the trees,
Of aromatic evergreens and birch,
Whose swaying tops respond to every breeze,
A broad piazza sheltered from the sun
With hammock well supplied, and easy chairs,
For rest when all the daily tasks are done,
And ease and comfort follow household cares.

A view across the water to the land,
Where distant mountains terminate the sky
The intervening channel close at hand,
Where pleasure boats, and fishing dories ply;
Where nearer still the quiet thoroughfare
Lead on to summer homes, and landing floats,
With wayside blooms, and berries everywhere,
And birds that fill the air with joyous notes.

To all directions, north, south, east and west,
Stray woodland paths, now clear now overgrown.
To places where the berries flourish best,
Sequestered regions known to few alone,
Or better trodden, more frequented ways,
That lead to steamboat wharf, or village store,
And shady lanes that temper hottest rays,
And finish at a neighbor's friendly door.

When evening brings the sunset's ruddy glow,
And notes of hermit thrush and whippoorwill,
While starred skies canopy the earth below,
And all the voices of the day are still,
An atmosphere of calm, and quiet rest
Pervades the woods of evergreen and birch,
And neither real nor fancied ills molest,
The old brick house that used to be a church.

Quincy Kilby

August 29, 1925

Chebeague Quilters

by Susie Stavropoulos

In the summer of 1991, ten women enrolled in a Cumberland Summer Recreation Program to make "A Quilt in a Day." They gathered at the school and their "day" lasted 14 hours. It was a scorching July and the school had no running water. With good will, persistence won out and there were some finished quilts at the end.

Since that time, there have been many long days and many fine quilts. The "Piecemakers" subsequently moved their activities to the Hall where the hum of chatter and machines may still be heard.

Below are the names of the "Founders" and those who joined the "Piecemakers" later on: Jane Abrahamson, Nancy Adams, Lola Armstrong, Diane Ash, Audrey Collins, Karen Corson, Donna Damon, Louise Doughty, Bev Dyer, Kitty Freeman, Barbara Hamilton, Jeanette Hamilton, Martha Hamilton, Jane Harrington, Nancy Hill, Ruth Houghton, Beth Howe, Suzanne Jackson, Joan Robinson, Sylvia Ross, Nancy Sharp, Joyce Soucek, and Susie Stavropoulos. (Apologies to those we may have left off the list.)

Sylvia Ross working on a quilt at the Hall. Notice the Cheesits in the background. This is not all work and no play.

THE QUILT
By Sylvia Ross

An array of blues and greens
Lie crumpled on the four-poster bed.

She smiles at the taut machine stitching
Forever holding her Log Cabin intact.

Unevenly matched squares and triangles
Bring a frown to her face.

Points and corners do not meet.
She lies her head on the quilt.

The variegated blue border is fraying,
She cries.

Memories stir within her.
She hears laughter, and machines humming.

Her first day of quilting—
One of the happiest of her life.



Photo-Sylvia Ross collection

MAYALL LITTLEFIELD'S SAWMILL

By Ken Hamilton

Mayall
Littlefield's
sawmill



As a youngster I often heard my mother speak of “Uncle Ma.” Her father, my grandfather Frank Bennett, was a brother of Mayall Littlefield’s wife, Lydia Bennett. After Uncle Mayall died Aunt “Liddy” lived during the warm weather with her sister, Lil in the old Bennett homestead across the South Road from Dick and Di Calder. It was during the visits to these aunts that I first learned about the great taste of peanut butter cookies, the art

of drying apples on a string hung above the kitchen stove, and the taste of those huge Wolf River apples.

Uncle Mayall was the son of William T. Littlefield, who owned a great deal of property around the present boatyard. His farm house is now occupied by Dick and Joan Phipps. I heard many stories about Uncle Mayall when I was quite young. The idea that he built a sawmill and then constructed a house in Portland was discussed with great pride.

There is some dispute as to the exact location of the sawmill. Mother thought that it was in the field between the South Road and the shore, perhaps between the road

and the Harris cottage. There is some evidence, however, that it was more to the southwest and closer to the cottage that was owned for many years by the Boydens.

Several pictures of the mill exist. I have a picture of my father, Ervin Hamilton, sitting on a log end. He was probably showing off for my mother, Ellen Bennett Hamilton. The sawmill got its power from a steam engine. I have another picture which shows the exhaust from both the engine and the boiler which supplied the steam. The men in the picture had to be very adept at handling very large

Mayall
Littlefield



Photo credit for all - Kenneth Hamilton collection.

logs as these logs were moved only by manpower.

The only person I know who remembers any thing at all about the mill is Raymond Hamilton. He has told me that he doesn't remember the mill itself, but that he remembers when just a boy seeing the huge tracks (5 or 6 inches wide) left by the log sleds. Compared to the runners of a typical sled these runners were very noticeable to a young boy. The sleds were used to haul the logs across the island to the sawmill. Apparently there was better timber on the westerly side of the island at this time.

So what was done with the boards that were sawed on Chebeague? Well, Mayall managed to transfer them to the shore and on to a vessel where they were loaded and taken under sail to Portland. He then built a house for himself and Aunt Lydia on Waterville Street in Portland. I would like very much to have seen the loading of this lumber on to the vessel. I expect William Littlefield's stone wharf, which is now buried under the wharf at the boatyard, probably was the scene of this endeavor.

Ervin
Hamilton,
Ken's father,
at the
sawmill.

How the Harris' Came to Chebeague

By Harris Putnam

In each issue of Sloop's Log we try to present the story of how a Chebeague family came to the island. In this issue we will look at the Harris family of the Noddle Head. Harris Putnam, the current owner, gives us this story. I would like to add to her article the names of family members still connected to or living on the island. Harris and Shelby's children, Bill, Bob, and Jennifer spent a lot of time on the island when growing up. Bill and Bob's children, Jeff, Jeremy, Ruth and Bradley and Tyler, respectively, grew up and went to school on the island. Jeff currently lives on the island with his wife, Beth, and his children, Cole and Gage. J. F.

"Noddle Head,"

the Harris family home, was named from the old charts showing Noddle Head as the point on the shore at the entrance to (Cleaves) Cove, was built in the winter of 1905-1906. Grandfather William Harris came to Chebeague on the recommendation of his cousin William Newell. Both wanted to remove their families from the worries about polio in their town of Springfield, Mass.

The Harris family first boarded at the Hamilton's (now the McCuskey's) while Mr. Harris negotiated for the property where the house now stands. He acquired various pieces of land from various owners, giving him the house lot and the fields.

The home, large enough for his seven children and many assorted visitors, was built over the winter of 1905-1906 by Howard Hamilton. Some of the material came across the ice from Portland. Grandfather spent much of the winter on the island, supervising



Photo-William Laird collection

the construction and communicating frequently with his wife, Henrietta, in Springfield about progress and changes, of which there were many.

There is a wonderful description of the house in the Casco Bay Breeze. The main features (aside from the gorgeous view) are a 12' by 40' screened porch and a 16' by 36' living room. It

included 6 bedrooms but had no running water at the time of its construction. Well into the 1930's the hand pump and the slate sink were still in use, although running water had been added by then.

The house crawled into the modern age. A telephone was added in the 1950's, followed by washing machines

Photo at left:

The wedding of Raymond MacDonald and Ambia Harris at the Harris cottage in 1927.

From left to right: Leonard Laird, James Albion, Raymond MacDonald, Ambia Harris, William Allen Harris, Harriet Harris.



Photo: Martha Hamilton collection

and dishwashers, TVs and microwaves and even vacuum cleaners! A small addition was put on the kitchen to make it “eat in,” with a view of the CTC running back and forth.

At the death of William and Henrietta, the property was willed to the remaining six children. Ambia Harris and her husband, Raymond MacDonald, acquired sole ownership in the mid 1930’s and brought their children every summer except for one during WWII. Ambia’s remaining brothers and sisters came to visit them often and her younger sister, Harriet (Laird) bought the cottage next door (now

Bonebakker’s), and lived there for several years. When Raymond and Ambia died, their daughter, Harris and her husband, Selby Putnam, became the homeowners. Their children, grandchildren, great grandchildren have all spent time on the island.

The house has watched five generations grow up and the sixth is beginning. It has hosted at least six weddings and receptions, plus numerous plays, games, card parties and anniversaries. Sadly it will not entertain future descendants of the Harris family, but hopefully another dynasty will begin another 100 years.

These are the gateposts which were on the original driveway to the Harris property.

The driveway originally went along the gully to the east of what is now Leon and Jen Hamilton’s barn. The driveway was relocated by the Mac Donalds in the 1930’s and now begins across from Victoria Smith’s house. The house in the background was built by the Thompsons and is now owned by Darlene Eyster.

Seed Company Dream Books

by Ken Hamilton



Ken checking out the beautiful gardens.

Photo-Kathy MacNeill

It was not many years ago that a favorite pastime for many folks living on Chebeague was looking forward to the first seed catalogue to arrive in the mail. I can remember of reading these catalogues over and over with the wish that my next garden would look like those pictured. It seems to me that in the 1920s-30s every family had a garden of varying sizes. Today only very small plots of land are planted for vegetables. (Second Wind farm being the exception) Your neighbor's kitchen table is no longer stacked with paper-backed books, as it was once, picturing the bounty possible for the good soil of the island.

Because there are other writers probably possessing a better knack for descriptive words and phrases, I include a copy of an article from a Portland Press Herald paper of times past. (Author unknown) In my opinion it is worth a read and it is after all the season to dream of spring.

"There are conflicting points of view concerning seed catalogues. One school of philosophy claims that the paper covered books are as dangerous as the dime novels of yesteryear. The other clan holds that the catalogues are good for a man's morale while gray and white winter days plod along toward another gardening season.

Of course, if one chooses to be a pragmatic perfectionist, there are certain aspects of a seed book to be questioned. The garden rows are geometrically straight; no stones, twigs or turf clumps clutter

the soil. Artists who have painted the garden pictures have never heard of weeds.

But on a cold, windy winter evening when the red mark is low and the north wind is complaining in the chimney, it is good to sit before the fireplace or kitchen's stove and study the handsome carrots, magnificent heads of lettuce, big ears of corn and luscious-looking muskmelons.

Naturally, a man promises himself that this year he will have a garden superior to his neighbor's. He resolves that this season he will not neglect the hoeing and weeding when blistering July days arrive. That is what a seed catalogue does for a man. His best gardening is done in an easy chair on a winter's evening when there is no pressure generated by the need for thinning carrots or tackling the witchgrass that is making a jungle of the asparagus bed.

There is considerable writing published today that the countryman feels is of dubious worth. There are books with pictures of violence and mayhem labeled "comics". But if a one-horse, hillside farmer were voting, he would claim that the country's most worthwhile literature is the seed catalogue. The catalogue fosters dreams, and as long as men can dream good dreams, there is nothing basically wrong with our society"

JOHN SMALL ROAD

by Jane Frizzell

I have wondered over the years why and how the John Small Road received its name. I knew of John Small and where he had lived, but I thought there were other families who had lived in that neighborhood for a longer period of time. On Donna Damon's suggestion I looked in some old Town of Cumberland Reports from the mid-1920's. I discovered that there had been roads leading up to the Small property from both the north and the south. People in that neighborhood, the area where Brother and Sylvia Ross and Poochie and Priscilla Ross now live, reached the South Road by going up the Rocky Road. The Rocky Road started across from Poochie and Priscilla's driveway and came out on the South Road close to the West End Schoolhouse. My grandmother and her siblings, who grew up in the same house, walked the Rocky Road to school in the mid and late 1800's. Sadly, not even a path exists where the "road" used to be.

Below, please find the following articles about John Small and the road which was named after him: Town Reports from the 1920's; a description of the road from the Cumberland road records; a biography by Marjorie Small Munroe; an anecdote or two from Joan Bennett Robinson and Victoria Bowen Smith, and a short biography of the Charleson connection from Donna Damon.



Photo-Marjorie Small Munroe collection

Ralph Small and his mother, Lucy, traveling the Rocky Road in winter.

FROM THE TOWN OF CUMBERLAND ANNUAL REPORTS: 1925, 1926, 1927, 1930.

1925

Article 54. To see if the town will vote to construct a highway as petitioned by H. W. Bowen and others and as laid out on the thirteenth day of October, 1925, by the Municipal Officers of the Town of Cumberland, as follows: Beginning at a point on the north side of the highway known as the Stephen Ricker road near the residence of the said Stephen Ricker and running in a northerly direction across the land of John F. Small and Mary C. Charleson to a point on the south side of the Charleson Road, a total distance of 2,900 feet more or less, and to raise money for the same.

(The Charlesons lived to the east of John Small where Ellen Goodman and Bob Levey now reside and the Rickers lived to the west of John Small across the "Cricks." Apparently the proposal was voted down in 1925 because it appears again in 1926. J. F.)

1926

Article 47. To see if the town will accept and build a piece of highway on Chebeague for a public way, the terminals of which are the so-called Charleson Road and the so-called Ricker Road, as laid out on the 13th day of October, 1925, by the Municipal Officers of Cumberland, and raise money for the same.

(In 1927 we find what is probably a number of payments to John Small for working on the new road. J. F.)

1927

SMALL ROAD

Appropriation,	\$3,000.00
Paid John Small,	\$424.95
Paid John Small,	\$1,085.00
Paid John Small,	\$1,000.00
Paid John Small,	\$ 490.05
-----	\$3,000.00

1930

Article 59. To see if the town will vote to install and maintain two (2) additional street lights on the so-called John Small Road.

ROAD DEFFINITIONS FROM THE TOWN OF CUMBERLAND

1. Ricker Road- Beginning at the North-easterly side to the road leading from the schoolhouse to Sylvanus Higgins on the dividing line between Higgins and AC Libby and others 471 feet on said line thence 421 feet on the land of the heirs of Joshua Jenks continuing 273 on Jenks to the land of Stephen Ricker. Line described middle of the road and the road is 3 Rods. Damages: Jenks \$8; Higgins \$1; AC Libby and others \$1; 1903

2. Charleson Rd- Begin at stake 33 feet westerly from the North corner of the Enoch L. Rose Homestead (Kelly HOUse) 1070 feet to angle 836 to an angle 365 thence 665 ft to an angle 365 feet to an angle 768 ft to angle tehnce 104 the highway (South Rd) Line middle of highway-highway 2 Rds. Owners waive damages 6 months to remove wood and fences. laid out 1913 approved 1919 (Went from Kelly House the length of Roses Point Rd and over past the boat yard created Phipps turn and ended at the triangle at the South Road.

3. Johns Small Road- Beginning on the Stephen Ricker Highway, near the residence of Stephen Ricker and running in a generally northerly direction across lands of John F. Small and Mary C. Charleson to a point on the south side of Charleson Rd it being a total distance of 2900 feet +/- . Said road to be 3 rods wide, and we agree with the owners of the land over which the road passes that the owners waive all land damage and we allow the owners six months to take off the wood standing or growing on said land and to remove fences. 1926

THE CHARLESON PROPERTY AND CONNECTIONS

from Donna Damon

Mitchell bought the land from John Waite in 1804. He had a daughter Sarah who married William Seabury. The had a daughter Mary A. who married a Gorman and then then a Charleson. Sarah -and Gorman had a daughter Mildred, who married Arthur Bell. The Bells owned the property in the 1950's and probably early 1960's. They

later sold the property to the Kauffmans. Phyllis MacArthur and Gayle Helbig are their daughters. Mary A. had a sister Emily, who married Alvin Hamilton. They had a

daughter Ethel, who was Helen (Albion's wife) Miller's mother. Beth Dyer and her children are the last of the Chebeague Mitchells. 8th generation.

An old bridge which connected the Small and Charleson properties.



Photo-Marjorie Small Munroe collection

MY FATHER JOHN SMALL

By Marjorie Small Munroe

Have you ever thought about the name of the John Small Road? It was named after my grandfather. Let me tell you about this man. John Small was born in 1870 in Portland. His mother was Hannah Pettengill of Cliff Island so he came to Cliff when he was young. He married my grandmother, Lucy Walker, in 1889. (She was George Leonard's aunt and a relative of Bob Walker.) They were married for 53 years until she died in 1943. They lived on Cliff Island and he did carpentry work. He built eight year round houses, many cottages, the first school house, and the church.

In 1912 they moved to Chebeague with my dad, Ralph, who was then 8 years old. They bought the children's orphanage. This where Priscilla and Richard Ross live on the John Small Road. They turned to farming and also rented their cottage to summer people on vacation. In the winter my grandfather built lobster boats (35 of them) plus punts and dories. Gramp also worked doing finish work on many houses on the island. He never was inactive. He went lobstering until he was 93 using a punt to row around the bay. Sometimes he used an outboard if it worked.

My grandfather rode a bicycle until he was 96 and my father finally forbid him to ride any longer. My father was afraid he would fall and break a limb or two.

In 1912 when they bought their land they had to use a path which went across their property up to the South Road. This lane was called the Rocky Road. It started up on the main road and came down to the shore. I understand it was a long hard road through the woods.

My grandfather went to the town in 1927 and they agreed he could put a new piece of road in. He gave the town a half a mile of his land and helped build the



John and Lucy Small

road. It started near the Rose's Point and stopped near the Ernest Ricker home (now Bruce Bowman's). Somewhere in the past the road was named for him. (There is evidence that it may first have been called Maplewood Avenue. J. F.) From Lucy Small's diary of March 9th 1928: "Mr. Bowen notified us today that the mail will be delivered on Maplewood Ave. beginning April 11. In six months we have won out in getting our road and mail. Cold and cloudy, wind ENE, threatening snow."

photo-Marjorie Small Munroe Collection

In 1948 at the age of 78 he built a new home in Windham. He cut the trees and had them milled out so he could build it. As if that wasn't enough at 82 he built another new home in So. Portland. He must have had some help, but no one ever told me that he did.

Years ago we had a picnic in our backyard and he announced what he thought about that. He said "What is this world coming to when people eat in the backyard and go to the bathroom inside." Enough said!

Grandpa was always a tall, thin man with a small mustache and without an ounce of fat on him. He lived a long active life. On July 20, 1969

the astronauts landed on the moon. Two days later Grandpa passed away, and he was buried on Cliff Island. His mind never failed him, but his body finally wore out. He was 99 years and 7 months old when he died. The inventions he saw his lifetime were wonderful. There were engines, cars, radios, stereos, airplanes, and many other things we can think of. John Small's descendants still live on Chebeague. Myself and my son, Ralph, and his children, Lida and Megan.



JOHN SMALL AND HIS BICYCLE

by Joan Bennett Robinson

John Small was a delightful character who lived down the road from us with his son, Ralph, and his daughter-in-law, Lida Hamilton Small, and their daughter, Margie. Everyday, when it was good weather, you'd see him go up by on his bicycle. Sometimes he'd be going to the Casco Bay Boat at Chandler's Cove. He'd be all rigged up with a bag on his back tied on with ropes, an early version of the backpack. When my boys (Gene and Mike) were small, and we'd see John go down by, I'd have them go to the window and watch to make sure he didn't fall.

One day he was coming up by and I ran out to see if I could take a picture of him. I said, "Should I take a picture of you on your bicycle or off." He looked up without hesitation and said, "One of each." So I did. A few days later I found out his family had taken his bicycle away from him. I thought to myself, "They hadn't better do that to me in my 90's!"

John's son, Ralph, and his dog in a John Small punt at Cliff Island.



Photo-Marjorie Small Munroe collection



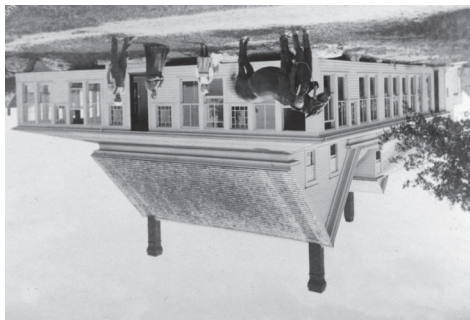
JOHN SMALL AND ARCHIE BOWEN

by Joan Robinson as told by Victoria Bowen Smith

I have just heard another wonderful story about John Small. For those of you didn't know him, John Small was a Seventh Day Adventist. Archie was the mail carrier and a member of the Church of the Nazarene where his father, Henry, was the minister. Archie owned a horse, and on occasion John would borrow it. On this particular Saturday Archie waited and waited for John to come. John, being a Seventh Day Adventist didn't come, as he didn't work on a Saturday. The next day, Sunday, when he arrived Archie said, "I'm sorry John, but my horse doesn't work on Sunday."

Ralph Small lobster boat, the Marjorie, built by his father, John, probably with Ralph's assistance.

The people in the photo are probably Frank; his granddaughter, Floss; his daughter-in-law, Cora, and his son, Howard. Let us know if you know their identity for sure. J.F.



This is the home of Frank Curt. It was located on the hill above his son Howard's home, which you can see in the background. As you can also see it was a special place, which is now completely gone. Howard's house now belongs to Diane Lukac and Steven Silm.

Fall Mystery Photos

Bev Dyer writes:

MYSTERY PHOTO #1

Mystery photo no., 1 (the) fishhouse is Manley Dyer's. Bob thinks that's his brother, Kenneth, standing near it. Also Western Landing is to the right. Dick Dyer said Sidney Doughty built it (the fishhouse) first because he lived in a house near Manley's that burned.



MYSTERY PHOTO #2

Also both Dick and Bob are pretty sure mystery photo no. 2 was Lewis Miller's down below where Albion Miller lived. Hope this is helpful, Bev Dyer



Jeanne Mullen's District # 9 Schoolhouse

By Stacie Webb

The next time you visit the museum, take a close look at the pastel drawing hanging on the far wall in the gift shop area. Entitled, "Old Schoolhouse," and depicting the cupola of the museum, this original work of art was given to the CIHS in 1999 by artist Jeanne Mullen.

When Jeanne learned that CIHS had plans to transform the original island schoolhouse into its new museum, she approached Donna Damon and then-president Jill Malony, offering to make a drawing of the building which could be used to benefit the museum. This summer a limited edition of numbered and signed art giclee prints of "Old Schoolhouse" will be offered for sale to benefit the CIHS. (See details below.) Note cards with the "Old Schoolhouse" image will be offered for sale in the gift shop.

Jeanne, a summer resident of Cottage Road, first came to Chebeague in August of 1972 as a guest of her now-husband Jim Lunt. Jeanne was immediately drawn to the landscape, and many of the images in her art- barns, sheds, boathouses, light-houses- reflect her time spent in coastal Maine. Married in 1980 to Jim on the front lawn of the Lunt's cottage overlooking Chandler's

*The
"Old Schoolhouse"
will be offered
for sale this summer
in a small
limited edition
of numbered
and signed
fine art
giclee prints.*

Cove, Jeanne spent many summers on Chebeague when her sons Morgan and Toby were young, and much of her work from those years is inspired by island buildings and the slanting August light.

Here is how she describes the process of creating her pastels: "I've been working with dry pastels for over 30 years. The marks and scirms of color, layer upon layer, are blended and scrubbed into the surface of the paper, slowly sifting and realigning to clarify and hone the image until it is balanced and settled, resonating in its own time and place."

Currently a resident in the San Francisco area, Jeanne has been widely exhibited in both solo and group art shows, and her artwork hangs in many collections, both private and corporate, including the Microsoft Corporation, the College Board, and several Kaiser Permanente offices. You can see some of her work here on Chebeague by stopping by at Toby and Stacie Webb's house on the Cottage Road.

The "Old Schoolhouse" will be offered for sale this summer in a small limited edition of numbered and signed fine art giclee prints. The cost

will be \$450 per print, with all profits going directly to CIHS. You may pre-order a print before Memorial Day at a 10% discount, bringing your cost down to \$405, by sending a \$100 deposit to CIHS with the "Old Schoolhouse" in the memo line.



Photo-Suzanne Bennett Jackson collection

District #9
Schoolhouse,
Chebeague
Island
c. 1898

2011

Chebeague Island Historical Society Schedule of Events

Wednesday, June 8: Bus Trip
Botanical Gardens, Boothbay

Saturday, June 11, 7:30pm at the Chebeague Island Hall: Annual Meeting and Program:
Chebeague Island and the Civil War
Donna Damon, presenter

Wednesday, July 6: Boat Trip
Peaks Island and the Civil War Museum-5th Maine

July TBA
Shirley's Lighthouse Quilt & Peter's Lighthouse Photos
Peter Ralston, presenter

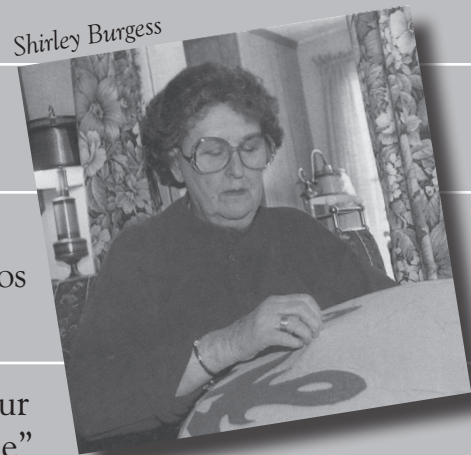
Tuesday, August 9 – Rain date August 10: House Tour
Houses aligned with "Tourism Transforms Chebeague"

Monday, August 15, 7:30pm at the Chebeague Island Hall: Program
Steamships on Casco Bay
Jim Millinger, presenter

Monday, September 19, 7:00pm at the Chebeague Island Hall: Program
Carpet Travels and Treasures
Tad Runge, presenter

Wednesday, October 5: Bus Trip
Salem, Peabody Essex Museum, Chinese Mountain House

Monday, October 17, 7:00pm at the Chebeague Island Hall: Possible Program
TBA
Possible program: Two Extraordinary Historians, possible presenters





The Sloop's log
Chebeague Island Historical Society
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Chebeague Island, ME 04017

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Newsletter
of the
Chebeague
Island
Historical
Society

Spring 2011
Issue

*This is the mystery
photo for this issue.
This house no longer
exists. (see page 17)
Can you tell us whose
house it was and where
the house was located?*

the Sloop's Log



photo-CIHS Collection